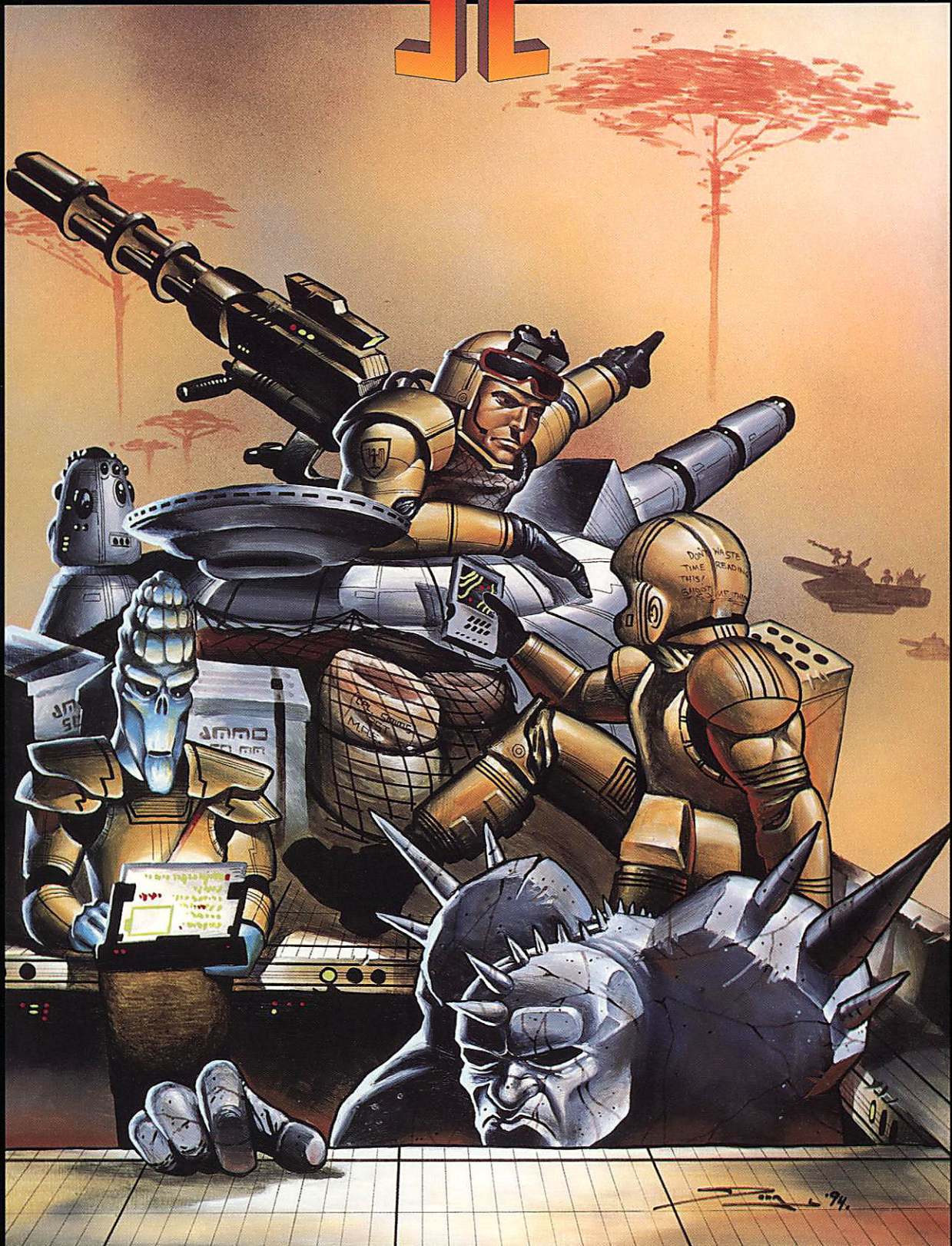


GALACTIC UNDERGROUND



THE BATTLELORD'S PLAYER COMPANION

GALACTIC UNDERGROUND II

A PRODUCT OF OPTIMUS DESIGN SYSTEMS

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PICTORIAL REPRESENTATION

The pictorial representations given below are designed to explain some of the more prominent illustrations found in the Galactic Underground 2. Simply cross-reference the number below to the appropriate illustration.

COVER ILLUSTRATION

Battlelords takes a look at several different aspects to combat. There is guerrilla fighting, where PCs fight from obscurity in order to disrupt some aspect of society, in order to destabilize the government. There is low intensity combat where characters try to avoid combat at all cost, seeking a particular objective rather than a body count. Finally, there is load'em up on the tank boys, it's time to move out, wholesome every day army combat. Here, we see a group of characters moving out on patrol. They are more than confident of their success. Unfortunately, they fail to realize that their position has already been targeted by enemy MLRS artillery. They are standing in a 200m across crater and they just don't know it yet!

FIST SOMETHING SAVAGE 6

Balshrom Science Corporation has become the consummate weapons experts in optics technology, the standard by which all things are measured. Currently, Balshrom Science Corporation sales makeup 33% of the market share. In the past, advertisements such as the one depicted here have preceded the release of a new weapons series. It is rumored that Balshrom is going to field its new line of hand held impact laser systems known as the Savage Fury by years end.

THE TAKEOVER 10

Here, we see an Andromeni entering the body of a fallen warrior. Andromeni must be careful. The longer a corpse has been dead, the greater the initial Agility penalty due to rigormortis, which sets in in 2-8 hours. Once Rigormortis has claimed the body, an additional penalty is subtracted from the corpse's already modified agility score. This is applied at a rate of 1 point per additional hour, up to a maximum of -20.

THE POSER 19

Here we see the happy little Furbli contently watching the world go by him. Aaah! Isn't he cute!!

GEMINI FUN 22

Our Gemini buddies are playing dodge boulder, a favorite space druid game. The rock is thrown back and forth at tremendous velocity, and players must dodge or catch it, lest they be ejected from the game. Warning: Lesser races had better be advised that playing dodge boulder can be dangerous to your health.

BANZAI!! 25

Our buddy the Ikrini Geomancer is seen here pruning his favorite banzai tree! What a dork!!!

REVENGE 35

This is a humanized copy of the poem left by Jaquassarious Phentari at the Burning of the Sun King's funeral pyre. Jaquassarious is reputed to have left this poem in the smoldering ashes of the 1st House of Eridine in what has since come to be known as the Duel of Fire. The poem reveals Jaquassarious's eloquent side. Whereas during the battle, he allegedly spoke with a street crassness for which he is famous.

YUMMIES! 41

Yummies are a completely nutritionless snack eaten by all gamers in the 23rd Century! Now, you blaze to the store on your mom's transcruiser and pick up a two liter of your favorite soft drink, the Tri-V guide, along with a box of Yummies. Go home and watch three hundred and thirty something, if you are a middle aged, burned out yuppie, or Slaughter of the Masses, the Survival Warrior championship!!

MISS TRANS-GALACTIC 2280 48-49

This gratuitous female shot is in keeping with ODS bad taste. Our pinup, Bambi Woods, is currently moonlighting as a Dominatrix and wants to be a rocket scientist some day!

THE DANCE 71

Here we see the happy little Furbli doing the Furbli dance. You have to admit that it's the foot work that makes him so impressive. However, not long ago, our little friend was very sad. His best friend Corwack the Orion had just died from a terrible case of plasma heartburn. Now, there was no one to play with. So the little Furbli sat down on the sidewalk and cried tears of great grief. He sobbed for a long time at the loss of his best friend. Who would show him how to steal spaceships, and lift wallets off of old ladies? Who would play games with him?

Then the realization: Corwack was at the happy place, where no one asks you where you got your pocket full of jewels from! No one cared that you found a pretty little, 200m long, galaxy class spaceship! So the only thing left to do was dance. Shake that body. Cuz you're a Furbli and are interminably happy!

YARD WORK 87

Our friend Fredd the Ram Python is busy doing some yard work on his day off from being a famous warrior!

GREETINGS FELLOW SPACE TRAVELLERS

Welcome to the 2nd edition of the Galactic Underground, a player's compendium of knowledge designed to enhance the roleplay opportunities for the Battlelords of the 23rd Century universe. This edition of the GU2 focuses exclusively on roleplaying, featuring 10 new races, including the formidable Gemini Space Druid and the Andromeni Energy Demon. The GU2 provides extensive background information on the Phentari. This work takes a long look into the mysterious ritual of Phentari Death Walks. We will attempt to piece together the history of Jaquassarrious Phentari, the most wanted criminal in the galaxies. Contained inside are interviews with General Kla of the Python armies. Moreover, Malachi Armageddon, roving reporter for the Galactic Gazette, has finally obtained permission to interview Tza Zen Shrayalzzid Damadec, outlaw anti-healer hiding out in the vast obscurity of the Fornax Galaxy. Finally, the GU2 offers an in depth look at racial interaction, how the various races view one another. **Well, good luck fellow space traveler, and may the plasma always be with you! This is the Condor signing off.**

REVELATIONS

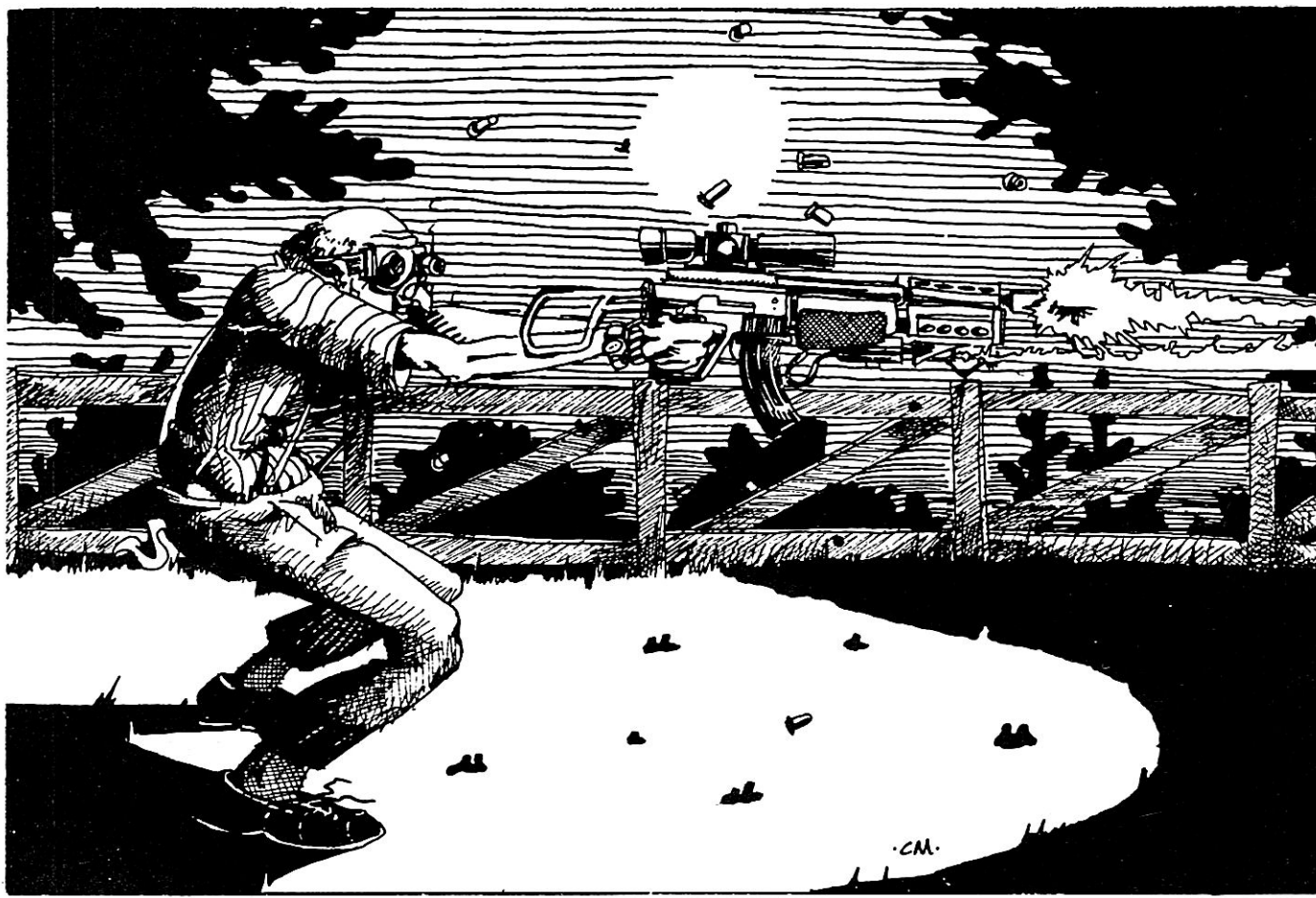
Many of you have found clues buried in the pages of your books. You have rightly surmised that something is deeply amiss in the Alliance. There is a danger afoot and not all of it originates behind Arachnid lines. My guess is that you have a question or twenty! Well, from now on, revelations will appear at the beginning of every issue of the Galactic Underground. Here are some visions seen by the prophets at ODS.

1) Jaquassarrious Phentari is actually over 2000 years old. How did he manage to live so long? Well, you don't know do ya? Let's put it this way. He might not be "all" Phentari!

2) Atlantians are time travelers. This race of nomads has taken to hiding in various time streams concurrent with our own. The random appearance and disappearance of alien spaceships that blink out of existence in our time can be attributed to Atlantian scout vessels operating in our time space continuum.

3) One of the Alliance races will betray all of the others. That race is not Phentari!

4) In case you didn't know it, doom is coming! The question is where do the Arachnids fit in, what has Jaquassarrious got to do with the future, and how much is the Council of Timar holding back from the public. By the way some of our future "guests" are making a cameo appearance in this book. Remember them with fear! Because they're going to screw with your world!



THE EXPLORATION TIMES

In order to keep our readers abreast of the latest galactic events, the following stories have been excerpted from major news services.

ANDROMEDAN CHRONICLES

Further investigation into the mysterious disappearance of the Cizerack warship Kotor and the Eridani exploration ship Erbitiquis, as reported last month, ends in more uncertainty and foreboding. The warship Maximus Star and a small contingent of support ships were dispatched to the Thu Nebulon, where the Kotor and Erbitiquis were last reported. In the last year, 10 vessels have disappeared in the Thu Nebulon; in the last decade, 55 ships have been lost. The area has since been posted as dangerous. The Maximus Star fleet completed the five-day voyage to the Nebulon and reported its entrance. All was routine until last night, when the exploration cruiser Midnight Star picked up a distress signal some 5 light years from the last reported position of the Maximus Star.

This morning the entire Sector 12 of the Thu Nebulon was placed off limits to all but the Alliance military. Any vessel found operating within Nebulon space will be assumed to be hostile and fired upon. Only warships may now enter the area. Reliable sources report that an expeditionary fleet consisting of the Battlecruiser Discourse, the Command Cruiser New Paltz, the Phentari Mauler Cruiser Destruction, and a support fleet of destroyers and frigates have been dispatched to the area.

The Maximus Star was a fully-armed Alliance Heavy Warcruiser which made its maiden voyage in the fall of 2240. Also presumed lost are the Human-crewed frigates Misnos, Zarchuto, Hindenberg, Balshrom, Nixon, and Cherokee Nation. The Mutzachan repair ship Mender, and the Phentari Destroyer Pain have also disappeared. Total missing personnel: 21,547.

FEDERAL TIMES: New Washington: Reliable sources confirm that a major battle is ensuing between Alliance forces from Starbase 396 and some never before encountered alien race. Reports are sketchy, but it is believed that the Alliance have engaged the enemy within the Kathanarse Abyss. Informants speculate that things are going rather badly for the fleet. At least two ships have been destroyed; the heavy cruiser Dallas, along with her sister ship Houston Wells. A Phentari Mauler Cruiser was knocked out of action, but managed to limp back to her home port of Naxtar, reporting heavy damage.

Government officials vehemently deny reports of a battle, and refuse to provide any information as to the disposition of the fleet. Accusations are flying all over New Washington about a coverup, and yesterday, fleet commander David Kellman resigned.

THE SCULPTOR WORD: The long-delayed colonization of uninhabited Sector 8, Quadrant 4 of the Spirax Galaxy has finally begun. Some 35,000,000 personnel are to settle on the 11 planets over the next 5 years. Land Management teams report that all is proceeding smoothly.

Permanent colonies in this area will provide spaceships much needed facilities and significantly shorten the length of jumps necessary when travelling between sectors. Up until now, ships traveling from Sectors 7 and 9 within the quadrant were forced to detour to the Essex Battle station at the edge of sector 3. A spaceport, likely to be set up on Faras, a planetoid in the Herskel asteroid belt of Viask, would reduce travel time between sectors by almost a third.

WONDERFUL SCIENCE: Three Able Corporation officials have been indicted on counts ranging from criminal negligence and extortion to murder. The indictments were the result of the five year investigation by the Alliance Internal Functions Board into what has come to be known as the Ram Scandal. The inquiry is centered around the sale of defective Able Ram Pulse cannons. Some 2500 of the defective cannons were put on the market, despite engineering reports that verified a faulty energy recycle powerplant in the weapons. This defective part has been linked to weapon explosion due to malfunction. Over 150 people have been killed or wounded thus far, due to the faulty powerplant, a number which well exceeds the Acceptable Systems Malfunction Levels set by the Council for Weapons Manufacturing CWF. Evidence of a massive coverup has come to light, and one reporter assigned to the story has been found shot in the head. Preliminary hearings for the trial are set for the later part of this year.

FORNAX POST: The second spacejacking of a luxury liner this month has been reported by government officials. The trans-galactic liner Pleasure of Orion has disappeared over Bemnufont. The ship was enroute from Krytea to Xensera. The 798 passengers and crew were due to set down on Xensera in the early part of next week. Two high-ranking Eridani diplomats were on board. The Pleasure of Orion's cargo manifest indicated that it was carrying top secret weapons technology.

The pirate clan Stealth of Orion have claimed responsibility for the spacejacking and the Eridani government has lodged a formal complaint with the Alliance. Rumors hint of some retaliatory action by the Eridani.

Two weeks ago, the liner Sun Cluster disappeared enroute from Harper's World to Bemnufont. It carried some 1200 passengers. The female and children passengers were later found unharmed on the desert planet Librin, with provisions. The Stealth of Orion have been linked to this attack as well.

THE ENVIRONMENTAL REPORTER: Fallout from the nuclear disaster at Welmoth Island last year has been linked to the deaths of over 10,000 Beanese. The fusion meltdown was a result of a stuck reactor valve and a subsequent breach in containment. The reactor quickly sunk into the water table beneath the plant and a huge cloud of radioactive gas was released into the air above the city of Wisnick.

Various cancers, including bone cancer and lymphatic cancer, have been attributed to the increased death rate of the area. Humans are in an uproar, and they promise to protest to prevent the further production of fusion plants on low Tech Level worlds. Cold water fusion has long since been in place on Tech Level 4 and higher worlds.

1 fist \ 'fist \ *n* 1: the hand clenched with fingers doubled into the palm
2 fist *vb* 1: to clench the warm, heavy metal, satisfaction of a Savage Inc. pistol

And you thought it was just a noun.

Fist a Savage pistol today and feel the rush.



MADD MIKE'S MERCENARY BROCHURE: Mercenaries for hire. Madd Mike needs the baddest of the bad to put down a slave uprising on the frontier world of Drendlets. Benjari slaves have taken control of the planet and are slaughtering people by the thousands. If you think this is going to be a cakewalk, you have another thing coming. The insurgents are armed with pulse and Omega technology. Combat pay starts at 10,000cr plus per month. Furthermore, body count bonuses are offered at 500cr a head. All travel expenses to the frontier will be paid for by the firm. For information call 333-245-612-896-455-9999 MERC.

GALACTIC GAZETTE: The Vegan Warriors continue to hold the No#1 position Cyball team in the Fornax galaxy in last nights thrashing the Antares Angels, 20-2. The previously unbeaten Angels, who had been ranked No. 4, fell to a 70-1 record. The Warriors are a full game and a half in front of the reigning champion Rigel Death Knights who are struggling to stay in contention without the Knight's star defensive forward Kag Ram Python who is currently serving a ten-game suspension for killing three-time galactic scoring leader Nakus Python. Fortunately, Nakus' contract mandated automatic resurrection.

The Warriors started off quick with Jake The Snake Hammond scoring a short goal on the opening drive when he broke off right tackle and scrambled forward before throwing the ball in from 25m out. The ensuing Tri was successful. The next kickoff saw Hooker Fag pass the ball off to hangman Phesuras Phentari who warded off tackles with three of his four arms and made the quick pass to Jammer Jamie Gills who drove in for another short goal. In the end, Hammond scored his third solo quad for the year. Warrior Rider Michael Hayes was lost for the month when a stick check from Angels Foil Lindey Mandrow tore him open from groin to throat.

DEEP STAR NEWS: The infamous Jaquassarius Phentari has struck again. He is now credited with the dispersal of a powerful nerve agent gas over the crowded city of Berman on Annogrebia. The gas has killed 220,000 and wounded some 1,300,000 others.

Reports corroborate the story of a red cloud of gas appearing suddenly out of nowhere directly above the city. Potent nerve agent antidotes were only partially successful in reducing the effects of the gas attack. Nerve agents attack the central nervous system and normally kill in seconds. Symptoms include headaches, muscle twitching, dizziness, vomiting, runny nose then death.

Before releasing the gas, the diabolical Phentari sent a cryptic message across the airwaves. "You die because you are weak and pretentious. You see only that which you choose to and ignore the fate that awaits-- your deaths and undeaths, an eternity of torture. You will suffer as you can not imagine."

A reward has been posted "as required" for any information leading to the capture or death of the evil Phentari. Please contact the Galactic Intelligence Corp (GIC) with any information.

THE GALACTIC MONITOR: Unsubstantiated reports claim that a group of Space Systems Development Corporation explorers have encountered a new alien race in Sector 3, Quadrant 1 of the Fornax galaxy. Preliminary accounts claim that the Violet Crusaders, a crack mercenary exploration team, discovered the vaguely humanoid lifeforms who call themselves Takan. The Takan apparently

possess Tech level 7 weapons technology and have offered SSDC exclusive rights to their science in exchange for unspecified money and information. Competing firms, as well as the government, have eagerly sought out the whereabouts of the Takan homeworld Scarlas.

Top ranking SSDC officials categorically deny the discovery, calling it a ruse employed by the Asteroid Mining Consortium to stir up hostilities between SSDC personnel. Several attacks on SSDC operatives have been reported as attempts to gain information about the Takan. Seven company employees were brutally murdered while traveling abroad on the planet Beresh. SSDC Envoy to the Fornax Galaxy, Erica Matos, has reportedly been kidnapped somewhere in the vicinity of her apartment complex on the cloud city of Solar Petals, on Xensera. Several terrorist groups have claimed responsibility for the abduction and authorities are currently looking into the matter.

Finally, the Thaumaturgist, an SSDC personal battlecruiser, was destroyed when pirates attempted to board in order to inspect her cargo. Twelve people were lost in the destruction of the Ghengis Khan class warship which was valued at 2.4Bcr before payload.

TALBERMA EXPRESS: Multi-billionaire Enrico Figlinio, the Gen-Human who allegedly discovered the whereabouts of the Kendiro Ruins, has disappeared without a trace while vacationing aboard his luxury yacht Freedom's Dream, off the Tentumlex Nebulon near Inguis in the Voidlands. The spaceship was discovered drifting in deep space by the Landar Salvage team, which was conducting maneuvers in that part of the sector. No sign of the crew was found, although there were signs of a struggle. Reports indicate that numerous blood tracks were found throughout the ship, and a Phentari tentacle lay on the bridge.

Figlinio had purportedly uncovered evidence suggesting the whereabouts of the Kendiro Tomb while surveying the ruins of the Kingdom of Tashan, on the planet Venu. The Kendiro were an ancient warrior caste from the Apatra dynasty. These Buddon masters were members of the 4th House of Eridine, the Bleys-idan Royal Family. The Kendiro Warriors once explored the galaxies in their great space galleons, exterminated inferior races, and thus cleansed the universe of inferior blood. These Swordsaints brought their own brand of order to the heavens, in the tradition of Eridine, imposing order through the might of the sword. Legend has it that the Kendiro set sail to the Fornax Galaxy to further the land rights of the 4th House of Bleys. Years later, these Buddon masters battled some alien warrior race known as Ri, on the planet Cherbon. The Eridani were ultimately defeated and the force withdrew from the sector; leaving behind a tomb of the dead filled with the riches gathered from their generations of conquest. Rumor has it that the retreating force was ambushed and destroyed while enroute to Eridine by the Ri themselves. No one knows what became of the Ri or the planet Cherbon.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SHRAYALZZID DAMADEC, TZA ZEN RIGELN

"Greetings. I am the one you have sought, Human. My name is Shrayalzzid Damadec, formerly of the Order of Assizza. Now my people know me by another name. They call me 'Tza,' and speak my name only in contempt and hatred. And they are not the only ones.

I see the fear in your eyes. Are you afraid that I will reach into your body, and twist your organs with my evil, wicked powers? That I will maim or kill you for my own pleasure? You have nothing to fear from me, Human. I do not kill for pleasure, nor does pain bring me any joy. I am not your enemy, or the enemy of my people. It is they who have rejected me, not I who has rejected my life, my heritage. I have been arbitrarily judged, convicted, and sentenced. My crime? I allowed a sentient being to die.

You are as easy to read as a book, Human. I see you have already passed judgement on me from the expression on your face, the assumption that my actions were driven by malice. I have known more suffering than you can imagine. Do not presume to judge me, Human, simply because I chose a path that I thought was correct. Wipe that smug, condescending expression off of your face and listen. Listen and learn, and perhaps you will not be so quick to judge others in the future.

In my day, I was a respected member of my guild, a promising young healer. I followed the calling that so many young Zen hear, and sought to use my powers where they were most needed... on the battlefield. I was wounded in battle many times, and saved the lives of more soldiers than I can now count. The Alliance pinned medal after medal on my chest, but these were unimportant. I was making a change, playing my role, in a vain attempt to reduce the amount of suffering in the universe. I was complete. I was whole. I had found my calling.

As a combat medic, I was often called upon to make snap decisions regarding treatments for injured soldiers, decisions that could mean life or death. One day, I found a soldier who had been horribly injured. I knew that my power would be enough to save him, yet my efforts would exhaust my powers and medical supplies. Furthermore, he would never be whole again. His body would be a twisted reminder of life. He would have lived in pain, unable to walk or do any of a thousand things that he had before taken for granted. His life, if you can call it that, would have been a never ending succession of finite moments of agony. As I knelt beside him, I heard the cries of other wounded soldiers, soldiers who might heal fully and live whole and fruitful lives. With the cries of the wounded in my ears, I looked into the eyes of the fallen soldier, felt his pain, and allowed him to die. The power and supplies that would have been used to keep him alive instead went to heal five other injured men. I grieved for the soldier I did not save, but consoled myself with the knowledge that I had done the right thing. His suffering was at an end.

My suffering, however, had just started. In accordance with the customs of my people, I presented myself before the Grand Tour to confess my 'crime.' He demanded that I repent. He demanded that I admit I was wrong to allow the soldier to die. To do so would be to consign myself to an eternal struggle with my conscience. This I would not do. When I tried to explain, I was quickly branded "Tza" and exiled, never to see my family or friends again. They now hate and revile me, because of a label applied by one who has not been on a battlefield in decades. I would miss them were it not for the rage that burns within me.

Do you begin to understand, Human? My people are hypocrites. They heal not for the good of the creature, but for the soothing of their own sanctimonious souls. They are a holier-than-thou race of fools, meddling in the lives of others with no real concern as to whether or not they have the right to do so. In their minds, they have the right... simply because they can. 'Our power is our gift and our mandate,' they cry, 'We must use it, this is our calling!' This is a polite way of saying, 'Might makes right.' It does not matter to them that the creature they heal today will starve slowly and painfully tomorrow... that is not their concern. All that matters is that they 'help' the poor soul now... no matter what the consequences. They refuse to see that death is sometimes necessary, that it can be a far greater mercy than life in some cases. Five times in the past, I have taken a life. Once, I allowed a soldier to die. Once, I killed an infant who had been born horribly deformed to a mother addicted to blue cocaine. Three times, I have killed in self defense, bounty hunters sent by my people to slay me. This is the height of their hypocrisy, Human! They condemn me as a murderer for killing their assassins! They truly are unenlightened hypocrites. Blind, foolish beings!

It is true that some Zen do indeed become monsters, living only to inflict pain upon others. I myself cannot conceive such a thing. I am still Zen. I can only assume that they must be mad, and with good reason. If one was reviled by his race, hated by his loved ones, and hunted down like an animal, could you say, for certain, that he would not become a monster? The Tza Zen have been created by the oppression of the Zen, and because of this, the Zen are responsible for the suffering they have caused.

I see the doubt in your eyes, Human. Good. Perhaps you have learned not to be so quick to judge, not so quick to accept the lies force-fed to you by my people and the Alliance. Now, if you will excuse me, I must go. Do not ask where, or what I will be doing. I will be trying to live my life, to heal those who need it, to allow those beyond healing to die their natural and merciful deaths. If I am attacked, I will defend my right to exist. Perhaps I am not perfect and pure... but then again, neither are the Zen. Nor are you."

CHARACTER RACES

ANDROMENI

VITAL STATISTICS

-30 Strength	+45 I.Q.
-20 Manual Dexterity	-20 Agility
-20 Constitution	-10 Aggression
-10 Intuition	

SECONDARY STATISTICS

+40 Terrestrial Knowledge

GENERAL INFORMATION

Body Points: 12 + d6	Movement: 6 / As Body
Height: As Body	Weight: As Body
Attacks: As Body	Dam/Attack: As Body
Vision Modifier: As Body	Hearing Modifier: As Body
Smell Modifier: As Body	
Home Planet: Plias	
Starting Money: d6 x 100	

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Transcorporeal	Essence Drain
Pass Through Objects	

LIABILITIES

Body Burn	35 Skill Points
Physical Skills cost triple	Magnetic attacks damage
Energy attacks cause double damage	

SURVIVAL MATRIX ROLLS

CHEMICAL: As Body	RADIATION: As Body
BIOLOGICAL: As Body	MENTAL: 25
POISON: As Body	SONIC: As Body
ELECTRICITY: As Body	FIRE: As Body
ACID: As Body	COLD: As Body

PRIMARY OCCUPATION

Espionage

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The Andromeni race is the only intelligent, energy based life form petitioning for acceptance into the Alliance. Alliance personnel refer to these beings as Energy Vampires, or Parasites. The race is indigenous to Plias of the Ventros star system in Andromeda.

Andromeni are protected under the Numons Acquisition and Annexation treaty, which covers all planets in the Andromeda galaxy. This treaty states that all planets from the Andromeda galaxy are covered under provision 3128 of the Alliance charter, guaranteeing protection and safety for all subjects living in the entire galaxy who comply with Alliance law. A deadly energy based plague is currently threatening to destroy them entirely. The fate of the race seems dubious with half of the population succumbing to the disease during the past five years. While on Plias, Andromeni can live for several years, but as soon as they leave the system, their form rapidly decomposes. No cure has been found and the Andromeni face extinction. However, a small percentage of Andromeni are able to manipulate their form, allowing them enter and control a body which has been dead less than 60 hours. The survival of the entire race depends upon these few beings.

Andromeni are able to exist as energy, appearing as sparkling auras of light, oscillating in size and changing in hue from bright orange to deep red. Color changes depending on the emotional state of the being. All Andromeni have 12+d6 energy points (treat as body points). They have a movement rate of 6 meters per second. While in their natural state, they may pass through walls and other solid objects. The thickness that these creatures can penetrate is based on the relative density and composition of the object. Due to the nature of the creature, all Andromeni are entitled to an Intuition check to determine object thickness. The object's Penetration Factor equals the distance that the Andromeni can pass through safely. Energy Vampires may attempt to pass through objects greater than their guaranteed penetration factor, but at increased risk. Subtract the Reduction Multiplier (RDM) per additional increment of distance that the Andromeni attempts to pass through from a base of 100%. Given below are some of the penetration factors (PF) for energy vampires against solid objects:

PENETRATION FACTORS

Substance	PF	RDM
Wood	10m	-10%/m
Glass	3m	-15%/m
Plas Glass	2m	-25%/m
Iron	1m	-35%/m
Concrete	5m	-15%/m
Plastic	4m	-15%/m
Heavy Plastic	2m	-20%/m
Flex Steel	500cm	-20%/500cm
Plas Steel	100cm	-25%/100cm
Titanium	20cm	-20%/20cm
Di-Titanium	20cm	-20%/20cm

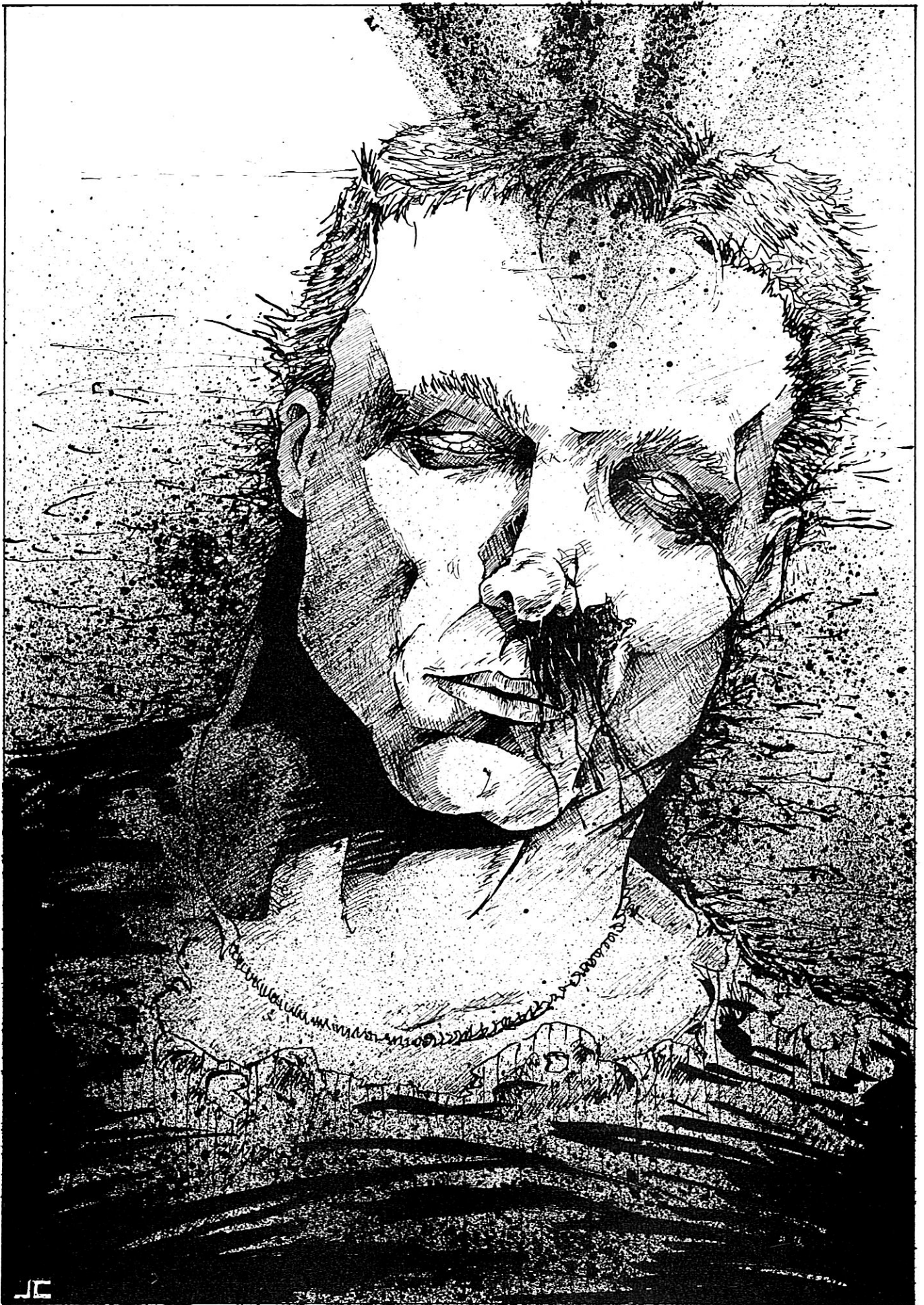
Note: Most low level armors are made of some variation of Flex Steel.

Note: Most heavy armors are made of a Plas Steel Composite.

Note: Most modern structures have Titanium walls that are 20-40cm thick.

Note: Most spaceship hulls are constructed out of Di-titanium and are 30-100cm thick.

The energy given off by Andromeni while in their energy state is quite dangerous to themselves. These creatures must avoid flammable gases and liquids. An Andromeni which is in close proximity to highly flammable materials such as gasoline or hydrogen runs the risk of igniting them. Given below are the ignition factors expressed in percentages for a few of the most common flammable substances at various ranges.



IGNITION FACTORS

Substance	1m	3m	5m	7m
Gasoline	20	10	05	01
Hydrogen	75	45	25	15
Methane	60	35	20	10
Alcohol	25	10	-	-
Benzene	90	60	40	20
Propane	80	50	30	10
Di-Methyl Benzene	100	75	50	25

Andromeni earned their name Energy Vampire because of their innate ability to take over and control living as well as dead bodies. The possession of dead bodies is automatic, although the corpse must be fresh (less than 60 hours dead!). The Constitution of a dead body is reduced by 20 points when the parasite takes it over.

The Andromeni may also possess live bodies. It moves adjacent to the intended victim and generates a powerful form of Essence Drain. The attack requires 2-8 seconds and is 80% effective. Success reduces the victim's Constitution and Strength by 1-8 points. During this time, the parasite is vulnerable to energy based attacks. The victim must immediately make a System Shock or be taken over by the creature. This is done after Constitution damage is determined. The System Shock begins with a base +10 bonus which is summarily reduced by 02% per point of Constitution lost (i.e. a person who suffered a 6 point Constitution loss from the Essence Drain would have to make a System Shock check at a -02 penalty or be taken over). Often, a person will survive the initial attack and flee. The Andromeni will attempt to follow. It can generate subsequent Essence Drain matrices every additional 6 seconds, so long as the victim remains within 2m.

After it has incapacitated its victim, the Energy Vampire then melds with the body, taking over all functions. The victim is trapped, completely aware that his body is being possessed by the Andromeni. The vampire is not able to completely control the host's bodily functions. Hence the penalties applied to various vital statistics. (The Constitution penalty only applies to rolling up of characters and taking over of dead bodies!)

Andromeni possess extremely high metabolic functions, due to their energy based nature. Thus, Andromeni burn out the host of the body they inhabit in short order. As they feed on it, the host's Constitution is lowered by 02% points per day. The body begins to wither as it is consumed. When the host's Constitution reaches zero, it has shriveled up and the parasite must find a new body to inhabit. The Andromeni has 60 hours to find a new body or risk dying (02% cumulative per hour after 60). While linked to another body, the creature is completely susceptible to all forms of attack.

The Andromeni is able to manipulate the body, but with some difficulty. The body will act and sound as if completely normal, but vital statistics of the host are modified by the Andromeni itself. When rolling up an Andromeni character, roll only for I.Q., Charisma, and Intuition. These statistics aren't affected by the changing of bodies and are always the same. There is a small chance that while in possession of the host the Andromeni will actually absorb its knowledge. After all, the two minds are joined together. The chance of this occurring depends on the relative I.Q.s of the combatants. Subtract the host's I.Q. from that of the Andromeni's I.Q. The result is the chance that some random knowledge has been passed along. If so, the parasite consumes 0-3 levels (d4-1) of 0-3 different skills. The Andromeni can never advance in any skill area if the victim's skill in that area was less

than his own. Energy vampires can never learn or use matrices. However, they can lean matrix manipulation which they use to prevent Mutzachsans from using their powers. Each level of matrix manipulation reduces the base chance of generating any given power by 10%. The effects radiate out to 50m in any given direction. More than one Andromeni can join together to reduce the chance of an energy controller getting off a matrix.

Often, the parasite will leave the host. The chance of reviving a person who has been possessed by an Andromeni depends on the length of time of the possession. Subtract the total constitution lost from a base of 100%. The result is the percentage chance to revive a character. If failed he dies. A Mind Healing matrix also negates the mental effects of being possessed by an energy vampire. Mind Shield and a Mental Trigger can prevent the effects from occurring in the first place. Only 1/2 of all constitution points lost as a result of Essence Drain can ever be recovered.

GOVERNMENT

The Andromeni are a free society that believes in self governing rule. These anarchists ignore the Alliance's law prohibiting the possession of another's body or soul for any purpose.

CULTURE

The culture of the Andromeni has polarized Alliance views on the subject of possession. In fact, great schisms are forming in many of the once solid, established religions. The controversy is philosophical, with much debate over matters of teleology and ethics. There are those who see Andromeni possession as an unnecessary evil—a profane defilement of the dead—and those who see it as the only way the Andromeni can survive.

Energy Vampires believe in a strange religion that states, "All Andromeni are part of the universal energy code." They view death as merely a change in states of existence, but not consciousness. Zazzizz, high priest of the Cosmic Truth, stated before the Alliance Council, while inhabiting the preserved carcass of a dog, "Those who can not change form generally believe that possession of another being is evil."

PHYSIOLOGICAL MAKEUP

The race is asexual. The being merely splits to form another separate and conscious being. This occurs every 20 years. The life span of an Andromeni was once approximately 300 years, but now is only 15-25.

QUIRKS

In the presence of high doses of radiation, the Andromeni can remain in energy form for double the normal time.

WEAKNESSES

Lasers, Pulse Cannons, Omega Cannons, and Magnetic disruption devices inflict double damage to the Andromeni when it is in energy form. The vampire can be damaged by all forms of attack when it is bound to a host body. When a host body is destroyed, there is a 25% chance that the Andromeni will survive.

FAVORITE ITEM

All radioactive substances which produce high levels of gamma radiation.

ABODE

Andromeni have only one natural abode, their home planet. Here the electronic virus is slowly eating away at the population.

DRESS

Raw energy doesn't wear clothing!

HANGOUT

Nowhere special.

COMBAT TACTICS

Andromeni use different combat tactics, based on the body they inhabit. Otherwise, they move through solid objects while in energy form, sneak up behind unsuspecting individuals, and use Essence Drain to take over their victim.

HISTORY

The Andromeni were encountered by Mutzachans on a mining expedition. Those renegade energy beings killed the melon heads and possessed their bodies. The energy vampires were transported off planet when the ship departed for its home world, Trishmag. It was not until the Mutzachans had noticed strange deaths on their home planet that the Andromeni were detected. The Mutzachans hunted the vampires down and destroyed them. After additional excursions to Plias, Mutzachans negotiations brought about a peaceful relationship.

GENERAL OCCUPATION

Andromeni, when in possession of a host, work to earn money for medical research. Private foundations have been set up to find a cure for the plague that ravages the Andromeni home world. The energy vampires fund these programs from their paychecks. Some Andromeni are bitter and derive pleasure from killing others. These beings also claim to enjoy the physical body of others.

THE ANDROMENI VIEW

ON LIFE: We are damned if we remain here. We do not wish to use the dead, but what choice do we have? How can the Alliance condemn our desperation? They believe the bodies are dead. What does it matter to the Alliance if we use them?

ON DEATH: They are not dead. They are only metaphysically challenged.

ON WAR: It is an amazing release of potential energy. It gives me a rush to be in close proximity to combat.

ON THE ALLIANCE: The bodies of its dead are the means to my race's survival.

ON THE UNIVERSE: We are the foundations for its existence. We are a derivative of $E=MC^2$.

ON THE FAMILY: My offspring and friends are doomed to die. I alone must perpetuate the existence of my people.

ON SELF: I am a survivor. The more money I make, the more I can pay for research to help combat the plague that is killing my people.

NOTABLE ANDROMENI STATEMENTS

Mutzachans cannot control energy. We are energy and cannot be controlled.

I do what I must because my race must survive.

A corpse is a shell. It is my home and I do not pay rent.

ASHANTI

VITAL STATISTICS

+10 Strength	+25 Agility
-10 Manual Dexterity	-10 Constitution

SECONDARY STATISTICS

-30 Military Leadership	+10 Terrestrial Knowledge
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GENERAL INFORMATION

Body Points: 6 + d6	Movement: 09/09/75
Height: 78 + 2d4	Weight: 160 + 3d6 x 10
Attacks: 4 Punches	Dam/Attack: 1 Point
Vision Modifier: 0	Hearing Modifier: +10
Smell Modifier: +90	
Home Planet: Nasar	
Starting Money: 5d6 x 100	

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Multiple Limbs	Spatial Sense
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LIABILITIES

Armor costs double	
40 proficiency points	

SURVIVAL MATRIX ROLLS

CHEMICAL: 30	RADIATION: 25
BIOLOGICAL: 30	MENTAL: 55
POISON: 40	SONIC: 35
ELECTRICITY: 50	FIRE: 25
ACID: 20	COLD: 18

PRIMARY OCCUPATION

Military Tactician

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The Ashanti hail from Nasar in the Andromeda galaxy and are currently petitioning for full membership in the Alliance. There are many supporters of their application in the upper echelons of the Council due to their considerable knowledge of combat tactics. The primary opposition to the application comes from the Eridani and the Phentari. Political observers have speculated that this is because the Ashanti remind each race of the other entirely too much.

The typical Gaunt lives up to the Orion nickname. Tall and slender to the point of emaciation, the Ashanti possess surprising strength in their thin limbs. They have grey, leathery skin, with hints of red-brown in recessed areas. The skull of an Ashanti is elongated, and the face maintains a constant, somber demeanor. The Gaunts don't use facial expressions to display emotion. Instead, they emit pheromones which are undetectable to anyone but another Ashanti. The most noteworthy feature of the race, though, is the four long arms which each possess. They can use these arms to fire multiple weapons with devastating precision, engaging up to two targets at one time with no penalty. Furthermore, the Ashanti possess an acute sixth sense which makes them aware of the precise location of objects around them. This spatial awareness makes their attacks incredibly accurate. Any shot made by an Ashanti is considered an aimed shot, and the penalties for called shots are reduced by 10%. This ability to visualize objects in relation to one another is also the main thing which makes Ashanti such superb military tacticians.



GOVERNMENT

Nasar is governed by a limited monarchy. The ruling family's decisions may be overridden by the People's Council, a parliamentary body designed to keep the powers of the monarchy in check. The current King, Elodane III, has been in power for twenty seven years and is well regarded by his subjects.

CULTURE

Ashanti culture is impossibly complex, with a convoluted social structure. Social morays and codes of conduct are never broken. This philosophy applies to all aspects of life, including eating, sleeping, greeting friends, waging war, and, yes, even going to the john! Alliance anthropologists have yet to fully make sense out of this life system.

Ashanti children are eager learners. Some scientists have suggested that it is only this talent for absorbing information which allows them to assimilate the subtleties of the Sacred Rules of Conduct.

PHYSIOLOGICAL MAKEUP

The race is difficult to classify by conventional standards. They share characteristics with both mammals and reptiles. For example, they are cold-blooded, but bear their children alive. They possess limited homeostatic capabilities. The Ashanti communicate amongst themselves primarily by means of pheromones, and if necessary, one can communicate basic concepts to another without speaking a word from as far as 7m away. Ashanti are androgynous. Any member of the race may fertilize another, who then bears the offspring. They are generally referred to as "he," both for convenience sake and because they resemble the Human conception of "male" more than they resemble females. Ashanti live to be approximately 130 years old.

WEAKNESS

The bones of an Ashanti will not heal normally. Any bone critical is permanent unless the bone is replaced. The replacement procedure costs up to 20,000 credits and requires one month recovery time.

QUIRKS

The strangest thing about Ashanti is their incredible politeness. They always display the best of manners, even when slicing you open ("Oh, I'm terribly sorry about getting blood on your clothes... allow me to compliment you on your technique, it was most impressive before I cut your arm off.") An Ashanti who is forced to forego his usual impeccable manners (say, by being dragged off before he can complete the Ritual of Formal Challenge to a pack of Arachnids) will usually become very distraught.

HISTORY

The Ashanti are a warrior race whose history dates back some 7000 years. The turning point in their evolution was the emergence of the great leader Yorada, who carved an empire for himself which spanned most of his home world. In addition to being a mighty warrior, Yorada was also wise, and realized that his people could never achieve their fullest potential so long as they remained in the mire of chaos. Thus, he had the best scholars in his kingdom write the core of the Sacred Rules of Conduct, a code which dictated the means by which battles would be fought, surrenders accepted, and so on. All Ashanti were commanded to learn this code and adhere to it, on pain of death. Ashanti historians call this "The Great Emergence," and place the date at 3250 B.C.

Over the centuries, the Sacred Rules of Conduct have grown to embrace all aspects of Ashanti life. Though the death penalty no longer exists on the Ashanti home world, most of them would no more consider violating the Rules than they would consider chopping off one of their own arms. The belief that these rules are good and necessary is bred into them from birth.

The first meeting between the Gaunts and the Alliance was less than fortuitous. An Ashanti exploration vessel happened across an "unofficial" skirmish between Phentari and Eridani light cruisers. They requested safe passage, as allowed for by their Rules of Conduct. Both sides, reluctant to allow a witness or possible new enemy, opened fire. The more lightly armed Ashanti frigate was heavily damaged by the opening salvo, but still managed to defeat both the Eridani and Phentari, thanks to brilliant maneuvering and use of cross-fire by the vessel's captain. This humiliating defeat has played a large role in the reluctance of the Eridani and Phentari to approve the Ashanti petition to the Alliance.



FAVORITE ITEM

Ashanti have no one specific favorite item. Many are fond of keeping a copy of the Sacred Rules somewhere in their dwelling. These rules take up twenty-eight volumes! Many Gaunts are also very fond of big, complex war games. If you want to make an Ashanti really mad, go into his games room and point the fan at the game of Gettysburg he's been playing for the last five months!

HANGOUT

The Gaunts enjoy spending time at battle sites, judging distances and calculating troop maneuvers. They can also sometimes be found in parks, enjoying the fresh air.

DRESS

Typical Ashanti apparel consists of a loose kimono-like tunic of a fine-woven, sturdy black material, and pants of the same fabric. Gold and silver trim is common.

ABODE

Ashanti prefer to live in hive-like dwellings made up of dozens of small rooms, each with its own specific purpose. Furniture is more functional than ornate, and the decor is very subdued by human standards.

COMBAT TACTICS

Brilliant, precise, and devastating. Ashanti are predictable in combat, because they operate by such a rigid set of rules. However, since half of these rules aren't even understood by any other race, very often the Ashanti will do something that catches you completely unprepared.

GENERAL OCCUPATION

Many Ashanti have found their way into mercenary forces, where they serve as officers, either commissioned or non. Some of them also find employment as tactical advisors on board starships. A few have taken up the profession of bounty hunter.

FAVORITE FOOD

The Ashanti favor impossibly complex and delicate dishes blending vegetables and a small amount of meat. Only a very few of the finest Orion chefs have been able to successfully master the art of Ashantic cooking.

PETS

These creatures keep no pets because it is prohibited by some obscure passage in the Sacred Rules.

THE ASHANTI VIEW

ON LIFE: We struggle to bring order out of chaos. In this manner, we give our lives meaning. That is why we must all strive to adhere to the Rules of Conduct. Without them, our lives would be meaningless entropy.

ON WAR: Battle is merely another of the activities which make up life. Like all others, it has rules which must be followed if anything other than pointless bloodshed is to be accomplished.

ON THE ALLIANCE: A powerful regulatory body, but I have my misgivings. If they cannot maintain order in their own bureaucracy, how can they hope to maintain order among their citizens?

ON THE UNIVERSE: It is the canvas upon which we paint the portrait of our lives.

ON THE FAMILY: How do you mean "family?" Do you mean my immediate nuclear unilineal family? Or my second-tier spousal family? Or my filial post-generation family? Or..

ON SELF: I seek to have meaning by doing everything I do to the best of my ability.

NOTABLE ASHANTI STATEMENTS

I hereby formally give notice that you have caused offense, and challenge you to a duel according to the Sacred Rules.

After you. No, no, I insist . . . after you. Oh, please, you're too kind, but I really must insist . . .

FOTT

VITAL STATISTICS

+15 Strength	+10 I.Q.
-15 Manual Dexterity	+15 Agility
+10 Constitution	+25 Aggression
-20 Intuition	-25 Charisma

SECONDARY STATISTICS

-15 Military Leadership	-15 Persuasion
-20 Terrestrial Knowledge	-15 Bargaining

GENERAL INFORMATION

Body Points: 4 + d8	Movement: 15/15/60
Height: 72 + d12	Weight: 200 + 10d10
Attacks: 2 Punches	Dam/Attack: 1 Point
Vision Modifier: +20	Hearing Modifier: +25
Smell Modifier: +20	
Home Planet: Delphix-9 (Dixie)	
Starting Money: 4d6 x 500	

SPECIAL ABILITIES

50 Skill Points
Start with 20 Points of Mechanical Skills

LIABILITIES

Sonic attacks can rupture eardrums
Fire attacks do double damage

SURVIVAL MATRIX ROLLS

CHEMICAL: 15	RADIATION: 20
BIOLOGICAL: 10	MENTAL: 40
POISON: 8	SONIC: 05
ELECTRICITY: 15	FIRE: 10
ACID: 15	COLD: 20

PRIMARY OCCUPATION

Killer / Easter Bunny

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The presence of this race has caused great turmoil throughout the Alliance, over how and under what criteria does the central government determine when and if a synthetic organism is sentient and aware. All sentient organisms maintain certain inalienable rights as defined by the Confirmed Social Sanctions Act of 2110. However, each sovereign race mandates its own edicts concerning what is sentient, and therefore equal. To Eridani and Phentari, sentience is defined by a physical quality, as well as the ability to perform independent mental thought processes. Mutzachans and most of the other races define sentience as that quality which allows one to make conscious and rational decisions. All governing races agree that synthetic life-forms that are inorganic, are less than equal. The notable exception to the inorganic rule has been the Gemini, a silicon based life-form currently petitioning for entrance into the Alliance.

The central government now faces the problem of what to do when Uncle Ernie and His Minions of Doom seed a planet with a race of synthetically manufactured killer rabbits.

Fott are indigenous to distant Delphix-9 of the Netas Hydri star system in the And 3 galaxy. Reports verify that somewhere between 2256 and 2260, Uncle Ernie discovered the isolated star in an uncharted but annexed section of the And 3 galaxy. Freiberg and a group of his top terra-formers had long been seeking a world whose planetary conditions would favor supporting a man-sized rabbit-like



creature. Such conditions prevailed on Delphix 9. The planet's biosphere and ecosphere were altered, producing a planetary matrix that was most promising to support such a creature. Uncle Ernie then returned to one of his secret bases and cooked up a dozen killer rabbits which he personally transplanted on to the surface of Delphix-9. The specimens were prolific, reproducing about once every 2 months. The population had grown to over 5 billion by the time the Human Exploration ship Purveyor discovered the race in 2270.

Fott are intelligent, possessing an average I.Q. of 60. They are extremely aggressive, but generally not towards each other. These creatures view all other life-forms as foreigners, and therefore their natural enemies. The rabbits were manufactured with a general predisposition towards violence. Yet, they still maintain the same inquisitive nature common to most rabbits. The idea of traveling through space and conquering galaxies was interwoven into their thought patterns. The race was on the verge of developing space travel at the time they were discovered in late 2270.

Uncle Ernie's sense of humor has long disturbed even the most twisted minds, and this latest of tricks has further exacerbated government officials because Fott are synthetic but have been produced to meet all the criteria of a sentient life-forms. They even meet physical standards set by the Eridani and Phentari. The problem is this: Uncle Ernie genetically engineered the Fott to act like one of his favorite social misfits; Fotts are a bunch of rednecks!

GOVERNMENT

The planet Delphix-9 was an uncharted portion of a sector of space that had been annexed by the Alliance in 2250. It was to be colonized in the latter part of the century. Therefore, the Alliance faced quite a quandary when they discovered that a flourishing race of sentient, man-sized, killer rabbits inhabited the planet. By law, the rabbits automatically became Alliance citizens, and therefore were entitled to the inalienable rights of any other sovereign race. In practice, they were a manufactured nuisance designed to mock and cause chaos within the Alliance. It did not help matters when the Advanced Reconnaissance and Survey Team that originally explored the planet found a note left by the scientist that read, "You've got to admit that I'm brilliant, the fact that the rabbits call their planet Dixie, and that they stand by the flag Stars and Bars. I'm a legend in my own mind! Well, remember, Uncle Ernie loves you baby."

Fott do not support the theory of a central government. Rather, the rabbits believe that they cannot be governed by anyone other than themselves. A government not of the people can not govern the people.

Eventually, the Fott declared war against the Alliance for their independence and lost a humiliating defeat. The war was aptly called the War Between the States. Another thought engineered sequence initialized by ARM.

CULTURE

Fotts were biologically engineered to act like a bunch of rednecks, a group of social misfits that flourished on portions of the Earth in the latter part of the 20th Century. Again, this is a function of their genetic engineering. Fott speak in a slow drawl that is both hard to understand and really annoying to listen to. Of course, they hate skimmers, preferring to drive an ancient Earth vehicle called the pickup truck. Fott don't like outsiders, and foreigners aren't welcome in their communities. Trespassers are often shot. The killer rabbits love to roam in the woods, or go camping, maybe shooting a couple of them "others" along the way! The idea of a social event to Fott is getting all

boozed up on a Friday night, race their pickup trucks down the highway into telephone poles, or get into a bar brawl that winds up doing thousands of credits worth of damage to the property. This is how they impress Fott women. The rabbits swagger around in ridiculous costumes, wearing silly antique cowboy hats and big shiny belt buckles. Uncle Ernie wanted to make sure that they followed the stereotype to the hilt. Many of these man-rabbits continuously chew synthetic tobacco leaves, and spit the "gorp" on the ground. They then make some idiotic statement like "Real men chew tobacco." What's your main malfunction you moron! You are not a man. You are a six foot tall, floppy eared, bushy tailed, rabbit!

The killer bunnies think that technology overall is a waste, that things should be the way they have always been. Fott culture is therefore quite resistant to change. They are extremely judgmental of others and known to be prejudiced against everyone and anyone who doesn't look just like themselves. Their excuse is "That's the way I was raised."

Fott do not openly accept that electronic-based weapon systems such as lasers and pulse cannons are superior. Rather they believe that the government is trying to trick them into believing that they are so. They prefer a more "natural" weapon, one that is fitting of a rabbit, a strange looking musket like device that the creatures call a Foo-Foo gun. Uncle Ernie engineered the rabbits to believe that archaic powder technology was superior. He also made them fond of slingshots! Why is unclear.

PHYSIOLOGICAL MAKEUP

It's a big friggin bunny. What more needs to be said! There is one point worth mentioning. A Fott's ears are extremely sensitive, and there is a 05% chance per point of damage done from all sonic attacks that their eardrums will burst.

WEAKNESSES

Fott possess a strong scent that attracts carnivores. They also find a need to chew on leaves and other fauna, and many have died of poisoning from doing so. Furthermore, Fott fur is extremely flammable and fire based attack forms inflict double damage.

QUIRKS

Historians consider the next piece of evidence as proof that Uncle Ernie is a menace to society and should be locked up forever plus one day! Fott often break out into musical lyrics, singing a song that they can't seem remember all of the words to. It goes, "Here comes Foo-Foo cotton tail, hoppin down the bunny trail, hippity hoppitty Foo-Foo's on his way." They also randomly (2% per month) become obsessed with the idea of searching for colored eggs. This compulsion often lasts for up to a week, where the bunny can not concentrate on anything but trying to find colored eggs (tasks are performed at a -40 penalty). The rabbits will approach any and every creature, in an effort to find out where the person is hiding their eggs, and then demand that the stash be handed over immediately!

HISTORY

The Fott are a territorial sovereign awaiting entrance into the lower chambers of the Council of Timar. The Alliance has capitulated under the letter of the law, reluctantly assisting them in colonizing new worlds suitable for Fott habitation. At the same time, the Fotts themselves have caused great dissension among Alliance citizens. They are irascible and dangerous, often hiring themselves out as itchy trigger finger mercenaries. Furthermore, the race consider their Foo-

Foo guns as artifacts, sacred religious objects that must be carried on their person at all times. Each third day of life, a Fott must act out the ritual cleaning of the artifact, complete with annoying chanting, candles, prayer mats, etc.! They sincerely believe (i.e. have been programmed) that gun manufacturers are angels sent down from heaven to provide them with the necessary tools by which to wage war.

Eridani are allowed to carry their swords around with them. So should they. The Alliance categorically rejects this argument, citing that the Swordsaint nation is a permanent member of the Security Council. The planet Dixie is a territory. Note: There are many Alliance citizens who support the Fott argument.

FAVORITE ITEM

Fott love their Foo-foo guns which are exact musket replicas used by Humans on the planet Earth in America during the United States of America's Civil War. They prefer these weapons in combat, but will use other archaic powder weapons in a pinch.

Fott believe that Omega cannons are modern day Foo-foo guns, and mercenary rabbits will religiously save their credits to get one. Lasers are too sneaky. Pulse cannons make too much blasted racket! Attractor repulsors have too many gadgets and thing-a-ma-bobs.

DRESS

The bunnies wear flannel shirts, even in the heat of the summer. They just complain about the heat all of the time. They love overalls and dungarees. Note: Fott are extremely proud of their tails which are always visible. The easiest way to get a Fott to fight is to say something bad about his tail.

HANGOUT

If you have lost your Fott or are looking for an evil mercenary, then it is wise to search for him in the following places: at the county Tractor Pull, at the Bingo parlor, under his pickup truck working on the transmission, or wandering around in the woods looking for someone to shoot!

ABODE

This race prefers to live in homes that always resemble barns. Fott homes are invariably red with white trim. Affluent rabbits live in large mansions that they call plantations. Apparently, Uncle Ernie genetically programmed a certain percentage of Fott offspring to want to build their houses underground in burrows.

COMBAT TACTICS

Fott like up close, in your face combat tactics.

GENERAL OCCUPATION

Fott are generally hired out as mercenaries. They seldom work directly for a company but are attached to field units. Fott are also known for their mechanical aptitude.

FAVORITE FOODS

As expected, the rabbits are herbivores. They prefer a diet of carrots and other leafy treats.

PET

Fott are staunch believers in slavery and often keep Benjari and other slave races as servants. Some races should obviously be posted to their natural positions as inferiors. It is therefore not uncommon for a Fott to have two or three slaves, particularly Benjari.

THE FOTT VIEW

ON LIFE: What could be better than going to the tractor pulls, drinking a bit, and shooting all those inferior types!

ON THE ALLIANCE: My home is Dixie. The government of my home is Dixie. To hell with those blasted government officials. If one of them comes on my land, well, I'll just shoot em!

ON THE UNIVERSE

Its full of a bunch of foreigners. That's all I got to say.

ON FAMILY

My cousin Betty Sue is all grown up. She's lookin mighty perry!

ON SELF: Everything is fine in my life, so long as I gets my grits every mornin fur breakfast!

NOTABLE FOTT STATEMENTS

If I had my way I'd ship all dem others on the next banana saucer back to where dey cum from.

Those kind have an extra bone in their leg.

He stepped on my property so I blew his head off.

FURBL

VITAL STATISTICS	
-15 Strength	+15 I.Q.
+40 Manual Dexterity	-20 Charisma
-10 Constitution	-15 Aggression
+15 Intuition	
SECONDARY STATISTICS	
+10 Terrestrial Knowledge	
GENERAL INFORMATION	
Body Points: 1 + d4	Movement: 14/4/32
Height: 72 + d12	Weight: 160 + 2d6 x 10
Attacks: 2 Punches	Dam/Attack: 1 Point
Vision Modifier: +20	Hearing Modifier: +20
Smell Modifier: +25	
Home Planet: Taos 4	
Starting Money: 10d6 x 100	
SPECIAL ABILITIES	
4th Level Acrobatics	6th Level Climbing
50 Skill Points	
LIABILITIES	
None	
SURVIVAL MATRIX ROLLS	
CHEMICAL: 15	RADIATION: 25
BIOLOGICAL: 10	MENTAL: 40
POISON: 10	SONIC: 08
ELECTRICITY: 15	FIRE: 08
ACID: 20	COLD: 80
PRIMARY OCCUPATION	
Thief	

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

What is cute, cuddly, and mischievous as hell!? Give up? The cutest, most friendly being around is the furry little Furbl, the loyal companion to the Orion Rogues. In fact, many Orions prefer the company of Furbles over most of the other races in the Alliance. Furbles are intelligent creatures indigenous to the polar regions of the planet Taos 4. Historically, they were kept as pets by the Rogues who treated them very well. Times have changed, and the Orions currently treat



Furbles as equals, well . . . almost as equals.

In times past, rich Orions used Furbles as house maids and butlers. They cleaned carpets, washed dishes, served food, and scrubbed floors. In addition, they were kept as pets to play with the kids. Furbles usually slept in the children's room, though some Furbles had their own private rooms and were allowed telephone privileges and other amenities. No self respecting Rogue would ever think to keep one chained on a leash, such a thought was unbearable. Furbles were the perfect household companion. Ram Pythons couldn't play with the kids, then cook dinner! What could be better than the friendly and fuzzy Furbl.

As time passed, Orions began to notice that the cuddly little creatures were not happy with their quasi-slave servitude. In fact, Furbles occasionally became depressed and were prone to throwing fits of anger.

In 2162 animal rights lobbyists pushed for legislation, releasing the Furbles from their bondage. Orions reacted quickly, realizing the error of their ways. Soon Furbles became neighbors rather than servants, who still stopped by to play with the kids. When one examines the situation closely not much has truly changed except that Orions now have to pay Furbles to be butlers and maids. Overall, the lobbyists were happy, the Furbles were happy, and the Orions were happy. Since Furbl emancipation, mutual friendship between the Orions and the Furbles has grown stronger.

Furbles are agile and begin the game with 5 levels of Acrobatics. Furthermore, the cute little critter is naturally adept at stealing. Of course, they do not actually consider it stealing, rather, from a Furbl's point of view, it's just long term borrowing. Lastly, these creatures live on the arctic tundras of Taos 4. Furbles native to Taos 4 begin the game with 5 levels of survival in that climate. They all possess 3 levels of hunting and 3 levels of stealth.

GOVERNMENT

Furbles society is clan based. Historically, the largest and strongest Furbles rule as clan lords, mostly employing a benevolent dictatorship. The precepts of democracy are followed whenever possible. However, clan lords reserve the right to make final decisions because they can pound the snot out of the smaller critters. This is always done in a friendly, gleeful manner. The happy clan lord jumps up and down on the head of those who don't listen until they understand what he is saying. Of course, the clan lord is always smiling. Those who are watching are always smiling. The only guy who isn't smiling is the guy who is getting squashed!

Furbles don't like it when others question their integrity. In fact, there is an ancient custom which advocates a fight to the death between any who question a Furbles' moral character. All Furbles are honest, well . . . some are honest. If a Furbl ever stole something from you, he would always admit it. Hold it. Let me rephrase that. He would, at least, not deny it.

CULTURE

Furbles take pride in their ability to make others laugh. They are invariably happy and share the Orions view of life as a wonderful opportunity for adventure. These creatures roam the streets in gangs. They follow the precept that there is strength in numbers. Of course, there is an opportunity to snag something from your buddies pocket! Furbl gang's look like roving gangs of undulating fur. Happy fur. Skipping and playing, and playing and skipping.

Furbles take one mate in life, and the interpersonal relationship between them is intimate. It can be said that Furbles definitely have one up on rabbits because they spend most of their free time copulating. While in the throes of passion, Furbles become possessed and scream wildly. One would think the poor, little creatures were being tortured. Ahhhhhh, Ahhhhhh, Ahhhhhh, Oooohhh Baby! Will you respect me in the morning? Maybe . . .

Lastly, Furbles love city life. Taos is a world where the night life never stops, even during the day. They enjoy crowds and are content in an urban environment.

PHYSIOLOGICAL MAKEUP

Furbles are just that, covered with fur. They can survive comfortably in temperatures up to 35 degrees below zero centigrade. They are not fond of hot or humid climates. In fact, extreme heat causes them to become exhausted. Furbles have superb hearing and a good sense of smell which allows them to track prey with great ease (begin the game with 2 levels of tracking skill).

These creatures have relatively short lives, living approximately 40 years, before going to the "great big place where there are lots of shiny expensive things to borrow and nobody cares when you return them."

WEAKNESSES

Furbles have very sensitive ears. They don't like loud noises like the sound of pulse cannons going off, or grenades exploding. There is a 05% chance that any Furbl who is exposed to loud explosions will run away as quickly as possible. The few Furbles who are combat oriented, wear ear plugs. Sonic and concussion attacks inflict double damage to the little creatures.

QUIRKS

Furbl have many quirks. The most outlandish quirk is their propensity to dance for absolutely no reason. They contend that when the feeling hits you, you just got to dance. Furbles dance by gyrating back and forth in every direction, jumping up and down, hands flailing everywhere.

THE FURBL VIEW

ON LIFE: Life is a magical pocket. You gotta dig around in it till you find something really neat!

ON THE ALLIANCE: It's a big place full of pockets.

ON THE UNIVERSE: It's a bigger place full of pockets.

ON FAMILY: Oh, I love my family. I have four kids. There is Furry, Curry, Murry, and that one that looks like the milkman!

ON SELF: I'm happy.

NOTABLE FURBL STATEMENTS

Honey, look what that nice man lent me. His watch, his credit card, and his space ship . . .

Honey it's time. My furs rising.

Eeeek! Eeeek! Run there's a Furbl muncher!

GEMINI

VITAL STATISTICS

+20 Strength	+50 Constitution
-40 Manual Dexterity	-35 Agility
-20/+60 Aggression	

SECONDARY STATISTICS

+30 Terrestrial Knowledge

GENERAL INFORMATION

Body Points: 12 + d12	Movement: 4/10/60
Height: 84 + 2d12	Weight: 600 + d8 x 100
Attacks: 2 Punches	Dam/Attack: 1-4 Point real
Vision Modifier: -30	Hearing Modifier:
Smell Modifier: -25	
Home Planet: Sunas 7	
Starting Money: 92d6 x 100	

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Matrix Control	3 Point body threshold
3rd Level Climbing	Infravision
3rd Level Spelunking	4th Level Singing
5th Level Pottery	

LIABILITIES

Radiation causes tissue damage	
Sunlight reduces Strength & Constitution	
Limited use of armor	
Generation costs triple while wearing armor	
40 proficiency points	Armor costs double

SURVIVAL MATRIX ROLLS

CHEMICAL: 60	RADIATION: 90
BIOLOGICAL: 70	MENTAL: 25
POISON: 80	SONIC: 08
ELECTRICITY: 05	FIRE: 45
ACID: 40	COLD: 15

PRIMARY OCCUPATION

Matrix Controller

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The Gemini are a race of matrix controllers known to the peoples of the Alliance as the Caretakers of the Universe. These silicon based life forms are indigenous to the Belshallon star system in Fornax. The Gemini are matrix controllers of unprecedented power able to generate earth, air and wind matrices. These beings are more popularly called the Space Druids, for they seek to understand the origins of the universe. Gemini are strong and powerful beings made of living rock with deep set eyes and a perpetually happy face. Their skin is so thick they naturally have a 3 point body threshold. They are a happy people who derive great pleasure from tending to forests, lakes, animals, and other various ecosystems. They love life, holding it in the highest regard. Thus it is easy to understand why Gemini and Zen Rigeln get along well. Normally, the Space Druid is slow to anger and is very patient.

However, the destruction of life is something that the Gemini will not tolerate. Any person who defiles, desecrates, or damages nature while in the company of a Gemini will invoke its wrath. Angered Gemini gain +60 to Aggression checks when angered.

The Gemini physiological makeup is such that their skin is composed of flesh and stone, a mixture called StoneSkin. StoneSkin is a genetically and molecularly complex tissue that possesses characteristics of tissue and silicates. StoneSkin is very dense and heavy; thus Gemini are not very fast nor agile. Their body is covered with spike like nodes that provide protection. These spikes serve two other distinct functions. First, the spikes act as a ventilation system which allows the Druid to cool himself. Second, the spikes play a respiratory role, for the spikes allow the StoneSkin to breath. Sonic attacks are particularly dangerous to Gemini and inflict double damage.

The Gemini's physiological makeup is such that one can barely generate matrices while wearing armor. Any Druid who attempts to generate while wearing body armor must pay triple the normal amount of power points. Furthermore, Space Druids can only wear armor for 2-8 hours at a time because their ventilation nodes cannot function properly in body armor. Due to their size and odd shape, all Gemini body defense suits are twice as expensive.

Gemini are subterranean creatures, preferring to venture outside only at night. Sunlight irritates their eyes and all Space Druids suffer -40 to sighting checks when exposed to bright sunlight. These nocturnal beings are rather fond of sunglasses and often wear them. They wear them at night as well as in the day. It looks Cool!!! All Gemini begin the game with 3rd level climbing skill and 3rd level spelunking skill.

GOVERNMENT

Gemini society is tribal. The Space Druids strongly believe in the precepts of democracy through a hierarchical infrastructure. There is one overall leader on any given planet. Gemini call this planetary leader the Buado Ilack Canpu which, when translated, means One of the Earth. The Buado Ilack Canpu has six regional officers called Dryack Carpis or Walkers of the Earth. These individuals vigilantly watch over the 4 different layers of the Underground. The different levels of the Underground relate to the four different regions of earth control.

The zone a particular Gemini hails from plays a determining role in the powers that he can generate and learn. A Gemini may train outside of its sphere of control, yet at double the normal point cost. The percentage chance to come from a particular zone of control is given below.

GEMINI SPHERE OF CONTROL

SPHERE OF CONTROL	CHANCE
Of the Mountain (All Earth and Air Matrices)	40%
Water Walker (All Earth, Air and Water Matrices)	40%
Deep Walker (All Heat, Earth, Water, and Deep Earth Matrices)	10%
Walker of the Abyss (All Matrices)	10%

CULTURE

Gemini society is composed of a vivacious group of gregarious (outgoing) individuals who freely move about the underworld exploring and caring for their home. Druids love pottery and spend hours shaping and molding stone into beautiful sculptures that sell for up 50,000cr on the open market. Gemini also love to sing, and their deep throated melodies have won great praise throughout the galaxies. Space Druids have close ties with all their relative, and enjoy spending time with their families.



WEAKNESSES

Radioactive Material is deadly to a Gemini and they stay clear of it at all times. Exposure to heavy radiation inflicts 4-16 points of damage.

PHYSIOLOGICAL MAKEUP

Gemini are quick to mention that they are neither carnivorous nor herbivorous. They are lisivorous, for their diet is composed of minerals and dirt. Consequently, most space Druids never go hungry. Gemini reproduce every 2-10 years and live to be nearly 100 years old.

QUIRKS

Gemini love to take mud baths. On a rainy day one can see them rolling around; frolicking in the mud. If a Gemini becomes hungry while playing mud splash, a snack is literally close at hand—a Gemini simply bends over and scoops up a delicious handful of yummy mud.



FAVORITE ITEM

Gemini have a penchant for crystals and other precious commodities such as white gold, diamonds, etc.

HANGOUT

If you are looking for a Space Druid, I suggest that you head for the nearest cave. You will likely find him swinging on a stalactite or tunneling through a wall of bedrock.

DRESS

Gemini wear no clothes, yet carry a heavy mace called a Cronk. The Cronk wallops opponents, inflicting 2-12 points of damage plus strength bonuses.

ABODE

The Caretakers of the Universe keep immaculate caves, molding their furniture from stone and adorning the walls of their home with statues, precious gems, etc. A Gemini's home has multiple rooms, set on different levels. They prefer to have a pond in the living room or an underground stream running through the house. The highest ranking Gemini have water falls plummeting through their homes.

COMBAT TACTICS

If forced into combat, a Gemini will use a variety of matrices to deal with the problem.

HISTORY

Gemini were recently discovered by the Human exploration cruiser Emerald Standard on a routine "Dig" on the planet Sunas 7, which is now called Rock Home. The Space Druids have lived a peaceful existence for the past 50,000 years. They have never evolved a technology based society. They had neither need nor desire.

Currently, a large Human settlement co-inhabits Rock Home which possesses the richest soil in all the galaxies. The huge agro-community exists in perfect harmony with the Gemini.

GENERAL OCCUPATION

The Space Druid is typically hired as an Agricultural expert at 45,000cr per year. Most Gemini would do it for free, but the concept of currency has even permeated this society. Some of the more spirited Gemini have sought out adventure, seeking employment as Battle-lords.

A secret society of Gemini exists. This society is called the Brethren of the Eternal Blood who actively seek out combat to fulfill their perverse appetites. These extremists drink the sodium rich blood of their fallen opponents and are scorned by Gemini everywhere.

THE GEMINI VIEW

ON LIFE: It is magnificent in its simpleness, yet subtle in its grandeur.

ON WAR: The ultimate of atrocities.

ON THE ALLIANCE: It isn't important whether or not we belong to this entity.

ON THE UNIVERSE: I could spend the rest of my life exploring the mysteries of this fantastic expanse, tending to its verdant lands. Right now, I could go for a cup of dirt.

ON FAMILY: I am a chip off the old Dad.

ON SELF: A rock is a terrible thing to waste.

NOTABLE GEMINI STATEMENTS

I am a rock so come on and roll me baby!

If you harm one leaf on that tree I will beat you about the head and arms until you are senseless.

Sun glasses are a cool concept.

IKRINI GEOMANCER

VITAL STATISTICS	
-10 Strength	+10 I.Q.
-05 Charisma	-10 Agility
+20 Constitution	+10 Aggression
SECONDARY STATISTICS	
-10 Terrestrial Knowledge	
GENERAL INFORMATION	
Body Points: 12 + d4	Movement: 10/10/50
Height: 72 + d12	Weight: 200 + 5d10
Attacks: 1 Punch	Dam/Attack: By weapon
Vision Modifier: +10	Hearing Modifier: +10
Smell Modifier: +10	
Home Planet: Liara	
Starting Money: 6d4 x 100	
SPECIAL ABILITIES	
Matrix Manipulation	5th Level Geology
5th Level Survival (mountain)	
LIABILITIES	
40 proficiency points	
SURVIVAL MATRIX ROLLS	
CHEMICAL: 20	RADIATION: 15
BIOLOGICAL: 40	MENTAL: 30
POISON: 45	SONIC: 30
ELECTRICITY: 25	FIRE: 25
ACID: 20	COLD: 25
PRIMARY OCCUPATION	
Geologist / mystic	

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Very little is known of Ikrini and their culture. They originally hail from Liara, in the Crab Nebula, and are known to possess matrix abilities of a totally new kind. The powers of these matrices vary, depending on the Ikrini's location. Scientists theorize that the Ikrini are actually capable of tapping into the latent kinetic potential of the area around them to power their matrices. A volcano or waterfall would be tremendous sources of power for Ikrini matrices, while static areas such as the desert would possess less energy for the Ikrini to utilize. Geomantic powers, as they are called, involve the flow and application of energy, similar to Mutzachan powers. Moreover, these powers are based on the environment surrounding the controller, much like Gemini matrix abilities.

However, geomancers combine these aspects to accomplish tasks which other matrix controllers could only do in their wildest dreams.

The Ikrini have applied to the Alliance for protectorate status, as the Arachnid invasions have seriously damaged their home system. The Mutzachans and the Gemini support the admission of the Ikrini. Barring unforeseen developments, the protectorate status is expected to be approved before the end of 2280.

GOVERNMENT

The Ikrini are tribal, and live in small, closely-knit clans. Each clan has a "Speaker" to handle negotiations with outsiders, yet no true leader. Many ignorant individuals consider their lack of leaders, and the absence of advanced technology in Ikrini society, as signs of a primitive culture. However, nothing could be farther from the truth.

The Ikrini developed an advanced tech level 5 society. However, the Ikrini abandoned Liara when they realized that their technological advances were destroying their world. They have since returned to a simple life-style, yet still retain all of their knowledge and understanding of technology.

CULTURE

The Ikrini ethic places heavy emphasis on the concept of responsibility and awareness. It could be summarized as, "Do what you will, but always know what the consequences will be, and always be prepared to accept them." It is this philosophy which gives rise to their concern for the environment. The Ikrini generally dislike impulsiveness, because it is a sign that an individual is not carefully weighing his or her options, and does not fully comprehend the consequences of his or her actions. They get along particularly well with Humans, since both races have nearly destroyed themselves. In addition, both races share a determination to avoid repeating their mistakes.

PHYSIOLOGICAL MAKEUP

The Ikrini are humanoid, with ivory skin and metallic golden hair which falls in a mane down their backs. They have hands that possess two digits and a prehensile thumb. The average Ikrini stands roughly 1.7m tall, and has a slender build. They are incapable of digesting meat or most plants, living almost solely on lichens and the like. Ikrini reproduce only once in their lifetime, with an exceptional few reproducing twice. The average Geomancer lives to be roughly 200 years old.

WEAKNESS

The primary weakness of the Ikrini is their power's dependence on locale. Ikrini loathe space travel, for it leaves them feeling totally isolated and cut off - not to mention almost powerless.

Ikrini are also extremely susceptible to alcohol; the equivalent of one stiff drink will make them go absolutely 'round the bend (picture the worst horror stories you've heard of "bad trips", for that's what happens to an Ikrini after one beer).

QUIRKS

The Ikrini are contemplative, and are deliberate in their actions. They carefully consider their options before committing to anything. Many races find this quality somewhat annoying, particularly Orions, who consider Ikrini to be extremely dull and often spike their drinks with 180-proof alcohol to liven things up a little.

HISTORY

The Ikrini developed their geomantic powers early in their evolution, roughly 25,000 years ago. They utilized their control over the planet's power to quickly make themselves masters of their environment, raising massive stone cities across the face of their world. Tapping the massive geothermal potential of their planet gave them almost limitless power. However, as is seen time and time again in the galactic tome of history, some individuals began to seek ways to use the planet's power as a weapon. The Planet Wars were waged for years. Entire continents were broken, as the Ikrini unleashed unfathomable powers upon one another.

The indiscriminate use of geokinetic power soon resulted in the destabilization of the planet. Earthquakes, tidal waves, volcanoes, and other natural disasters became commonplace as the planet neared self-destruction.



The Ikrini were forced to put aside their differences, and started one tremendous, joint effort to develop space travel. They succeeded in this endeavor in a remarkably short period of time, and were able to colonize a new planet, Enilari, before their home annihilated itself. However, tens of millions of Ikrini perished because of the lack of starships to transport them. Their efforts were too little too late.

Humbled by this self-inflicted disaster, the Ikrini vowed to begin anew. They dismantled their high-tech society and sought an understanding of the environment around them, rather than of its mastery. Eventually, their culture developed innovative alternatives replacing mechanistic technology with sophisticated, natural bio-technology.

In 2223, the new Ikrini home world was targeted by the Arachnids for invasion. Ground troops first attempted to engage and destroy the Ikrini, but were unprepared for the unleashed fury which assaulted them from all sides. Withdrawing, the Arachnids, grim in their resolve, strafed the planet from orbit. Terrible damage was done and thousands of Ikrini perished before the Arachnids were engaged by an Alliance Exploration Fleet. The Arachnids were beaten back, and contact was established between the Ikrini and the Alliance.

FAVORITE ITEM

Most Ikrini possess Ijec, a form of "living stone" with vegetable and mineral aspects native to their original home world, Liara. The saplings are carefully pruned and directed to grow into forms pleasing to the eye; this is the Ikrini version of sculpting. An Ijec sapling costs about 200cr. A properly sculpted, fully grown (about .3 m tall) Ijec is worth up to 5,000cr. Skilled Ijec sculptors are in high demand, as Ijec is becoming the latest 'in' thing in the Alliance art world.

DRESS

Ikrini clothing consists of a loincloth and tunic. This simple attire is usually embroidered with intricate designs. The embroidery can be of gold, silver, platinum or other precious metals.

HANGOUT

Geomancers love mountains, waterfalls, and other places where the awesome power of the earth can be appreciated.

ABODE

Ikrini live in delicate stone cities which seem to blend with the environment. These cities are usually 'grown' from Ijec molded by the Ikrini's powers.

COMBAT TACTICS

The average Ikrini is slow to anger, and will try to negotiate before fighting. However, when provoked, he or she will unleash the fury of the planets power on his opponent while observing from a safe distance.

GENERAL OCCUPATION

Ikrini in the galactic community often find employment as geologists and environmental advisors. They are also sometimes hired by exploration parties.

THE IKRINI VIEW

ON LIFE: The most precious gift. Cherish it, but accept that death is a natural part of it.

ON WAR: Foolish. Those who make war do not consider the consequences, the famine and desolation it inevitably brings.

ON THE ALLIANCE: A useful, though sometimes chaotic, body.

ON THE UNIVERSE: The harmony in which we are all but a small part. By observing the universe, we can comprehend a little of its wonder and beauty.

ON FAMILY: We all share the gift of life. We are all family.

ON SELF: I seek to understand.

NOTABLE IKRINI STATEMENTS

This is Ben's race and I refuse to write this part.

JEZZADEIC PRIEST

VITAL STATISTICS	
+10 Strength	+10 I.Q.
+10 Manual Dexterity	-20 Agility
+10 Constitution	-10 Charisma
-10 Intuition	
SECONDARY STATISTICS	
+05 Military Leadership	-05 Persuasion
+20 Bargaining	
GENERAL INFORMATION	
Body Points: 10 + d6	Movement: 07/13/130
Height: 80 + d8	Weight: 250 + 2d10 x 10
Attacks: 2 claw, 1 head	Dam/Att: 1-2/1-2/1-4 real
Vision Modifier: +10	Hearing Modifier: -10
Smell Modifier: -20	
Home Planet:	
Starting Money: 9d6 x 100	
SPECIAL ABILITIES	
Matrix Control	5th Level Archaeology
1st Level Alien Technology	2nd Level Theology
2nd Level Archaic Hand: Staff	
LIABILITIES	
Distinctive body odor	
40 proficiency points	
SURVIVAL MATRIX ROLLS	
CHEMICAL: 45	RADIATION: 30
BIOLOGICAL: 50	MENTAL: 65
POISON: 45	SONIC: 20
ELECTRICITY: 35	FIRE: 40
ACID: 13	COLD: 90
PRIMARY OCCUPATION	
Missionary / Archaeologist / Archivist	

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The hulking creatures known as the Jezzadeic Priests live on the fringes of Alliance territory, in the Cryus 3 star system of the Greater Magellanic Clouds. These mysterious beings, which vaguely resemble the minotaur of Earth legend, have only recently been encountered operating within Alliance space, although relations were formalized over a century ago. Jezzadeic Priests possess strange matrix using abilities. The use of these powers has widely been documented because the priests utilize all matrix types simultaneously. They employ energy controlling, empathic, and healing power alike. However, the use of these powers is not without limitation. Jezzadeic Priests can only "generate" with the aid of matrix-imprinted objects, called Bi-athon (talismans).



Few priests have emigrated from their home world of Zygok. Those who have are primarily missionaries preaching the message that all things, living and non-living, originate from the same source. By better respecting the universal resources, we better respect ourselves. There aren't all that many priests to begin with, due to a low reproduction rate of the race. The latest census information available to the Alliance Bureau of Population indicates that there are roughly 5,000,000 of the Priests. The final reason for the limited interaction between Jezzadiac Priests and the rest of the Alliance is that the average minotaur would much rather be poking around a dig somewhere, or puttering in his or her workshop, than wandering the streets of a crowded city.

The Jezzadei are matrix controllers. Unlike most matrix users, though, they specialize in enhancing inanimate objects, not in directly generating effects. Instead of generating a fireblast, a priest would use a matrix to empower an object to generate the fireblast. This process is termed "enchantment" by most Alliance citizens. Most of the priests are loaded down with . . . well, stuff! The average Jezzadei is adorned with amulets, rings, headpieces, wands, widgets, doo-dads, and thing-a-ma-bobs galore. A skilled observer can judge the ranking of the Priest by the number, type and configuration of such objects that the minotaur possesses. The predilection toward wearing inordinate amounts of jewelry and other medallions has earned Priests the nickname of "Talismaner."

All Jezzadeic Priests carry a staff. This object is the central focus of their power, and is called the "Atohk" which translates into "Life-Staff." All Atohk are elaborately carved and ornamented with runes and hieroglyphs. These record the Priest's life. To lose one's Atohk is the highest form of disgrace. If the staff cannot be recovered, he or she will be unable to generate further matrices, and will be stripped of any other talismans, a priest no longer.

GOVERNMENT

Zygok is governed by a theocracy known simply as the Elders of the People. All Jezzadei are considered part of the Church. Most are lay clergy, the lowest ranking. Higher ranks include: Missionary, Shaper, Speaker, Crafter, and Elder. There are approximately two dozen Jezzadeic Elders universe wide. These minotaurs are the most revered of the race, multi-using matrix controllers of great power. It is the Elders who resolve matters of import. The lesser priests ensure that decisions are carried out in the most methodical manner. Jezzadeic priests are creatures slow to action. All things must be mulled over and thoroughly contemplated before any course of action is chosen, lest one be brash and impetuous. Jezzadeic Priests do not understand or accept most aggressive tactics or solutions to problems. It takes time to correctly assess any situation. One should never act hastily. Minotaurs love deliberating the next plausible course of action, something which has caused great consternation to mercenary units operating under fire. "The fact that people are dying does not mean that a decision should be reached quickly. We should all discuss things for awhile!" Not a whole lot gets done quickly, and even sending out for lunch can take the Elders three or four hours!

CULTURE

Jezzadeic culture is animistic, teaching that all objects contain some measure of life-energy. Thus, inanimate objects, from simple tools up to planets, are treated with respect. Immediately after being admitted as a Alliance protectorate, Jezzadei Elders petitioned for rights to study and catalogue Alliance-controlled archaeological sites. The priests sought to examine the artifacts and relics found there. With

some reservation, the Alliance agreed, and the priests set up shop as dig overseers across the galaxies. These industrious creatures worked the sites with such efficiency and fervor that archaeology departments and megacorporations all over the galaxies sought out their services on ARSAP teams. The Jezzadei point to planetary histories such as Earth's to show the foolishness of abusing the resources at hand. It is this belief that makes the minotaurs such superb craftsmen, for they believe that to put anything less than their full efforts into their work dishonors both the object and the creator. They call their system of beliefs simply "The Way."

PHYSIOLOGICAL MAKEUP

The Jezzadei are a mammalian race, similar to the large herd animals that once roamed the plains of Earth. They are herbivorous. A priest can go for up to two weeks without eating before showing any ill effects. However, eating takes a lot of time (A lot of veggies are required to feed a creature this big!) Generally, a priest will eat about twice a week, spending eight or nine hours per meal. Jezzadei disturbed while eating tend to be irritable, so caution is advised when approaching a minotaur eating a small forest!

The thick hide of the priest secretes an oil which is an excellent insulator against cold. Consequently, damage from cold-based attacks directed is reduced by three points. There's, however, a downside. The oil emits a strong odor which is offensive to most other beings. In other words, the Jezzadeic Priests stink big time! Individuals catching a whiff of an unclothed Jezzadeic must make a Constitution check at +20 or lose their lunch on the spot! The priests themselves don't consider anything wrong with their natural fragrance, yet usually mask it with a powerful deodorant when in the presence of unenlightened people. This deodorant costs 100cr for a month's supply. Priests who aren't using this deodorant suffer -30 to Stealth roll.

WEAKNESS

The Jezzadeic Priest's eyes are very slow to adapt to changes in light. Sudden shifts in illumination will blind a priest for 1-10 segments (3 seconds).

QUIRKS

The Priests often acquire a huge amount of junk! Jezzadei love to study artifacts, and see what they can learn about the creators through them. As a result, they will often be found carrying around shards of pottery, broken gizmos, and things that nobody in the party can even identify. If you want a laugh, put a Jezzadeic Priest and a Goola-Goola in the same room with some weird alien gadget and watch them fight over who gets to study it!

Another quirk which doesn't endear the Jezzadei to most races is: They snore. Loudly. Anyone bedding down near a Priest is going to have one heck of a time getting to sleep. Parties operating with a Jezzadei in them require two extra hours of sleep to be well rested.

HISTORY

The Priests can trace their history back over 15,000 years. Many of the traditions and rites they practice today date back nearly that far. The race first took to calling themselves Priests in roughly 11,000 B.C. The first creation of an Atohk is credited to the founder of the Way, a Jezzadei female called Turanth. Her teachings were extrapolated upon after her death, and a gifted few among the Priests were taught to imbue objects with some of their own life-energy, or "Kah." This gave the objects fantastic powers, which the Jezzadei then used to advance their own culture. The Priests first ventured into space in 1474

B.C., in vessels created entirely through their enchantment processes. While they never perfected intergalactic travel, they did manage to explore a respectable amount of their own galaxy. (As a side note, Jezzadeic ships are highly sought after by smugglers, due to their maneuverability and invisibility to sensors which track energy signature).

The Jezzadei first encountered the Alliance in 2120, when one of their exploration vessels encountered an Alliance patrol out looking for pirate activity. Diplomatic relationships were opened, and negotiations began in good faith. Though there were never any serious problems between the two governments, it took over eighty years for the Jezzadei to apply for Alliance membership, mainly due to their ponderous system of debating a subject for inordinate amounts of time.

FAVORITE ITEM

Hard to say. Though no Priest would ever be caught without his Atohk, they love to study other items so much that it's probably a toss-up.



DRESS

Minotaurs wear a minimum of clothing. Their thick fur and dozens of talismans make up their typical garb.

HANGOUTS

Jezzadei can usually be found wherever there are things to be dug up and studied. Many archaeological sites will have a Priest or two dutifully studying the findings. Museums are also popular among the creatures. Most Priests practice a craft of some sort. In quiet times, they can be found in an out-of-the-way spot, usually thier workshop, puttering around with some impossibly intricate example of their work.

ABODE

The Priests enjoy wide-open spaces, and dislike the cramped, narrow rooms favored by Humans. The Jezzadeic home is generally spacious, and has numerous of breezeways and open windows. A workshop is a part of nearly every Priest's home. Likewise, a small alcove dedicated to the contemplation of The Way is nearly always present.

COMBAT TACTICS

Jezzadei are slow to anger, but quite willing to do battle when they or their friends are threatened. In combat, they will usually employ their talismans to best effect, assaulting the enemy from afar before moving in to finish him off in melee. Since one of the features of the Life-Staff is that it's nearly impossible to break, a wallop by a Priest can really hurt! To make matters worse, many Jezzadei add additional little surprises . . . like an energy discharge on impact.

GENERAL OCCUPATION

Jezzadei consider themselves teachers of the Way first and foremost. However, they can be found doing a variety of other work in addition. Jezzadeic craftsmanship, as mentioned before, is usually superb, and commands high prices on the open market. Priests also command high salaries as archaeologists and archivists, due to the loving care they put into such work.

PET

Jezzadeic Priests keep no pets, believing the practice a needless restriction of the creature's freedom.

THE JEZZADEIC VIEW

ON LIFE: It is a tapestry of incredible complexity, in which everything which exists is a thread. We poor creatures only see a few threads at a time. To look for the larger pattern is my calling.

ON WAR: Death is a necessary part of that which is. Premature, violent death is unfortunate, but sometimes necessary.

ON THE ALLIANCE: I admire the fact that so many races have put aside their differences to work together, but recognize that there is much work left to do. I pity them the shoddy workmanship which their crafters often peddle.

ON THE UNIVERSE: So vast as to be incomprehensible. We study small parts to get some inkling of the whole.

ON THE FAMILY: All Priests are family, born and raised in the traditions of the Way.

ON SELF: I exist to learn and to create. There can be no higher calling for one such as I.

NOTABLE JEZZADEIC STATEMENTS

Isn't it wondrous? A perfect example of early Aeodronian craftsmanship . . . and we're the first to find it in thousands of years!

Don't think of objects merely as vessels. Without your Kah to guide it, your body would be nothing more than another object.

EVOLUTION OF A PREDATOR

Phentari are treacherous and diabolical. We all know this. They are indeed the most mistrusted and misunderstood of all the Alliance races. We know that too. They are creatures, swift of cunning, long on hatred, and generally bent on evil. That's pretty obvious. The question seems to be: How did evolution come to create such a terror, a being whose sole purpose is to hunt and kill for sport? Simple, it did, and it did not.

The widespread belief that Phentari are incarnations of evil is a pervading view held by most Alliance citizens. Numerous groups, such as Squid Watch, track the movement of known Phentari outlaws while others, Vigilantes of the Black Night, hunt them down, try, convict, and execute them with impunity. The Council of Timar has voted twice in the last 100 years to expel the Phentari from the coalition of races. The contention is that the federal government should place the methane squids on the list of known Alliance enemies.

The methane jungles of Phena sprawl across over 65% of the planet's surface. These forests are twisted with labyrinthine coils of vine and marsh, where the fog hangs thick over the ground, enshrouding the surface in a constant veil of mist and clouds. Each night lasts for the equivalent of 25 Earth days, and the darkness is impenetrable and cold. The ubiquitous swamps are filled with a variety of carnivorous life-forms, numerous as they are menacing. Trees, animals, and other flora on Phena, decomposed over thousands of years to form deep, dangerous bogs that cover the planet's surface. (The methane concentration in most areas of Phena is not sufficient to cause explosion when lit).

A growing consensus exists supporting the theory that the squids were transplanted there by the Mutzachan Council of Timar, sometime before the 1st Year of Reckoning. The planet biosphere was an arctic methane jungle world, filled with a variety of hostile indigenous life-forms that lurked in the forest canopies and undergrowth. Records indicate that the Phentari developed sentience somewhere around 45,000 BC when the squid began fashioning tools, such as spears, to aid in their hunting. An intelligent bipedal squid-like creature with four tentacles proved to be the perfect predator, well adapted to movement through the jungle trees while simultaneously able to stand and move erect.

Initially, the creatures operated in packs to increase the chance of individual survival, while allowing the posse to attack larger and more dangerous creatures. It was not long until bands of squid would lower themselves to the ground and hunt on the marshy jungle floor. They employed Kyika, a thin canoe-like boat to maneuver amongst the bogs, hunting and killing so as to feed the ever-growing numbers of Phentari. Eventually, the squid built forts in the protection of trees. Small communal villages sprang up within the forest. The squid stayed away from the barren mountains that crisscrossed the jungle continent until around 23,000 BC. However, accelerated population growth forced them to come down from the trees and build permanent villages on the ground. The preferred location for a city was on the sterile slopes of the mountain hillsides. It is here that the squid learned how to use coal for fire. The adaptable predator quickly manipulated its findings to his advantage, and within 5000 years the Phentari entered the Industrial Revolution.

Less than 200 years later, the first Phentari spaceship swept up through the thick atmosphere of Phena out into the cold of space. Each planet they discovered, offered up new foes to vanquish, and new grounds to hunt and feed upon.

RITUAL OF THE HUNT

An axiom of Phentari culture is "Only a fool would face his prey head on, for this often allows the hunted to become the hunter!" Never engage the enemy on his own terms. Never offer any quarter. Terminate with extreme prejudice; unless, of course, the prey is helpless and you can watch it suffer interminably before you kill it. The idea of hunting in packs still thrives in Phentari society, for there indeed is strength in numbers. Phentari are not known for senseless heroics, nor are they known for jeopardizing their own lives to taste fleeting glory. Glory is for dead people! The single greatest reason for one's existence is to outlive your enemies. Therefore, one must kill them long before they get the chance to slay you. Method is not of consequence, so long as you never get scratched, and your victims suffer as much as possible before they expire.

Often, hunting is a game, and it should be treated as such. The idea is to track your opponent down, seize the most opportune time to strike, and then make him suffer for as long as possible while you toy with the miserable end of his existence. Typically, a group of Phentari will choose a suitable target, one that poses a significant threat, but not enough of one to endanger the lives of the group. The squid will pursue, attempting to determine the most suitable method of attack. The posse will attempt to avoid killing the prey outright, rather cornering it and taking it captive for abuse at a later date. If the quarry is too dangerous, Phentari will take turns wounding it, working for a Byan Nyi (gradual kill). The key to the game is to make sure the creature survives for as long as possible before putting it out of its pathetic existence!

WINGALA-NAIRASU

Anyone can wear a Dward, which is a flashy black cape. However, few are bestowed the honor of wearing a bone laced cape, called the Wingala Nairasu. The origins of the Wingala Nairasu can directly be traced back to Jaquassarious Phentari, the wandering liege of the Phentari nation. To be honored with a bone laced cape today is one of the greatest moments in a Phentari's life, for all Phentari are One with the king, and the king is known as Jaquassarious Phentari. Wingala Nairasu is an offering of respect which is paid to those Phentari who have served him well, and thereby brought honor to the Phentari nation.

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The young and ruthless Jaquassarious Phentari rose quickly through the ranks of the Phentari military hierarchy. Continually, his troops engaged and defeated the enemy on the battlefield. Jaquassarious possessed an uncanny ability to size up the situation, as well as the mood of his adversary. This made him a great tactician. His ability to deceive this adversary and lure him into a trap, where Phentari troops could lay waste to the enemy, made him a great general. However, what made Jaquassarious a legend in the eyes of Phentari was the raw

fear and awe that his presence inspired in his "men". He used this gift to forge a loyalty, and combat competence, unlike any other general before him. His troops would much rather face death than the wrath of their leader, who regularly tortured those who failed in duty or battle.

The general's favorite method of disciplining an individual was to pull out the soldier's nerves with forceps while the victim was forced to remain conscious. This technique was known as Brou chan di, assfir. The soldier would beg for mercy or death. Unyielding, the steely eyed general would speak with slow deliberation, illuminating the entire truth behind the pain; that which the soldier was now forced to endure was what others faced everyday on the battlefield. His pain was their pain. Jaquassarious would stand over his victim, mandibles clicking, cold, cruel eyes drawing amusement from the victim's suffering.

However, acts such as this were not without consequence. Many officers and soldiers contended that such torture was cruel and unusual, even under the often sadistic Phentari code of military justice. Once, one of his field captains issued a challenge to the general, and Jaquassarious responded. In the end, this action was to bring him great fame. The captain had claimed that the general was too cruel, and his methods unjust. The insubordinate officer asserted that the general could not stand up to the same torture which he imposed on others. Jaquassarious was a weak puppet warrior without the will or spine of that which he demanded from his soldiers. The General responded simply with:

"Then pull the nerves out of my legs, and pour salt on my wounds, while I Jaquassarious Phentari watch happily... and revel in the pain!"

In the end, the Captain pulled out the nerves one by one, then dumped salt into the wounds. Jaquassarious's body convulsed, contorted, body leaping off the gurney. Yet he did not scream. And as he writhed in agony, covered in a pool of his sweat, Jaquassarious Phentari sang a children's lullaby called, "The Happy, Happy, Killing Grounds."

After it was over, the general had the mutinous captain arrested and taken into custody, where after he was fully recovered, the general ate him for breakfast while softly singing the lullaby "The Happy, Happy, Killing Grounds!"

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As he rose to power, he avoided the numerous attempts to sabotage his career. In 121 AD, Jaquassarious narrowly survived an assassination attempt the day after his appointment to the position of Takcis-par, General of Sacrifice. The job of the General of Sacrifice was to determine which combat units were less proficient than others, and therefore, inferior. These units would ultimately be given the most dangerous assignments, those in which they were not expected to survive, thus purging the military on a regular basis. The position of Takcis-par was a prestigious, if not dangerous one, and many who lived to serve out the twenty year tour of duty as the head of Sacrifice, went on to become field marshals, and/or high ranking government officials. Fearing life under the regime of the iron fisted general, a conspiracy was established to assassinate him. However, Jaq uncovered the plot, and had each of the ring leaders summarily arrested. Again, he ate them alive, as other watched the televised account in awe and horror.

His military conquests were too numerous to count. It was he, Jaquassarious, who led his men out of the Trap at Bador, when the planet was surrounded by an Eridani assault force. Ten thousand soldiers, along with their equipment, snuck past the enemy ships in

three stolen troops carriers. It was his army who, outnumbered 4 to one, defeated the Gizerian Armies at the Battle of Tenros Deep. In the Hercuton Campaign, his troops had fought the Kezarain to a bloody standoff, each side suffering staggering casualties. Jaquassarious had not managed to defeat this adversary, much to the ridicule of his peers. To make his point clear, he alone one night, snuck past the perimeter guard into the enemy camp, and killed the entire officer corp of one hundred. No one even noticed until morning when none of the officers re-uped for duty. His peers would doubt him no more.

Promotion after promotion saw him rise through the ranks of power. In 45 AD, he became Field Marshal of all Phentari armies. However, Jaquassarious refused this command, claiming that a real general could not lead from an armchair a hundred parsecs from the battlefield. A real general fought along side his men, not from behind them. Never before had a general refused promotion to Field Marshal, the crowning achievement in any Phentari soldier's career. He would only accept the promotion as long as he could do what he did best, which was defeat enemies of the Phentari state on a battlefield that he controlled and would eventually own. In the end, he won his argument against a military inquiry of his court martial. From then on, no field marshal could command troops from the rear. Policy had changed.

In 22 AD, while leading an assault on the Eridani planet of Eris, the general was apparently killed in a mysterious accident as his flagship exploded on landing. The Phentari nation would grieve for a generation.

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In 232 AD, rumors began to swirl about an ancient warrior cult of Phentari who ruthlessly hunted down Buddon Masters and slaughtered them with impunity. Thousands of Eridani Buddon were to be slain over the next five years. By the turn of the decade, many Phentari had come to believe that there existed a lone phantom warrior who took up the cause in the just Phentari war against the Eridani nation. That warrior restored honor to the badly mauled Phentari armies who could not match the brute efficiency, and force, that the Eridani juggernaut displayed on the battlefield. What happened next is legendary to Phentari, and a disgrace to Eridani. Both governments have maintained records which verify the story which goes something like this:

The phantom attackers had all but disgraced Bies 7, the King of the 4th Dominance. These creatures were able to penetrate the planetary defense screen surrounding Eridine at will. Their rogue spaceship would then make its way undetected to the planet surface where they would slay Eridani Buddon in a wild frenzy of destruction. No one ever survived an encounter to reveal the identity of the perpetrators of these heinous crimes. All that was found were the mutilated corpses of the Eridani faithful. Many had been partially eaten. Some had bones extracted from their bodies and placed in a pentagram around their corpse. This ritual act appeared similar to a Phentari burial ritual which led officials to believe that it was indeed the work of a Phentari raiding party of considerable size. Troops began the earnest hunt of the criminals who would face the harshest of consequences under Eridani law, decapitation by sword.

The stage was set for conflict which soon occurred. A message was sent via special envoy to King Bies. A single purveyor of the crime had announced his challenge to the king's royal guard. It would be an honorable battle, a duel to the death, which was to take place in front of the entire Eridani nation.

"Let the bastard come forward and meet his doom. His arrogance will be spilled, along with his blood, in front of all of my people. My court of warrior Buddon can not fail, for ours cuts with the honor of the Swordsaint people. Such is the Eridani way."

Proudly, he declared. "If they do, may I be placed at the mercy of my enemy and tortured till I am dead. Let the date for the Duel be set for tomorrow, with the setting of the blue Sun called Nimroth."

A select throng of Eridani citizens crowned the four palace walls, both Buddon and Vax alike. Each would be witness to the carnage. So it was. So it had always been. So it would always be. The Buddon priests wore ceremonial battle armor of various types and configurations. Vax were clad in colorful flowing robes that trailed an hypnotic dance in the gentle evening breeze. All stood silent, still as statues, waiting with the patience of trees for the battle to begin. Eridani custom dictated that when an enemy of the state challenged the Royal House to a Duel, then no onlooker should carry steel, for this disgraced the aforementioned combatants. Consequently, each notary had drawn his sword, or other weapon, and hung it from an iron peg that stuck out from the top of the wall at his feet. Presently, ten thousand steely ornaments glistened with the light of the diminishing sun which danced off their blades, further illuminating the courtyard below.

The walls themselves were made of obsidian, black and pure, extending 1000m in each direction to form a perfect square. From the middle rose the Sun Temple, a massive pyramid built of solid white gold. This was the Royal Palace, home to the the king of the 4th Dominance, and the center of an empire which stretched for a hundred light years in any direction.

The fading sunlight played havoc off the temple, diffracting lances of blue green light down onto the courtyard below. There, one hundred elite Buddon Dete Alorre stood proud and defiant. This was the King's honor guard, an elite corp of fighting warriors that made up the entire 1st House of Eridine. Their triangular formation ended at the base of the Sun Temple's steps which rose up from the ground to a height of 200m above the walls. Bies 7, king of the empire, sat frozen like ice at the top of the temple on his white gold throne.

Time passed, slow and uneventful. Nimroth angled its way between Maw's frozen mountains in the distance, lazily heading home toward oblivion. The specter of nightfall would soon arrive to threaten the land. Shadows lengthened as twilight faded and the air grew unnaturally calm, as if waiting for the onslaught of a tremendous storm. All seemed surreal; the people statues watching, the ice king waiting. Minutes were marked by the diminishing light which was slowly being consumed by darkness. Time passed. It cared little for what was to come.

Eventually, a small speck appeared on the green horizon. It was Doom, and it approached in the form of a single spaceship, patterned in the style of a Phentari personal warcruiser. At first, little could be discerned about the vessel which advanced cautiously. However, in time, its silhouette became clearly visible, a sleek vessel with twin wing lasers and a centerline spinal mount, four long pontoons which could only be missile bays. There were numerous secondary weapon ports. The ship was black, and dangerous looking, even if it was only Phentari. It approached closer.

Only now could its true size could be appreciated, for the vessel was some 200 meters long, huge for a personal warship. It circled the palace in a wide swinging arc, like a vulture it swept across the sky, eventually landing at the far end of the courtyard. The heat of its engines caused the grass to ignite, and an eerie circle of fire now ringed the ship. The vanguard waited silent at the other end.

In time, a ramp lowered, extending out from the ship to touch the ground about 5m in front of the vanguard. Nothing and no one came forth.

The crowd waited for the enemy to appear, to face the wrath of those charged with honor. Still nothing issued forth from the vessel except the whizzing and buzzing sound of machinery.

Prince Esparon-idan, knight of the vanguard, and son of the King, now stepped forward, squaring off directly in front of the ramp. He drew his sword, spoke a silent ritual, kissed the blade, then etched an invisible line in the blue grass of the palace lawn. "Come forth, treasonous vermin and meet your doom at the hand of honor. Come forth cowardly demon and be slain by the word and sword of truth. Come forth . . ."

"Spare me all the amenities and love ballads. I am here. That is well enough." hissed a powerful voice.

From the bowels of the alien ship emerged an ominous being. It was a Phentari. Not any normal Phentari, but a massive 3 meter tall Phentari giant, wearing black onyx-steel battle gear that seemed to be carved from his body. It wore no helmet. Instead, malevolent eyes stared out from an ancient face, skin deeply cragged, and molted grey. Deep bony rifts bisected its long sloping forehead, accentuating the creature's age. This ancient Phentari's mandibles were long, thick, bony tusks, which clicked repeatedly to the beat of his boot. And between those powerful jaws, were set rows of razor sharp teeth. Its body was shrouded in a jet black cape and two of its four tentacles weaved a slow, hypnotic dance, braiding an unseen pattern in the air. The other tentacles brandished a long, black staff whose insides pulsed with energy. The rod throbbed as if it were alive. But those eyes; black, cavernous holes without iris or lids, they blazed with malice, raw and pure. All things were puny to this being, and it spewed arrogant confidence like an angry god.

"You need not kneel before me. I will gladly kill you where you stand!"

Suddenly, the living staff coiled tightly around his arm causing many in the crowd to flinch. Even some of the honor guard were caught by surprise and recoiled involuntarily. Most drew their swords.

"Steady Buddon," the captain said evenly. "Do not fear the Phentari, no matter what his name, no matter what creature he carries in his charge. We have truth and that is enough."

"Do not be so sure cretin. I am back and I am still quite alive."

"Who are you?" The Buddon demanded. "By what name do you use, demon of the netherworld?"

The Phentari did not respond immediately, instead it swept the crowd with its condescending gaze. When he answered, his voice ringed with derision.

"You don't know do ya!"

The Eridani king's reply to the mystery guest came over intercom. His regal voice boomed across the courtyard. "I know your name. Your presence can only be that of the One."

The Phentari snickered and said nothing, merely adjusted the line of his cape, performed an exaggerated bow, and then replied in perfect Eridani tongue. "I am deeply humbled my lord. I like your nickname. I think I'll keep it! That's it. I definitely think I'll keep it."

Jaquassarius turned to the Vanguard's captain and bowed.

"I am the One."

"You are zero. You are nothing!" the Buddon master trumpeted.

"Oh no. Not another hero type." Jacquassarius mocked. "Trust me. I am 'the' One!"

"Then you will keep your name for only as long as you keep your head." Prince Esparon cried. The Buddon Dete Alorre stepped sideways then swung the blade in a flat arc, attempting to cut the squid in half at the waist.

A fraction of a second before the Eridani's blade struck home the serpent staff stabbed forward from Jaquassarius's arm, piercing the Swordsaint's chest just above the heart. A blinding crash of thunder and light rent the sky as the snake rod passed through the Prince's armor and into his body. Esparon staggered backward, twisted violently around, and tried to flee. The grip on his sword failed and the blade arced a graceful pirouette through the sky before sticking in the ground. He ran for a couple more steps. Then Esparon, Prince of Eridine, and first in Ascension to the throne of the Emperor, fell convulsing on the lawn, blood spurting in great gouts from his mouth. His body coiled, then uncoiled. He screamed aloud, then shrieked in silence. All watched in horror as the fallen prince danced a death spasm across the palace lawn. His piercing cries sent a moan through the crowd, many of whom had picked up their weapons and readied themselves for battle.

The honor guard did nothing, merely watched in silent outrage, as their valiant leader twitched a final jerking spasm, then died in a heap of his own blood. Esparon's jaw slackened, opened, and the black snake wiggled out, slithered across the ground, up Jaquassarius's leg, and out onto his hand where it hardened back into a staff.

"It adds a nice touch doesn't it?" The Phentari sneered.

Silence. No one moved for what seemed like eternity.

Finally, the nerves of command returned to the Eridani guard, who, without orders, now changed formation with exact precision to form a half circle around the enemy.

"Who are you?" asked a lieutenant that now stepped forward to take command.

"I am the One." The general scoffed. "You heard your king. I am the One, the one who has come from the dead to exact a telling revenge for my people."

Jaquassarius seized the impetus of the moment and stepped closer to the priest.

"I am General Jaquassarius Phentari" he declared. "And I have been reborn! You killed me once, but it was truly boring being dead. I figured that I would come back and kill a few thousand of you pretentious Eridani scum. And here I am to exact my final revenge."

"It could not be!" was all the lieutenant could manage to say, as the hero's courage ebbed quickly from his face, along with most of its color. When he spoke next, he managed only a trembling whisper, "That can't be. You were killed over three hundred years ago!"

"Yes, I know." Jaq paused. "Remind me. I have to catch up on current events."

"You are an imposter. You steal his name, so that we may cower before you!" The lieutenant declared weakly.

"Afraid not little priest."

"Yes! You are only a magician. I will not run from a magician."

Buddon placed his hand on the hilt of his sword. Courage had returned "I will fight you, alone if I must. I do not fear death. Such is the way of the warrior!"

"You think I am a magician?"

"Yes!"

"You think you can defeat me?"

"Yes!"

"And you, Buddon, do not fear death?"

"Such is the way of life" the lieutenant continued. "I have long ago found Silent Peace. I am ready for anything! No, I do not fear death."

What happened next is still a matter of much contention today. Scientists on both sides can only speculate. Its results however, have never been refuted.

The "imposter" placed the tip of the serpent staff into his mouth and screamed, a howl of pure agony and genuine ecstasy. Then, without warning, the Phentari's skull began to distort, growing rapidly in size. His body swayed drunkenly as his head expanded into a huge misshapen face, a full meter across. Air hissed from his mouth, and blood spurted from the top of his head. The vanguard retreated another step, while the lieutenant of the 1st House of Eridine remained frozen in terror. They could in no way affect his challenge.

The Phentari's head continued to grow, ballooning in a giant bloody sphere. When the intruder spoke next, his voice was strained yet even.

"But you couldn't have been ready for this," he hissed.

And with that, the mushroom head snapped forward and bit the priest's head clean off. There was the crunch and grind of bones being chewed as gaping maw consumed the skull. Chunks of brain spat forth onto the guard. Blood shot up like a fountain from the neck stump. The body itself, did not collapse instantly, yet seemed to be controlled like a puppet on strings. It twitched, spasmed, took several steps sideways, then crumpled to the ground on top of the already slain captain. Gore continued to pump out onto the ground, covering both bodies in a bloody syrup.

"I'm sorry. But I have a penchant for theatrics," laughed the Phentari as his head shrank back to its original size. "I just love special effects!"

Silence.

The entire Eridani vanguard was now galvanized into action. Sergeants barked orders. Squads shifted in response, and a new formation was fashioned in the shape of a phalanx. Orders were issued as contingencies, and the Eridani readied themselves for battle. There were no controlling emotions now. Their eyes burned with passion, and each was eager to exact a telling revenge for the loss of their fallen comrades.

Jaquassarius responded simply.

"Hot with anger are you . . . to fill my body with holes, so your revenge can seep out of my dying carcass. Isn't it a shame. It isn't going to be that easy though I'm afraid!"

"You have mercilessly slaughtered my people, attacked without shame from the shadows of anonymity, from the wings of chaos and cowardice," bellowed the ancient Emperor who now rose from his throne. He moved to the platform's edge, pointed accusingly down at the enemy below, then swept the crowd with an angry fist.

"Will we, the greatest warriors in the universe, be cowed by a lonely Phentari, a race who we have defeated with honor and impunity on almost every battlefield from here to Termus?" he asked them.

"No!" yelled the faithful in unanimous chorus.

"Will we be shamed by the magic and the trickery of a coward who will not meet his foe with integrity, with the reverence required of those who enter into the arena of battle?" he demanded.

"No!" the only answer.

So, like some avatar descending from the heavens, the revered son of Eridine swept down from the Temple of the Sun to stand directly before his sworn enemy.

Bies 7, King of Eridine, cast aside his red cape, unfastened his scabbard and drew Harm, the focusing sword of the entire Eridani nation. He feared nothing, not staff or foe. And as customary when one is about to proclaim something momentous, the king of Eridine stabbed Harm upwards toward the sky.



Revenge

When the enemy hath dealt you grievous harm,
Yet your cunning strong prevailed,
And in the end found violent resolve.
When the angry splatter of his quickened blood,
Cast wicked upon the naked ground,
Is but a solemn painting,
A mosaic of injustice,
Of the sentence he hath served you.
Each drop speaks with silent testament,
Swelling pool, the oath felled witness.
His broken corpse but the twisted canvas,
Upon which you paint with dire eloquence,
The fiery strokes of your vengeful soul!

—The One

"Ala-knor juzam Buddon. Nif-ry. Alek-knor bya su ryal, alek nwar. Reckormie! Kormie!" heroared. "Prepare for holy war Buddon. Prepare for battle. Bring not defeat. But victory! Victory!"

"Nice show but I'm not impressed," Jaquassarious balked, stepping back out of range of the Swordmaster. "Your stage presence is how we say in Phentari, pathetic!"

The multi-lobe brain of Jaquassarious Phentari, however, was not trying to be funny. Instead, he worked quickly, taking stock of the situation while attempting to remain as composed as ever. Fact: A pissed off Eridani king was not to be taken lightly, let alone one backed up by a vanguard of 100 Buddon Dete Alorre. There was no doubt in his multi-hemispherical brain that an outright battle with the 1st House of Eridine would undoubtedly end with him being diced into a thousand pieces, then burned to ashes, as was Eridani customary when dealing with cowards. He had no desire to be dead again. Once was enough.

Presently, the Phentari general worked to determine the exact range of all the warriors who stood before him. Knowing their range would be crucial to what he had in mind to do next. Another part of his brain, accessed the artificial intelligence module implanted in his skull, and began sending pre-engagement cycle launch codes to the ship's main computer. He'd have to get out of here quick, once things got started.

"Did you like what I did to your son, emperor?" he taunted, stalling for time.

"Did you like the way he wormed around on the ground, whimpering in the pain? It made me feel good to snuff out his insignificant life. And now . . . All of his pitiful dreams will never be realized. He's nothing but worm food," the general continued.

"Quite so, but his death will soon be avenged!" The king whispered with tight lips.

Jaquassarious needed just a little more time. Another minute and the launch codes would be complete."

"Alright, Bies. I suppose you are going to challenge me to a Duel. Is this not the Eridani method of exacting revenge, and if I refuse the challenge, you retain the right to slay me outright, under the pretext that I have already disgraced you or something like that. Then you will kill me anyway. Isn't that right?"

"Your understanding of Eridani customs is accurate, if not somewhat profane." The emperor responded tightly.

"Well, your honor code is as perverse and twisted with elitist logic systems as I have ever seen. At least if a race is going to be elitist, they should be capable in combat. Your people are absolutely inferior!"

Bies's eyes seethed with anger. A single muscle in his ancient jawline twitched uncontrollably.

"Eridani have defeated your race time and time again. You resort to treachery and deplorable machinations to avert your certain defeat." cried the king, stepping forward and simultaneously maneuvering Harm so that the point rested less than a centimeter from the Phentari's throat.

Jaquassarious remained motionless. He continued his empty chatter. "You call it trickery. We call it tactics."

"That you do. For your kind is without honor. You will pay for your insolence squid! Prepare for battle!"

All one hundred warriors of the 1st House of Eridine moved a few steps closer.

Not yet. Things weren't ready yet.

"Just give me another moment to size up my options for battle, king old buddy!" Jaquassarious mused falsely. "I have to figure out my best choice of weapons."

Finally! The cybernetic transponder implanted at the base of Jaquassarious's skull beeped. That meant that the computations for ship's lift-off had been finished. Just in time, because the emperor's vanguard had now moved within range. Jaquassarious formulated the rest of his plan. All appeared to be going well.

He regarded the situation with a certain amount of detached humor, and a Phentari version of a smile spread across his ancient face. Things would be easy.

"Do I detect humor? Do you mock me?" the king charged.

"Of course. That is why I'm here fool. Let's get down to business," he laughed. "I, Jaquassarious Phentari, hereby challenge you and your motley crew to a duel to the death."

"I accept. What are your conditions Phentari? And do not try anything tricky. We are ready for you." The king's eyes narrowed, muscles tensed. Harm hovered, sharp and dangerous.

"Would I do that?" the squid mocked. "You can trust me, I promise. OK here's the deal, you and your one hundred guys fight me with your swords. I will fight as I am."

"With your snake staff, I guess?"

"Naah. I'll give you a break. I don't need it." As if on command, the serpent staff coiled into Jaquassarious' own body. Of course without the extra curricular effects that superseded the prince's death. The staff disappeared in a moment.

"Produces some interesting anatomical results. However, sometimes it gives me heart burn."

"It is trickery. That's all."

"Well listen here king, emperor, or whatever you call yourself this millennia. I will fight you as I am, right here, with no weapons in hand. As long as I am allowed to make the first action."

"But my sword is directly in front of your face. You could not possibly beat my speed."

"Let's put it this way, I'm real fast," Jaquassarious ridiculed, unable to contain the condescension he felt for the boy-emperor king. He leaned back and hissed his maniacal laugh and continued. "I'm going to kill you king, and bring your entire planet shame. Your swords are no match for me," he said, calculating the attack in his head.

"Then make the first move." The king returned his smile. "And let us test the quickness of your precious action squid."

"Just give me a minute to get things a little warmed up, as they say."

"I shall give you all the time you need. For these are the last moments of your dishonorable . . ."

The king's words were lost in a cloud of violent flame that erupted from the center of the Phentari's body and rolled out like a thunderclap, enveloping, and consuming everything and everyone in its path! In an instant, the entire 1st House of Eridine was erased from existence, along with most of the crowd. There were no screams, merely the roiling sound of the air rushing outward and the hiss of flesh burning. Finally, the clatter of one hundred and one swords, falling to the ground.

All that remained were charred corpses, lying in grotesque configurations on the seared and smoldering lawn. In places, the grass still burned and the air choked with smoke. Jaquassarious stood alone triumphant, for a moment surveying the carnage.

"Fool!" The general laughed. "A buddy of mine named Markuss taught me that trick."

Bodies still squirmed on the outer edge of the ring of fire, but everyone else was dead. Some twenty of the closest Buddon masters had been seared to the bone. In another place, the bodies had fallen in one heap. The only thing damaged on his own person, was his cape that had somehow been scorched in the blast.

Hesnickered aloud. "I guess I'll have to make a new one out of their bones! I will call it Wingala Nair-aisu, Cape of hot bones"

So the story goes . . .

CREDO OF THE DAMNED

The Galactic Civil Liberties Union closely monitors the interrelations of all races. The Morrison Report of 2268 concluded that the Phentari have been and continue to be unfairly discriminated against by all Alliance races save the Mutzachan Elders, who insist on maintaining their presence in the Central Legislature of the Council of Timar. However, planets reserve the right to impose what are called "fair" sanctions against those whom they consider as hostile "allies"! Any race deemed dangerous to a given society may, by Galactic Law, have legal sanctions imposed upon its citizens. The dangerous mystique which surrounds Phentari, however, has been over exaggerated by the media which almost invariably portray the squids as a bunch of maniacal creatures bent on the utter destruction of the universe. In truth, although extremely dangerous and easily provoked, most Phentari citizens are law abiding, and their bark is far bigger than their bite.

Modern day Phentari are perhaps the most misunderstood and mistreated of all the races in the Alliance. Their legacy of conquest and ruin has left a sour taste in those who have signed on as their allies in a group effort to defeat the Arachnid threat. There exists a bias toward the race whose peoples have been branded as non-trust worthy, lazy, and prone to violence. These sentiments pervade the thoughts of many Alliance citizens, though these thoughts remain unspoken. It is not to say that the race isn't treacherous and conniving. It most certainly is. Phentari take great pride in the raw fear that their presence evokes from others, and understanding the potential of their own evil.

What squids do not understand is how others can be so hypocritical. Eridani tenant for living is that most life-forms are inherently inferior, and that those inferior life-forms must eventually be terminated. The pretense is that the Swordsaints would never attack any one who was not deserving of death. Well, it must be nice to play the part of God and determine who is inferior and should die. Yet, for some reason the Eridani are revered as honorable warriors while the Phentari are despised.

Phentari are forthright in their contempt of other races which are deemed weak and inept, and therefore should be treated accordingly. The squids offer no false pretenses. They openly express their contempt for others and they follow a basic philosophy. It is known as the Credo of the Damned, first spoken by Ossarious Phentari.

"Seek to bring me down, I who am the one true king. Slay me here. Bring on death. Lash out with your hot desire! But realize this: I am but a part of the One, and the One is called Phentari. You challenge not only me, but offer offense to all my race. And I will gladly meet your pathetic challenge, butcher you with zealous impunity . . . then revel in the pain!"

A BILLION MINDS IN A SINGLE BODY

Phentari believe in the existence of multiple souls within a person, each spirit possessing a mind of its own. Each independent essence fights amongst the others to shape the personality of the whole person. In fact, the Phentari brain is split into four different lobes. Each carries out independent functions of its own. The squids multi-hemispherical brain allows its limited independent action. Thus, squids can use their tentacles to perform a variety of interrelated actions. For example, a Phentari can use a weapon to target with one set of "hands" while the

other types on a computer screen. This would not be possible if it were not for the physiological makeup of the brain. The multi-spherical composition, in conjunction with rotating eye sockets, allows the squid to look forward and to the rear simultaneously.

The most interesting fact about the function of the multi-hemispherical brain is that all squids hear voices inside their heads. The voices are constant and any Phentari will tell you that what they hear are the voices of their souls. The belief in the numerous soul theory is as old as recorded time and doctors have never been able to isolate the cause of this phenomena. However, evidence suggests that the firing of the neural synapses in the brain are not somehow disconnected and therefore cause the independent action.

POWER IS THE ONE

Phentari abhor feebleness. It disgusts them. However, their philosophy on weakness is different from Eridani, though only slightly. Phentari believe that to show timidity is to reveal to your enemy that you are incapable. Your enemy should cower before you, whether you are actually afraid of him or not. Consequently, Phentari constantly present a hostile demeanor which is designed to keep others off balance and uneasy. (Some Phentari actually suffer from multiple personality disorders while other squids exhibit psychotic tendencies. Psychosis, overt hostility behaviors, and other disorders have been directly related to the squid's multiple-hemisphere brains.) Psycho-analytical battery tests performed by company psychiatrists on potential recruits often fail to detect these mental aberrations, which are sometimes isolated and non-reoccurring. Thus, deranged Phentari can slip past medic-technicians to be hired on by the various mega-corporations.

Most Phentari are completely normal; that is, they are mean and extremely vicious. They love putting on lavish displays of cruelty in order to enhance their vile images. Most squids will not pass up an opportunity to show-off their rancor. Note: It is just as fun to belittle someone as it is to torture or kill them. Being quick witted, and possessing scathing humor, is as respected as having innovative torture methods.

A Phentari's loyalty is based on his superior's ability to defeat the enemy. The squid is not generally interested in what costs are associated with the defeat, so long as he himself doesn't lose out in the end. Leaders who are deemed to be impotent are assassinated and replaced by their stronger subordinates. Thus, the Phentari social infra-structure maintains its own version of survival of the fittest. Phentari will follow others, even Eridani, so long as their leader exhibits cunning in the eyes of the squid. A Phentari will follow only those leaders who offer the greatest probability for success, with the least risk to themselves. The enemy should never see you before you slay him, for Phentari are not interested in direct combat. Note: Squids are notoriously avarice, and are often willing risk their necks for substantial financial reward.

FEAST THROUGH FEAR

Phentari are carnivores. That is true. The taste of raw flesh is a delicacy in the squids' diet. However, their predilection toward eating Humans is overstated to say the least. Phentari consider Humans to be one of the weakest of all the Alliance races, and few squids have submitted to the idea of the Humans controlling their destiny. The only races weaker than the Humans are the Misha, who by Phentari rationale should be liberated of their hydrogen atoms and the Goola Goola, who are just targets waiting for a place to happen! The taste for Human flesh has developed over time. There are other meats that are

as tasty as Humans, if not more palatable. However, it is the rush of power associated with eating a creature that snivels and begs for its life, cries out in fear, and grovels to have its life spared, that provides the aphrodisiac. Phentari usually make a great project out of serving up Humans, going through elaborate pre-dinner rituals such as constantly sharpening the carving knives and seasoning the meat while its cowering in fear. The meal is cooked alive so that its screams can further assist in the seasoning process.

It is fear that makes Humans so desirable. Squids have been known to release those who refuse to cooperate. Victims who are stoic and unruffled at the idea of being cooked alive spoil the meal. It just isn't as much fun if the bait isn't playing along. Therefore, the best chance to avoid being basted like a turkey is acting like you don't care that you are going to be cooked at medium heat for three hours, then served with spinach and stuffing equivalent! (aggression check at minus 10 to minus 80).

REFLECTIONS THROUGH ONE'S OWN EYES.

There is a time in every squid's life where he must evaluate his own worth. It is customary that one review his life every 5 years, after he has reached the Age of Doubt, over 200 years old. This soul search is called Daynyba Lmisror Pa Aksu, Reflections Through One's Own Eyes. The Phentari looks back on his accomplishments over the last five years and if he has failed to achieve his goals, then he must seriously consider his value to the One, the Phentari race. He seeks solitude in the jungle, alone with other dangerous predators. There, he will build a Camp of Reflection. He arms himself with a single weapon, a wooden spear, and waits for something or someone to attack him. He must defeat this creature in battle or perish. If he is injured in combat, he may not tend his wounds. The blood that is spilled is his weakness, and if he dies from the wounds, then it is his just end. The more doubt the Phentari has of his own value, the longer he will stay in the jungle, and there have been reports of squids remaining for years, trying to evaluate their own worth.

The Phentari keeps the skulls of each creature killed, cleaning and polishing them. If he survives, then he must make a pilgrimage to the Monument of the One on Phena and place the skulls at the base of the empty crypt, where they say the spirit of Jaquassarious Phentari is entombed.

DEATH WALK

Venerable Phentari are rare, for once a squid reaches Jabaty, (Age of Waste), he must pass an Anscor (Test of Worth) or die. The ancient Phentari returns to his birthplace to carry out the trial. He must pass this test of physical prowess and mental cunning every 25 years, and if he fails, he must go on his Death Walk. Each city maintains its own requirements which are always stringent.

Euthanasia is an accepted practice in Phentari culture. Those who have outlived their usefulness to the One must be disposed of. Society need not be burdened with the responsibility of tending to the weak and frail. To do this would be to lessen the power of the One. Thus, a Phentari who has failed his Anscor must commit a ritual suicide. Weakness is in the blood, and the body must be purged of its infirmities. This is to benefit the One.

The aging squid uses a ceremonial dagger to cut his own throat, whereafter he begins his Death Walk. He will walk for as long as he can, while the life slowly ebbs from his body. The length of the blood trail is of extreme importance, because it reflects on the strength of his lineage and has a direct impact on how his descendants will be treated in the future. He walks deep into the jungle, listening to the fading

voices of his numerous souls. His offspring follow closely behind, willing him on so that they may not suffer. The life flows quick from his body and when he finally can go no further, and drops, then he is buried right there on the spot by his kindred. The Phentari Byar, (circular religious symbol) is placed on the grave.

Phentari culture believes that if the squid is attacked by a jungle creature during his Death Walk, then he is suffering the wrath of the One. He has brought disgrace upon his family, and the entire line is either terminated or have all their worldly possessions forsaken.

Many modern Phentari consider the ancient custom of Anscor to be cruel and unusual. They refuse to have their parents take the test. This denial has caused great strife among progressive factions and traditionalists who consider the refusal as more proof of the external pollution of the Phentari culture.

THE HARD FRIENDSHIP

The majority of Alliance citizens insist that Phentari be expelled from the Council of Timar. Mutzachan Elders have interceded on numerous occasions to stop hostilities between Phentari and other nations. The fact that the squids possess a formidable navy which has proven itself effective against the Arachnids during both invasions, has been the primary reason for tolerance among others.

Phentari often find themselves isolated and cutoff from the universe around them, something that they find troubling and disconcerting. They seldom reveal that they seek companionship, just not from anyone who is weak. Squids are not used to strangers lending assistance, or risking their lives in order to aid them. It is with great trouble that they try to understand others who show extreme weakness by placing their lives in jeopardy in order to help a squid. Cultural assimilation has had a profound effect on the Phentari psyche, something that right wing extremists call the social pollution of the culture. Many squids compensate for the enmity projected against them by going out of their way to show others that they can be good, law abiding citizens.

Although extremely difficult to obtain, Phentari will offer their friendship to those select few that they deem worthy of respect. It is hard, but a person who proves his strength and cunning, while at the same time not posing a threat to the squid, will often become his friend. Risking one's life repeatedly does not go unnoticed. It is a hard friendship to win, but as long as the rewards are not irresistible, a Phentari will offer his loyalty to those few around him that he trusts.

RACIAL DISCUSSION

Can we talk? Now come on . . . Can we talk? OK. I am an alien. No I'm not the scary guy you see on Tri-V, running around killing everyone for the helluva it and just raising allot of hoopla to get a rise out of people. No, see I'm a real alien. Actually, I'm the quintessential alien. I'm Orion of course! There exists little information for some of the newer races. I, Malachi Armageddon, demur from writing about them because there is so little to talk about. I can tell you much about those races that I have met. I have, over the last year, recorded some conversations between my alien friends. Let's hear what they have to say about each other!

ANDROMENI

Aeodronian: This piddly little creature is not enough to provide me with the basic nourishment that I need to survive. It has little value.

Ashanti: It is a wonderful being, and I would choose others rather than to invade this flesh. It is pure of motive and heart, and I respect the creature for its beauty. It is with great joy and profound remorse that I would be forced to inhabit the body of an Ashanti.

Chatilians: It has thought vision, and it can detect what I truly am. It offers me to others who would kill me out of ignorance and without real justification. I hate them for their minds, and admire them for their intellect.

Cizerack: Now there is a body that is worth controlling!

Eridani: It is like the Phentari, although it exists under the shroud of lies. This creature has little honor. It is twisted and perverse, in some ways much more so than the Phentari, who is at least forthright about their contempt for all other living things.

Fott: The physical matrix used to create this creature is unstable. I therefore can not enter and take over its body. It has no use and I therefore have no opinion.

Furbls: It is innocent in a world of guilt. I have no use for its body, but the kindness of its soul offers me a glint of hope.

Gemini: It is not alive as I know it, yet it manifests all of the qualities of life. If I take over a Gemini body I will be trapped in it until it is completely extinguished.

Gen-Humans: They are sufficient, if not efficient. Their bodies will suffice.

Humans: Like Gen-Humans, their physical body is enough to serve my needs. It is the fact that they empathize with me and my people's plight that offers me a ray of hope. Many Humans believe that we Andromeni have value. I therefore would only invade the body of those Humans who are evil.

I-Bots: It is nothing, wire and micro-chips, that's all. This machine's programming is pretentious. It theorizes that my race should be studied like some animal. They disgusts me.

Jezzadaic Priest: I can not enter their bodies, nor can I understand their thoughts. They are foreign, and I have had little contact with this race.

Kizanti: I only wish that while I controlled the body, it could displace. Unfortunately, it can not.

Misha: When it sleeps it will know of my presence. I avoid these inferior being with their pathetic bodies.

Mutzachans: These heinous creatures must be brought to justice. They pass themselves off as caring individuals. They are nothing more than ruthless murderers who suck the energy out of the universe.

Orions: They offer me the same hope as Humans, and they are somewhat physically superior.



Phentari: It is another one of those races whose metabolism is such that entering it would surely kill me. But they wish all of my kind dead. I therefore despise them.

Pythons: The perfect body to house within. It has much fiber to burn to fulfill my needs. Furthermore, the beast has little grey matter to speak of so I do not feel guilty about taking over its body.

Sye-Men: A Sye-Men is mysterious. His body I can not consume nor would I. I sense that these beings are tied to the fiber of the universe. They therefore have purpose. I am merely not privy to what that purpose is.

Zen: Although some discount my value as a lifeform, Zen accept what I am. They are good and this is a rare thing to find in the universe today.

Tza Zen: Some are good. Others are bad.

GOOLA-GOOLA

Aeodronian: I ain't no Ewel Giggons type, if you know what I mean. Defending a bunch of Begonias is kind of stupid if you ask me. The only thing worth fighting for, besides respect, are women and tools. Oh, I just love tools...They are so beautiful.....Why am I laying here on the ground again?

Andromeni: Better keep them creatures away from me. I'm too young to be possessed!

Ashanti: I think they're a little bit weird, if you know what I mean. I think they go both ways. Their oil is only thirty weight. I don't gets along with em very well.

Chatilians: These little buggers are a pain in the ass! They're always speaking in some high falutin talk, like they are superior to the rest of us common bums. I'm not impressed at all. But those Brain Scratchers, now there is a gizmo worth working on. Has all kinds of digital displays, micro-electronic widgets and do-dads. It's pretty amazin! I like to adjust the scratchers so those Asparagus Heads go crazy with happiness. Bums don't even appreciate it.

Cizerack: I tries to be nice to them, but they ain't very appreciative. Most won't let me work on their harnesses, and some have even threatened me with death or something worse if I gets too close to them. I tell ya, it's hard to get some respect around here. I like to rub Cizeracks a special way, that makes me happy. I pet em the way I likes, so their hair stands up on end. Last time I did it, one of them bit me. For no reason. Damn women!

Eridani: They suck!

Fott: I hear they are manufactured. By golly. They're reproduced you know, just like a gyro-spanner. I tried to take one of them apart to see what was inside. Couldn't find the pieces, and he got pretty mad at the idea of me disassembling him. I promised that I would put him back together, and the SOB shot me in the ass with that damn blunderbuss of his. Spent two weeks in the hospital. I deserves some respect, you know what I mean!

Furbl: He's kind of cute, little fellah. I like them. You know those Furbls are about the only guys who give us Goola-Goola any respect. I like to pet em like the Cizeracks, so their hair stands up right. People say I'm pettin them the wrong way. Hell, I know what I'm doin!

Gemini: I tell ya, every one is being fooled. That rock critter isn't alive. It's a machine. Special kind of one. Hard to break into. Go ahead, tell me I'm crazy but I know what I'm talkin about. You're probably being hypnotized right now into believing that it's real, right now, under some mind control laser or something. I tell ya though, one of these days I'm going to open one up and see what's inside fur myself!

Gen-Human: All I want is a little respect. Is that so much to ask for, ya damn egotistical jack-ass!

Humans: Can't live with em. Can't dissect em. That's how I sees it. Just kiddin. Humans are OK.

I-Bots: Can't fool me, blasted machines. Each and every one of them needs to be taken apart and adjusted. They don't function properly. Sometimes, I take out a few unnecessary pieces make a few adjustments, if you know what I mean. It works, though every once and a while, the damn things start dancin a jig, spinning around on the floor, smoke coming out of their ass! Pretty wild!

Jezzadaic Priest: Got that funky scepter thing. I always wanted to take it apart, but no one will let me. I'm a first rate mechanic, the best you can get. You'd better believe it. But they won't let me make the minor adjustments necessary to double the output of their scepters.

Kizanti: Them boys is too mean. I don't mess with them, although I'm sure that they are part cyborg. How else can ya explain blinkin in and out whenever you want to!

Mazians: What the hell is it anyway, street pizza or something? Ain't Goola therefore it ain't right!

Misha: I think they're a little AC/DC, if you know what I mean. Act too feminine. They ain't right.

Mutzachans: We get along quite well, have engaging conversations about the universe, rockets, equipment, all those things which are really important!

Orions: We party hard together, but I can't ever seem to hold my own against one of them Orions. They're a good lot.

Phentari: I get tired of some giant squid living in a perpetual testosterone fog, always threatening to eat me or shoot me. They are nothin but a bunch of bullies if you ask me.

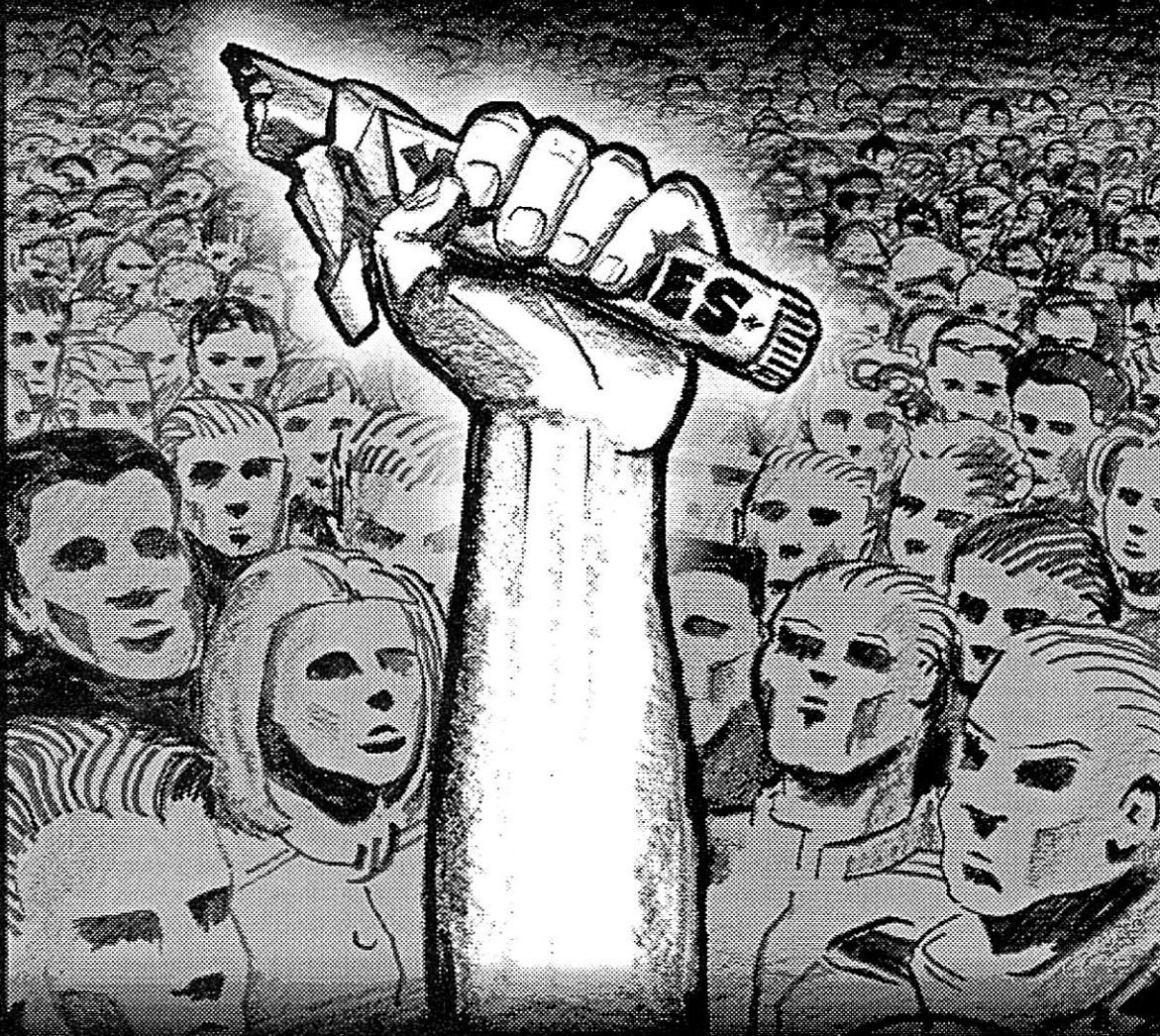
Pythons: Big, dumb lizards. They aren't very appreciative. You try to give em a hand, fix some of their stuff, and the next thing you know, one of them is knocking your lights out. Now honestly, who would you rather have working on your equipment, a half a ton of angry hamburger, or a sophisticated, suave, debonair guy like me with the brains and know-it-all to fix your stuff up right! Oh, by the way, the correct pronunciation of suave is (su-wave-ee). Betcha you didn't know that, did ya!

Sye-Men: My grand pappy told me that Sye-Men is the name given to wanderin Zens. There is absolutely no difference between the two. They use some sort of bio-stasis energizer to bring people back to life. Didn't know, that, did ya?

Tza Zen: Masquerading as Zen. You can tell em apart though. If you look at them under good lighting, you can tell that the Tza Zen are nothing more than evil machines!

Zen Rigeln: Can't figger em out and don't care to. They are always giving me first aid, and don't rub it in my face when I make mistakes. They show me a little respect.

YUMMIES



EAT THEM

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RAM PYTHONS

Aedronian Warrior: It's kind of cute, and they like trees. We friends.

Andromeni: What the hell is it. Can't figure it out. Tried to eat one once, couldn't catch it. Don't like things that take over bodies. My body is big. I have lots of muscles. See!

Ashanti: Very nice gentlemen. They know like to fight. And Ashanti respect trees and plants. Very good.

Chatilians: No good! No, no, no, good! Try to play with my brains. No good. I don't have enough to go around anyways. So I smash em every time they play with my head.

Cizerack: Bitches! All of them. Don't like, No! No! No! Try to trick us long time ago, but we win war. Not scared of little kitty cats!

Eridani: It is my equal in battle and it is honorable. I don't like how mean it is, but I respect Eridani.

Fott: Lil, lil bunny. So cute. Nice fuzzy tail. I like dat. Pretty funny, running around with his Foo-Foo gun, trying to be bad. I not afraid. I like to pick them up by their ears and swing them around. They make good noise when they scream!

Furbl: They're so cute, but I'm not allowed to play with them. People say I always hurt them, squeeze them too much. I just want to play, and hold it. Furbls are fuzzy. I like fuzzy things. Do you? It's very bad though. Every once and a while I sit on one and make big pancake.

Gemini: We are very good friends. I like Gemini. They wrestle well. They ain't pansies like the rest of them! They can take being flipped on their backs without crying like lil babies. Plus, they protect the trees and flowers. I like flowers. Do you like flowers?

Gen-Humans: They think they know everything. Act like butt heads sometimes. I like them, but sometimes they treat me like I'm stupid. One of them once said that I had a brilliant thought, but it died of loneliness! What can I do to get my thoughts company? I don't want them to die of loneliness. I don't want anything to die, unless it tries to trick me, or hurt me. Then I smash it!

Goola-Goola: Purple little bastard. Stay away from my guns or I'll smash you!

Human: Some are good. Some are bad. Those that are mean to me, I kill. Those that treat me right, I protect. I am a good protector. And I am very loyal. So don't ever hurt my friends or I stomp a hole in you! You will be able to see through yourself! Hee Hee!

I-Bots: You can't trick me. I can tell it's a robot by the way they speak. All words sound the same coming out of machine. When you punch one, white goopy stuff and wires come out. Looks really neat. I don't mean to sound like bully. I'm not, but an I-bot once attacked me and I smashed him into lil pieces. He turned into pretty jewelry!

Jezdaic Priest: Ain't right. Got some tricky kind of wand that hurts real bad.

Kizanti: Not very honorable, going around pretending to be something that you are not. Should fight from in front, not blink in behind. I can never get one to fight me from the front. Always from the back. I don't trust them.

Mazian: Squishy Wishy! May make cute little grunting noises. I like that. They talk through ground and I am only one smart enough to understand what they are saying.

Misha: The thing's a fairy, I tell you. Sleeps all the time. Weakling. Don't respect. Don't have to be a warrior, but can't be weasel!

Mutzachans: They make the best death knoogies. Goop flies everywhere when you squish them! I only squish them when they hurt me with energy magic. Most of the time, I like to pick them up by their heads and look at them.

Orion Rogues: Very cool. Very funny. They give me chocolate all the time. I likes chocolate. Although too much chocolate equals bad Chunga!

Phentari: They are very mean, very mean. Hurt things for no reason. I like to pull off tentacles and watch them squirm around. You can not trust them. Therefore they can not be good.

Python Lizards: We win two out of three wars. Pretty good huh? Three minus two is seven. So we are up by seven! That's a lot. Honestly, the universe is big and dangerous place. When it counts, I would rather be around them damn water lizards than almost anyone else. They can fight, not as good as me, but better than most. Did I tell you that we have won seven more wars than they have?

Sye-men: Not sure. Get back to me later on this one. Must think about it for awhile. I am very smart you know. It just takes a little more time for things to come to me in my head.

Tza Zen: Not good! Not good at all. Do not hide behind masks as Zen. Be honest. If you must kill, you must kill, but never kill for fun. In that case, I will fight you and smash you!

Zen Rigeln: They are my friends. Though they need more skin on their faces. Zens help me when I am hurt. Because I am good warrior, I often get hurt. Freaky, but OK.

ERIDANI

Aedronian Warrior: People who refer to them as warriors use the word out of context.

Andromeni: Foul! No creature has the right to desecrate a body. No matter what the reason.

Ashanti: The Ashanti warrior has honor. I disagree with its view point, yet only as much as I respect its prowess with the sword. Ashanti are worthy.

Chatilians: The whiny, little cretins are nothing more than pests and I am not impressed by them. I must admit that their psychic powers can prove useful against lesser lifeforms. Note: Seldom do mental attacks

have any effect on someone such as myself. What really annoys me is their predilection toward sarcasm, something I find repugnant.

Cizerack: Sometimes I consider them almost equals, although at first I dismissed their warrior-like abilities as perfunctory. They are short on words and long on action. They are cunning and resourceful. As I stated previously, it would be difficult for me to quantify them as equals, but they are worthy of at least four or five strokes of my blade.

Fott: It is just a matter of time until the Fott is proven to be an inferior, synthetic lifeform. The idea of a killer attack bunny is absolutely preposterous!

Furbls: My female equal finds them appealing. I do not comprehend why, but I respect her judgement and that is enough.

Gemini: Now this is a race, capable and strong. Power and precision. Furthermore, I like the fact that Gemini often allow me to sharpen my sword on their skin.

Gen-Humans: Anything that is artificially produced is by its very nature inferior.

Goola-Goola: The little cretins have the audacity to pass themselves off as great mechanics, when they are nothing more than tinkering purple targets with beards and legs. Last month, one of them stole my light sword in my sleep under the pretense of re-calibrating the flux generator. He touched something that didn't belong to him. So I cut him in half, from groin to chin.

Humans: Emotions, being bound by emotion. It lessens their merit and worth. The greatest asset that the Human culture offers to the Alliance is their warships. Even an Eridani must respect the battle doctrine of the Human fleet. I'm not sure if you are aware of this, but Eridani consider a ship and its crew to be one and the same. There is no difference. How could there be. Metal does not man the guns. Minds do.

I-Bots: They are nothing more than machines, neuro-nets, wires, and steel. I-Bots have no conscious. Things without conscious can never define honor, and thus have no value whatsoever.

Jezzadaic Priest: They are mysterious and therefore dangerous. I haven't, as of yet, been able to assess their abilities. How could I then give my opinion on them?

Kizanti: An Eridani would never use a displacement device to gain advantage against an opponent. The honor behind such an action would be dubious at best. But what I like about the Kizanti is their pronounced ability to maintain focus on important issues such as warfare and conflict. We have many similar likes and dislikes. Phentari come to mind, I guess.

Mazians: The rudimentary lifeform isn't worthy of discussion.

Misha: There is no consciousness if one is unconscious. It is an oxymoron. The Misha are an exercise in futility, feeble and imprecise. They can on occasion predict the future. So what. I can predict the future much more reliably. I use steel and strength to predict and direct the course of events.

Mutzachans: Mutzachans suffer from verbal diarrhea! They are even worse than Chatilians. It is the raw offensive power of their mental abilities that makes them such worthy foes. Their physical form is pitiful. Their cranium offers such wonderful head shot opportunities. Equal in mind, inferior in body. Add the two together and the Mutzachans are still inferior on an individual basis. However, any being that can destroy an entire Eridani fleet with the whimsical flick of its mind is something to be reckoned with. Never forget Anoir-Idal-I-Mor!

Orion Rogues: It is an enemy that must be dealt with. They deceive the masses with their plastic smiles and quick tongues. My hate for them is pure, without malice. They helped the Phentari to destroy my home. I will one day avenge that loss.

Phentari: Demon Spawn! Phentari are a perverse corruption that must swiftly be obliterated. Phentari are two faced, back stabbing, devils without honor or shame! I apologize for showing emotion. It is not worthy.

Pythons: Not a match for my skill, but more than a match for my strength. Unlike the Mutzachans, the Pythons possess equal physical form, but inferior minds. Again, added up, they are still unequal. However, I do not take them lightly for more than one Eridani has gone into battle against a Python and wound up completely dismembered.

Sye-Men: I maintain the same questions for them as I do for the Zen as to the reasons for some of their actions. I do rather like the fact that they are combat able.

Tza Zens: Their existence is an abomination, a being completely without self-respect or dignity. One of the clearest truths to Mokaba Datu (Silent Peace) is the appreciation for life and the quest to fulfill destiny. Tzas should be terminated with extreme prejudice.

Zen Rigeln: It is very hard for me to articulate what I feel when I speak of the Zen Rigeln. They pity the weak which disgusts me, but at the same time they value the lives of valiant combatants who bring beauty to the universe. Many a healer has placed his life in great peril to rescue a fallen Buddon who has erred. That shows honor and respect for the sword and thus for Eridine. I guess my problem is that they waste their time caring for things that have little value. They need focus.

CHATILIANS

Aedronian Warrior: It's just a nature wannabe tough guy!

Andromeni: Hey. I don't want to have anything to do with some energy sucking, body switching, vampire, wannabe tough guy!

Ashanti: I don't like them. They are too stuffy. Plus the head. Don't ever knock me for looking funny. These guys take the cake in the funky looking department.

Cizerack: Meow, meow, kitty, kitty. Ya gotta just love it. A bunch of females running around trying to be men.

Eridani: The most uptight, wannabe warriors you ever saw. A bunch of tough guys. These guys need a major bowel movement, complete with primal noises and everything. Grunt! Grunt!

Fott: They derive pleasure out of being cruel and that makes them inferior to my superior intellect. Fott are uncultured and crass. I don't care for them much. Their a bunch of redneck, bushy tailed, gun toting, wannabe tough guys!

Furbls: Three of them jumped me and beat me up. A bunch of tough guys or something. They aren't much bigger than me. I ought to fry their minds, bunch of furry punks!

Gemini: Lordy, lordy, lordy. A bunch of tough guys, wandering around the universe smashing everything and everyone because someone walked on the grass. Ooh, Aaah. Scary, scary, scary!



Gen-Humans: The pseudo intellect of Gen-Humans is quite humorous. They pass themselves off as the ends of creation, beautiful, smart, and strong. Their a bunch of morons. The mean IQ for their entire race is little above 100. Oh, I'm so impressed. Whereas we Chatilians have a mean IQ quotient much closer to 200!

Goola-Goola: I once let a Goola-Goola fix my brain scratcher. Bad choice. The damn dwarf added two settings, mangle and ultra pleasure. I couldn't get myself out of the bathroom for weeks!

Humans: The best dispersal pattern for an exploding head I ever saw!

I-Bots: Artificial intelligence my !@#%. Neuro-conductors and glue do not an intellect make. I can't stand it when I here people say that I-bots have the smartest minds. They aren't even real. I don't think its insecure to raise the point that intelligence by its very nature must be derived from an organic source. You agree, don't you? It also isn't right that my powers have absolutely no effect on them.

Jezzadaic Priest: Our powers originate from the same well of knowledge. We think alike. That makes us friends, doesn't it?

Kizanti: The fact that it is an assassin quantifies my view entirely.

Mazians: It isn't my fault that the Mazians don't like us. They pride themselves as being the quintessential espionage agent. We can detect their brain signatures fairly easy. I don't have anything against them at all. You have to admit that they shouldn't hold it against us just because we can detect their presence easily, don't you?

Misha: Dream Merchants are one of the few races that I prefer to associate with. They see far beyond the normal realm of reality and I am intrigued by their powers.

Mutzachans: Their always trying to hog the limelight with those fancy displays of energy and power. I'm not impressed. We Chatilians use power covertly. We don't have to run around trying to be noticed. I reject the claim that they are smarter than I am. You don't really think that they are smarter than us, do you?

Really though, the energy controller is an outcast like me. We aren't understood by the lesser races. I respect his power. I also respect his quest for knowledge. But damn, he has a big head and he never shuts up!!!

Orion Rogues: Orion Rogues are a bunch of carefree children, pure and uncorrupt. Most that I have met have been rather kind to me, though one once put delayed action contact cement in my brain scratcher. I could get the thing off for three days!

Phentari: You know it makes me feel good. You think we're hated. The squids outdo us by a long shot. These walking spaghetti equivalents are mean. We're not. So why do others put us in the same class as them when discussing who should be atomized next?

Pythons: One's a big, really dumb, lizard tree swinging, wannabe tough guy. The other is a big, dumb, lizard-swimming, wannabe tough guy.

Sye-Men: I find that I rather enjoy their company. Like us Chatilians, the Sye-Men are big on knowledge.

Tza Zens: I'm great, I know it! You stink, you know it!

Zen Rigeln: They are strange, those healer types. I can't figure them out. They move through life with only one purpose; to help others. I don't quite understand why. The inferior minds should be posted to their natural positions. Intelligent minds head for the library.

CIZERACK

Aedronian Warrior: The fact they love and respect nature is something that I admire. I don't like the fact that they seek battle, instead of finding other solutions to disagreements.

Andromeni: It is vulgar and repugnant. Nothing has the right to take over and control another's body.

Ashanti: Ashanti are gentlemen, and I must say, one of the few races who's males I respect. They seek to avoid conflict whenever possible and that makes them more appealing.

Eridani: The prowess of the race is to be admired. The fact the males and females are treated as equals is suspect. Women are better at most things. What I do not like is the tendency for Eridani to chop things up first and ask questions later.

Fott: Please! The most pathetic excuse for a warrior I have ever seen. What infuriates me is their condescending, male chauvinistic attitude toward women.

Furbles: I prefer them over all of the other races. They are so cute and cuddly. They are attentive, males and females alike.

Gemini: The Gemini are a quiet, passionate people who hold nature in respect. They are powerful warriors and great diplomats. Most of the other races could learn much from the way the Gemini conduct themselves.

Gen-Humans: They are a lot like the Humans who created them, although most seem obsessed with proving their equality.

Goola-Goola: They are annoying little pests. I don't even like the women. The next time I catch one trying to modify my body mount harness, I'm going to teach him a lesson! Furthermore, the next time one of them tries to pet me the wrong way, I'm going to bite his arm off!

Humans: There are good ones and bad ones. I have run into both during my times. Most of their leaders are against war, which is something that I agree with wholeheartedly.

I-Bots: It is a machine. Should I say more?

Jezzadaic Priest: No opinion one way or another.

Kizanti: Their methods and actions are out of line, though I would be lying if I didn't admit that I like the fact that they are getting rid of Phentari.

Mazians: I love my blobs!

Misha: Male chauvinist pigs! All of them.

Mutzachans: They can never be quiet. All that constant noise hurts my ears. However, Mutzachan powers are formidable and their leaders I admire.

Orion Rogues: They should really grow up a little bit, but I must say that I like them a lot.

Phentari: Their methods and views are completely out of line. The race is dangerous and should always be treated as such.

Pythons: We tried to civilize that race of barbaric lizards once. We won't try again. They are a bunch of superstitious, volcano loving idiots. They aren't even worth discussing.

Sye-Men: I have never seen one, but I hear that they don't have very good personal hygiene. Is it true that they can bring people back from the dead?

Tza Zens: They do their race a total disservice. Tza are contemptible. I am glad to know that most who become Tza are males. It figures. The male ego running out of control again.

Zen Rigeln: They are a strange and honorable race that do what they can to keep the rest of us from perishing. They are beautiful.

GEN HUMANS

Aedronian Warrior: They are enemies of the Alliance. I treat them accordingly.

Andromeni: It is an energy vampire and that gives me the willies.

Ashanti: They are searching for respect like everybody else. Problem is, they happen to get some.

Cizerack: I could live without all the feminist crap. They are excellent at reconnaissance and pretty fair in a stand up fight. Just spare me the "I am female hear me roar" nonsense!

Eridani: They are a bunch of elitist axe murderers. Like the Nazis of ancient Earth, fascists who are intolerant of everything and anything that doesn't look exactly like themselves.

Fott: They were produced just as we were. As a race, they are ridiculous, a bunch of killer rabbits. However, I can't help but empathize with their predicament. People once used the same arguments to deny us equality, claiming that synthetically produced lifeforms could never be equal.

Furbles: They're cute and nice. The Orions gave them their freedom and I guess that is good enough. But up until last year, I had one as a pet. It is hard for me to treat him as a person sometimes. I know I'm the one who is wrong.

Gemini: It's a big organic rock in love with dandelions. Hey. Don't tell them that I said that.

Goola-Goola: What the hell. Who let these weirdos loose on the galaxy to terrorize machinery. I can't believe that the Council of Timar is actually considering Goola-Goolas as members to the Alliance.

Humans: They created us and yet are less than us. My early childhood memories were programmed in by some scientist's lamenting over his own pathetic upbringing. I am more than the sum of my parts, though, and better than most of my Human counterparts. But I can't say that I don't like them. I really am nothing more than a modified Human.

I-Bots: Humans manufactured them too. But there is a difference between us and them. I am not made of wires, resistors, and diodes. They are machines and I am real. The argument that they think and feel is an irrelevant one. Its just a machine.

Jezzadaic Priest: One of them used his powers to crush my friend's skull in and kill him. I hate them and if it wasn't illegal, I'd put a bullet in their heads.

Kizanti: They hunt Phentari and nothing bad can really be said about that. However, I can't say that I really approve of their methods

Mazians: Its a big blob of !@#\$. I can't figure how they managed to become part of the council.

Misha: Those guys hook up at will. Got to love 'em!

Mutzachans: They are something to be admired, a race who has the potential for pure evil but lets us generally decide our own destinies. Sure, they step in to sort of guide us along, but for the most part the Mutzachans remain neutral.

Orion Rogues: No matter what anyone says, Rogues are shrewd, funny as hell, and a lot of fun to hang out with, as long as you never let them drive home from the bar!

Phentari: I am not processed meat. You can scrap that whole idea. I voted to have the entire race thrown out of the Alliance last year when a referendum came up considering their expulsion from the council. I hate them with a passion.

Pythons: I'm glad they're on our side. The whole race should be used either for catching bullets or as good luggage. Just kidding.

Sye-Men: I heard they're kind of hard to look at. Their faces are all covered with pus. What is really strange to me is that Rumor Control says that they are related to Zens. Have you heard anyone say that?

Tza Zens: I'm going to pass on this one. You know as well as I do that many Tza Zen are really good people and that its the strict Zen code of action that makes them all Tza in the first place.

Zen Rigeln: Healers have the most noble intentions of all of us. They embody all that is good about the Alliance.

FOTT

Aedronian Warrior: Some kinda weirdo, I say. Thinks that plants is equal to the rest of us. He argued with me so I shot him in the head.

Andromeni: Ain't right, stealin someone's body plumb out form under'em. Just let one them energy sucking vampire critters try to take over me. I'll blow it to kingdom come. Hell, now if it takes over my wife's body, well I might just have to go out for a drink with it.

Ashanti: Its the damndest thing ya ever did saw, crazy looking, saggy faced monster. Couple shots from my musket, and I'll fix it.

Cizerack: They make great movin targets, I tell ya. But the problem is trackin em once ya shot one. Sometimes a cat will go fur days before she drops. Hell, I need to get a bigger gun.

Eridani: Hey, I ain't scarred of nobody or nothin. These guys fight with swords and stuff, and that ain't right. The proper way to do combat is with a gun. Them Eridani fellahs is real mean with their swords, and be talking to ya while they kill ya. I avoids em as much as I can.

Furbis: It ain't even a race. Its a damn rat with fur! Hell, those Orion fellahs should have left em as slaves, or cooked em up in a stew or somethin.



Gemini: What kind a fool talks to trees. I tell ya, these Gemini fellahs are a strange breed. Never knew talking boulders till I met one. Their kinda hard to kill, too. Bullets bounce right off of em.

Gen-Humans: Them fellahs had better get it straight. We was produced by our dad, Uncle Ernie, and just like them, we have rights. I haves the right to freedom of speeches, to be a member of the Alliance, and to shoot anybody who trespasses on my lawn!

Goola-Goola: Those purple little buggers are quite a laugh. Me and my friends, we often go drinkin together with Goola- Goola. But by golly, the next time one of them messes with my gun, I'm gonna kill em. I swear. Half the time they touch one, it blows up on ya. Almost lost an eye last year because my friend Zeb, Zeb's what I call him, tried to tell me that if he heats up and bends the barrel, then my gun could fire around trees and other stuff.

Humans: Hey, they're in charge. I gotta say that. But one of em comes on my property without permission, then hell, I'll blow him into the middle of next week. Don't much care if he's a Gen-Human or not.

I-Bots: Scarred the S!@#% out of me the first time I shot one. Hit him in the chest, smack dab in the middle. The guy started floppin around, actin all crazy. Smoke started coming out of his behind! I thought he was possessed by the devil or somethin, so I shot him again, this time in the head. That's when I noticed all of the wires and stuff.

Jezzadaic Priest: I ain't superstitious. Nope. Not me. My Human foot is for good luck. That's all. But those Jezzadaic Priests are demons I say. Some kind of monster. I ain't no dummy but those freaks are dangerous. Got mystical powers that no one has ever seen before. I think those Humans and Mutzachans have been messin around with each other and that's what came out. I tell ya, that's probably what the whole things about.

Kizanti: He can assassinate this, if you know what I mean.

Mazians: The damn thing is nothing more than road pizza. Come here, Zeke. Let's shoot it!

Misha: Hey, I don't have a problem with a boy gettin himself some! That's down right normal. But, four at a time, well I don't much know about that.

Mutzachans: Big headed, water melon creature. Dagnabbit, every day is Mutzachan season around my house. Heads too big to mount on the wall, but I could keep it in the closet!

Orion Rogues: Ain't many guys that can out drink me, but boy those Orion fellahs sure do have wooden legs. Keep waking up somewhere I don't know, every time I party with one. And those boys is generous too. Buddy of mine bought me a new musket for Samtsirhc.

Phentari: It's a crazy freakazoid and I kills em every chance I get.

Pythons: Now there's a good ol boy. Likes to fight. Likes to kill. We oughta invite them over for supper sometime. Martha, get the chillins and lets go huntin...

Sye-Men: Tain't never heard of a Sye-men critter. How big it is and what kind a shot should I use, double 00 buck, or what?

Tza Zens: Ain't that one of them inferior Zen types?

Zen Rigeln: It's real freaky looking, but one of them brought me backed to life. Swear to God. I was dead, sure as I'm breathing and the bugger placed his hands on me and brought me back to life!

MUTZACHANS

Aeodronian Warrior: There is much to be said about this diminutive race that is small in stature yet large of heart. They respect nature which is the source from which all things are derived.

Andromeni: I despise Andromeni. Millions have been killed over the millennia by this creature on my home world. It does not have rights and should be purged from the galaxies. It seeks to imbalance everything by taking over the body and souls of others.

Ashanti: They are superb in every facet, tempered and controlled, acting out of need, not haste. The race never openly seeks combat and always attempts to preserve life. They are wondrous.

Cizerack: The felines are quite respectable, though they try too hard to prove their equality in the eyes of males. They are alive and sentient, therefore equal by default.

Eridani: Their methods are not as noble as they seem, though the Swordsaints are a proud and able race. They seek to prove that they are the superior lifeform under some Draconian theory of Survival of the Fittest. Part of being fit is the realization that others have worth besides yourself.

Fott: It is a synthetic lifeform, and under the 15th Edict of Truths, from the Book of Relevance, it has rights and must be preserved, although I consider its character and motives to be less than adequate.

Furbles: They are a fun loving race and I am glad that the Orions realized that Furbles were worthy of more than slavery. They are personable and quite charming, I must say.

Gemini: Again, proof that nature is mysterious and powerful. The Gemini and Mutzachans have enjoyed friendly relations for millennia and they are probably our closest friends. They protect that which is pure.

Gen-Humans: The race as a whole suffers from an identity crisis and I can empathize with their situation and problem. They must, however, learn to temper their arrogance.

Goola-Goola: They mean well and have good intentions. However, they drive me Baguu with the way they act and carry on, always whining and complaining. They bore me to death with their incessant jabbering about electronics and other matters.

Humans: They may be the only race that understands its position in the vast realm of things. They have suffered and endured much. Humans, overall, understand that the only way to validate one's existence is to extend goodness toward others.

I-Bots: It is nothing more than an eloquent robot. They are not covered under the 15th Edict of Truths, from the Book of Relevance. A being must be organic to be alive.

Jezzadaic Priest: I am quite interested in their methods of pressure and flux control. My mentor advised me that I should seek out a priest to teach me of this knowledge.

Kizanti: They are an unbalancing force that must be controlled.

Mazians: Mazians are a magnificent example of nature's creation. They must be preserved.



Misha: I am reserving my opinion on them until I find out what their true purpose is in this universe.

Orion Rogues: Silly! They are so silly. However, the universe would be a much less happy place without them.

Phentari: The Council of Timar has its reasons for ensuring the survival of the race. I have been told repeatedly by my Mentor not to judge them so quickly, especially the one known as Jaquassarrious Phentari. It's hard for me, though, because Phentari are so cruel to everything and everyone.

Pythons: I'm not supposed to say anything, but I was told that the Python races were genetically created by my ancestors to provide a defense for the Alliance. That's why they evolved simultaneously on two different worlds.

Sye-Men: They are another race whose purpose is not clear. They are relatives of Zen. That is what my Mentor told me.

Tza Zens: Some are pure evil and should be stopped. Others have unjustly been accused by a fanatical mind set, I think.

Zen Rigeln: Most races cause death and destruction. Zens seek to preserve life, therefore maintaining balance to the universe. They do however, pass judgements that should be reserved for Mutzachans who tend to see things from a balanced perspective.

ORION ROGUES

Aedronian Warrior: They can handle their liquor so they're OK by me. Big on that nature stuff, which is cool as well.

Andromeni: I believe in live and let live. But aah....No. You don't have a right to wander around in my corpse and use me as a puppet. Wrong!

Ashanti: They have funny looking faces and are way too serious. I can take 'em or leave 'em, one way or the other.

Cizerack: You know, I've always wondered what it would be like to do the Wild Thing with one of those cats. Fur and everything. Gotta like it!

Eridani: Those guys are too much. They have only two emotions, angry and really pissed off. Eridani really need to relax a little, maybe drink a bottle of... Hey... Did I tell you how I singlehandedly killed four Eridani with a chicken bone, butt naked, while doing nose hits of Orion Utabahn Scotch?

Fott: It's a psycho death bunny. Got to hand it to Uncle Ernie for throwing us a curve ball by creating these guys. As far as I'm concerned, the rabbits should be allowed into the Alliance.

Furbl: They are the coolest of all the races. I really am sorry that we didn't understand their position on servitude. We would have never kept them in slavery. A Furbl is an Orions best friend.

Gemini: I was hanging out with my Gemini buddy Mud, knocking down a couple stiff ones after we got back from Misery. Figured I'd try one of his oil cocktails, to see what it was like. Wrong! Ended up blowing lunch for six hours.

Gen-Humans: Gen Humans are always trying to prove that they are better looking than us Orions. Not! We're the beautiful people. They're still cool, though.

Goola Goola: Those little losers are always trying to hug all the lime light.

Humans: I want to know if we're cousins or something. The odds of us looking exactly alike, barring ears and hands, is ridiculous.

I-Bots: I wonder what it would be like to go out with a robot. Sounds pretty kinky, huh?

Jezzadaic Priest: Never seen one. Have you?

Kizanti: They are a bunch of losers, just like the Swordsaints. Bunch of macho bullies. If one of them ever messes with my friend Calsarrious Phentari, then I'm going to go on a Kizanti hunting trip.

Mazians: They're way cool. I like to let my friend Glump slime all over me and give me his version of a Mazian massage. Wish some of them were females. That would be kind of cool!

Misha Dream Merchant: These guys hook up more than I do. Gotta hand it to them, finding a way to get seven women to trust ya requires excellent skill in BS-ology.

Mutzachans: Bunch of lightweights! Can't handle their turpentine!

Phentari: They are the cruelest race in the galaxies, maybe with the exception of the Arachnids. We are almost opposites. Orions don't want to hurt anybody and Phentari want to kill everything and everybody. But you know, Orions and Phentari can get along well. They saved us from complete annihilation. I trust 'em, but I'm not going over there for dinner.

Python Lizards: It's the squosh thing that really cracks me up. Doing belly flops on people they don't like. Makes a really wild mess. Did I ever tell you the story how I picked up this really fuggly Python Lizard woman? See, it was a Saturday night....

Sye-Men: Those guys got to take care of the facial acne. Dripping pus all over people isn't cool at all.

Tza Zens: Good is a matter of viewpoint. I like some, hate others.

Zen Rigeln: I end up getting wounded on just about every mission. It's cool having one of these guys around to patch me up.

ASHANTI

Aedronian Warrior: Their commitment to a cause is admirable, but their blind aggression will be their undoing.

Andromeni: To force another to act against his own beliefs and compunctions is unforgivable. I fear that I can find nothing good to say about these beings.

Chatilians: Their powers of mind are formidable; their command of manners is not. The Chatilians would do well to learn consideration and tact. Perhaps then they would not be so greatly misunderstood.

Cizerack: The Cizerack Code of Living is a worthy standard. I find these felines admirable, though their views on gender seem somewhat myopic.

Eridani: The Eridani are formidable warriors who have refined combat to an art form. It is a great pity that they have not learned to refine the rest of their civilization. For all their claims of rationality, they are blinded by emotions, the emotions of pride and vengefulness.



Fott: I cannot understand why anyone would create such a rude, crass, and uncivilized creature. Still, the Fotts must share some of the blame for their behavior. It is in all of us to rise above our base instincts.

Furbls: It is good that these beings have been freed to seek their own paths in life. I find their company relaxing.

Gemini: Like us, the Gemini consider carefully before acting. I consider them kindred spirits, though I do not pretend to understand their powers or motivations.

Gen-Humans: Their oft-voiced complaints about lack of a culture are understandable. To be isolated from the culture and learning of one's parent race must be a terrible thing. Still, some of them seem to use this as an excuse for barbaric behavior, which is not forgivable.

Goola Goola: Their behavior is as irritating as their repairs are questionable. I would neither allow one near my equipment nor into my home.

Humans: Confusing and varied. As a race, though, they have learned to rise above their savage nature, and that is commendable.

I-Bots: I find it sadly ironic that these imitations of life seem more civilized and in control than their creators.

Jezzadeic Priest: Their culture is wrapped up entirely too much in material things. Their respect for history and other living things is worthy.

Kizanti: Stealth. Assassinations. A society focused entirely on vengeance, by any means possible. The Kizanti are a sad example of a race blinded by blood when they should be rebuilding themselves as a people.

Mazians: I fail to understand how they can function with so few rules of conduct, but it seems to work for them. I accept them as equals, though they are very different from me.

Misha: Dreams exist to teach us about ourselves. But escaping into dreams all the time accomplishes nothing. One must live a life of introspection leavened by action, of action tempered by introspection. One or the other by itself is insufficient.

Mutzachans: I am fascinated by the age and wisdom of their culture, but I also fear that they hide a great deal from the rest of us. What are their true motives?

Orion Rogues: They hide from the true nature of the universe and themselves by engaging in childish behavior. They have potential, but they need to grow up in order to realize it.

Phentari: The Phentari are still animals in many ways, living in a world where the only law which governs is the law of strength. They will never be able to aspire to greatness until they can overcome this tendency.

Pythons: These creatures are simple, but possess at least a rudimentary sense of honor, without the hypocrisy of the Eridani. They are on the path to growth and self-realization.

Sye-Men: Though I have never met one of these beings, I wonder about them. To bring back the dead...such power is an awesome responsibility. I hope that they possess the wisdom to use their gifts well.

Tza Zen: Though many claim that Tza Zen are simply misunderstood, it must be remembered that they choose not to function within the rules and guidelines of their people. Such behavior, even with the best of intentions, is the first step on the road to chaos.

Zen Rigeln: A truly enlightened race.

GEMINI

Aedronians: Their anger at the desecration of the natural world is understandable. I sympathize with them.

Andromeni: To fault these beings for what they are is not reasonable. They simply seek to survive and are no different from an animal which consumes meat to sustain its life.

Ashanti: They are wise in their way, but think too much upon their own society and not enough upon the world which surrounds them.

Chatilians: I don't understand how they can be so intelligent and so petty. These self-important beings whine about how little respect they get. Perhaps they would get more if they whined less.

Cizerack: To watch a Cizerack is to watch one who understands her world and how to live in it.

Eridani: The Eridani rip steel from the hearts of their worlds to forge into blades, eyes always on the next battle. One day they will look down to realize they have no home left to return to. I admire their focus, but pity their shortsightedness.

Fott: Creation of beings is the province of nature. Sometimes tampering with nature can have tragic results, as these malformed beings surely prove.

Furbls: They live content with their place in the world. It is good.

Gen-Humans: The anguish and hollowness of this race is more evidence that the creation of life is not the place of such small beings as ourselves. Still, they exist...and now must find a place for themselves. I wish them luck.

Goola-Goola: Such a feeble preoccupaiton. Machines. Why waste your time with gears and knobs, when nautre is by far a more intricate and beautiful mechanism?

Human: This is a race on the verge of great self discovery. Their potential cannot be ignored. Either they will achieve it or they will destroy themselves.

I-Bots: These devices are a feeble imitation of life, and will never truly comprehend or be able to duplicate it. As tools, they are admirable. As a substitute for life, they are woefully inadequate.

Jezzadeic Priest: The Jezzadei are kindred to us. They understand that all things have their place in the universe. They choose to shape their environment, but do not do so blindly. They consider all facets of a matter before acting.

Kizanti: A small race, bent on small goals. They do not even see the majesty of the caverns they call home. Instead, they see them only as hiding places from which to creep forth at night.

Mazian: They live happily without harming anyone else or violating their world. Others would do well to learn from them.

Misha: Ignoring the world's problems won't make them go away. Wake up, little dreamers, or all your dreams will lead to naught.

Mutzachans: They seek balance, and this is good. They know that sometimes part of a forest must burn in order for new growth to emerge. I respect them for their wisdom, not their destrucitve capabilities.

Orion Rogues: These pathetic beings will surely kill their world with the poisons they spew forth in the name of money. They even draw these poisons into their own body deliberately. Some Orions are good, but as a race, they will doom themselves.



Phentari: Their ability to persevere is impressive, but they weaken themselves through their intrigues.

Pythons: Healthy animals, living well in their environment. They will grow and change in their own time.

Sye-Men: The dead should not be brought back to life. It is a violaiton of the natural order of things. I fear the consequences of these beings actions and their motivations.

Tza-Zen: Judge them individually. Some are misunderstood, some are misguided, others are truly evil. Act accordingly unto each.

Zen Rigeln: Too concerned with their own morality. The Zen need to open their eyes to something besides Assizzia's teachings for once.

NEW POWERS

GEMINI POWERS

1 POWER POINT

BOIL

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 10m
Boost: 1 minute/point	Duration: 2 minutes
SMR: Fire	Area of Effect: 1 meter cube

By invoking a Boil matrix, the matrix controller can cause 1 cubic meter of water or a similar liquid to boil. Liquids harder or easier to boil than water will decrease or increase the area of effect. However, the Gemini can not boil the bodily fluids of a target.

BREEZE

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 10m
Boost: 30 seconds/point	Duration: 30 seconds
SMR: None	Area of Effect: 3 meter cube

The Breeze matrix creates a brisk breeze in the area of effect. This breeze is strong enough to move light objects such as papers and dust. In addition, it may be used as a defense against gases. Gases will be removed from the area of effect with 90% efficiency.

CHILL

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 5m
Boost: 10 minutes/point	Duration: 20 minutes
SMR: Cold	Area of Effect: Target

Chill allows the Gemini to reduce the temperature of an inanimate object by up to 15 degrees centigrade. This matrix is handy for keeping Phentari and Eridani comfortable, for preserving meat and other perishables, and for really annoying the Python Lizards and Ram Pythons in the party (try chilling their armor sometime). If the object to be chilled is in the possession of an unwilling target, the target item is allowed to make SMR against Cold to negate the effect.

CONDENSATION

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 5m
Boost: 1 gallon/point	Duration: 5 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Varies

By generating this matrix, the Gemini causes moisture in the atmosphere to condense into liquid form. 1 gallon of liquid is created. On a planet with an Earth like atmosphere, this will be water, yet planets with different atmospheres may produce different liquids. The moisture condenses over a period of five minutes. Gemini who use this matrix are advised to have something for the liquid to collect in.

ELEMENTAL SHEATH I

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: Touch
Boost: 2 min/point	Duration: 2 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

This matrix surrounds the target with a faintly shimmering aura of light (blue for a water sheath, red for a fire sheath, white for an air sheath, and green for a earth sheath. This sheath protects the target

from damage inflicted by that particular element (not including drowning for the water sheath) reducing damage by 6 points per attack.

FIRE DAGGER

Generation Time: 1 sec	Range: 5m
Boost: 1 damage/point	Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

The first of the Gemini fire matrices creates a small, brilliant tongue of flame which can be hurled up to 5m. The Fire Dagger has a base 100% chance to hit, and inflicts 1 point of damage plus one point per additional power point expended.

IDENTIFY PLANT

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 10m
Boost: None	Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target plant

A Gemini using this matrix can identify unknown plants with 90% accuracy. The Gemini will gain information concerning the plant's biological makeup, whether or not it is safe to eat, and any attack or defense forms it may have.

TERRAIN SENSE

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 100m
Boost: 10m/point	Duration: 10 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Self

This power puts a Gemini in tune with his immediate environment. He can detect natural terrain features, such as physical makeup and areas of instability. He or she can also detect natural hazards, such as quicksand and deadfalls, with 80% accuracy.

WARMTH

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 5m
Boost: 10 minutes/point	Duration: 20 min
SMR: Fire	Area of Effect: Target

The opposite of the Chill matrix. Warmth allows the Gemini to raise the temperature of an inanimate object by up to 15 degrees centigrade. An object in the possession of an opponent is entitled to an SMR versus fire to avoid the effect.

WATER FREEDOM

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: Touch
Boost: 5 min/point	Duration: 10 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

A useful matrix when underwater travel becomes necessary. Water Freedom allows the target to move through water as if it were air, with no initiative or attack penalties. It does not, however, confer the ability to breathe water.

2 POWER POINTS

BREATHE WATER

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 3m
 Boost: 10 min/point Duration: 30 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Target

Breathe water allows the recipient to (surprise, surprise) breathe water. For an additional two power points, paid at the time of generation, the target may breathe any liquid. This does not provide any protection from other damaging properties of the liquid. The target could, for example, breathe sulfuric acid, but jumping into a pool of it would still be a really stupid thing to do.

CALM AIR

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 0
 Boost: 5mph/point Duration: 5 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: 15m sphere

A Calm Air matrix reduces the velocity of wind around the Gemini by a base of 20 miles per hour plus five miles per hour for every additional point of power expended. This matrix will do damage to certain non-corporeal beings (Battlemaster's discretion). Against non-corporeal creatures, it inflicts a base of 2 points of damage plus one point per extra power point expended by the matrix user. No SMR is allowed.

EARTHGRIP

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 10m
 Boost: None Duration: 10 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Target

By invoking Earthgrip, the Gemini causes the earth to flow up over the feet of the target and quickly solidify, hopefully entrapping the victim. This power has a base 50% chance to succeed, plus 4% per level of the Gemini over fourth, minus the agility defensive modifier of the target. Once trapped, the victim must make a strength check at a -50 to break free. Appropriate tools, such as a chisel, will also help the victim to escape.

FOG

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 25m
 Boost: 1 min/point Duration: 5 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: 20m cube

This matrix creates a thick fog which centers on a point of the controller's choice. The fog makes vision extremely difficult (-80% to sighting checks). Infrared detection is at a -30% due to the heat-diffusing nature of the fog.

FORECAST WEATHER

Generation Time: 5 minutes Range: None
 Boost: None Duration: Instantaneous
 SMR: None Area of Effect: 5 mile radius

An extremely useful matrix. Forecast Weather allows the matrix controller to accurately predict weather conditions within a five mile radius for the next day. The level of accuracy of this power is 90%. Gemini with this power have become famous tri-vision weatherman personalities.

IDENTIFY ANIMAL

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 10m
 Boost: None Duration: Instantaneous
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Target

This matrix allows positive identification of animals. The information gleaned from this matrix concerns the biological makeup of the creature, its attack and defense forms, the creature's general behavior, the basic disposition of the creature at the time of generation, and if the creature is sentient. The matrix is 90% accurate.

FIRE SPEAR

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 30m
 Boost: 1 damage/point Duration: Instantaneous
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Target

Fire Spear creates a bolt of flaming energy which inflicts 1d6 damage, plus one point per additional power point expended. It has a base accuracy of 90% minus 10% per range bracket after the first.

FROST

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 10m
 Boost: 2%/point Duration: 5 min
 SMR: Cold Area of Effect: Target

By creating intense cold in the joints, a Gemini may attempt to immobilize a suit of armor. The armor must make an SMR versus Cold. Failure means that the character suffers a -4 to -16% agility penalty until he removes the armor or the armor thaws. Under normal circumstances, the armor will thaw out in 5 minutes. The thaw time may vary if the area is unusually cold or hot.

PETRIFY (AKA STONE CLUB)

Generation Time: 2 sec Range: 10m
 Boost: 1point/cubic meter Duration: Permanent
 SMR: Bio Area of Effect: 1 cubic meter

This matrix turns wood into a stone like, rock hard, substance. This matrix has been useful to stop enemy trackers from following the Gemini through a dense forest. Its hard to hack through stone with a machete - equivalent. However, its most popular use is transforming a simple wooden club into a petrified skull cracker. Treat a Stone Club as a normal club that inflicts 3-9 points of real damage and has a SS of 45.

WATER SONG

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 100m
 Boost: 10min/point Duration: 10 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

Water Song is an important matrix to parties planning to function underwater. This power gives the Gemini an uncanny rapport with the water around him. This matrix provides the Gemini with several advantages. First of all, it allows him to swim with level 5 skill (a big hunk of rock swimming at all is pretty impressive if you ask me!) Second, it gives the Gemini an effective hearing modifier of 150% while underwater due to his incredible sensitivity to small motions in the water. Third, it allows him or her to sense current direction and strength with 100% accuracy.

WIND SONG

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 50m
 Boost: 10min/point Duration: 10 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

Gemini believe that to truly be a part of the world, you need to make yourself closer to it and learn to commune with it. Wind Song puts the caster in deep communion with the atmosphere around him. He senses vibrations in the air, slight changes in temperature, and chemical impurities with uncanny accuracy. A Gemini using Wind Song receives a -1 to his initiative roll. In addition, the matrix controller receives half the normal penalties for not being able to see a target, unless the Wind Song is somehow rendered inoperable. The Wind Song matrix will not help the Gemini against attacks made by someone, outside the area of effect.

3 POWER POINTS**ANIMAL SPEECH**

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 0
 Boost: 5 min/point Duration: 2 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Target

Gemini hold that living creatures are the ultimate product of the four elements. Thus Gemini study matrices which affect living creatures. Animal Speech allows the Gemini to develop a rapport with non-sentient animals for the duration of the matrix, enabling communication of basic concepts such as emotions or strong mental images, yet not complex sentences.

BURROW

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 0
 Boost: 5 min/point Duration: 10 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

Burrow gives the Gemini the ability to tunnel through earth or even solid rock at a rate of 5m/minute. Witnesses who have seen this power in use say that it is almost as if the rock parts before the Gemini, allowing him or her to step through. The rate of passage is reduced to 3m/minute if the Gemini wishes to leave a passage through which others can travel.

EARTH SONG

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 1 mile
 Boost: 10 min/point Duration: 10 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

The third of the Song powers, Earth Song provides the Gemini with precise information about the earth surrounding him, up to a distance of one mile. The Gemini can tell, through vibrations, the presence and general locations of other creatures, as well as their concentrations (a tank platoon makes a heck of a lot more vibrations than one squirrel-equivalent). He also knows the makeup of the earth to a depth of one mile. Gemini with this power are much sought after by military units, geological survey teams, and mining expeditions.

ENTANGLE (AKA ROOT)

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 20m
 Boost: 1 per extra target Duration: 1 minute
 SMR: None Area of Effect: 10 meter rad

In an area with thick vegetataion, the Gemini can cause the plants to wrap themselves around an opponent, or opponents if extra power is expended, and entangle them. Targets must make an Agility check

or be caught and unable to move freely. Targets can free themselves is 10 seconds if they have a sharp cutting device like a knife; If not, it will take the target(s) roughly 1 minute to free themselves from the tangle of vines, roots and branches.

FIRE SONG

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 30m
 Boost: 10 min/point Duration: 10 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

Fire Song gives the matrix controller ultra-sensitivity to varying levels of heat. This matrix conveys infravision to the Gemini, out to a range of 30m. In addition, the Gemini can identify specific beings or devices by their heat signatures. The Gemini can also track beings through residual heat traces, with an 80% chance of success, minus 20% for every 10 minutes that have passed since the creature who is being tracked, passed through the area.

ICE SHARDS

Generation Time: 1 sec Range: 25m
 Boost: 1 shard/2 points Duration: Instantaneous
 SMR: Cold Area of Effect: Target(s)

Generation of an Ice Shards matrix creates 4 shards of intensely cold ice, plus one additional shard for every two extra power points expended. These shards may be launched up to 25 meters, against different targets, inflicting 1-4 points of damage apiece. The ice shards have a base accuracy of 80%, -10% per range bracket after the first. A separate to hit roll should be made for each ice shard.

MELT

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 10m
 Boost: None Duration: 1 minute
 SMR: Sonic Area of Effect: 1 cubic meter

Melt creates a subsonic vibration which causes most rigid solids to liquify. Most forms of rock, metals, and similar materials can be melted in this way. The residual effects of the vibrations will last for one minute, after which the material will harden again in its new form. The melting produces heat, and anyone in contact with the material when it melts will be burned for 2-12 points of damage. The target object receives an SMR against Sonics to resist the effects of this matrix. When used against armor, the Melt matrix will inflict from 8-48 points of damage to armor integrity unless the armor makes a successful SMR against Sonics.

NATURE MELD

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: self
 Boost: 1 minute/ 2 points Duration: 1 minute
 SMR: none Area of Effect: self

This matrix allows the Gemini to actually become part of nature. The Gemini use this power to hide themselves and confuse tracker, or to spy on others in safety. The Gemini simply sinks into the earth, walks into a tree, melts into a stream, etc. The Gemini may not move, yet suffers no damage (he will not drown in water or suffocate in earth) from the meld. In addition, all of his senses are intact. Thus, the Gemini can see the surrounding area and hear the approach of individuals. If the area with which the Gemini has melded is attacked, damage is inflicted directly to the Gemini. This power may not be used while the Gemini is in armor.

PRECIPITATION

Generation Time: 10 min Range: 0
 Boost: 5 min/point Duration: 10 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: 1000m rad

By invoking a precipitation matrix, the Gemini essentially acts as a super "cloud-seeder," causing precipitation common to that specific area at that time of year. For example, if it is December in Alaska, the most common form of precipitation would be snow. On Banite-4 during the hot season, however, it would be concentrated hydrochloric acid (be sure to pack your umbrella!) This matrix will have reduced or no effects in areas where the Battlemaster rules there isn't enough moisture for precipitation, such as the middle of a desert.

SUN SONG

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 0
 Boost: 30 min/point Duration: 5 hours
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

The last of the song matrices, Sun Song turns the caster into a giant solar battery, soaking up sunlight and using it to replenish his or her own natural energy reserves. The benefits of this are as follows:

- 1) While a Sun Song matrix is in effect, the caster heals 1 point of damage per hour due to supercharged healing faculties.
- 2) The caster does not need to eat, drawing energy from the sun.
- 3) All physical attributes receive a temporary bonus of 10 points for as long as the matrix remains in effect. Note: All of these powers need sunlight to function. A Sun Song will do no good at all in deep space or at night.

WALL OF WATER

Generation Time: 10 sec Range: 100m
 Boost: None Duration: 3 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: 20x10x2m

This matrix creates a wall of water with the dimensions listed above. Persons attempting to pass through the wall will suffer 1-8 points of damage and must make a strength check at -60 to break through. This matrix is only possible in an area where a sufficient amount of water already exists.

4 POWER POINTS

ALTER EARTH

Generation Time: 20 sec Range: 50m
 Boost: 5 cubic meters/point Duration: 20 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: 15 Cubic m

An Alter Earth matrix gives the Gemini total control over the form of earth. Within the area of effect, he can change stone to loose-packed earth or mud, mud to earth or stone, or earth to mud or stone. The caster can alter the earth repeatedly over the duration of the matrix. At the end of the duration, the material reverts to its original form, possibly in a new shape.

ASPHYXIATE

Generation Time: 10 sec Range: 5m
 Boost: None Duration: Special
 SMR: Bio Area of Effect: Target

The caster of an Asphyxiate matrix seeks to drive all air from the lungs of the target, causing them to asphyxiate and die in 1-4 minutes unless an SMR versus Biological attack forms is made. During this time, the victim will be at -40% to all actions. An injection port of the appropriate type will negate the effectiveness of this matrix.

COLD SNAP

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 50m
 Boost: 5m/point Duration: Instantaneous
 SMR: Cold Area of Effect: Target

By application of sudden, intense cold, the matrix controller hopes to cause an inanimate object with a crystalline molecular structure (rocks, metals, and the like) to become brittle and shatter. The target object receives an SMR against cold; if this SMR fails, the object shatters and is useless.

ELEMENTAL SHEATH II

Generation Time: 10 sec Range: 0
 Boost: 2min/point Duration: 2 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

The Elemental Sheath II is a superior form of the Elemental Sheath. It provides protection against all attacks, reducing their intensity by 6 points. Additionally, it provides complete immunity to attacks of its own form (Earth, air, fire, or water) and their incidental effects (drowning, vertigo, or whatever). However, the Elemental Sheath II will not protect one from extremes, such as heat generated at the core of the sun. Let's face it, its powerful but not that powerful.

FIRE SWORD

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 0
 Boost: 10 sec/point Duration: 20 sec
 SMR: Fire Area of Effect: Self

When this matrix is generated, a flaming plane of energy vaguely resembling a sword phases into existence in the caster's hand. He or she may wield this plane of energy to inflict damage. The Fire Sword has a basic accuracy of 85%, modified by sword skill, and a parry rating of 35. Any non-energy weapon parried by a fire sword must make an SMR versus fire or melt. The sword inflicts 3-18 points of damage, strength bonus is NOT applicable, and ignites flammable objects on the target's person unless an SMR versus fire is made.

NATURE'S CALL

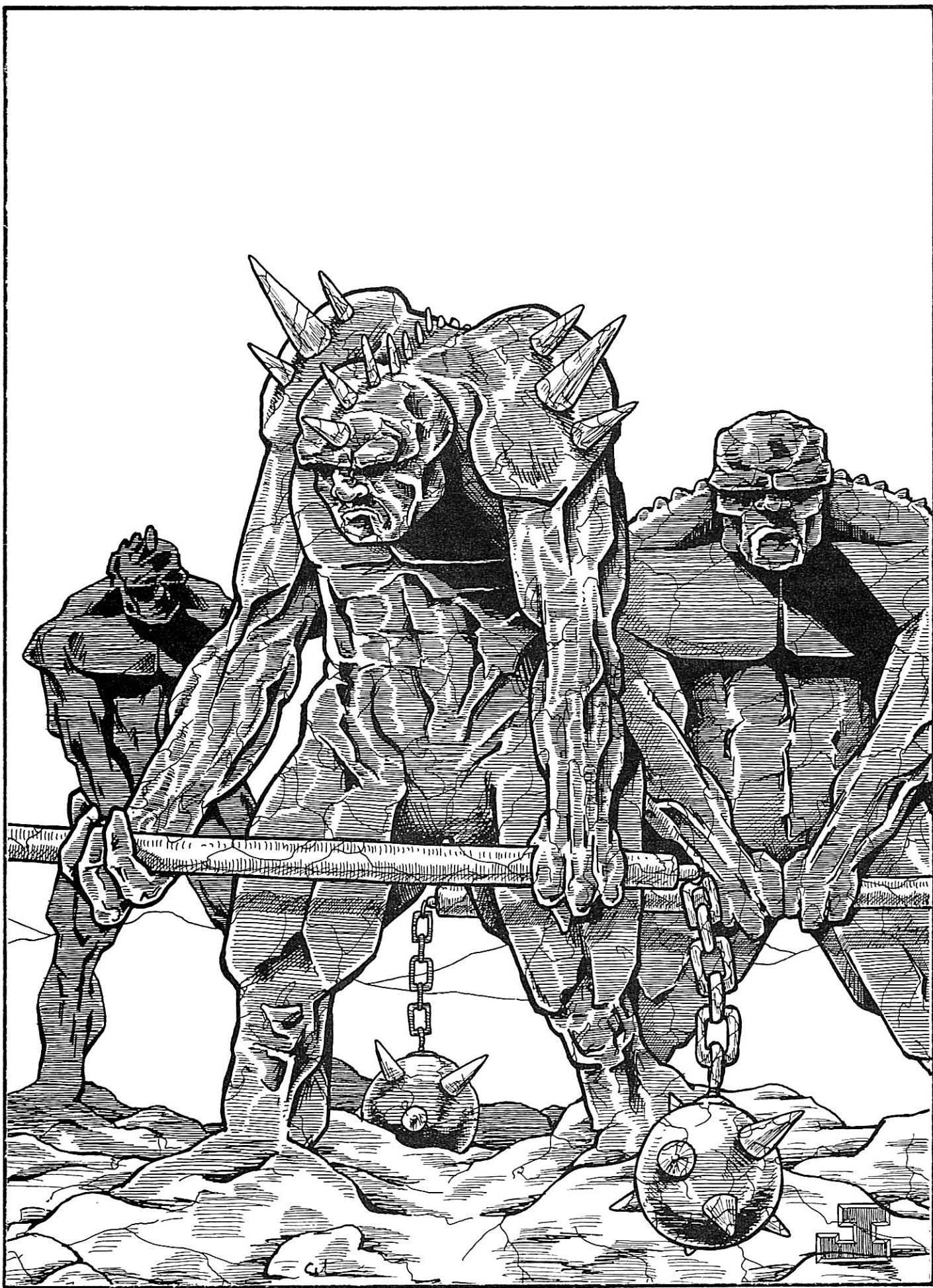
Generation Time: 2 sec Range: 30m
 Boost: none Duration: varies
 SMR: Bio at -30 Area of Effect: 1 target

This matrix was created by Joax, a Gemini who loved to hang around with Orions. In a nutshell, this matrix causes the target, who is entitled to an Bio SMR at -30 (-50 if near running water or taco - equivalent restaurant), to hear the call of nature. The opponent must go the bathroom in 2 - 8 seconds. All actions during this time are at -50. While indisposed the target is considered prone. BMs this is a very rare matrix and only taught by Joax himself for a stiff fee, if you even allow it to exist. It is the BM's discretion on how long the target is indisposed and considered prone. Eridani are allowed to make a Aggression check to hold it in, yet they will be at -20 on all actions until they relieve themselves.

PILLAR OF STONE

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 10m
 Boost: 1 pillar/2 or 5m/1 Duration: permanent
 SMR: none Area of Effect: 2 m circle

This matrix allows the Gemini to cause a 10m tall, 2 meter diameter, pillar of stone to erupt out of earth and into the sky. This pillar can be cast to impede or hurl opponents, or to allow the Gemini to survey the area from a better vantage point. If used against an unwilling target, the target is allowed an Agility check to avoid the pillar. If



the Agility is failed the opponent is caught on the pillar as it erupts from the earth. A second Agility check now must be made to stay on the pillar. If this second check is failed the opponent is launched 1m, in a random direction, for every 5m of pillar height, and suffers appropriate falling damage. Note: A sufficient amount of earth must be present for this matrix to work. It will not work on the tops of buildings or on spaceships.

SANDBLAST

Generation Time: 10 sec Range: 30m
Boost: 2m/point Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: Acid Area of Effect: 3m cone

A Sandblast matrix creates a cone of high-velocity, abrasive sand, which inflicts 2-12 points of damage to all creatures in the area of effect. Creatures with unprotected vision must make an SMR versus acid or be blinded for 3-30 seconds. In addition, armor must also make an SMR versus acid or suffer malfunctions, at the Battlemaster's discretion, because of sand "gumming up" the works. Note: The caster must be in an area where there is a large amount of sand, such as a beach or desert.

THUNDERCLAP

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 50m
Boost: 2m/point Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: Sonic Area of Effect: 5m sphere

The Gemini generates a small area of superheated air at the center of the area of effect. This air expands explosively, creating a deafening thunderclap. All creatures in the area of effect are blasted for 1-4 points of damage from concussion, and must make a Sonics SMR, with the following effects:

SMR ROLL	RESULT
Made SMR by 20 or more	-20 to action for 1-4 rounds
Made SMR by less than 20	Stunned and unable to act for 1-4 rounds
Missed SMR by 10 or less	Stunned for 2-8 rounds
Missed SMR by 10-20	Stunned for 1-4 minutes; make a second Sonic SMR or become deaf
Missed SMR by more than 20	Unconscious for 4-24 minutes; make a second Sonic SMR or become deaf.

Deafness from the Thunderclap is permanent until healed. Protected hearing adds to the SMR against the attack.

WALK ON AIR

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 0
Boost: 1 min/point Duration: 2 min
SMR: None Area of Effect: self

This matrix alters the effects of gravity momentarily. This would allow the Gemini to cross over pits, chasms, ravines, or even walk from mountain top to mountain top, or building top to building top without falling.

WALK ON WATER

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 0
Boost: 1 min/point Duration: 2 min
SMR: None Area of Effect: self

This matrix allows the Gemini to walk on water as if it were solid ground. It is useful to cross over lakes and rivers.

WALL OF AIR

Generation Time: 10 sec Range: 100m
Boost: None Duration: 3 min
SMR: None Area of Effect: 20x10x2m

The Wall of Air matrix creates a wall of extremely turbulent air, similar to the Wall of Water above. Persons attempting to pass through it will suffer 2-8 points of damage, and must make a strength check at a -60 to successfully pass through. This matrix is only possible in an area with an atmosphere.

WALL OF STONE

Generation Time: 10 sec Range: 100m
Boost: None Duration: Permanent
SMR: None Area of Effect: 15x8x2m

A useful matrix which creates a wall of stone with the above dimensions. The wall erupts out of the ground (this may cause a lot of damage in buildings). The wall can be destroyed by a sufficient force; consider it to have a 8 threshold and 200 body points. This matrix may only be used in areas where a sufficient quantity of earth or stone is available. Most places on the ground are a fine place to cast this matrix, but spaceships, the ocean, and the top floor of a skyscraper are out.

5 POWER POINTS

ANIMAL ASPECT

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 0
Boost: 10 min/point Duration: 15 min
SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

The Gemini's superior understanding of natural creatures and the power of this matrix allow mimicry of the powers of creatures which the Gemini has had contact. One aspect of a creature can be mimicked at a time (one attack form, one movement form, or one defense form). Only "natural" powers may be mimicked in this way. Exotic things like fire breathing are probably a no-go, but the Battlemaster has final discretion. The Gemini can switch the aspect being mimicked at will. This switch takes 5 seconds.

AVATAR OF NATURE (FIRE, EARTH, WATER, AIR)

Generation Time: 5 minutes Range: 0
Boost: 1 minute/2 points Duration: 3 min
SMR: None Area of Effect: none

This matrix summons an incarnation of the appropriate element (Fire, Earth, Water, Air) to do the bidding of the Gemini. The Avatar stands 4 meters tall, and looks roughly like a Gemini. The Avatar is immune at all attack forms of its type (a fire avatar is immune to flamethrowers) yet is very susceptible to attacks from its opposite element (water deals some serious damage to fire) which inflict double damage. The Avatar has 30 body points, and possesses a score of 110 in all physical stats. Avatars attacks with two fists, each has a 75% to hit. Each fist inflicts 2-12 points of damage. BMs remember that if a fire avatar strikes an opponent, the opponents

items must make a SMR against Fire or ignite. Also, water damages or destroys electrical equipment if it makes contact with it. An SMR against Acid is allowed to avoid water damage to equipment.

COMMAND ANIMALS

Generation Time: 10 sec Range: 100m
Boost: 10 min/point Duration: 30 min
SMR: Mental Area of Effect: 1-10 animals

The Gemini's empathic bond with animals grows so strong that he is able to command them. Creatures can even be commanded to lay down their lives for the Gemini, though he would rarely, if ever, evoke this aspect of this matrix. From 1-10 normal, naturally occurring animals (Uncle Ernie's pets are right out, sorry) can be affected. Intelligent animal, and animals with more than 60 body points are unaffected by this matrix.

CREATE GAS

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 20m
Boost: 1 min/point Duration: 5 min
SMR: Chemical Area of Effect: 3m rad cloud

The Gemini combines elements in the atmosphere to produce nearly any gas desired, from water vapor to cyanide. It is up to the Battlemaster to determine whether the appropriate elements are present, and the effects of the gas produced. In general, the targets should be entitled to a chemical, or possibly Acid, SMR to avoid the effects of the gas. Appropriate protections, such as gas masks or chemical suits, should also reduce or negate the effectiveness of this matrix. The cloud created will remain for 5 minutes or until dispersed. Note that this power can also be used to create a breathable atmosphere in a hostile environment.

CREATE VACUUM

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 50m
Boost: 6 sec/point Duration: 1 min
SMR: Special Area of Effect: 5m radius

This matrix causes the total evacuation of atmosphere from the area of effect. Creatures caught within are subject to explosive decompression. Unprotected creatures must make a Biological SMR at -30 or explode and cause a mess. Those who make the SMR only take 10 to 60 points of damage. The power of the matrix prevents outside atmosphere from entering for the duration. Those in environmentally contained suits are immune to this matrix.

FIRE LANCE

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 100m
Boost: 2m/point Duration: 20 sec
SMR: Fire Area of Effect: Target

The Fire Lance matrix augments the Fire Sword matrix by allowing the Fire Sword to make ranged attacks. The lance may be wielded in hand to hand combat, incinerating opponents for 4-24 points of damage, functioning exactly as the Fire Sword matrix, or it may be thrown with a base accuracy of 95%, decreasing 10% per range bracket beyond the first. In either case, flammable objects on the target must make an SMR versus fire or ignite.

STORM

Generation Time: 20 sec Range: 200m
Boost: 1 min/point Duration: 2 min
SMR: Electrical Area of Effect: 50m radius

A very potent matrix which calls into being a raging electrical storm, with high winds, blinding precipitation, thunder, and lightning. Creatures caught in the storm suffer 1-10 points of damage per round (electrical SMR for half damage) until the matrix ends or they leave the area of effect. Weapons fire within the storm is at -70 to hit. Note: The caster must be on a planet with an atmosphere for this matrix to work. This matrix will not work in spaceships or indoors.

SUN BOLT

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 200m
Boost: 2 points/point Duration: instantaneous
SMR: see below Area of Effect: 1 target

This matrix can only be cast outdoors, during the day, when the sun is visible. The Gemini calls on the powers of the sun to smite the defilers. A bolt of pure sunlight strikes the Gemini, who will glow brightly. The Gemini will then point at the intended target and release the power of the sun on the poor fellow. The sun bolt ignores flux shields and delivers a mighty strike inflicting 6-36 points of damage. All flammable items must make a Fire SMR or be destroyed, and the target must make a Bio SMR at -30 or have his eyes burned out of his skull. Those who witness this event must make a Bio SMR or be blinded for 1 to 4 days, unless precautions are taken.

TERRAIN LINK

Generation Time: 10 sec Range: 0
Boost: 3 min/point Duration: 10 min
SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

Terrain Link puts the matrix controller into a symbiotic rapport with the environment. Essentially, he or she becomes one with the surrounding terrain, aware of everything that occurs within a mile of his or her current location. It is impossible to surprise a Gemini using Terrain Link. The matrix controller can answer any terrain-related question with 85% accuracy (it is sometimes difficult to pick out a specific piece of information from the massive influx of information). However, there is a drawback to this matrix. Any catastrophic damage to the environment in the area of effect, a forest fire for example, necessitates a system shock roll. Failure results in the druid will passing out (1-10 minutes) due to a massive surge of pain from the symbiotic link with the damaged environment.

6 POWER POINTS

DROWN

Generation Time: 1 sec Range: 20m
Boost: None Duration: instantaneous
SMR: Biological Area of Effect: Target

Simple and vicious. The Drown matrix attempts to flood the target's lungs and body cavities with fluid, killing him or her instantly unless a biological SMR is made.

EARTH TRAP

Generation Time: 10 sec Range: 30m
 Boost: None Duration: Instantaneous
 SMR: Special Area of Effect: Target

The Gemini opens up a cavity in the ground and attempts to encase the victim within the crevasse. The base chance to entrap the target is 80%, plus 4% per level of the Gemini over 16th, minus the defensive modifier of the target. Entrapped creatures are unable to free themselves without outside aid, unless they have some ability which allows them to move through earth and stone. Moreover, the target will suffocate in 2-6 minutes.

EARTHQUAKE

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 1000m
 Boost: None Duration: Instantaneous
 SMR: None Area of Effect: 500m radius

A terrifying power which creates a brief, massive earth tremor which inflicts 1HP to everything in the area of effect. This is sufficient to collapse most non quake-proof buildings and splatter characters. A base 20% "dumb luck" SMR is allowed to each character caught in the area of effect; success indicates that only 4-24 points of damage are suffered. Flight will allow the character to avoid damage.

MAGMA BOLT

Generation Time: 3 sec Range: 75m
 Boost: 1m/point Duration: Instantaneous
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Target

By generating this matrix, the Gemini summons a massive bolt of magma which erupts from the earth inflicting incredible damage. Treat this bolt as a Juicer shot blasting opponents for 10-120 points of damage. The bolt has a base accuracy of 85%, -10% per range bracket after the first. Note: This matrix can only be used on a planet with a molten core. It will not work on asteroids or on starships.

TORNADO

Generation Time: 10 sec Range: 1000m
 Boost: 5 sec/point Duration: 15 sec
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Special

This awesome power creates a cone of pure destructiveness, with winds of up to 250 miles per hour. The controller can direct it to touch down anywhere within range with a base chance of 70%. Creatures and objects caught within the tornado suffer 4-40 points of damage, and are then thrown free, taking an additional 3-18 points of damage in the process. The tornado can touch down once every round, but cannot attack the same creature in two consecutive rounds (the poor bastard hasn't landed from the first attack yet). Note: This matrix can only be used on a planet with an atmosphere. It can not be used in a starship.

7 POWER POINTS

CONCRETE

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 50m
 Boost: none Duration: instantaneous
 SMR: Bio at -20 Area of Effect: 1 target

This gruesome matrix was created by the Brethren of the Eternal Blood. Its causes the blood within the target to turn into concrete. A Bio SMR must be made at -20 or the target will instantly die. Even if the SMR check is made the target still suffers 3-18 points of damage caused by the shock to his or her system.

GAEA'S INFERNAL MAW

Generation Time: 30 sec Range: 500m
 Boost: None Duration: Instantaneous
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Target

One of the most awesome Gemini powers. Gaea's Infernal Maw causes the target creature or object (which may be as big as a building) to suddenly experience a massive increase in density. The object plummets through the crust to the planet's core and is utterly destroyed. The ground closes up behind the target to prevent magma geysers and other unpleasanties. This power is 80% effective at all range brackets.

ELEMENT MASTERY

Generation Time: 5 min Range: Special
 Boost: None Duration: 15 minutes
 SMR: Special Area of Effect: Self

The apex of Gemini power. This matrix gives the caster 50 power points to spend on any lower power bracket matrix for a 15 minute duration. Multiple matrices may be in effect at one time. A Gemini wielding the power of Element Mastery is an awesome and fearful sight to behold.

8 POWER POINTS

ELEMENTAL DISRUPTION

Generation Time: 5 sec Range: 100m
 Boost: none Duration: instantaneous
 SMR: Biological Area of Effect: 1 target

This matrix breaks down the target into its component elements and explosively disperses in a shower of dust, water and other nifty components.

HEAL EARTH

Generation Time: 1 day Range: 1 mile
 Boost: 2 square miles/point Duration: permanent
 SMR: see below Area of Effect: 1 square mile

This matrix purges all of the pollution and contaminants from the area of effect. The Gemini, however, must make a system shock or lose 20 points of Constitution permanently.

PLANET BOND

Generation Time: 1 minute Range: self
 Boost: 1 min/ 2 point Duration: 5 minutes
 SMR: none Area of Effect: self

The Gemini gathers strength from the planet itself. The Gemini who invokes the rare power gains 50 body points, possesses a natural threshold of 1HP, has all physical stats are increased to 150, and gains immunity to Fire, Cold, Acid, Bio, Chemical, Poison attacks. All damage inflicted by the Gemini in Hand to Hand combat, while bonded to the planet, is doubled.

TSUNAMI

Generation Time: 5 min Range: 1 mile
 Boost: 5 min/ 3 points Duration: 20 minutes
 SMR: none Area of Effect: Huge

The Gemini uses his powers to create a massive tidal wave of epic proportions enough to utterly destroy an entire city by the end of the duration. Picture a 150m tall wall of water hurtling toward your coastal city. Picture the havoc. Nasty matrix. Note: This matrix can only be used on a oceanic coastline.

9 POINTS

CATAclysm

Generation Time: 10 min Range: 0
 Boost: None Duration: Until Destroyed
 SMR: None Area of Effect: 1 Planet

Then ultimate power created by the Brethren of the Eternal Blood. The Gemini kneels on the ground, screams in a voice of utter torment and pain and slams his palm to the earth. This activates the destructive power of this matrix. Total Destruction of a planet. Enough said. Note: This matrix is banned. Anyone caught possessing or teaching this matrix will have the hydrogen liberated from his body by a complex series of processes. One will neither enjoy nor survive these processes.

IKRINI POWERS

Ikrini powers are somewhat unusual, in that their effectiveness is based on how much latent kinetic energy is available for the geomancer to tap into. It is necessary for the Battlemaster to assign whatever locale the Ikrini is in a kinetic strength rating from 0-5, based on the following guidelines.

KINETIC STRENGTH RATING

- 0 - Vacuum, deep space, or other totally stable region with no thermal or kinetic energy at all.
- 1 - Spaceship, totally stable region. Very little kinetic energy.
- 2 - Stable region, some kinetic energy. Example: The Great Plains. Most cities will fall into this category.
- 3 - Fair amount of kinetic energy. Rivers, somewhat unstable regions, and deserts (lots of shifting sand!) all fall into this category.
- 4 - Powerful kinetic energy. Large, swift rivers, small waterfalls, and nearby active faultlines all rate a 4.
- 5 - Massive kinetic potential. Volcanoes, huge waterfalls (Niagara or Angel Falls), multiple major faultlines (parts of California would rate a "5").

The kinetic strength rating should be used as a multiplier to the effects of powers. The aspects of the matrix affected are marked with an asterisk in the matrix description.

1 POWER POINT

FORCE BOLT, RUDIMENTARY

Generation Time: 2 sec Range: 25m
 Boost: None Duration: Instantaneous
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Target

A rudimentary Force Bolt taps into the kinetic energy of the area and directs it, inflicting 1 point of kinetic damage times the KSR of the area. Due to the concussive nature of the attack, it bypasses threshold and goes directly to absorption. The pulse is invisible, but

makes a distinctive 'whump'ing sound. Rudimentary Force Bolt has an 80% chance to hit at range bracket 1, and decreases by 10% per bracket.

FORCE SHIELD, RUDIMENTARY

Generation Time: 2 sec Range: 3m
 Boost: 2 min/point Duration: 2 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Target

The first defensive matrix learned by Geomancers, the rudimentary Force Shield uses latent kinetic energy to deflect attacks. While the field is in effect, the damage of kinetic attacks is reduced by 4 points times the KSR of the area. The field is visible as a faint distortion around the target.

TERRAIN SENSE, RUDIMENTARY

Generation Time: 2 sec Range: 30m
 Boost: 20 minutes/point Duration: 30 minutes
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

By invoking a Terrain Sense matrix, the MC gains a sense of the flow and concentration of kinetic energy within the surrounding environment. He has a 20% chance per level of experience to successfully interpret these patterns and gain a general understanding of the area's nature.

2 POWER POINTS

THERMOKINESIS, RUDIMENTARY

Generation Time: 4 sec Range: 20m
 Boost: None Duration: 1 hour
 SMR: None Area of effect: 10m radius

By increasing or decreasing the kinetic energy of objects, the Ikrini can make it hotter or colder in the immediate vicinity. The temperature can be raised or lowered by as much as 20 degrees Celsius, times the KSR of the area.

LOCOMOTION, RUDIMENTARY

Generation Time: 2 sec Range: 50m
 Boost: 10 kg/point Duration: 5 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: 1 object

A useful power. Locomotion allows the geomancer to lift and move objects weighing 15kg or less, times the KSR of the area, at a maximum speed of 5m/sec. Objects can be moved up to a maximum of 50m. Fine manipulations aren't possible with this power.

TERRAIN SENSE, INTERMEDIATE

Generation Time: 2 sec Range: 300m
 Boost: 30 minutes/point Duration: 30 min
 SMR: None Area of Effect: Self

This matrix is similar, but superior to, to the Rudimentary Terrain Sense matrix. The Geomancer has a 25% chance per level to understand the basic nature of the area. In addition, his comprehension of kinetic patterns is now sufficient to allow him to detect lifeforms. There is an 07% percent chance per level of experience to sense lifeforms in the area of effect, and be able to determine their numbers and approximate size.

3 POWER POINTS

FLIGHT

Generation Time: 5 sec	Range: Self
Boost: 3 min/point	Duration: 10 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Self

By invoking this matrix, the Geomancer can transport himself plus 100kg of additional weight times the KSR of the area through the air. The maximum speed of such flight is 50mph times the KSE of the area.

FORCE BOLT, INTERMEDIATE

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 35m
Boost: None	Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

An advanced version of the Rudimentary Force Bolt which inflicts 3 points of damage times the KSR of the area. As with the Rudimentary version, this damage is translational, and ignores Threshold. Accuracy is increased to 90% at range bracket 1, decreasing by 10% per range bracket beyond the first.

FORCE SHIELD, INTERMEDIATE

Generation Time: 1 sec	Range: 10m
Boost: 5 min/point	Duration: 5 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

The Intermediate Force Shield blocks 6 points of damage times the KSR of the area. Furthermore, this more advanced form of the shield also protects against fire, cold, and chemical attacks.

NULLIFICATION, RUDIMENTARY

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 10m
Boost: 1 min/point	Duration: 1 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: 5m radius

This potent matrix creates an area in which all kinetic energy is lessened. Damage from kinetic sources is cut by one-third in the area of effect. Movement is likewise reduced by one-third.

4 POWER POINTS

KINETIC BOOST, RUDIMENTARY

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 10m
Boost: 1 min/point	Duration: 1 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: 5m radius

The opposite of the Nullification matrix, Kinetic Boost is an enhancement of all kinetic energy in the area. Kinetic damage and movement are both increased by a third while in the area of effect.

LOCOMOTION, INTERMEDIATE

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 500m
Boost: 25 kg/point	Duration: 5 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: 1 object

This is a more advanced version of the Rudimentary Locomotion matrix. It allows the geomancer to move objects weighing up to 40kg times the KSR of the area, at a maximum speed of 20m/sec. These objects can be used to attack; treat them as objects thrown with a skill level equal to twice the KSE of the area. They inflict 1-2 points of damage per 5kg of weight.

TERRAIN SENSE, ADVANCED

Generation Time: 5 sec	Range: 2 km
Boost: 30 min/point	Duration: 30 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Self

Advanced Terrain Sense gives an Ikrini an almost symbiotic relationship with the world around him. He understands precisely the nature of the terrain, and any natural hazards which are a part of it. He can predict weather up to 2 hours in advance, with an accuracy level of 7% per level of the matrix controller. Furthermore, lifeforms may be detected automatically; their general nature (humanoid, mammalian, reptilian, big huge nasty spider-thing that wants to eat your face, etc.) may be determined with an accuracy level of 5% per level of the controller.

5 POWER POINTS

FORCE BOLT, ADVANCED

Generation Time: 2 sec	Range: 80m
Boost: None	Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

This formidable attack inflicts 5 points of damage times the KSR of the area. It has a base chance of 95% to hit at range bracket 1, which is reduced by 10% per range bracket.

FORCE SHIELD, ADVANCED

Generation Time: 5 sec	Range: 15m
Boost: 10 min/point	Duration: 20 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

An Advanced Force Shield completely nullifies the effects of non-HP kinetic attacks against the target, and stops 7 points of damage times the KSR of the area of any other attack. It is extremely visible, appearing as a rippling distortion in front of the target.

NULLIFICATION, INTERMEDIATE

Generation Time: 8 sec	Range: 10m
Boost: 1 min/point	Duration: 1 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: 5m radius

A more potent version of the Nullification matrix which cuts all kinetic damage and movement in the area by half. Furthermore, damage from heat and cold is reduced by half, as well.

THERMOKINESIS, INTERMEDIATE

Generation Time: 3 sec	Range: 30m
Boost: None	Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: Special	Area of Effect: 5m radius

Nasty! The Ikrini causes a massive surge or drop in the temperature of the area. Objects in the radius of effect must make an SMR against either fire or cold at a -20 or be destroyed. Hapless individuals caught in this effect suffer from 4-16 points of damage directly, unless they have protection from extreme heat or cold.

6 POWER POINTS

EARTHQUAKE

Generation Time: 10 min	Range: 10 km
Boost: None	Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: Special	Area of Effect: Special

The Geomancer generates a massive earthquake capable of levelling buildings. This quake has an area of effect with a diameter equal to 1km times the KSR of the area. Individuals in the area may make an

IQ check at a -10 to find a safe haven. If successful, they suffer only 1-4 points of damage. If not, something fell on them and they take from 10-100 points of damage!

KINETIC BOOST, INTERMEDIATE

Generation Time: 8 sec	Range: 10m
Boost: 1 min/point	Duration: 1 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: 5m radius

Generation of an Intermediate Kinetic Boost creates an area wherein all movement rates and kinetic energy damage are increased by 50%.

LOCOMOTION, ADVANCED

Generation Time: 6 sec	Range: 1km
Boost: None	Duration: 10 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: 1 object

By using this matrix, the Geomancer can move amazing amounts of weight. Up to 1 metric ton times the KSR of the area may be lifted, and moved at speeds of up to 30m/sec. If the Ikrini is antisocial and decides to drop such a large object on someone, the hapless soul must make an Agility check at a -20 to get out of the way, or it's jelly-equivalent time! (Note: Mazians have a 20% chance to survive this treatment, because they're jelly already!)

7 POWER POINTS

DISINTEGRATION

Generation Time: 10 sec	Range: 30m
Boost: None	Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: Electricity (-20%)	Area of Effect: Target

The controller builds up a massive surge of kinetic energy in the molecules of a target object weighing up to 10 metric tons, causing them to fly apart. The target is entitled to an Electrical SMR at a -20 to avoid this fate.

KINETIC BOOST, ADVANCED

Generation Time: 10 sec	Range: 10m
Boost: 30 sec/point	Duration: 1 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: 5m radius

The ultimate expression of the Kinetic Boost matrix allows an Ikrini to triple all movement rates and kinetic energy damage within the area of effect. All objects within the area of effect also take from 1-4 points of heat damage per minute, as a result of the tremendous agitation of molecules which is going on.

NULLIFICATION, ADVANCED

Generation Time: 10 sec	Range: 10m
Boost: 30 sec/point	Duration: 1 min
SMR: None	Area of Effect: 5m radius

The Geomancer causes the complete cessation of motion in the area of effect, throwing everything within into a sort of stasis. Gravity still operates (so this couldn't be used to stop someone in mid-fall.)

8 POWER POINTS

ENTROPY STORM

Generation Time: 1 hour	Range: 1 million km
Boost: None	Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: None	Area of Effect: 1,000 km rad

The most awesome known geomancer power. The Ikrini uses his near-complete understanding of kinetic energy patterns to rend those patterns asunder, causing a devastating backlash of energy. The storm inflicts 12,000 HP of damage, completely atomizing any object destroyed.

JEZZADEIC POWERS

Jezzadeic powers work somewhat differently than normal matrix powers. They use the same table for advancement as Empaths, both for experience points needed and power points gained. However, a Priest may only spend a power point once, and then it is gone, bound up into the object it was used to empower. For example, a Jezzadeic Priest with 3 power points decides to put a 1st level matrix on his Atohk. He invokes the matrix, and his staff gains the power...but from then on in, he has 2 power points, not 3. Because of this, Priest characters should give careful thought to which matrices they wish to invest their power in.

1 POWER POINT

ACTIVATION ENERGY

Generation Time: 5 sec	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Instantaneous
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

By permanently expending one power point, the Priest gives himself the ability to understand the activation energy of devices and artifacts. He may invoke this matrix a number of times per day equal to half his level, rounded up. Otherwise, this matrix is exactly the same as the third level Energy Controller matrix of the same name.

ATOHK

Generation Time: 2 days	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Staff

This is the first matrix every Jezzadeic Priest learns, the creation of the Atohk. It requires two days of uninterrupted meditation and concentrating; if interrupted, it must be restarted from the beginning. The power of the Priest is focused on a staff of purified metal, either copper, silver, or steel; the staff costs 500Cr. An Atohk has several powers. It is nearly indestructible, with a System Shock roll of 120. It inflicts 2-12 points of damage in combat, with a base attack rating of 80 and a parry rating of 25. In addition, many Priests choose to further enchant their Atohk as they advance in power. No Jezzadei may create more than one Atohk in his or her lifetime.

STRENGTHEN

Generation Time: 1 hour	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

A useful matrix which allows the Priest to greatly strengthen an object by manipulating its matrix energy. This matrix permanently increases the system shock roll of the target to 100.

2 POWER POINTS

ENHANCE DAMAGE 1

Generation Time: 2 hours	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

By invoking this power, the Priest permanently increases the damage done by a weapon by 2 points. This power may only be to increase a given weapon's damage output once.

EMPOWER 1

Generation Time: 2 hours	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

This is actually a collection of different matrices; the Jezzadei must decide at the time he learns this matrix which particular version he's learning. It grants one of the following powers to the target object: (Empathic) Clairaudience, Clairvoyance, Comprehend Languages. (Energy Controller) Darkness, Glue, KE Barrier, Light, Shatter. (Healer) Purification, Sterilize. This power may be invoked a number of times each day equal to half the Priest's experience level (rounded up.)

3 POWER POINTS

EMPOWER 2

Generation Time: 4 hours	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

This matrix is identical in most ways to Empower 1, above. The enchanter may select from the following powers: (Empathic) ESP, Psycho-Kinesis, Telepathy, Strength. (Energy Controller) Electrical Discharge, Finger Laser, Continuous Light, Ultra-Vision (Healer) Slow Poison, Sterilize Environment

LIGHTEN

Generation Time: 4 hours	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

By invoking this matrix, the Jezzadeic Priest permanently reduces the weight of the target object by one half.

4 POWER POINTS

ENHANCE DAMAGE 2

Generation Time: 6 hours	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

This matrix is identical to Enhance Damage 1, above, except that it increases the damage done by the weapon by 4 points. No more than one Enhance Damage matrix may be cast on any one object; if a second is, only the most powerful will have any effect.

SHATTER ARTIFACT

Generation Time: 1 minute	Range: 20m
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

By invoking this matrix, the Priest pours an uncontrolled surge of energy into the target object, causing it to shatter. Typically, this will cost 4 power points, but particularly large or resistant objects (like

a suit of Gladiator armor, say) will cost more. It is up to the Battlemaster to determine how many power points are required to destroy a given object. If the matrix controller doesn't have enough, the attempt is wasted, but only 1 power point is permanently lost.

5 POWER POINTS

EMPOWER 3

Generation Time: 10 hours	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

Identical to Empower 1 and 2. The Priest selects from the following powers: (Empathic) Stun, Psychometry, Image Creation, Mind Blank. (Energy Controller) Invisibility, Displacement, Fire Blast, Fly, Sonic Immunity (Healer) Poison Removal, Cure Disease

6 POWER POINTS

EMPOWER 4

Generation Time: 15 hours	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

This matrix is identical to Empower 1, except that the controller selects from the following: (Empathic) True Sight, Hypnotic Trance, Chaos. (Energy Controller) Energy Manipulation, Plasma Pulse, Psionic Immunity, Teleport. (Healer) Paralysis, Animate Dead, Heal

INDESTRUCTIBILITY

Generation Time: 15 hours	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

This matrix permanently makes one object less than 30 square feet in size totally indestructible. If used on a suit of armor, this matrix will cause the armor never to lose integrity, although it can still take damage to the absorption polymers. If used on a normal set of clothes, it provides a Threshold of 10.

7 POWER POINTS

EMPOWER 5

Generation Time: 24 hours	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

As Empower 1, above, except that the Priest chooses from the following matrices: (Empathic) Death Vision, Summoning 3, Vanquish. (Energy Controller) Dimension Travel, Flux Shield, Omega Pulse, Teleport.

ULTIMATE EMPOWERMENT

Generation Time: 24 hours	Range: Touch
Boost: None	Duration: Permanent
SMR: None	Area of Effect: Target

This awesome power makes any and all effects placed on a talisman by Empowerment 1, 2, or 3 usable an unlimited number of times per day. Any Priest possessing a Talisman which has had Ultimate Empowerment cast on it is free of the normal level restrictions placed upon him by the Empower matrices. (See Empower 1, above, for details.)

THE POWERS THAT BE

Welcome to *The Powers That Be*, the Battlelord's Guide to harnessing the energy of the universe. This section focuses on the powers of matrix controllers. It will explain how they work, how they are used, and how others view those who wield matrices.

Within these pages, you may very well find that matrix your character has always wished he or she had. New races with entirely new types of powers, such as the Gemini, are entering Alliance society. (These new races, and their powers, will be examined. Their potential impact on the Alliance will be discussed in later volumes of literature.) Exploration teams from across the galaxies are returning home with strange, alien artifacts of great power. Matrix controllers would bend all of their resources to obtain these items of power, even if it meant that they had to kill to obtain them. For those who can't manage to acquire one of these artifacts, the mysterious new matrix coil technology which has recently appeared on the market could be the answer to their prayers—if they have the cash, that is.

The Powers That Be is designed to flesh out the matrix controller races, making them more than simply lists of powers. Knowing how your character relates to those around him and how he feels about his powers, is every bit as important as knowing how much damage your Fire Blast matrix inflicts. This is the world of the mind, the world of power—the world of the *The Powers That Be*.

MATRIX POWERS: HOW THEY FUNCTION

"I generate a plasma pulse and vaporize part of the wall." Sounds good, but exactly how does a Mutzachan generate a plasma pulse? In fact, how does a Zen Rigel heal others, or a Chatilian read minds? There is a myriad of theories, supported by a multitude of leading authorities. Common viewpoints on the subject of matrix powers will be discussed in the sections that follow. Which one, if any, are entirely correct, is unknown.

THE CHATILIAN OUTLOOK

"You want to know how my powers work? I'm not sure I can explain it to you. This is not because of any deficiency on my part, I assure you. It's just that I don't think you're capable of understanding such a complicated topic. It would be something like trying to explain an ion drive to one of your chimpanzee ancestors. Well, you seem persistent, if not very bright. I'll see if I can keep things simple for you.

Most minds have some potential to harness telepathic energy. Even on your planet, telepathy has been known for centuries, although many have chosen to disbelieve that such powers exist. However, this is like saying that most people have some potential to play the piano. If you have hands and a modicum of intelligence, you can pick out simple tunes. However, very few become concert pianists. I, using the same analogy, am a concert pianist of the mind. My skills are the result of a naturally superior mind honed by countless hours of meditation and years of learning to see through the facade of the physical world. The world in which I live is to your mundane world as your normal world of physical sensations is to someone who is both blind and deaf.

Still, I suppose I shouldn't be too hard on you. You humans are a little slow, but at least you are not Ram Pythons. And... your race does occasionally demonstrate some aptitude for powers of the mind. Those gifted few are often granted the privilege of coming to Chatil to study with the masters. Why, my mate's mentor had a human apprentice at one time who actually did quite well. But I digress. The point I'm

trying to make is that race plays an important role in determining mental powers. However, it is not the only deciding factor. All of my people can read minds, but few can learn to do anything more. They can not enter the deep subconscious or implant thoughts. That is a matter of talent and training, and the training is hard, far harder than any of these athletics of which your kind are so fond. I am up at dawn and already engaged in a regimen of meditative exercises which are designed to broaden my perceptions and strengthen my cognitive skills. I am forever seeking to improve myself, only occasionally taking time off to visit the local library and relax.

One of the major benefits of my training is the ability to shut out the thoughts of others, if I so choose. Most of my people are not prepared to deal with your kind, with your untrained minds, constantly spewing forth a stream of chaotic, random thoughts. Simply being in the proximity of humans is like being locked in a room full of constantly babbling idiots.

How do my powers work? That, human, is like asking for a scientific explanation of why the pigments of Zorak's painting masterpiece *Multitudes* refract light the way they do. I am an artist, and any analysis of my powers would trivialize them. The sum is far greater than the parts. Simply accept that they work, human. Anything else is far, far beyond your limited power to comprehend."

THE MUTZACHAN OUTLOOK

"Pardon me, have your optical nerves registered the presence of a variable-phase ionization hydro-spanner in the vicinity? I'm sure I placed the device within a sixty two point eight degree arc, that extends approximately three meters out from that fixed point.

Fascinating tool... what's that? You wish to discuss matrix generation? Wonderful! I would thoroughly enjoy a neurally stimulating discussion on the ramifications of energy generation and harnessing by organic beings, and the social, political, and technological possibilities which matrix generation makes possible. Why, as I was conversing with my good friend, Midishim, just the other 8 months, 14 days, 7 hours and 32 seconds ago...

Oh, I'm sorry, was I rambling? What was the point I was trying to convey? Oh, yes. Matrix powers. Let me see... well, to begin with, there are many fascinating theories on the origins and nature of matrix generation, most of which have some undeniable merits. Have you by any chance read Amidichas Aadrib's fascinating paper on the possible links between matrices and energy fluxes in the Motaran Rift? No? Well, at any rate, let me see if I can explain this to you.

First of all, the power which we Mutzachans utilize does not generate within our physical forms. The power is in the air, all around you. Feel the pull of gravity on your mass, the warmth of the sun's radiation on your face, the kinetic potential which makes the breeze blow. This is the energy we utilize. Many people are confused when we discuss our inner reserves of energy. Shaping the natural energies of the cosmos is a physically taxing experience. Picture, if you will, a sculptor shaping a piece of stone. The sculptor's efforts produce large amounts of lactic acid which will cause, through an elaborate chemical process, his muscles to ache, and will leave him depleted of energy as his mitochondria do not have sufficient sucrose to produce more energy. In other words, he will be tired. The same applies to harnessing and shaping energy, although there is very little difference between

energy and matter. In fact, matter/energy conversions have long been studied and discussed by . . . what? Oh, yes. Well, the “inner reserves” Mutzachans possess are an inner strength which we use to shape the far greater energies of the outer world.

In addition, most of the effects we generate are fairly small. The creation of a plasma pulse only requires a relatively simple charging of molecules, coupled with a redirection of the natural magnetic flow. The creation of massive instabilities in the flow of energy, however, is very dangerous, and can have serious repercussions which not even we fully understand. This is why certain matrices are forbidden to us, and also part of the reason why we watch your people with such concern. Balance must be maintained, or entropy will be the eventual outcome.”

THE ZEN OUTLOOK

“Sit down, brother. How can I help you? Are you injured, or diseased? No, I see that you are not. You wish to talk? Well, few patients have been coming in today. I will talk with you while I work.

My powers? They are not my powers, brother. They belong to the injured, the sick, to all those I aid. I am merely the vessel. The power to heal is a great gift. Some believe it is derived from divine beings, others believe it is a twist of fate, and some choose not to believe anything at all. All are welcome to their beliefs, and all are welcome to my healing powers.

Yes, the power to heal is a great gift, but it is also a great responsibility. I do not know from whence my powers originated, but I do know, beyond any doubt, that they were given to me for a reason. That reason being to heal the sufferings of as many as I can. Perhaps I am the tool of some divinity, or maybe I am the natural counter-balance to all the predators of the universe. It makes no difference. I am here to serve, that is my purpose in life.

How do my powers work? I am no man of science, brother. Medicine I know, but the scientific explanation for my abilities I cannot give you. Perhaps if I explain how it feels to use them, you will understand better. A Zen feels the pain of his patient, and instinctively knows when things are not right. With practice, he will become so attuned to his instincts that he will be able to tell precisely what is wrong with a patient. To heal, you reach out with your ti’kla . . . it is hard to explain. Ti’kla is self confidence, the knowledge that you are fulfilling a purpose in life, and strength of will, and desire, and a hundred other things, gathered into a serene glow in the very center of your being. The closest term you have is soul, but that is not the precise word. You use the strength of your ti’kla to remove the infirmities, to make the flow of the patient’s life essence smooth again.

Yet there are those who ignore their purpose, who use their ability to sense what is wrong and then use that point of weakness in order to attack. They are our dark reflections, those we call the Tza Zen. They serve only to unbalance, to destroy, and this cannot be allowed.

The power to heal is as instinctive in my kind as the desire to heal. We do not ask how or why we are able to do what we do; it is simply enough to know that we can, and to act on that knowledge.”

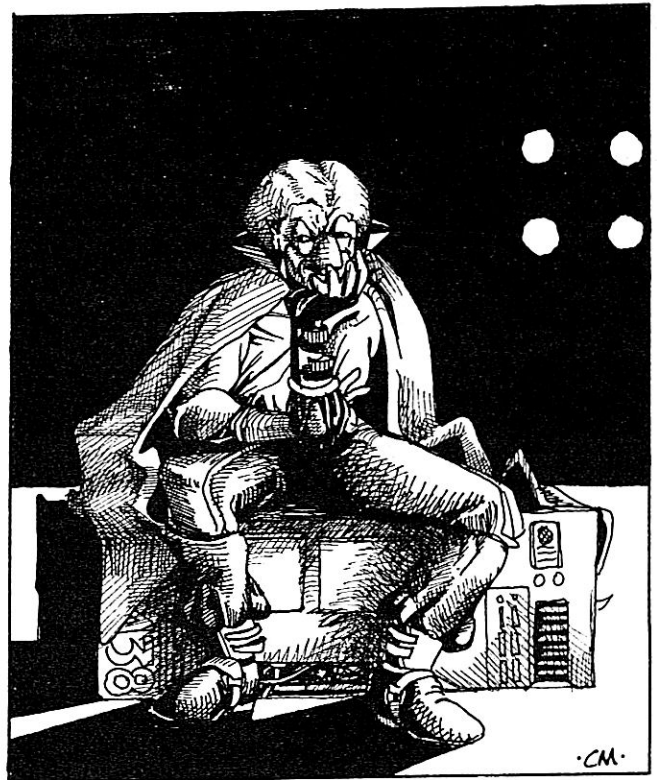
THE SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK

There has been much discussion of late regarding the subject of matrix generation. Theories fly thick and fast regarding the origin of these powers, their nature, the possibility of recreating such powers artificially, and a myriad of other subjects.

Names like Twan Kiel have become almost household words when matrix powers are discussed. However, what do we really know about the way in which matrices work? It is a question I will endeavor to answer.

First of all, it is important to define “matrix”. For our purposes, a matrix is defined as the ability to affect one’s environment or self through force of will in ways which may or may not adhere to the conventional laws of physics. To date, the best documented cases of matrix use are the empathic abilities of Chatilians, the energy control abilities of the Mutzachans, and the healing abilities of the Zen Rigeln. Less documentation is available on the druidic abilities of the Gemini, and matrix powers among other races. However, all of these seem to have common elements.

First off, it is generally accepted that the energy used in the formation of matrices does not come from within the matrix controller. Such levels of energy would kill almost any living organism instantly. Instead, it is likely that small amounts of energy are used to manipulate environmental energy for greater effect.



Secondly, tests seem to support that, surprising as it may seem, all matrices utilize a common external energy source; that is to say, the energy for empathic matrices comes from the same place as the energy for healer matrices. This might explain why it is possible for some controllers to learn to generate multiple matrix types.

What is this mysterious energy source? No one knows for sure. Again, there are countless theories. We understand, at least somewhat, how the energy is used, and how to artificially reproduce it. However, we do not know what it is or where it originated. One is tempted to laugh at the superstitious viewpoint that matrix powers are somehow magical, but the fact of the matter is, modern science has not been able to discover any compelling evidence to suggest that they are not.



THE LAYMAN'S OUTLOOK

"Matrix powers? Man, I'm not scared of much out there, but I don't like to mess with matrix users, let me tell you. You can never tell what they're going to do, and there's usually no warning. They don't have to draw a gun, or throw a punch, or even be looking at you! Scary stuff, man.

Those Chatilians, for example. The little dweebs completely freak me out! Bad enough that they're as ugly as sin, but the way they hang around you, eavesdropping on your thoughts . . . I mean, is it any wonder you can't trust 'em? If that weren't bad enough, they sometimes go completely whacko and start frothing at the mouth, and fry your brain without breaking a sweat. What good's armor against that? Yeah, I know there's mind screens out there, but a grunt like me can't afford that kind of stuff. So instead, I just try to keep my distance from the little eavesdropping bastards.

The Mutzachans aren't so bad, although they can be really annoying when they get going about science and the nature of the universe. Still, they seem pretty nice, but I heard tell that there's Mutzachans out there who can trash whole planets or worse, just by folding their arms and staring with that funny look they have. I don't know about you, but the fact that there's melon heads running around out there who could blow up the planet I'm on, any time they feel like it, scares the hell out of me. I'm glad the Alliance keeps tabs on them, but what could they do if the Mutzachans all got together and decided they wanted to take over?

Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that all matrix controllers are bad—there's a lot of good ones out there, but there are some bad ones. And it's the bad ones I'm worried about.

The Zen Rigeln are the perfect example. Most Zen are the nicest people you could hope to know. See this arm? I wouldn't have this arm if it hadn't been for the unit's Zen medic. Like I said, Zen are real nice people, and great to have around in a pinch, but then you got the Tza Zen, or whatever they call 'em. Look the same, talk the same, but give 'em a chance, and they'll rearrange your face. Literally. About the only way you can tell 'em apart is the Tza Zen sometimes carry guns, but even that's not a sure thing.

Like I was saying, it's not that matrix controllers are bad, but I for one would be a lot happier if they weren't quite so powerful. What's that saying about how power corrupts? Considering the power some of them matrix types have, I hope it ain't true."

LATENT EXTRACTION AND CROSS-NETWORKING

Most matrix controllers are born with the ability to wield their powers, yet there are exceptions to this rule. Several methods are being developed whereby a non-matrix controller can learn to tap the power of his or her own mind. In addition, there are methods which will allow matrix controllers to learn and use powers that were not normally available, thereby becoming even more powerful. The two primary methods of learning other matrices are latent extraction and cross-networking. Each method has positive and negative characteristics, which will be discussed below. Also, how these two methods relate to each other will be discussed.

The most common way to acquire new powers is latent extraction, which is detailed on page 161 of the Battlelords rulebook. What follows is a summary of that information, accompanied by expansions and clarifications as to exactly how latent extraction works.

Only characters with an I.Q. over 80 can undergo the process of latent extraction, and it is a time consuming, taxing process even for gifted individuals. In addition to paying a sizable number of skill points (15 points for healer, 25 points for empathic powers, 30 points

for druidic powers, and 35 points for energy control), the character must spend a great deal of time learning new thought patterns and retraining his or her mind. If the character chooses to undergo latent extraction during the course of game play, he must spend two years of study and training for healer, empathic, or druidic powers, and three years for energy controller powers. In addition, the character must pay twice the skill points for the extraction. Power points are costly. Characters must spend five skill points for every one power point.

The big advantage to latent extraction is that characters gain power points naturally as they increase in level. However, this process is much slower for latent extractors than natural matrix controllers.

Characters may gain cross-networking ability through one of two methods: one, he can shell out a truckload of cash to buy a matrix crossover network; two, he can undergo training in the cross-networking skill. Each of these methods has its own particular drawbacks.

The most obvious drawback of the matrix crossover network is that it is very costly. In fact, it costs more credits than most mercenaries see in a decade! Your typical Mutzachan ionization engineer would have to shell out over twenty years' salary before he could lay his hands on one of these babies. Second, the matrix crossover network is sensitive to damage from a variety of sources. It has an electrical SMR of 35 and an EMP SMR of 20. Furthermore, getting shot in the head also tends to damage a matrix crossover network! Since the network is hooked into the portions of the brain which control matrix use, damage to the crossover matrix can lead to serious consequences. As a general rule, damage to the matrix crossover network will cause the matrix controller to forget all matrices outside his field, as well as 2-12 matrices from within his field. Moreover, he or she will also lose from 2-8 power points. The damage to the brain can be corrected with extensive, and expensive, surgery, yet the matrix controller will have to relearn the lost matrices. If that were not bad enough, the matrix controller must buy a new crossover network.

Cross-networking skill is another way to gain powers that one could not normally use, yet it too has its limitations. The cross-networking skill is only available to those individuals who have natural matrix powers. One does not have to pay 3/4 of a million credits, nor does one pay 50 skill points. The cost is ten skill points per energy bracket per power type.

Thus, in order to use fifth level powers of two different matrix types it would cost 100 skill points! There is no expertise or mastery point cost reduction for mental skills. In addition, each level takes a long time to learn. In order to obtain those fifth level powers in the two different matrix categories it would take 20 years of game time! In that period, the rest of your party could be running around in Dreadnought armor. Intensive training is not available for mental skills for you are already undergoing super-intensive training!

Mentors, for the most part, are leary of any of these new methods. They are especially contemptuous of individuals who use the matrix crossover network to learn new skills. As a rule of thumb, a mentor will charge double normal costs to a latent extraction character or cross-networking character, and five times normal costs to a character using the matrix crossover network. The poor fools who actually have natural matrix powers beyond the ordinary (thanks to a lucky roll on the fickle finger table) sometimes have trouble convincing a mentor that they're not cheating

MENTORS

Every matrix controller has a mentor, the person who instructed them in the use of their powers. The ability of the mentor is important for purposes of determining what matrices a character can learn. One is more likely to obtain a better education from the head of the Energy Advisement Council than one is from a fifth level assistant ionization technician!

The abilities of the mentor can be generated on the column below. It is important to remember that the powers the mentor possesses are the only ones he or she can pass on to disciples!

If the PC wants to learn powers that his or her mentor doesn't have, he or she is going to have to change mentors.

CHANGING MENTORS

From time to time, an energy controller will desire to change mentors. The reasons vary. One reason could be that the matrix controller and his mentor have a personality conflict. Other reasons might be the death of the mentor, or simply that the controller has learned all that he can from the mentor. Whatever the reason, changing mentors is not always easy. First, a new mentor must be found. It is up to the Battlemaster to determine the availability of a new mentor based on locale. One is more likely to find a Chatilian mentor on Chatil than on Pythos. As a rule of thumb, the probability of finding a new mentor is 20% the highest energy bracket usable by the matrix controller minus 5% the highest energy bracket usable by the mentor.

PC-TAUGHT POWERS

It is possible for one player character to teach another a power, provided that both are capable of using the power in question. There are some limits, however. A player character may not teach powers until he reaches the third energy bracket. Characters are simply not well versed enough to impart knowledge to another before they attain that level. Take, for instance, language. You may know your native language well enough to say or write almost anything. However, try teaching grammar rules to someone from another country.

It's harder than it looks. Most matrix-using societies frown on independents teaching powers, out of concern that the powers will be taught improperly or will be taught to individuals who do not have the maturity to use them wisely. Mutzachan law requires that a teacher of energy powers be licensed by the Council of Timar; being found guilty of unlicensed teaching of powers carries an Alliance penalty of 40-100 years imprisonment (Mutzachans have long lifespans, remember!) This may vary based on the powers taught; one is going to get in a lot more trouble for teaching Space Fold than for teaching Ground Sparks.

DUTIES TO THE MENTOR

A sharing relationship exists between mentor and student. The mentor teaches his student the ways of Power, and in return, the student is expected to perform certain duties for the mentor. These duties may include everything from manual labor up to and including hazardous missions of various sorts. PCs are assumed to be sufficiently advanced in their studies that they are no longer required to haul and tote for their mentors. However, they may still be called upon to go on missions (Battlemasters take note: this is a good adventure hook!)

The exact nature of the mentor-student relationship varies with the type of power. On Chatil, students are actual apprentices of their mentors, bound by law to serve him or her until they reach journeyman status. Beginning PCs are assumed to have just finished their appren-

ticeship and achieved journeyman level. All journeymen are required by law to obey the orders of master Empaths (7th Bracket and higher). This is true until the Empath reaches the fourth energy bracket. When this level of power is achieved, the empath is dubbed a Senior Journeyman. Senior Journeymen can issue orders to apprentices, but not journeymen. In addition, they are not subject to the orders of masters. It is common courtesy, and an entrenched custom, that one is required to comply with a master's wishes. A Senior Journeyman may opt not to follow orders only if he, or she, has a very good reason for not doing so.

The Mutzachan method of teaching is school-oriented, and arranged in a manner similar to an Earth college. A student may have a number of teachers for a variety of subjects, and may switch between them at various points in his education. A Mutzachan, however, will have one specific instructor responsible for the majority of his education much like an academic advisor on Earth. Mutzachan power schools cover not only matrix generation and manipulation, but also the nature of energy, engineering (especially ionization engineering), physics, and other aspects related to the harnessing of energy. Among the most prestigious of these schools are the Center for Energy Utilization and the Academy of Radiation Technology, both on Trishmag.

ABILITIES OF THE MENTOR

MENTOR LEVEL

DIE ROLL	MENTOR LEVEL
01-15	10
16-25	12
26-35	13
36-60	15
61-80	16
81-95	18
96-97	19
98-99	22
100	25

NUMBER OF POWERS AVAILABLE

DIE ROLL	NUMBER OF POWERS
01-15	17-20 (16+d4)
16-30	17-24 (16+d8)
31-50	17-26 (16+d10)
51-60	21-24 (20+d4)
61-70	21-28 (20+d8)
71-80	21-30 (20+d10)
81-90	27-30 (26+d4)
91-95	27-34 (26+d8)
96-98	27-36 (26+d10)
99-100	□ Special

□ Special: Reroll on this table, subtracting five powers from the total. However, the mentor's unusual teaching style has granted the pupil some benefit which is left up to the Battlemaster. Using the Matrix Controller's Fortune Table for ideas is suggested.

THE POWERS THAT BE

Powers should be divided as evenly as possible between all levels that the mentor is capable of using, with leftover powers being assigned to the lower level brackets. For example, a mentor who has 30 powers and can use powers up to the 8th bracket will have the following breakdown: 4 first bracket, 4 second bracket, 4 third bracket, 4 fourth bracket, 4 fifth bracket, 4 sixth bracket, 3 seventh bracket, and 3 eighth bracket powers.

MENTOR PERSONALITY AND ATTITUDE 1

ROLL	RESULT
01-30	Strict
31-45	Disciplinarian
46-60	Average
61-75	Flexible
76-85	Easygoing
86-95	Lax
96-100	Eccentric

MENTOR PERSONALITY AND ATTITUDE 2

ROLL	RESULT
01-30	Dislikes the character. Difficulty of learning new powers from the mentor increases by 10%.
31-70	Neutral towards character. No change.
71-90	Likes the character. Difficulty of learning new powers from the mentor reduced by 10%.
91-95	Character is a prized student. As 71-90 above but the character also starts with a bonus first level matrix.
96-100	Character is the mentor's disciple.

Below are a list of some of the most well known matrix schools in the Alliance. There are others that exist; the Battlemaster can create new schools as he sees fit.

AARANI-LI COLLEGE OF THOUGHT

A Chatilian school which provides extensive training both in Empathic powers and Terrestrial Knowledge. Characters gain 1-4 matrices, two power points, and +10% to their Terrestrial Knowledge skill. Tuition is 8,000 credits (plus library fees), and the class runs for 8-10 months.

There is a strong rivalry between the College of Thought and the Mind School (similar to the rivalry between Harvard and Yale).

BYRILL FOCUS CENTER

The Byrill Focus Center caters to all schools of matrix control, and teaches students how to better focus their energies. Students here gain no new matrices, yet gain 4-7 power points. Tuition is 7,000 credits, and the course takes 6-11 months.

TRISHMAG ENERGY APPLICATIONS SCHOOL

The Trishmag Energy Applications School is to Energy Controllers what the Mind School is to Empaths. Those accepted here are taught 2-8 new energy powers and 1 level of matrix manipulation. They also gain 4 power points. The tuition cost is 10,000 credits, and the school takes 1-4 years to complete. (Yes, that's right, years. Mutzachans generally aren't in a rush to learn things, because they live so long!)

MENTOR PERSONALITY AND ATTITUDE 3

ROLL	RESULT
01-20	Model mentor.
21-30	Likes to send students on quests.
31-35	Mentor is opposite sex of character and flirts constantly.
36	Mentor is the same sex as the character and flirts constantly.
37-43	Mentor tends to talk to him/herself.
44-46	Mentor is not of the usual race for this type of power.
47-50	Mentor has additional students. One of these is the PCs rival in all things.
51-55	Mentor is paranoid and thinks that someone is "out to get him". May send students to investigate "suspicious" individuals.
56-57	Mentor acts paranoid but someone is actually out to get him (up to the Battlemaster to decide who).
58-60	Mentor is blind.
61-62	Mentor is deaf.
63-65	Mentor is a hypochondriac.
66-68	Mentor travels extensively and may be hard to track down when the PC needs instruction.
69-70	Mentor is naive (sucker for a sob story).
71-72	Mentor is a Rebel agent. The PC may or may not be aware of this (50% chance).
73-75	Mentor is famous throughout the Galaxy for some deed or deeds.
76-77	Mentor is infamous for some heinous crime.
78-80	Mentor is absent minded (Where did I put that?)
81-82	Mentor is a drug addict or the equivalent.
83-88	Mentor is a slob.
89-91	Mentor is a neat freak.
92-97	Roll twice on this table.
98-100	Roll three times on this table.

THE TZIN CONTROL ACADEMY

The Tzin Academy concentrates not on providing its students with new powers, but rather on teaching them to control the powers they already possess. Students here gain 1-4 power points and 4 levels of Matrix Control skill. In addition, they can learn the Matrix Crossover skill here in half the normal time (the school has an extremely broad base of instructors, more so than almost any other school). The Tzin Academy is located on Diolitg, in the Orionus System. Base tuition is 12,000 credits, and the non-standard nature of the thinking required means that the entrance roll is made at -90 to the intelligence check. Recently, rumors have cropped up that one of the instructors here was actually a Dane in disguise (for what reason, nobody knows). The instructor in question, one Muala Daminid, has disappeared, so no answers seem to be in sight.



HUMOR

TEN USES FOR A MAZIAN

By Ssithisarious Phentari

1. Spread just inside the door of your domicile, a dead Mazian makes an eye-catching welcome mat.
2. Mazians are aerodynamic. Give one to your favorite Ram Python stooge . . . err . . . friend, and see how far he can toss it.
3. Mazians make a nice "splat" when dropped from a great height (another good way to keep Ram Pythons amused).
4. After killing your Mazian, stuff it with whatever soft material happens to be handy. You now have a Mazian Throw Pillow.
5. Mazians taste great when fried. As a bonus, they're already pancake-shaped!
6. Python Fun & Games Hint #3: Get a good-sized Mazian and three or four Ram Pythons and have a Mazian Taffy Pull.
7. Mazians make great mine detectors. Just force one to go along about ten feet in front of you at gunpoint, and it should trigger most mines. As an added bonus, the Mazian should be able to absorb all the shrapnel if (when) it triggers a mine.
8. Cram a Mazian into an interestingly-shaped container and deep-freeze it. You now have a Mazian Ice Sculpture.
9. Nail a Mazian to a wall and paint red concentric circles on it. Mazians make good targets, because normal targets don't splat when you hit them.
10. Drop a Mazian into a blender with your favorite fruit flavoring. Voila! Mazian Jell-O!

4. Python Lizard Full-Contact Fly Fishing

3. Any game with a Tza Zen medic

2. Phentari Bake-Offs

and, finally, the number one most dangerous sport in the known universe . . .

1. Playing Battlelords with Larry when "The dice are hot!"



TOP TEN MOST DANGEROUS SPORTS IN THE UNIVERSE

(Cyball doesn't even come close!)

10. Mazian Twister
9. Pin the Tail on the Cizerack
8. Ram Python Baseball (played with a Thwack'em stick and a boulder)
7. The Mutzachan Invitational Uranium Toss
6. Grenade Scoop Jai Alai
5. Anything involving Eridani and sharp blades

A GUIDE TO COMMON PHENTARI PHRASES

Phentari is an exceedingly difficult language for Humans to master, but if you're on a Phentari world, it can be very important to know the difference between the phrases "Qu's phaa tsmao." ("Where is the bathroom?") and "Q'uis ma phsmao." ("I taste delicious with oregano.") Compiled here are a collection of common phrases which a traveller to Phentari worlds may find useful.

PHRASE TRANSLATION

Phis'tos quamach to'bos.

Pardon me, your laser is burning a hole in my chest.

Thus'quis'ta.

It is quite uncomfortable.

Jash'traq lyssphaa dayishh.	No thank you, I'm trying to cut back on neurotoxins.
Das'pha las miir qualosh'qua?	Why are you prodding my leg that way?
Q'uis ma tus llsyhms.	I taste terrible, honest.
Phay'lii asqua thhas, lystuo.	I agree, you are superior to me in every way.
Do-masua quas-ta aquassu?	The methane clouds are lovely, aren't they?
And, for you Eridani types, the Eridani Guide to Useful Phentari Phrases.	
Quaspha!	Die!
Ne-lusqua!	Die!
Ska'taq!	Die!
Mish-te'quaspha dos lurosh . . . Amataq shi!	Die you miserable . . . scumsucking Phentari slime . . . mold!*

*Not to be confused with the similar sounding phrase meaning, "Would you like to go for coffee after the show?"

PHENTARI COOKING IDEAS

An excerpt from the best selling cookbook, 101 Ways to Serve Man, by Melarisarrious Phentari.

Let's face it, we all love humans. But what many Phentari do not realize is that they can be prepared in an almost infinite variety of ways. True, humans taste just fine raw, but imagine the looks of surprise you'll get when you serve Human Torso in Mango-equivalent Sauce (especially if your guests aren't Phentari...).

1. HANDWICH: A good dish for the Phentari on the go, this is actually inspired by an ancient human dish. Thin slices of meat from the human hand (the palm is tastiest) between two slices of bread-equivalent. Popular myth has it that this dish tastes best when the meat used is from a human named Sam (perhaps this is why the humans are fond of a Sam Handwich).

2. LADYFINGERS: Another quickie for Phentari who don't have time to sit down to a full meal. The digits of the female human are quite tasty, and convenient to carry as snacks (I believe this is what the humans refer to as 'finger food').

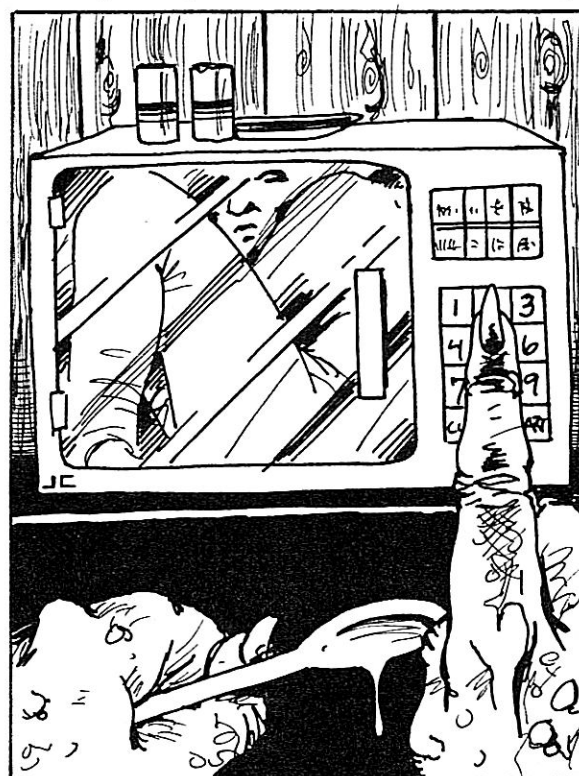
3. WINGS: Get the nearest Ram Python to pluck the arms off a human, then deep fry them. Best served with a spicy hot sauce. They don't have much meat on them, so they're best served in batches of twenty to fifty.

4. CHILI: Many people believe that a human is worthless as food after you hit him with a super plasma grenade. Not so! Gather up the remains, simmer them over a low flame, and add spices. Voila—chili fit for a king!

5. PIZZA: A good idea for the leftover bits of human you didn't put in the chili is to put them on a crust with mozzarella cheese-equivalent and make pizza.

6. FLAPJACKS: Humans seem to have a deep seated fondness for naming their foods after themselves (Sam, Jack, Stew...). How can anyone blame us for seeing them as food when they see themselves as food? At any rate, this is another useful recipe for humans who have taken more damage than normal. Pour the remains onto a hot griddle and allow to fry until golden. Serve with maple-equivalent syrup.

7. STUFFED ROAST TURKEY: One of my personal favorites. Find a gullible human and convince it that you want to be friends. As a symbol of your goodwill, give it gifts of food frequently. When it is sufficiently stuffed, throw it in the oven and roast it. Turkey!



8. LIVER AND ONIONS: Another favorite of mine. It is essential to find a human whose liver has not been destroyed by alcohol (this is not as easy as it sounds). Fry the liver with onion-equivalents. Remember, waste not, want not! Put the rest of the human in the freezer for later.

9. LASAGNA: After turning that pesky human into a red smear on the wall with your Omega cannon, gather up that red smear and use it as sauce on your favorite pasta-equivalent!

10. SUSHI: Humans who live near large bodies of water can be cut into little chunks and served raw on a bed of rice-equivalent (very "in" right now, but it is an acquired taste).



THE YEAR IS 2179

Earth is just beginning to recover from its last great war. Mankind has once again sunk itself into a new Dark Age. You are a descendant of one of the "lucky" survivors of the nuclear and biological holocaust unleashed almost 200 years ago. Your home: a wasted and fruitless land once known as the United States, stretching from the domed city of Fort Seattle, across the radioactive hell of the Great Plains, to the fertile lands of the Ohio Territories and Fort Niagara. Your mission: survive; then the unification of all the peoples of The Waste, to take the Earth back from the very people who destroyed it.

This new RPG, from the creators of *Battlelords of the 23rd Century*, melds sci-fi and fantasy role-playing into one game. Choose from a variety of player character races, like the Albino Giant or the Energy Witch. Quest for followers and the destruction of the Settlers, or just your next meal. Role play among the races is intense, each having a well-developed personality for you to slip into. Combat is quick and realistic, with a nasty critical hit table to really ruin your day. So prepare yourself for the battle of daily survival that is **BLOOD DAWN!**

BLOOD



DAWN

Where Technology and
Magic Meet the Stone Age

Coming Soon From

ODS

11. POT ROAST: This dish is made from the belly of overweight humans. While tasty, it should be avoided by Phentari who are dieting.

12. RUMP ROAST: 'Nuff said.

13. FILET OF SOLE: Human feet are always awkward to use. Slice them thin and bake them, then serve them with lemon-equivalent sauce. Feet can also be served deep-fried, in which case they are referred to as "sole food."

14. S'MORES: Bite-sized chunks of human toasted over an open fire with chocolate, marshmallow, and graham cracker equivalents. . . mmm! Makes my mandibles water just thinking about it!

15. FLAMBE ROYALE: Another problematic form of killing has always been flamethrowers. Not any more! Just serve the sucker while he's still burning!

16. SPAGHETTI: It is generally agreed that the best way to make human spaghetti is to drop the human on a large wire strainer from a great height. Serve with the sauce (#9).

17. RIBS: What Phentari doesn't love a barbecue? Sitting out on the porch, breathing in the fresh methane, with a cold brew in one tentacle (one of the advantages of living on an arctic planet) and a rack of ribs in the other three!

18. SCALLOPS: The scallop is the part of the human just under the hair. Peel off several and serve them at your next dinner party. Best served raw (and shaved).

19. PICKLES: Pickled human can be a tasty side course to any of the above. Luckily, many humans do half the work for you! (See #8, above). Continue pickling until the human turns green, then slice it into thin spears.

20. SHISH-KA-BOB: My all-time personal favorite. Nothing can beat the delicious taste of a human roasted on a spit over an open fire. For the best and most entertaining results, the human should be alive and conscious as long as possible.

Well, fellow gourmets, just remember that cooking with humans can be almost as much fun as killing them! Until next time, bon appetit!

DINING OUT

Some have called it the ultimate dining experience. Others have called it completely insane. They may both be right!

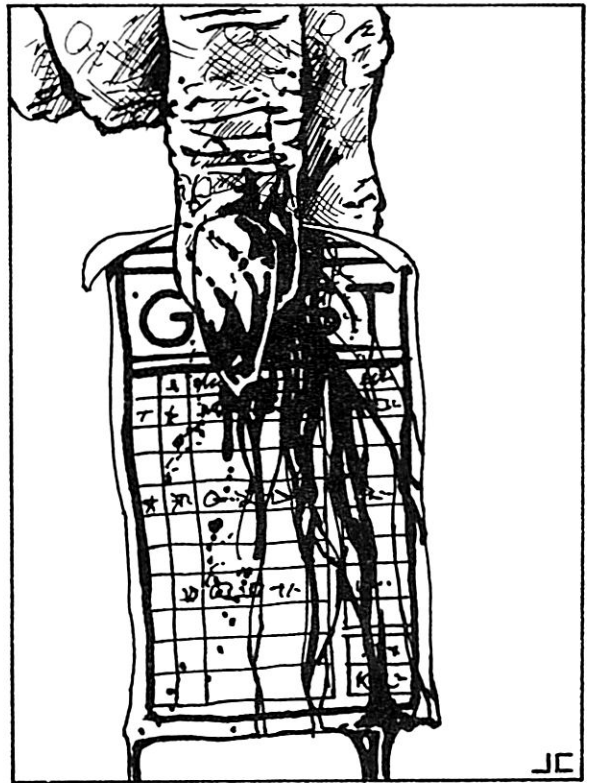
What they're talking about is the newest fad among the rich, combat cuisine. The basic idea is similar to that of the Japanese steak houses of Earth, where skilled chefs prepare your dinner right in front of you, making a show out of the cooking. Combat cuisine, though, carries the idea one step farther. The chef, usually a Ram Python, wrestles an incredibly big, nasty creature into submission and then turns it into dinner in front of the customer.

Some animal-rights activists consider it a disgusting spectacle, but the combination restaurant/arenas (known as "Pitts") which offer this service have been doing phenomenally well.

A typical Pitt is circular, with a ring of tables around a sunken central arena. In the center of the arena is a fire pit over which the "dinner" is prepared. Doors on opposite ends of the arena open automatically to admit the chef and his prey.

After the combat, if the chef is the victor, the central arena is raised to the level of the tables so that he or she can serve the food to the customers.

In general, the combat chef will enter the arena armed with a pair of extremely large knives (treat as longswords) and a Char-broiler wrist flamethrower, as well as a utility belt containing herbs, spices, sauces, a plasma grenade or two, and a detonator for a microcharge in the beastie's head for use in an emergency (this is almost never used, as it spoils the drama and causes loss of business for the establishment). Some chefs use different weapons; one which is extremely popular is the Knalu-knalu (the chefs like the damage, the customers like the little chunks flying all over the place!)



Pitts are still a new trend, but are quickly catching on. The most successful chain of Pitts is known as "Ramihana," derived from an ancient Earth name of unknown significance. The Ramihana chain has over twenty Pitts on planets throughout the Core Worlds and employs fifty of the best combat chefs around. The chain is owned by an Orion Rogue named Taeroc "Rocky" Mindian, but rumor has it that he is thinking of selling to an unnamed corporation which plans major expansion.

The most common "dinner-creatures" are the Bakutai Snakewolf and the Bandorian Ransh, both of which have several important factors in common: 1. They're huge, 2. They're nasty, 3. They can be prepared in a variety of ways, and they taste good. There is a thriving industry in raising these creatures and supplying them to Pitts.

BAKUTAI SNAKEWOLF

ORIGIN:	Baku
ARM DISTRIBUTION:	Nil
SALE PRICE:	Nil
CLASSIFICATION:	Uncommon
OCCURRENCE:	Rare
NO. HANGING OUT:	1
SIZE:	1m/40kg
BODY POINTS:	8+d10
MOVEMENT:	16
INITIATIVE MOD:	-2
DEFENSIVE MOD:	-10
THRESHOLD:	1
VISION/HEAR/SMELL:	-10/+60/+80
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE PER ATTACK:	2-5/2-5/1-10
ATTACK NUMBER:	70
SPECIAL ATTACK:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
I.Q.:	10-20
MATRIX USE:	Nil
POWER POINTS:	Nil

The Bakutai Snakewolf looks (not surprisingly) like a serpentine wolf. It moves extremely quickly, and attacks with a claw/claw/bite routine. It isn't poisonous, but Pitt owners have allowed rumors of its deadly venom to circulate, in order to make it seem more fearsome. The flesh of the Snakewolf is usually fried, and tastes like chicken. Then again, doesn't everything?



BANDORIAN RANSH

ORIGIN:	Bandor
ARM DISTRIBUTION:	Nil
SALE PRICE:	Nil
CLASSIFICATION:	Uncommon
OCCURRENCE:	Rare
NO. HANGING OUT:	1 (2-12)
SIZE:	1m/60kg
BODY POINTS:	6+2d4
MOVEMENT:	24
INITIATIVE MOD:	-3
DEFENSIVE MOD:	-10
THRESHOLD:	2
VISION/HEAR/SMELL:	20/30/30
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE PER ATTACK:	1-4 x 2/1-8
ATTACK NUMBER:	85
SPECIAL ATTACK:	Trample
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
I.Q.:	10
MATRIX USE:	Nil
POWER POINTS:	Nil

The Ransh is a predator native to the mountains of Bandor, a small Eridani colony world. It is vaguely insect-like in appearance, though it doesn't have an actual exoskeleton and is in reality a reptile. The Ransh attacks with the front two of its six legs, plus a vicious sting from its scorpion-like tail. There is a 30% chance that it will forego the sting and instead attempt a trample. When trampling, the Ransh rears up on its hind legs and falls forward onto the target, getting four claw attacks at +1 to damage each. However, this leaves the Ransh extremely open to retaliatory attacks (the defensive modifier changes from -10 to +20 in the subsequent round only). The flesh of the Ransh has a spicy, nutty flavor; the tail is considered a great delicacy, and has enough meat in it to serve four normal humans or one hungry Ram Python.

Possible adventures involving Pitts may have the players visiting as customers, possibly as part of a mission to meet some important personage. If the meeting is important enough, a rival corporation may arrange an "accident" in which the main course gets loose and wreaks havoc. It will be up to the player characters to set things right—and as most Pitts are relatively classy operations, they most likely will not have their armor or weapons with them! Alternately, the characters might seek employment at a Pitt, either as part of a cover identity or as a break from getting shot at all the time! Used carefully, Pitts can add a little bit of color to the usual routine of mercenary life (and give the BM the chance to make the players squirm a little in the process!)

THE GALACTIC TOP TEN

Yes, even in the twenty-third century, it's still around. Promoters still try to foist off their band's products on the public, telling them what's 'in' and what's 'out', and the public still laps it up. Bands still go at it tooth and nail to see who's going to be on the top of the charts this week, while the promoters and record companies rake in the cash. Below are the mega-hits for this week, Earthdate April 2, 2280.

THE GALACTIC TOP TEN

10. WENCH, "Bug Stomp": Breaking onto the top ten charts for the first time, the ultra-punk female group WENCH has a hit with their song, "Bug Stomp," based loosely on descriptions of combat with Arachnids. Although somewhat graphic in its lyrics, the song is dynamic and powerful, and already a major hit among the fringe audiences.

9. Orion Blue, "Meltdown": Those crazy Orions are back on the charts with their new hit single, which has been burning its way up the list since the recent Arcturus Mega-Reactor disaster. Just one more example of how current events can make or break a band.

8. C*I*L*L, "Metl Dreem": The premier Ram Thrash band in the Alliance makes a strong showing this week with "Metl Dreem," said to be inspired by an actual dream of lead bassist Targ. The baseline of this song has been responsible for at least 700 documented cases of hearing loss and twelve minor concussions—to say nothing of the injuries incurred in the "Mosh Pits" at C*I*L*L concerts!

7. Blackness, "The Prophecy": Blackness has always been known for their gloom and doom image (dressing in black hooded cloaks, playing funeral dirges on an actual organ, and singing about the end), and their new album, "Salamar's Truth," is no exception. The songs on this album are based on the prophecies of Salamar, who claims that the Alliance is about to be destroyed. Nobody knows for sure if the members of Blackness really believe the messages of Armageddon which they sing, but it is known that their sizable following (called "Blackhearts") do, for the most part. Kind of depressing, actually, but hey, it sells . . .

6. Solaris, "Triumph Blaze": This song, released on the anniversary of the historic Flight of the Valkyries, commemorates their achievement and heroism. Colonel Ronald Trackey himself, along with three of the other surviving members of Wolverine Squadron, were on hand for this song's debut at the Omegadome on New Terra. The clean, majestic sound of this album is something of a shift for Solaris, which usually goes for down and dirty Orion Rock, proving once again their versatility.

5. Merk-7, "Dropping the Bomb": This super-controversial song from one of the Alliance's most talked-about groups has the pacifists up in arms. The song's lyrics, which advocate bringing back nuclear weapons, have been debated by thousands of groups and banned in thirteen systems. Of course, this just contributes to the popularity of the song, although a lot of people complain that Merk-7 is a bunch of no-talent hacks cashing in on the controversy their music stirs up. If so, they may have their hands full—the militant religious group known as Yontacha has issued a death threat on all five members of the group.

4. Anguish Scream, "Up From The Caves": Another controversial song, although for different reasons. Anguish Scream is an up-and-coming group of Kizanti musicians (now there's a rarity for you) whose music tells of the suffering of their people.

The band is immensely popular among Kizanti and Eridani audiences, but the Phentari government has lobbied to have their music banned, claiming it is racist and inflammatory. As of yet, no action has been taken, and although several attempts have been made

on the life of lead singer Revion Dee, she and her band members have killed all of the prospective assassins in self defense.

3. The Condors, "Double Zodd": Slipping a notch from last week, The Condors' "Double Zodd" is still comfortably up there in the ratings. The funky baseline and stage antics of The Condors (like pretending to kill band member Robb Goodphelo several times during every concert) have earned them a place in music history, and the chorus line of this song ("Double Zodds!/You mean I'm dead?") has already become a catch phrase destined to last for years.



2. Ultrasonyx, "Symphony in High Z": As usual, the super-innovative Ultrasonyx is riding high with their new single, "Symphony in High Z." As the first band to incorporate subliminal ultrasonics into their music on a regular basis, Ultrasonyx has captured a substantial portion of the "In" crowd for an audience. The subliminals in this new song are even more powerful than previous offerings, causing vivid (but apparently harmless) hallucinations which audience members claim "enhance the feel of the music."

1. UHHHHH?, "Chunga": Speed Metal at its best. This 5 Ram band slams out an hypnotic death frenzy beat that has fans literally dying to see them. 86 confirmed deaths have been recorded at UHHHHH? concerts since they released "Chunga" last week.

RACES WITHOUT REASON

WARNING: These races are EXTREMELY unofficial, and are intended for humor purposes only! If you actually try to foist one of these characters off on your poor, overworked Battle Master, you deserve to wrestle with Fredd the Ram Python.

RULES LAWYER

VITAL STATISTICS	
-10 Strength	+20 I.Q.
-10 Constitution	+10 Aggression
-20 Intuition	-30 Charisma
SECONDARY STATISTICS	
-10 Military Leadership	-10 Persuasion
+40 Terrestrial Knowledge	-10 Bargaining
SPECIAL ABILITIES	
10th Level Game Rules Skill	
Loophole Generation	
LIABILITIES	
Unable to think creatively	
PRIMARY OCCUPATION	
Pain in the Battle Master's Butt	

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The mysterious creatures known as Rules Lawyers have a tendency to pop up anywhere and at any time, but usually during heavy combat. While they appear to be human, the thought patterns of Rules Lawyers are totally alien. They derive satisfaction in life from only one thing, mastering what they call "The Rules." Nobody has ever been able to figure out what "The Rules" are, but there are many documented cases of Rules Lawyers seemingly bending reality in their name. For example, a plasma blast will be just about to hit the Rules Lawyer when it will shout out, "Hey! You can't do that! It says so right here, page 212, paragraph 7!" Seemingly in defiance of the laws of nature, the blast will stop just short of the Rules Lawyer. No scientific explanation has been given for this bizarre power, although certain scientists have theorized that it has something to do with other planes of reality.

HISTORY

Nobody knows much about the Rules Lawyers. They seem to have been around for all of recorded history, but they have never really accomplished anything noteworthy. They just wander the universe, looking for people to impress with their knowledge of "The Rules."

GOVERNMENT

The Rules Lawyers don't have a government. When asked about this, they invariably reply, "Larry hasn't come up with any Rules for designing governments yet." ("Larry" appears to be their deity, since they often mention him in conjunction with "The Rules.")

CULTURE

Rules Lawyers don't have much of a culture (or much of a social life), because they spend all their time studying "The Rules."

PHYSIOLOGY

Rules Lawyers typically look like out of shape, pale humans. Scientists theorize that this is the result of thousands of years of indoor life spent studying and contemplating "The Rules." The lifespan of a Rules Lawyer is unknown; they all seem to get killed off early in life because they're so annoying.

WEAKNESSES

The Rules Lawyer is incapable of dealing with new or unusual situations. When confronted with something unknown, he or she will typically collapse in a fetal ball, screaming, "That's not in the rules! That's not in the rules!" until the situation ends.

QUIRKS

Rules Lawyers are plenty bizarre and annoying without quirks.

FAVORITE ITEM

A large, thick book, with the words, "*BATTLELORDS OF THE 23RD CENTURY-123RD EDITION*" on the front in ancient Earth English.

FASHION

They typically dress in jeans and t-shirts. Some are quite neat, while others look as if they haven't bathed in years.

HANGOUT

Rules Lawyers can pop up anywhere. They seem to have a special fondness for game conventions.

ABODE

Similar to that of the typical human, except that every available inch of floor and shelf space is filled with rulebooks and scribbled notes on "The Rules."

COMBAT TACTICS

Argue the opponent into submission, while rendering all attacks null and void through use of "Rules Loopholes."

GENERAL OCCUPATION

Rules Lawyers serve as nuisances, distractions, and pulse cannon targets.

THE RULES LAWYER VIEW

ON LIFE: Life? That's covered in pages 144-166, but it doesn't have enough charts and tables to it.

ON WAR: War is fun! Wanna hear the complete stats for the Panther Light Battle Tank?

ON THE UNIVERSE: Hey, I found a loophole here that proves that the Universe can be destroyed with a single shot from a Savage-B!

ON THE FAMILY: I don't have one, 'cause there are no tables for generating one in the Rules!

ON SELF: I know everything there is to know about Battlelords!

MUNCHKINOID

VITAL STATISTICS

+40 Strength	+40 I.Q.
+40 Manual Dexterity	+40 Agility
+40 Constitution	+40 Aggression
+40 Intuition	+40 Charisma

SECONDARY STATISTICS

+100 Military Leadership	-100 Persuasion
+100 Terr. Knowledge	-100 Bargaining

SPECIAL ABILITIES

10th level Body Equilibrium	200 Skill Points
Shape Change	Infravision
Matrix Control- Empath, Energy Control, Healer matrices	
All Skills cost 4 points less	
10 Point Body threshold	SMRs of 100 in all areas

LIABILITIES

None

PRIMARY OCCUPATION

Menace to game balance	Pain in the BM's Butt
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GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Little more is known about the enigmatic and highly annoying Munchkinoids than is known about the Rules Lawyers. Some think that they may be related to the Dane, while others argue that even the Dane aren't as arrogant as the Munchkinoids. Their sole purpose in life seems to be to pop up and brag about their incredible powers and how they could defeat Jaquassarius Phentari with one hand tied behind their backs. They seem to be hampered by a serious lack of understanding as far as the real world goes ("Why CAN'T I punch my way through the airlock door!? I have 140 Strength and I'm berserk!!"). They usually appear carrying ultra powerful weapons, clad in Peacemaker armor, and they always seem to have any miscellaneous piece of gear that they need, although they are never encumbered. Their weapons seem to exhibit strange properties, too; they always hit and never seem to run out of ammunition. The Alliance considers them to be a threat, and standard Alliance policy is to nuke any planet which is found to be home to Munchkinoids.

HISTORY

Munchkinoid history is unknown; the most complete account ever received from a Munchkinoid ran something like: "Well, first we took over the Huge Dungeons and even Bigger Dragons universe, then we took our Rings of Universe Traveling +27 and moved to the Run Around in Shadows universe and took that over, then we used Thor's Hammer to blow up the Death Star in one round, then we . . ."

The interviewer fled after this; as far as we know, the Munchkinoid in question is still bragging.

GOVERNMENT

Unknown. Ask a Munchkinoid about his government and he will boast at great length about the three dozen star systems he has personally conquered.

CULTURE

Most Munchkinoids ignore culture, since it does nothing to increase their personal power.

PHYSIOLOGY

Munchkinoids look like ideal humans straight out of the comic books, square-jawed, muscular, and handsome. However, this appearance is shattered when they speak; all Munchkinoids have incredibly whiny voices and sound like bratty 8-year olds. As with Rules Lawyers, their lifespan is unknown; nearly all Munchkinoids claim to be immortal, but they have a tendency to be killed off wherever they crop up. No female Munchkinoid has ever been encountered.

WEAKNESSES

If someone actually succeeds in harming a Munchkinoid, he will promptly throw a tantrum, accusing everyone in the area of being jealous of his great accomplishments.

QUIRKS

You don't call wanting to be an immortal, all-powerful universal ruler a quirk?

FAVORITE ITEM

Ooo! My +20 Sword of Instant Death! No, wait, my double-power Omega Devastator! No, I know, it's my Black Hole Cannon! No, wait . . .

FASHION

Usually incredibly bad dressers, but every article of clothing they wear has at least a 10 threshold and 200 points of absorption (and can be worn under armor).

HANGOUT

Whatever universe has the most magic items in it.

ABODE

Usually a palace the size of Jupiter or some such. The Munchkinoid will tell you that he has two more just like it back home, too.

COMBAT TACTICS

Ooo! I'll use my Rapid Fire Photon Torpedo Launcher for my first 17 attacks, then switch to the Cherokee Laser Cannon I've got in my other hand for the next 10, then generate a Space Fold matrix. Dam! My initiative is only a -23!

GENERAL OCCUPATION

25th level Empath/Fighter/Mage/Thief, whatever THAT means.

THE MUNCHKINOID VIEW

ON LIFE: I'm immortal and all-powerful! It's swell to be alive!

ON WAR: I won three of them single-handedly yesterday!

ON THE ALLIANCE: I could beat it in one combat round.

ON THE UNIVERSE: I could beat it in two combat rounds.

ON THE FAMILY: I just single-handedly destroyed the Arachnids! Mom must be so proud of me . . .

ON SELF: Ooo! Well, I have a 140 strength, a +322 damage bonus, 99,000 body points . . .

BADGES FOR COURAGE

The following medals are commonly awarded to mercenaries for courage and valor, beyond the call of duty. These badges of courage are handed out to those individuals who, in a universe plagued with danger and fear, measure up to the task of being a warrior. Not all of the awards available for each race are given in this book. These medals will appear in later volumes.

MEDALS AND COMMENDATIONS

Everyone wants to be a hero. Everyone wants to stand tall and proud in front of a large group of people who applaud you when you are given a commendation for excellence. We all want to be judged by our peers and found to be worthy. We all want to be stars, stealing the lime light for awhile. Mercenaries in the future receive medals and commendations for actions above and beyond the norm. These medals have a direct affect on promotions and increase the charisma of the person when he or she is in dress uniform. Below are just some of the commonly awarded medals. Cizerack don't believe in medals for they see all females in the same light.

Occupational Ribbon: Given to any individual with a primary occupation who has been in the service for more than 6 months. The ribbon is white with blue stripes on each end. The occupation symbol is centered on the ribbon and is silver. Equals 1 promotion point and increases charisma in uniform by 02 points.

Fornax Shield of Courage: Given to all persons who serve on hazardous duty in the Fornax galaxy. Bestowed by the Fornax government.

Intrepid Silent Service Ribbon: The quadrant sector chief of the And 3 galaxy awards this ribbon to all personnel who serve in a hazardous capacity in the And 3 galaxy. It is green with silver bands.

The Silver Stars of Morokania: Awarded by the King of Morokania to those daunted warriors who fought to put down the Civil war on his planet. Black with twin centered stars.

Good Conduct Medal: Red with thick bands on the ends. Awarded to all individuals who after two years of service, have no black marks on their records. Few Orions ever see one of these. Equals 3 promotion points and increases uniform charisma by 05 points. Additional ribbons are awarded in the form of a gold number centered in the middle of the award.

Icon of the Controller: The medal awarded to all matrix controllers who reach the 3rd energy bracket. It is a small helix crystal hung from a button on a platinum chain of the controllers breast pocket. Promotion points: 3.

Talisman of the Faithful: Bestowed on all matrix controllers who reach the 5th energy bracket. It is a self radiating image of the controller himself, hung in the same fashion as the Icon of the Controller. Promotion points: 5.

Infantry Combat Cord: A braided yellow rope worn around the right shoulder. It is worn only by Alliance military personnel who are assigned to combat infantry units.

Armor Combat Cord: A braided white rope worn around the right shoulder. It is worn only by Alliance military personnel who are assigned to combat armor units.

Frontier Accommodation Medal: Given to all personnel who spend a combat tour (6 months) on the Frontier. This medal is a solid pale yellow. Promotion points 2. Charisma is increased by 04 points when in uniform.

Galactic Achievement Medal: Bestowed upon those personnel who perform actions above the norm for extended periods. The Galactic Achievement Medal is typically given for excellence in the person's occupation. Equals 5 promotion points and increases uniform charisma by 08 points. The GAM is red with gold trim.

Military Honors Award: Given to those military/para-military personnel who excel far above the norm under extreme stress (not necessarily battle). It is hot pink with gold trim. Promotion points: 3.

Corporate Star: A diamond ring with the initials of the corporation engraved on it. It is given to those personnel who serve faithfully for 20 years of duty. The design differs from company to company.

Purple Heart: Awarded to all personnel who are wounded in action (critical hit). It is a deep solid purple. Additional awards are awarded in the form of a red number on the badge.

Talisman of the Zen: Bestowed upon all individuals who die in combat and are brought back to life. This medal is a solid off white ribbon.

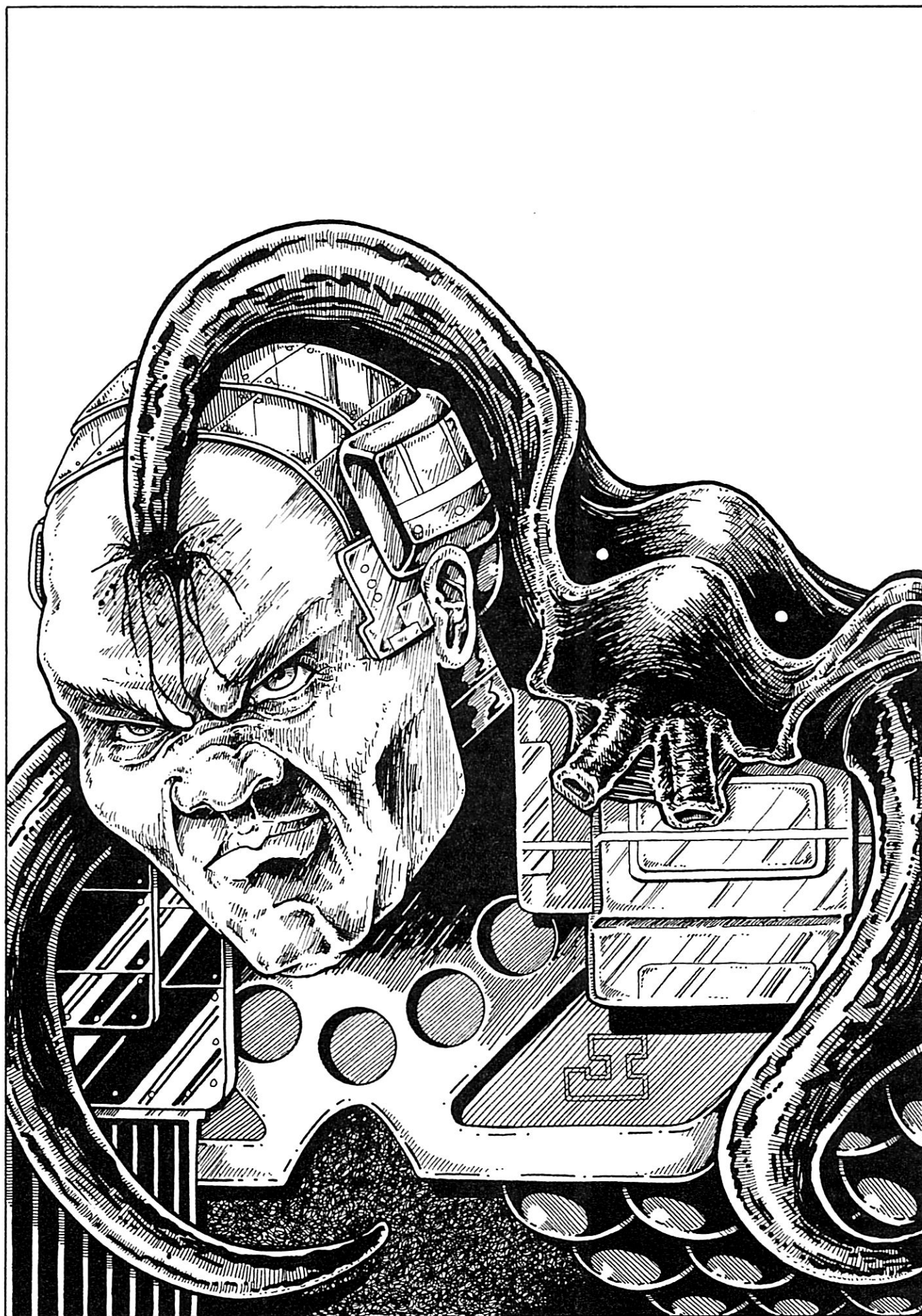
Necklace of the Covered Mind: A small necklace, set with the face of the great Chatilian Highlord Makov Chatil. It is awarded to empaths who excel in the field of espionage.

Cap of the Vigilant Watcher: Jet black with gold leaf trim. This velvet cap is given to those personnel who combat pirate activities.

Valkyrene Fighter: A gold fighter centered on black ribbon. Given to those valiant warriors who flew the heralded flight of the Valkyries. Most were given posthumously, but 7 members of the vaunted Wolverine squadron are still alive.

Robe of Sacrifice: Bestowed upon Zen who show unswerving faith and honor. It is said that Assizza lived in abstinence, and that his robe grew more beautiful and radiant as he aged. The robe has silver bands and is valued at 100,000cr. The Robe of Sacrifice symbolizes the purest of the Zen faith.

Sash of Xangar: Awarded to those brave warriors who fought to put down the 1st Rebel Uprising. The sash is a deep crimson red and is worn across the chest.



Chain of the Fallen Warrior: This gold sash is connected to the appellate and breast button of a soldier's uniform. Only those personnel who have spent 1 year in an Arachnid combat zone can be awarded the Chain of the Fallen Warrior. Promotion points: 5.

Blood Star of Humas: Distinction rendered to all personnel who survive a dreaded Rift Run. Mile Humas, a Gen-Human scientist, was the first known survivor to enter the Motaran Rift and escape with his life. The rest of his 20 member team perished in the void of the rift.

Kismet: A shimmering star sapphire set in a white gold signet ring. The ring stands as a signature of fate to all personnel who have survived 10 combat tours (1 year each). Promotion points: 5.

Red Cross of Valiantry: Any Alliance personnel who amasses 20 confirmed kills against the Arachnid ground forces and their minions is awarded the prestigious Red Cross of Valiantry. Promotion points: 4. Charisma increase in uniform is 06 points.

The Black Cross of Simeron: A large black cross worn around the neck. The cross is only awarded to the very few Arachnid POW's who manage to escape and live to tell of the horrors they were put through at the hand of the evil spider race.

Temple of the Benevolence: A huge blue diamond that is actually imbedded in the temporal lobe of the skull. It is awarded to the most courageous Zen combat medics. The diamond is valued at 500,000cr.

Hammer of the Thunderbolt: Awarded to all pilots who become aces flying against the Arachnid forces. It takes 7 kills to become an ace. The Hammer of Thunderbolts medallion is a silver jagged thunderbolt, bisected by a hammer. It is worn on a chain around the neck.

Tome of Knowledge: The most powerful Chatilian empaths, usually from the 7th energy bracket or higher, are given a solid gold book to exemplify their quest for knowledge. Estimated value: 2,900,000cr.

Crest of Freedom: The highest civilian award that anyone can receive. The Crest of Freedom is awarded to those non-military force personnel who risk extreme peril in order to save the Alliance. The Crest of Freedom is a half moon centered on a blue ribbon.

The Bronze Crown: The third highest military and para-military commendation that can be earned. Given for valor and heroism far beyond the call of duty. The crown is set in the center of a white ribbon. Promotion points: 4.

The Crown of Assizza: Grand Tour Assizza was the greatest known Zen Rigeln healer to have ever lived. He championed peace and harmony, and discovered most of the Zen matrices of power. The Crown of Assizza is made of gold, with rubies and diamonds set into its face, the visage of Assizza. It is awarded to the most prestigious and benevolent Zen master. It is valued at 750,000cr.

Signet of Death: A strange and mysterious item given to the most awesome and fearful of the Phentari people. The ring, a black onyx, looks ordinary but generates a deadly energy of some kind that drains the essence of the Phentari's enemy.

The Peace Keeper's Urn: The highest award that can be bestowed upon any Zen Rigeln Healer. The Urn is heavy, 10kg cast in 24 carat gold with emerald inlay. Normally, a page (student) carries the chalice for the Zen and walks one step off the Healer's right shoulder to the rear. The chalice is valued at 1,000,000cr.

The Scabbard of Eir: Eir is the one of the most legendary Eridani warriors that ever lived. History speaks of this mighty warrior who did battle against the most dangerous and wicked adversaries of the Eridani way of life. Eir once singlehandedly killed more than 100 Phentari armed with lasers and other heavy weapons, with only a sword to save him. He disappeared on a quest to find and slay the legendary Black Dragon of Kanure. The greatest Buddon Priests are given this ceremonial scabbard to put their blade in. Valued at 1,200,000cr.

Branch of Power: The most coveted Ram Python item is the hypnotic Branch of Power. This 20kg solid gold tree branch sparkles with gems such as topaz, orange emerald, rubies, etc. Each year the greatest new Ram Python warrior is awarded the Branch of Power and becomes the honorary Fna (Tomud Highlord). Value 5,000,000cr.

Silver Star: This silver star represent the highest award that can be awarded for paramilitary forces. It is the more prestigious form of the Bronze Crown, requiring the person to expose himself to unreasonable danger in order to aid his comrades. Typically, one is awarded the Silver star for repeated acts of heroism. Promotion points: 6.

Blood Kelp: The Python Lizard equivalent to the Silver Star. It is a large white gold statue of a kelp branch. Estimated value: 3,200,000cr.

Legion of Honor: The highest award given. The Legion of Honor is given to those Alliance forces personnel who take the greatest risks to ensure the greatest gains. Most are awarded posthumously and the Ram Python race has the dubious distinction of having earned more of these than any other race. Promotion points: 10. Charisma increase in uniform is 20 points.

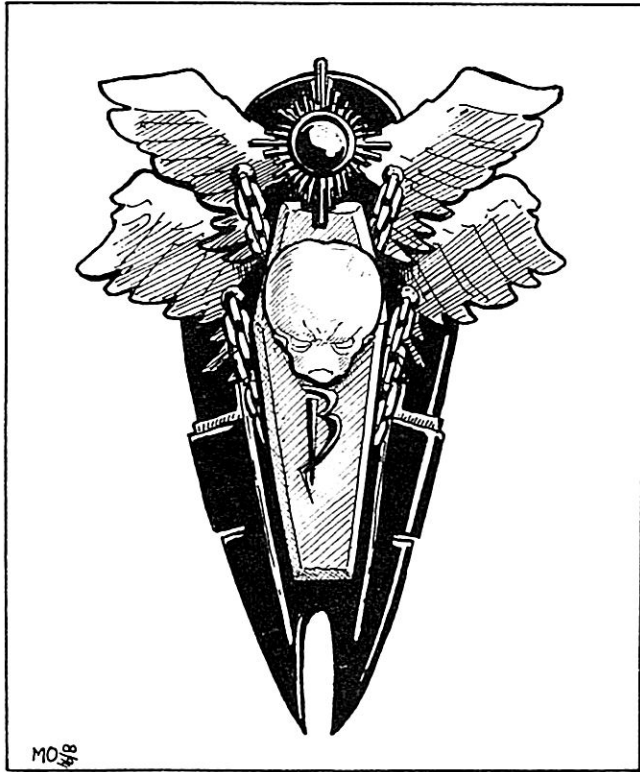
CORPORATE AWARDS

Badge For Marksmanship: This badge is typically given to anyone possessing 10 levels of skill in any weapon (including vehicular weapons), except Archaic Hand Weapons. It is common and doesn't carry much prestige value. Prestige: 0.5.

Badge For Sharpshooting: This is the more advanced version of the Marksmanship Badge. A person must possess 16 levels of a weapon skill to earn this badge. It carries more prestige than the marksman award. Prestige: 1.5.

Expert Badge: A person qualifying for a sharpshooting badge in at least three weapon types earns the expert badge. Expert badges are rare and those who possess it gain much respect from other soldier types because it marks them as an accomplished warrior. Prestige: 5.

The Black Band Of Doom: This rare medal is given to any person who earns two Talismans of the Zen on a single mission. Most sentients that get slagged and brought back by heroic measures don't jump back into combat immediately. Those who do usually get taken down for good. However, certain unfortunates have been known to survive multiple "deaths." This award is never given posthumously. Prestige: 3 points.



Fubar Star: It is not uncommon for a battlelord to require a "jump start" or the services of a Sye-Men after a brutal battle. However, most people hope to have the experience as few times as possible! There are a few maniacs who don't know when to quit and just keep getting back up to catch another plasma shot! The Fubar Star is awarded to anyone who manages to collect four Talismans of the Zen in their career. It is a small crystal set in a silver star. Prestige: 4 points. Value: 5,000cr.

Brand of The Unworthy: This is a dubious "award", because it is given to any person who totals 5 black marks on their record. It is used to mark troublemakers for easy recognition by superiors. It is a bright red stripe worn above all other medals. It is rescinded if all black marks are removed from the person's record for any reason. This badge is part of the regulation uniform code and those who are branded but fail to wear the ribbon can receive up to 2 black marks. Prestige: -2.

Ace of Spades: The ace of spades is given to truly borderline employees, usually Orions. One must collect 10 black marks to be eligible for this marking. The ace of spades is worn directly above the name plate on a uniform. Persons wearing this badge are usually singled out for harassment by superiors, and will constantly be reminded that they could be sent to jail at the company's discretion. Failure to wear this badge once it is awarded results in up to 5 black marks and probably imprisonment!! Prestige: -5.

Gray Heart: The gray heart is given to "grizzled" combat veterans. The requirements for this award vary, but for most corporations the person must have seen at least 25 combat missions, have received at least 5 purple hearts, and racked up over 150 confirmed kills. The award is always given on a discretionary basis regardless of statistics. Usually the award is only given to warriors who have seen at least 2 unsuccessful missions. Prestige: 3.

Leaf of the Magistrate: This medal is bestowed upon those persons who are law abiding and distinguish themselves as such in the eyes of the Fornax government. Prestige: 0.2 Value: 300cr.

Order of the Secret Defender: A golden sword imposed on a silver shield, the Order of the Secret Defender is given to those who seek out and capture traitors within Alliance borders. Most of these are not awarded in public. Fully 70% of these medals go to members of Galactic Control and the police forces.

Triple Cluster: A platinum medal in the form of a triangular triple-starburst, attached to a crimson and black ribbon. The Triple Cluster is awarded to military personnel who display outstanding leadership capability in the face of adversity. Promotion Points: 6. Charisma is increased by 04 points when in uniform.

Shield of the Guardian: A bronze shield-shaped medal on an azure ribbon, given to those who remain at their posts in the face of overwhelming odds. Most are awarded posthumously. Promotion Points: 3. Charisma is increased by 03 points while in uniform.

ZEN RIGELN

Blood Tear of Assizza: This small medal is awarded to Zen who are critically wounded or killed while saving a life. It is a small woven-silver ribbon with a crystal tear-shaped bead attached. The bead contains a drop of blood from the legendary Assizza himself. Charisma is increased by 02 points while in uniform, by 10 points with regard to Zen.

Cloth of Assizza: The cloth of Assizza is given to those Healers who exemplify the spirit of the Zen people through their deeds and accomplishments. It is a spectacular robe, shimmering with all the colors of the spectrum. The wearer may be taught any power for 1/2 normal cost and is usually taken in before other pupils by a Mentor. Prestige: 5 points. Value: 100,000cr

Robe of Assizza: Made of the rarest and most beautiful silks of Katre, the Robe of Assizza is bestowed upon the greatest of the Zen Healers. Wearing this item commands instant respect. The garment is a flowing piece that trails exactly 2m behind the owner. A Trenchet (vassal) holds the train above the ground so that the cloth is not soiled. The appraised value for the robes of Assizza is 500,000cr.

A Zen who is clothed in the Robes of Assizza pays nothing for new powers and all Mentors are obliged to teach him before any other. Zen people, and most other Alliance races, go out of their way to assist one wearing the robes, often giving him money or offering free room and board. Prestige: 7.

Crown of Assizza: Only seven Crowns of Assizza are known to have ever existed. Three are kept at the House of Keeping on Katrel. Two are worn by the top Zen Priests, Karilic of Then and Horus of Tabu. Both are masters of the white robes. One crown disappeared with its owner, Jals Himbur of Nadar. Another crown was stolen by Laseras Henderthon, the infamous/legendary Orion thief. It is believed that Laseras stole the crown over a bet that he couldn't break into the Grand Palace. The Crown of Assizza is made of white gold, is filled with the most precious gems, and weighs in excess of 5 kilograms. It is only bestowed upon leaders and emissaries of the nation of Zen. In death, the crown is returned to the House of Keeping until another is selected to be worthy of wearing it. Prestige: 30. Value: 10,000,000cr.

Seal of Healing: Certain Zen are selected for genetic enhancement, which is considered a prestigious honor. Their brains are altered to increase the potential for generation, doubling the effects of all healing powers. This is signified by a gold inlaid blue seal, sewn into the fabric of the right arm of the Zen's robes. Prestige: 1. Value: 5000cr.

Sash of Premus (automatic tutelage): The Sash of Premus is worn around the waist of its owner and hangs just above the ground. It is fiery red and marks those Healers who hold promise. Wearing it automatically warrants acceptance into any school or by any Mentor. Prestige: 3. Value: 1000cr.

Brotherhood of the Fallen Knights: This award is given to those non-Zen who have saved a Healer in peril while placing their own lives in great jeopardy. This white gold circlet is worn around the head of the owner. Zen recognize the value of this gift by offering to assist any person in possession of it. Prestige: 2.5. Value: 4000cr.

Sash Of Tembrel (worthy of disciple): Many Mentors keep to the tradition of Tembrel, the mighty Zen Healer who developed the matrix called disciple, where a Zen transfers his powers to a worthy student. The Sash of Tembrel is given to any student who has been deemed worthy of being a disciple. A blue tipped sash indicates that powers have already been transferred to the student. Prestige: 3.5. Prestige with blue tip: 5.0. Value: 8000cr.

Gem of Power: It is rumored that Premus the Wise developed a matrix that could instantly heal damage, deformities, and disease. He imbued a gem with these powers, inscribing the mathematical codes necessary to activate the matrix into a ruby. He made nine (a Zen dozen) of these gems and gave them away as gifts, before he perished at the battle for Crossroads. It is widely believed that Karilic of Then is in possession of a Gem of Power. The gem is believed to heal 5000 body points of damage instantly, aging the user by 25 years. Prestige: 20. Value: 100,000,000cr

ERIDANI

Blade of Bleys: The Blade of Bleys is given to all young warriors who have amassed 25 confirmed kills with a sword. The longsword is extremely sharp (-1 to threshold), with the pommel inlaid with semi-precious stones. Prestige: 2.5. Value: 7500cr.

Bledayan Crest: This crest of the 1st House of Eridine is embroidered on the sword arm sleeve of a warrior who has slain 50 enemies with his blade. Prestige: 4.0. Value: 2000cr.

Bledayan Star: Eridani who have slain 100 enemies are awarded the Bledayan Star, a massive star sapphire that is carved into the pommel of their longsword. Prestige: 7. Value: 25,000cr.

Shard of Vengeance: A sharp fragment of steel which is awarded to Eridani who fulfill vows of vengeance. The original Shards came from the sword of Andur-Idel, a warrior who vowed vengeance on an Orion clan who killed her family in a pirate raid. Alone and armed only with her sword, she attacked the pirate compound and slew all of the offenders. The wounds she sustained were so severe that she died immediately afterward; legend has it that as she died, her sword shattered into thousands of shards.

The Tias Blade: Bleys, Viceroy to Eridine, climbed Mount Tias and subdued the Saint of Molten Night, forcing the creature to forge him a blade from the depths of the volcano. The Tias blade is given to Buddon masters who slay no less than 250 foes by the act of sword alone. Furthermore, the blade can only be bestowed upon those warriors who have attained the level of the Koordine. The Tias blade is made of a rare alloy and is light weight and unbelievably sharp (-3 to threshold). Prestige: 15. Value: 200,000cr

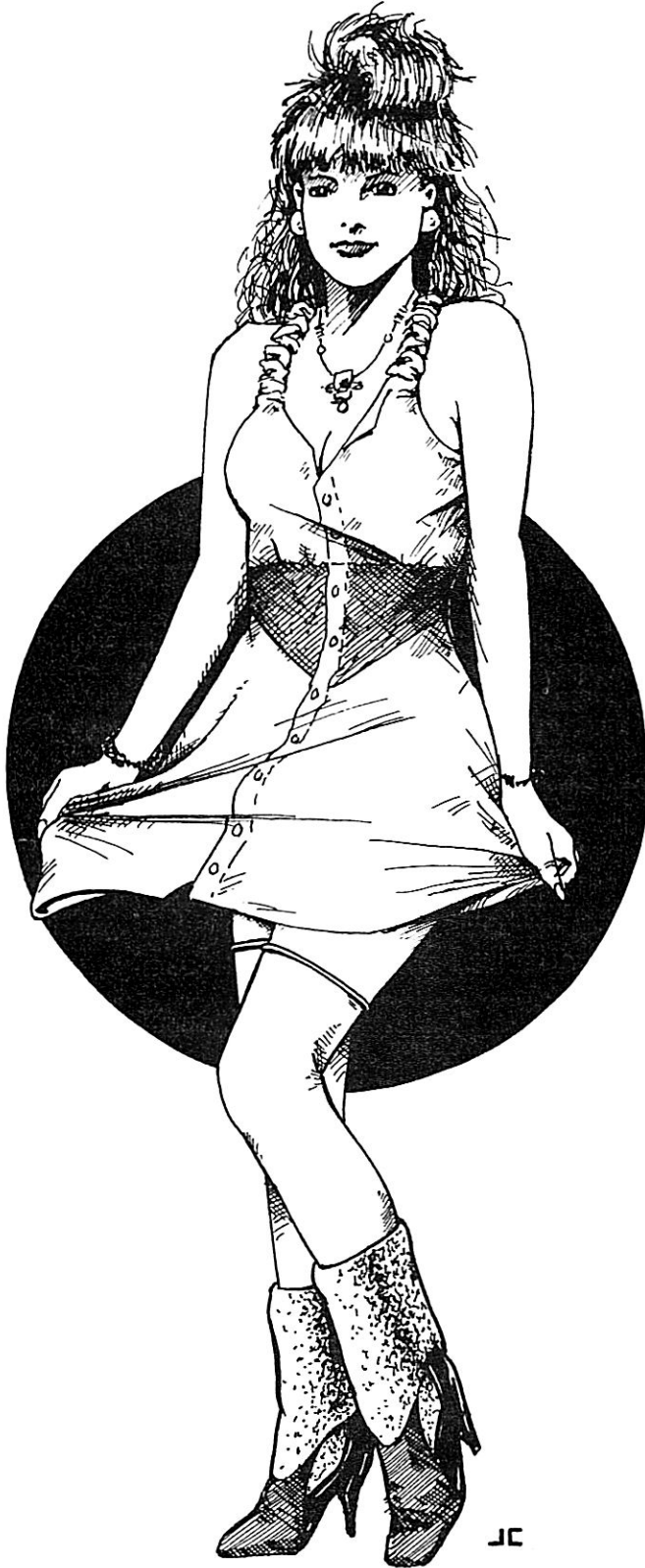
The Rite Of Passage: Any non-Eridani who proves himself to be a worthy ally in the eyes of a Koordine may be awarded the Right of Passage. The person must prove himself to be a formidable warrior and must be honorable. The Right of Passage allows the owner to travel on any Eridani vessel for free. Furthermore, all Budaish Thralk and lesser warriors are obliged to assist the wearer of this ornate green scarf. Prestige: 2.0. Value: 1000cr.

Pledge of Allegiance: A Koordine will on rare occasions, swear allegiance to some ally for reasons of his own. This life long bond guarantees that the Buddon Master will always offer his services to the person in a time of crisis. The Eridani swears his life to the other and will die for him in combat. The pledge is a belt that has the name of the Koordine and his ranking in the 20 houses of Eridine. The Koordine's nuclear family also swears loyalty to the person and will die defending them as well.

It should be noted that someone who disgraces himself, after a Buddon has sworn his allegiance, has disgraced the Buddon, who must dye his hair white. The Swordsaint must hunt down and terminate the other before his honor can be restored. Prestige: 1.0. Value: Nil.

Blessing of the Koordine: The Blessing of the Koordine is given to up and coming warriors who have proven themselves worthy in the eyes of a Buddon master. The Blessing comes in the form of a ceremonial helm which is worn by the recipient on formal occasions. The Blessing of the Koordine reduces the levels of skill necessary to advance to the next ranking of warrior. Prestige: 1.0. Value: 4000cr.

Seal of Eridine: This honor is actually bestowed upon the individual by a House leader of the Eridani government. All those who receive this award have shown valor and honor above and beyond the call of duty. The warrior has gained status into the 282 Royal House of Eridine. The honoree is entitled to all the benefits bestowed upon Swordsaints by the Eridani government.



Scarab of the Temptal: Awarded to all Buddon who attain the ranking of Buddon Temptal. The scabbard is made of platinum and semi-precious stones. Prestige: 1.5. Value: 10,000cr.

The Rosk Dagger: A dagger given as a last token of appreciation to a warrior who intends to commit Rosk (suicide). It is considered to be an honor to receive such a gift and the dagger is kept by the Swordsaint's family after his passing.

Robe of Eridine: Not actually a robe at all, but a carpet like object that is rolled out for a Buddon who has reached the rank of Budaish Temptal, (Formidable Warrior). The celebration of reaching this level of competence is met with the awarding of the Robe of Eridine. The first time the Swordsaint enters a planet after he has attained the Temptal ranking the carpet is unrolled in the spaceport terminal. It is customary for a Customs agent to come to the ship and roll out the carpet.

The robe to Eridine is only used once, then it is stored in the Buddon's temple. It is considered an exciting and momentous occasion for a Buddon to walk along the blue carpet, eyes watching him, knowing that a formidable warrior has come to do battle on their world. (Many nations consider the entire event pretentious). Prestige: Not Applicable. Value: 20,000cr.

File of the Allorre: One of the greatest gifts that can be bestowed upon a Buddon is the File of the Allorre. The Buddon has done some tremendous service to the nation of Eridine and is given a planet to call his own. His name is etched on a plaque beside that of Bleys, Luren, Ericus, and other great Eridani leaders. Prestige: 40. Value: 1,000,000,000,000cr+.

ORION ROGUE

Therelian Tartan: Given to any Orion who shows himself to be extremely cunning and adept, and at the same time brings recognition to the Orionus nation. The Tartan is a white, blue, and yellow pattern, symbolic of the high clan of Orion. Prestige: 1.0. Value: 1000cr.

Serene and Solemn Order of the Knights of Taos: This medal is minted and awarded by the Orion government as a parody of the Alliance emphasis on medal-giving. The Orions find the pomp and circumstance behind medals silly. They value medals primarily for their attractiveness and their usefulness in picking up members of the opposite sex. The Serene and Solemn Order is a yellow smiley-face on a plaid ribbon. It is generally awarded whimsically at the big annual trade fair and brewers' exposition in Taos City; anyone can nominate someone for one of these medals, and a government council convenes on the last day of the fair (after having imbibed massive amounts of the brewers' wares) to vote on who will and won't get them. The Order is usually worn someplace inappropriate (elbow, kneecap, buttock, wherever).

Blood Kilt: The Blood kilt is a deep red tartan, crisscrossed by gold stripes. It is given to an Orion who has shown great valor in a previous battle and brought honor to Taos 4. Prestige: 3. Value: 2500cr.

Girdle of Nactmitar: At the Battle for Nactmitar, 3000 Orion soldiers bought time for 50,000 civilians with their lives during the planet's invasion by the Eridani. The Girdle is a token of respect for those who carried the weight of others on their shoulders, a burden that cost them

their own lives. The solid gold belt buckle is fastened to the midsection of a tarta. It weighs more than 3 kgs and signifies the weight of the Orion nation being born by some great warrior. Prestige: 7-. Value: 25,000cr.

Sildirith (di-chromium bagpipes): Bagpipes are often used to play a song of lament to someone who has fallen on the fields of battle. Sildirith are given to the spouses of those warriors who are slain in gallant combat for the Orion nation. The gift is not restricted to Orions and may be offered to others who have given their life for Taos 4. Prestige: Not Applicable. Value: 40,000cr.

Guild of Valor: The highest award that can be given to a mercenary by the Orion nation and is equivalent to the Legion of Honor. The Guild of Valor is a coveted award and less than 10,000 have ever been awarded. Prestige: 10

Bracelet of Shadow Light: This bracelet contains a miniaturized displacement generator and is awarded to distinguished Orion spies. This commendation is not officially sanctioned by the Orion government, but is often award by the Orionus Mercantilist Guild or the Silk Lambs. Prestige: Not Applicable. Value: 110,000cr.

MUTZACHAN

Scales of Balance: Mutzachan mercenaries are rarely honored for prowess under fire, rather, they are honored for how they react to minimize loss of life by measuring all possible outcomes. These di-chromium scales make beautiful mantelpieces. Prestige: 12 (when visible). Value: 150,000cr

Palm of Thunder: One of the few commendations offered by the Mutzachan people to warrior or "combat" Mutzachans. It is not sanctioned by the Council, but is issued by Lord Markuss to those warriors who have proven themselves in battle. The necklace is has a pronounced negative effect (-30) on the typical Mutzachan who considers war crass and uncultured. Other types are usually impressed by the carved white gold necklace with a white gold pendant in the shape of a palm. This necklace has a built-in 2HP flux shield. Value: 300,000cr. Prestige: 10/-30

Sash of Wisdom: Given to those energy controllers who have successfully instructed 100 or more students in their career as a Mentor. The sash is iridescent white. Each additional 50 students results in a small silver stud being added to the sash.

Scepter Timar: Stores the electro-magnetic blueprints used to generate matrices in a long, slender, obsidian staff. Vocal activation calls up a holographic blueprint of the matrix's activation sequence. The Scepter of Timar is offered as a token of appreciation to non-violent Mutzachans of the 10th energy bracket for increasing the balance of the universe and decreasing random events. The staff holds 20 power points. Value: 300,000cr.

The Staff of Timar: A more powerful version of the scepter, this device is a full 2m long (polearm length for Mutzachans). It stores 50 power points and is only given as gift of appreciation to those controllers of 13th or higher level.

Sphere of Power: Once given as gifts to those controllers who had reached 16th level of competence, none have been produced in the last 2000 years and are considered nothing more than a legend. The sphere stores vocal sequenced matrices (1/2 generation time). It contains any combination of 40 energy bracket levels worth of power (eight 5 point powers, twenty 2 point powers, etc.). Value: 5,000,000

PHENTARI

Kwass: The Kwass is a bone medallion designed to be affixed to a Dward. It is given to Phentari who are deemed to have shown uncommon ruthlessness and cunning in the subjugation and elimination of lesser beings. The most highly prized Kwass are made from Eridani bone.

Tear Drop of the Black Shard: Formed in a wreath, this commendation is posthumously laid on the grave of fallen Phentari who have distinguished themselves in battle. Value: 10,000cr.



Uvidan (Bloody Rib): The Uvidan is a controversial item handed out by the most violent of Phentari, the Secret Function, who outwardly seek the destruction of the Eridani people. An Uvidan is passed along from one person to another as a sign of respect and admiration. It is an actual rib taken from the dead body of a Buddon master (Koordine or higher) who the original owner has slain in battle. The passing of the rib is consider a bond of friendship. Any insult or attack on the holder of the Uvidan equals an insult or attack on the giver. Prestige: 7.0/-15.0

Ward of Friendship: This token peace symbol on a chain acts as a pact of friendship. Non-combative Phentari often use this as a peace offering to Eridani who have been known to accept it. Prestige: 2.0. Value 4000cr.



Blessing of Jaquassarrious: Only a handful have ever received the Blessing of Jaquassarrious, which comes by messenger in the form of a white gold Eridani skull with obsidian eyes hanging from a white gold chain. Strangely enough, this protection is not given for killing, but for furthering the Phentari nation through peaceful efforts. The Eridani nation point to the skull as proof that the entire promise of protection is nothing but a ruse, and an effort to appease those seeking to capture the ancient and infamous squid. All who have violated the protection have been found grossly dismembered with a holo-projection of the infamous squid carrying out the deed. Prestige: 10. Value: 20,000cr

Signet of Might: Contains a Bodyguard personnel defense shield in what appears to be nothing more than an ordinary tentacle ring. The signet of Might is awarded to the toughest and most dangerous Phentari by the government.

Crystal Vendetta: By showing this talisman, which bears the name of some enemy of the race, all squid are compelled to assist the owner in killing the individual. Those who refuse are killed.

RAM PYTHON

Branch of Crung: Crung is a petrified wood found only in the Great Alpine Forest on the continent of Gron on Pythos where ancient trees once grew to heights of 200m. The mineral deposits found within the wood are as dense as iron. The Branch of Crung is given to the most valiant warrior in the tribe. The Great Alpine forest is sacred ground and only a tomud may make a pilgrimage there to search out a branch of offering. Receiving a Crung is a great honor. While the wood itself is kept in the Ram's home, a ceremonial brooch of the branch is worn over the left breast of the warrior's heart. Prestige: 3.5. Value: 10,000-40,000cr

Bowing Stone: Receiving the Bowing Stone is a dubious honor at best. It is given to a young ram who shows great potential, but has shown himself to be foolish and rash. The bowing stone is a massive granite boulder. The boulder is affixed to a tree branch by vines and placed around the neck of the Ram, who must walk around holding his head up for one passing of the moon (fortnight). The Bowing Stone's purpose is to teach a lesson to warriors; that survival of the race is just as important as survival in combat. If each Ram foolishly risks his life just to prove his courage, then eventually no one will be left to carry the honor of the race into the future. Prestige: -1.5.

Branch of Wisdom: White Crung is the oldest type of petrified wood found in the Great Alpine Forests of Gron. It is given only to the greatest warriors, those destined to become Tomud. Receiving a Branch of Wisdom means that one has learned the lessons of life, and is worthy of starting his own clan. Many recipients carry the branch as a walking staff, aware of the dangers, yet understanding the need to reinforce the strength of the Ram in the eyes of the Alliance. Deposits of Crystal Topa have petrified the wood, leaving a stone that shimmers with the beauty of diamonds. White Crung is extremely rare, valuable, and difficult to find.

Offenders of the sacred forest have recently begun entering the woods specifically to seek out White Crung for sale on the open market. Prestige: 10. Value: 25,000-100,000cr.

Thump: Worthy Rams are given massive ironwood totem poles. His exploits are carved into it once he has grown into a seasoned warrior in the eyes of his Tomud. Females eagerly battle for the right to be a carver of a warrior's Thump, for such a right is held in high esteem among the Ram's people. The thump is posted outside the doorway of the warrior's home and signals his prestige. Prestige: 2.0. Value: 2000cr.

Girdle of Might: This granite girdle is carved from a single granite boulder and may take as much as a year to create. It is given by a female of some prestige to a male as a sign of her commitment to him for the rest of her life. It is not important whether or not the male chooses her as his permanent mate. She will never have another. Most Rams are won over by this offering and take the female as their own.

Stone of Pta: Not actually a stone, but rather a prismatic crystal that diffracts light into its visible components. Pta was one of the greatest leaders of the Ram Python nation, son of the legendary Tar of Pythos who used the Blade of Sharras to turn the tide at the Battle for the Jungle Highlands before he died. His son Pta eventually won the power struggle for position as High Chieftain to the Ram clans. Pta proved to be a tremendous warrior, both skilled and cunning; even larger and stronger than his father, standing nearly 14 feet tall.

Pta saw that war, although necessary, caused great pain and suffering to all those involved. He believed that correctness was a matter of perception, and no dishonor should be shown to those whose beliefs prevented them from fighting and dying, which was the Ram way of life. When the Rams were defeated by the Pythons at the Battle for the Deep Jungle and banished to the Western Reaches, Pta sought out and won allegiances with surrounding tribes who had begun fighting each other for the limited food and land available in the salt marshes. Pta won them over and set up schools to teach the young how to farm the marshes, build new homes, and to survive the isolation so far from their native lands.

Pta used to say that he could see the answers to any dilemma by looking through the prism-glass and reflecting on how the colors created and controlled the world around him. Hence, the Stone of Pta is given to the scholarly rams who excel in non-combat related fields and prove that Rams are equal both in intelligence and courage. Prestige: 2.0 Value: 1000cr

Bya To: Marble is considered a semi-precious gem by traditionalist Ram Pythons, although modern lizards disavow its value. Each heroic act carried out by a warrior is traditionally rewarded by a white square block of marble stone. The stone is shaved into near perfect squares by workers and laid at the foot of the Ram's treefort. "Bya" means white, and "To" is the Ram word for rock. Each stone laid in front of a tree brings prestige and esteem to all of the warrior's family. Bya ril means white path and celebrated warriors often have a long trail that leads from some point in the forest to their homes. Prestige: 0.5

Torque of the Warrior: A Ram Python award given to the bravest of warriors by the clan leader. This heavy collar is made of solid gold, and is worth 50,000 credits. Warriors receiving one of these are automatically made part of the clan leader's personal guard, and on call at any time to defend his interests.

HUMAN

Ring of Compassion: Bestowed upon mercenaries who have shown a propensity to save lives while in combat situations, not take them. The Human government has gone to great lengths to find out which mercenaries avoid heavy body counts when operating in the field. The ring itself is worth 10,000cr. Recipients also receive 5000cr per hazardous mission completed without incurring loss of life

Scroll of the Diplomat: The Human government seeks to recognize all efforts to improve relations with alien governments. This award is given to those individuals who help to establish diplomatic relations with a foreign nation. A cash award of 100,000cr is offered as well.

Cube of Earth: This coveted award is given to any Human member who takes part in the successful exploration of 20 or more worlds. The emerald cube contains dirt taken from the deepest drilling well on the person's homeworld. Prestige: 4.0.

Talisman of Lament: Awarded to those mercenaries who survive 4 consecutive combat tours in front line mercenary units. Softies and Freelancers are awarded this medal after they have finished 8 tours of duty. The names of each comrade lost are inscribed on the back of the medal. Prestige: 3.0. Value: 5000cr.

Torch of Steel: A 1 meter high gold torch with the words "Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Death" inscribed on the back. It is awarded posthumously to all Human mercenaries who die fighting against Arachnid tyranny.

GOOLA-GOOLA

Accommodation to the Astronaut Corps: A dubious honor awarded to those who have been drafted to the astronaut corps. For those who live to tell the story, this commendation is a matter of great bragging rights and pride. The symbol of a rocket hangs from a chain worn around the neck.

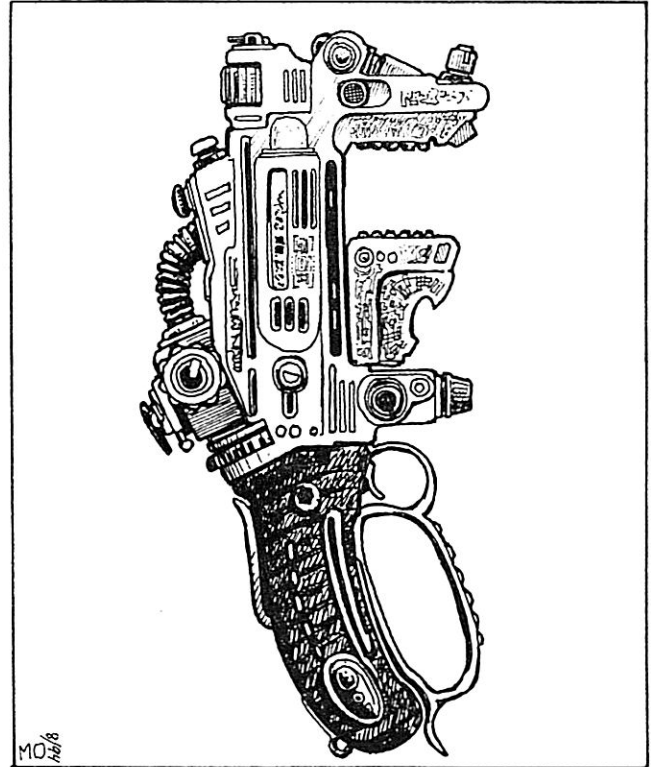
Scroll of the Innovator: A small di-titanium scroll on a necklace. The scroll is awarded to those individuals who prove innovative in crisis situations which result in the saving of lives. Often a Goola-Goola will try to modify some piece of equipment, just to get a medal. This often results in blowing himself and his party up instead.

Goblet of the Hero: One has great bragging rights after surviving an encounter with an Arachnid. Space Dwarves who live to tell such heart wrenching stories are awarded the Goblet of the Hero because anyone who survives an encounter with the spiders deserves a stiff drink! Goblet valued at 4500cr.

Diamond Wrench: Given to all Goola-Goola who save a spaceship from sure destruction by some heroic deed or brilliant modification of the ship's instruments. Space Dwarves are forever trying to minimize other crew members' efforts in a time of crisis. The wrench contains over 15 carats of diamonds and is valued at 15,000cr.

Hammer of Battle: The hammer actually contains a small shot glass so that a Goola-Goola lacking in courage, can have himself a drink. This gift is given to dwarves by their friends. It is not sanctioned by the Alliance. Note: The hammer functions fine all by itself.

Kit of Kibab: The highest award that can be given to any Goola-Goola is the Kit of Kibab. This master's tool kit is made of the best materials and a small ruby has been embedded into the handle of each piece. Contains everything that a dwarf could want to repair small things like space ships! The set is beautiful and valued at 125,000cr. Encumbrance: 50.



KIZANTI

Samrac of Revenge: Given to those Kizanti who earn 20 confirmed kills against Phentari. The Samrac is a white-gold scimitar. Value: 7000cr.

Tamrac of Blood: The Tamrac is awarded to any Kizanti who amasses 50 or more confirmed Phentari kills.

Cube of Inter-Dimensions: This cube is worth nearly 500,000cr. When activated the person is instantly teleported to the Kizanti home world through a wormhole. The cube has a range of 50 parsecs and has a one time use. It is offered only to ranking officials.

Blessing of the Koordine: The Kizanti who serve faithfully under an Eridani Koordine for no less than 10 years are awarded the Blessing of the Koordine, a plot of land on the planet of their choosing. The Koordine also makes sure that a temple is built on the land where the assassin can pray. The temple and home are valued at 5,000,000cr. The honoree also earns ranking in the 100 house of Eridine.

RULE EXPANSIONS

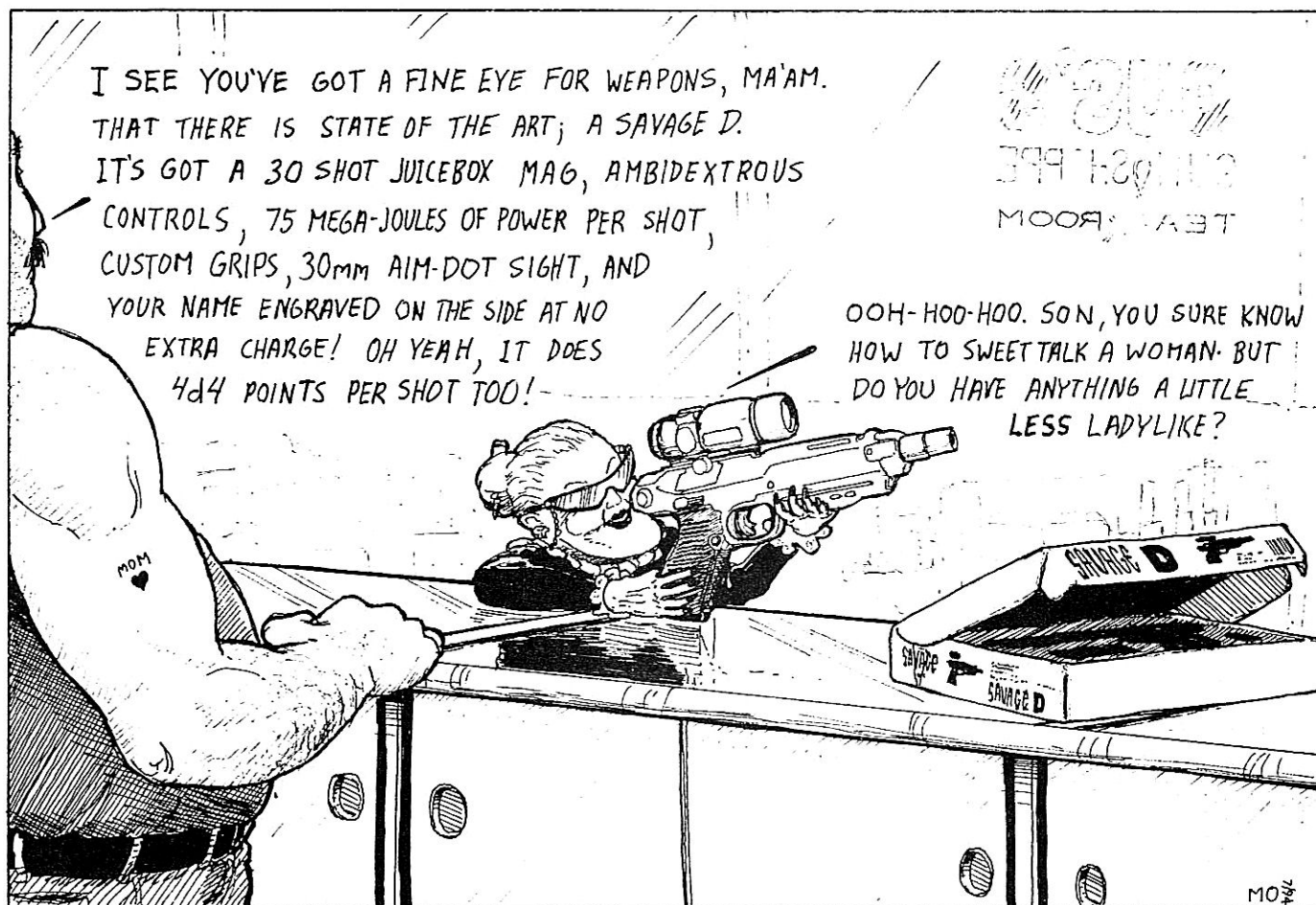
MINES

Mines are perhaps the deadliest weapon in the game for the cheapest price. You can obliterate a PC for very little, and have great fun rolling for each fragment. In the basic rules book, characters that step on a mine are struck by 2-8 fragments randomly on the body. In actuality, the legs are the most likely hit location. To simulate this, apply half the concussion damage to the legs and divide the rest equally among the remaining body areas. Two fragments automatically strike each leg. The rolled fragments (2d4) are then randomly dispersed across the body. Under this advanced rule, the legs are susceptible to more damage. Note!!! This rule increases mines' already awesome destruction potential. Do not use this rule for the Wedge Cutter, Thunder, or Eviscerator mines.

REALITY CHECKS FOR COMBAT

During Battlegrounds playtesting, players who have watched too many movies asked some strange questions. It's the Battle Master's job to rein in these hero types who think they can do anything. The following list sets out some "reality checks" to be used by harassed Battle Masters in the face of outlandish player claims.

1. Pulse cannons, Omega cannons, and other body-mounted weapons cannot be fired while lying down. You must be standing. Hitting the deck while wearing one of these weapons requires a weapon system shock roll (unless the character uses the weapon as an expensive club).
2. Standing up from the prone position takes three times while wearing body-mounted weapons.
3. Dropping a body-mount harness takes 2-8 seconds.
4. Only one backpack weapon may be carried at a time.
5. Body-mounted weapons are fired from the hip. The weapon's accuracy is maximized in these positions. Any other stance decreases accuracy by 10%.
6. Body-mounted weapons may only be braced by placing them firmly on top of a horizontal object such as a counter.
7. Body-mounted weapons are affixed to the firing arm by straps. If you opt to switch weapons without first dropping the backpack, a -20 to hit is incurred.



8. You must have a strength of no less than four times the encumbrance of any weapon to hold it with one hand. If you think otherwise, you're on steroids! Furthermore, Phentari must use two tentacles to hold a weapon if the encumbrance is greater than 6.
9. Claymores take time to set up. There is no such animal as an insta-claymore.
10. If you enter a minefield and step on a mine, you may very well land on another mine. (Boom!, ouch!, Boom!, ouch!, etc.)
11. Aiming with a laser requires looking through the scope. During the heat of combat at range bracket one, you can't run and aim through the scope at the same time. Don't be ridiculous! If you try this trick, you will be firing from the hip and the standard -40 to hit is applied.
12. If you want to carry four (or 5, 12, 32) weapons slung to your shoulder at the same time, fine. Triple the time required to draw one, even if you are an Eridani.
13. A BRI heals damage. It doesn't set the limb or kill infection. If wounds are not attended to before a BRI is injected, you could wind up with an infected limb shaped like a pretzel. See how accurately you shoot then (not to mention the problems you'll have with the ladies). Fun results also occur when you are impaled and try to use an MBRI.
14. Likewise, if you use a BRI to heal an internal injury, and the wound was poisoned, the poison remains. No BRI's have been developed which cause poison to evaporate!
15. If your IQ reaches zero, you're brain dead, a vegetable. What a dumb question. Are you from Pythos!
16. If your Agility reaches zero, you are immobilized. Consciousness has nothing to do with it. You can be wide awake and still not be able to move!
17. Oh yeah, heat plus grenade often equals explosion. Rushing the flamethrower guy without removing the ten plasma grenades on your combat harness is just plane dumb.

TWEEKING

There's gonna be combat and characters are gonna get killed. Simple! No doubt about it. The big question is: What are they going to do when they are placed in a life-threatening situation? Are they gonna blow a head gasket and charge blindly into combat or are they going to run with their tails between their legs? Such inappropriate, lame-butt, life-shortening behavior is called "tweaking" under fire.

The percentage chance to run or go berserk during a combat or other life-threatening situation depends primarily on one's aggression score. With the higher aggression scores, one is more likely to "lose it" and attack. With the lower aggression scores, one tends to cower or run away. Ram Pythons and the like tend to go crazy and Mazians usually "run" away. The first question is: under what circumstances can players decide to berserk or run?

A character will only berserk or run if in a life-threatening situation. The threat must be real and imminent. Player characters may take berserker status a step further and attempt to go suicidal, if and only if they have been wounded. It is up to the Battle Master to control the party when players claim that their characters are tweaking.

The vital statistics that govern tweaking are Aggression and Intuition. Whenever characters "think" they are in danger, their Aggression score is 20 points higher or lower, whichever they choose. When danger is not obvious, have the characters make an Intuition check. Success indicates that they have some idea what is going on, and gain the +/-20 modifier to their Aggression scores. Certain other situations modify an individual's aggression and chance of tweaking. They are given below.

MODIFIERS TO AGGRESSION

SITUATION	MOD
Fanatic (When beliefs are opposed)	+40
Honorable (when offended)	+20
Cornered	+40
Protecting vital person	+10
Inebriated (Skill checks -20)	+15
Plowed (Skill checks -40)	+25
Superior Force (no effect over 61)	+20
Good Armor	+15
Wounded, Non-Critical (non Cizerack, Eridani, Python)	-15
Wounded, Non-Critical (Cizeracks)	+20
Wounded, Non-Critical (Eridani and Pythons)	+25
Wounded, Critical (non Eridani)	-30
Wounded, Critical (Eridani)	-10
Facing superior force	-25

Once you calculate the modified Aggression score, check the table below to see their reaction to the immediately life-threatening situation.

AGG	EFFECT
-15 to -05	Cannot perform any skill. 50-40% chance to flee in panic.
-04 to 05	-80 to all skill checks. 39-30% chance to flee in panic.
06-10	-60 to all skill checks. 29-25% chance to flee in panic.
11-15	-40 to all skill checks. 24-20% chance to flee in panic.
16-20	Quaking in his boots, -25 to all skill checks. 19-15% panic.
21-25	Scared \$#%@! less!! -20 to all skill checks. 14-10% panic.
26-30	Extremely reluctant, -10 to all skill checks. 09-05% panic.
31-34	Reluctant, -05 to all skill checks. 04-01% panic.
35-80	No modification.
81-85	Agitated, -05 to skill checks (not military and physical). 01-05% chance of berserking.
86-90	Miffed, -10 to skill checks (not military and physical). 06-10% chance of berserking.
91-95	Hostile, -15 to skill checks (not military and physical). 11-15% chance of berserking.
96-100	Angry, -20 to skill checks (-10 to military and physical). 16-20% chance of berserking.

RULE EXPANSIONS

- 101-106 Red-faced, -30 to skills checks (-20 to military and physical). 10% unable to talk. 21-26% chance of berserking. 00-01% chance of suicidal.
- 107-112 Psycho, -40 to skill checks (-30 to military and physical). Frothing at the mouth lunatic. 25% unable to talk. 27-32% chance of berserking. 02-07% chance of suicidal.
- 113-118 Insane, -50 to skill checks (-40 to military and physical). 40% unable to talk. 33-38% chance of berserking. 08-13% chance of suicidal.
- 119-124 Blind with rage, -60 to skill checks (-50 to military and physical). 60% unable to talk, 20% attack anyone within 2m. 38-44% chance of berserking. 14-29% chance of suicidal.
- 125-130 Out of control, 40% attack any person within 2m, -70 to all skill checks. 80% unable to talk. 45-50% chance of berserking. 30-35% chance of suicidal.
- 131+ Totally out of control, 60% attack any person within 2m. Unable to talk. 50+% chance of berserking. 35+% chance of suicidal.

NOTE: Any character who begins attacking others will do so for 10-60 seconds.

NOTE (also): The penalty for hand weapon and hand to hand attacks is always 20% less than the listed penalty. Hence, a character who is fighting using Hand to Hand wouldn't incur a penalty to attacks, unless his modified Aggression is over 106.

NOTE (yes, again!): Eridani do NOT berserk. They do get angry, and receive the extra damage and attacks given in the rule book under berserking, but they incur none of the penalties listed on the table given here. This happens because they are trained from birth to always be in control, particularly during combat.

NOTE (this should be the last one): Zen Rigel, who often have low Aggression scores, also do not follow this table. A combat medic is not much use if they run away every time you hear a gunshot. Zen are able to function normally in a combat situation, regardless of their Aggression scores.

NOTE (okay, I lied): If a character Berserks, turns Suicidal, or flees in panic, no skill may be performed for 2-12 minutes.

NOTE (oh good, this is the last one): Have a Nice Day!!!

THE LENGTH OF A MODULE

The average Battlelords adventure should last for 2 or 3 playing sessions, assuming that each session lasts from 4-6 hours. The BM should mix problem solving with good old fashioned combat for the best results. One nighters are those modules which last only for the night. These should take anywhere from 4-6 hours to complete. Mini-campaigns typically involve 2-4 modules that run together and take anywhere from 16 up to 64 hours. I have personally found that the average campaign takes about 40 hours and 2 months.

HANDING OUT EXPERIENCE POINTS

The question often seems to be "How many experience points should I give out during the course of an evening of chaos, adventure, disaster, comedy, and disaster while playing Battlelords of the 23rd Century?" I should point out that the Battle Master's section of the Battlelords of the 23rd Century basic rule book clearly outlines how experience points are awarded on an act for act basis. They don't, however, state a general rule of thumb on experience in the Battlelord's system. Maybe I can shed some light on the subject. As designer of the system, I have run numerous encounters and have a general idea of how much experience to award my players at the end of every night. I never realized it, but the following rules apply well to handing out general experience.

First you must rate the basic play of the group from pathetic to outstanding. Then cross-reference the time table and multiply the results accordingly.

EXPERIENCE AWARDS

Time of Play (hrs)	Experience Points
1	1,000
2	2,000
3	3,000
4	4,000
5	5,000
6	6,000
7	7,000
8	8,000
9	9,000
10	10,000

Multiply the above results by the following multiplier.

EXPERIENCE MODIFIERS

Quality of Play	Experience Multiplier
Unredeemably Bad	-75%
Pathetic	-50%
Bad	-25%
Average	0
Good	+10%
Very Good	+25%
Excellent	+50%
Outstanding	+100%
Candidate for Hall of Fame	+200%

PAYCHECKS AND BONUSES

Characters receive monthly salaries that differ depending on their primary occupation and rank. They receive a steady paycheck, even when they are operating in the field. Many BMs wonder how much are party members supposed to earn during an average adventure. Well, the answer isn't exactly clear. Generally, there is a steady increase in the bonus pay schedule, reflecting the relative increase in difficulty of each mission. You must figure into the equation how much of their armor and weapons were chewed up during the mission, how well they performed, etc. Be careful. If you start handing out lots of money every time they perform a mission, then your players begin to expect you to do so all the time. Before you know it you'll be handing out a million

credits for every mission. The following table is designed to provide insight as to how much extra money the party should be paid after a given mission. Again, it assumes that you increase the difficulty on a steady basis. The table is designed to provide you with a framework for doling out cash. It is not written in stone that you should give out exactly what the table lists.

Use good judgement. That's all. You alone must judge the toughness of your modules.

ADVENTURE BONUS

Difficulty Level	Bonus	Difficulty Level	Bonus
1	5,000	14	500,000
2	10,000	15	600,000
3	15,000	16	800,000
4	20,000	17	1.0M
5	30,000	18	1.25M
6	50,000	19	1.5M
7	75,000	20	1.75M
8	100,000	21	2.0M
9	125,000	22	2.5M
10	150,000	23	4.0M
11	200,000	24	6.5M
12	300,000	25	10.0M
13	400,000		

PARTIES WHO BECOME TOO POWERFUL

Some parties become too powerful. The game starts to get boring, degenerating into hack and slash where your PCs always end up wiping out the enemy. The fact is that this should never happen. Battlelords of the 23rd Century isn't like other roleplaying games. All you have to do is inform them that there are strict weapons laws on the planet that they are to conduct business on, and that they won't be able to smuggle any equipment on, due to the battlecruiser which always seems to be circling the planet and never goes away. If you strip the party of their armor every now and again, you'll find that they tend to purchase less direct combat oriented materials. Furthermore, a balanced party must be able to operate in urban areas as well as the wilderness and deep space. Finally, if the party becomes too powerful and you can't handle things, then I suggest the following. Throw an EMP round into the center of the party. That ought to waste most of their equipment. Or have the local authorities impound their gear under suspicion of wrong doing. No charges are brought to bear but it will take them stacks of paperwork and 6 months or so to get it back!

HIRELINGS

From time to time, characters will find the need to hire outside personnel to fulfill some need. Hirelings are an integral part of the success of any independent combat team. The selection of NPC hirelings should be carried out with extreme care. It is recommended that players look to overlap NPC skills with their own as well as pick up new skills. This allows a party member to go down without compromising the mission. The following table lists the NPCs available as hirelings, the cost to retain them per week and their loyalty base modifier (expressed in percentages).

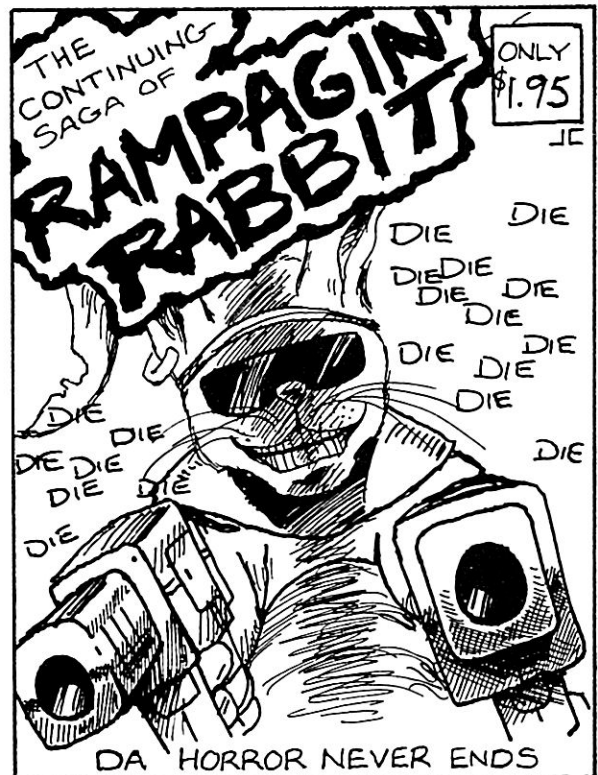
Characters can hire sentients for periods of up to a year. The salary commanded is equal to the amount detailed in the skills section of the Battlelords basic rule book.

NOTE! Add the loyalty base modifier of the NPC to that of the PC to determine how loyal the hireling is. Loyalty checks are made during crisis situations. Otherwise the NPC is assumed to be doing his job.

* These professions will enter combat zones with a 10% surcharge fee.

** These professions accept the hazards of combat and charge nothing extra for hazardous duty pay.

All other professions are considered non-combatants and must be paid 20-50% more to enter a combat zone.



CWK: Equals cost to retain the NPC per week. Specialized personnel gain 10% more pay per level of skill above the first. Military personnel (**) are paid 20% more per rank as detailed in the Battlelords basic rule book.

LB: Loyalty Base (expressed in percentages). It relates the NPC's basic goals when compared to that of the party.

Example: Astrocartographers are very loyal because they are being hired to chart out maps, which is what they want to do anyway.

OQ: Occupational Quantifier. Lists whether the profession is Specialized or General Certificate.

SP: Levels of skill.

TP: Tertiary Points. Details how many points are available for other skills outside their specialized skill area within the same general field. This equals the total amount of skill points available for General Certificate holders.

RULE EXPANSIONS

HIRELINGS

HIRELINGS	CWK	LB	OQ	SP	TP
Accountant	1000	+25	S	7-12	2-12
Animal Handler	700	+00	S	12-18	-
*Anthropologist	1200	+10	S	5-12	4-16
*Archeologist	2000	+05	S	10-17	4-16
Architecture	2000	+15	S	6-12	5-20
*Astrocartographer	1500	+25	S	10-18	-
*Biologist	1000	+25	S	9-15	2-12
*Botanist	1000	+25	S	9-15	2-12
Carpenter	600	+00	S	9-15	2-8
Chemist	800	+10	S	9-15	2-12
*Communications Expert	1200	+35	G	-	40-60
*Communications Director	1700	+40	G	-	60-80
Computer Operator	900	+20	G	-	30-50
Computer Programmer	1200	+20	G	-	35-65
*Cryptographer	1500	+35	S	6-10	-
Cybernetics Designer	2000	+10	S	5-10	2-12
Engineer (civil)	1200	+10	S	5-10	5-20
Engineer (cybernetics)	1400	+10	S	5-10	5-20
Engineer (electrical)	1000	+10	S	5-10	5-20
Engineer (hydraulic)	1000	+10	S	5-10	5-20
**Engineer (ionization)	3000	+35	S	7-12	5-30
Engineer (mechanical)	1000	+10	S	5-10	5-20
*Engineer (nuclear)	2000	+20	S	7-12	5-25
Engineer (robotics)	1500	+10	S	5-10	5-25
**Firefighter (deep space)	1000	+50	S	10-15	4-16
*Gemologist	800	+10	S	9-15	-
Investment Analyst	800	00	S	9-15	3-18
Lawyer	var	10	S	10-20	-
Manufacturer (cybernetics)	var	00	S	5-10	3-18
Electrician	800	-05	S	9-17	2-12
Electronics	700	00	S	9-17	3-18
Machinist	900	+10	S	6-12	-

HIRELINGS	CWK	LB	OQ	SP	TP
Masonry	700	00	S	12-20	-
*Mechanic (atm)	1000	+20	S	7-12	-
Mechanic (auto)	600	00	S	10-20	-
**Mechanic (hel.)	1000	+20	S	7-12	-
**Mechanic (tank)	1000	+30	S	7-12	-
**Mechanic (space)	2500	+35	S	8-14	4-16
**Medic-technician	1000	+50	G	-	60-90
Metallurgy	1200	00	S	7-15	-
Mining	900	-10	S	8-15	2-12
**Navigator	2000	+40	S	8-14	4-16
*Paramedic	800	+20	G	-	70-120
Physicist	1000	+10	S	6-12	5-25
Repairer (cybernetics)	900	00	S	5-10	4-16
Repairer (computer)	900	00	S	6-14	4-16
Repairer (robotics)	1200	00	S	6-12	4-16
Robotics Analyst	1200	00	G	-	70-120
**Salvager (deep space)	3500	+20	S	6-15	5-20
**Safe Cracker	2000	-20	S	10-25	5-30
Seamanship	800	-15	S	10-20	-
**Smuggler	5000	-30	S	7-15	4-16
**Spy	var	-35	G	-	50-120
*Surgeon	2000	+25	S	4-10	5-25
**Soldier (enlisted)	800	-10	G	-	20-70
**Soldier (sergeant)	1000	+10	G	-	71-170
**Soldier (senior NCO)	2000	+30	G	-	170-300
**Soldier (officer)	2000	+40	G	-	25-100
**Soldier (commander)	5000	+50	G	-	101-250
Teacher	700	00	S	10-20	4-16
Theologian	800	-15	S	10-20	-
**Trader	1000	-20	S	-	-
Welder	1000	-10	S	2-12	-

NPC LOYALTY MODIFIERS

Situation	Modifier
Aware of Lies	-25
Bribe (per 05% of salary)	+10
Equal share of bounty	+25
Chance to make the news	+10
Will benefit / cause injury to others	+15
Insurmountable odds	-45
Extensive compliments	+05
Party member gets wasted	-20
Multiple party members get wasted	-65
Arachnids involved	-80
SNAFU	-05
Things look bleak	-15

CONTROLLING NPCs

NPCs aren't cannon fodder. They have a mind. And trust me, they aren't into dying! NPCs demand all expenses paid. On top of that, most NPCs charge 25% up front before they do anything. NPCs retain the right to check a prospective employer's Customer Credit Index.

Usually NPCs do what they are told. They realize that they are making more than most people in their profession. Even if not very loyal, most NPCs want to make that big money; they avoid conflicts with the boss and mutter four letter words beneath their breath as they do their job. But when the going gets tough, most NPCs stop going. The following table lists the situational modifiers where the loyalty modifier of the NPC increases or decreases. Anytime a situation occurs where there is a decrease in loyalty, a loyalty check must be made to see if the NPC is willing to continue working. Anytime there is an increase in loyalty, there is a 50% chance that it is permanent. The overall loyalty rating of a party equals the loyalty bonus of the PC with the highest charisma, plus the loyalty bonus of the PC with the lowest charisma, divided by two. The average of the two loyalty scores equals the overall loyalty base of the NPC.

CLOSING SHOTS

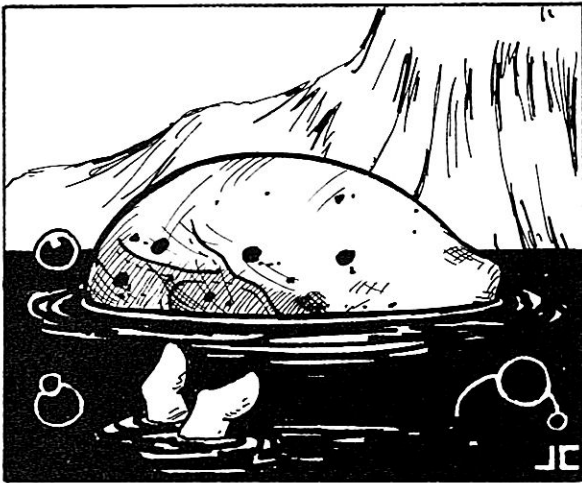
OBITUARIES

The following are notable excerpts from the Obituary file of Madd Make's Mercenary Brochure. We request any legitimate obituaries from those of you out there who have been unfortunate enough to have bought the farm while adventuring around the universe. Please send all corpses to Optimus Design Systems, C/O of the Mortuary, PO Box 1511 Buffalo, NY 14215!

BROOK, Arth, Orion; Died 6/11/2279: Died following a long illness, brought on by his ingestion of 13 pounds of toxic waste. Well known as the winner of several "You Wouldn't Eat THAT!" Tri-V contests.

"GROWL", Ram Python; Died: 8/25/2278: Saw a Sau-Bau and didn't run with the rest of his platoon. Remaining liquid was poured under his favorite tree!

HE-LAR, Mutzachan; Died 4/29/2279: Took an involuntary bath in the lava of Mt. Tren, the largest active volcano on Sermine. No remains recovered. A memorial inscription was entered into the SSDC Deceased Employee data library. The data library now contains some 250,000 names and inscriptions commemorating those who served the company.



EPRATUR-IDAN Eridani; Died 6/13/2279: This brave and foolish Eridani was in the wrong place at the wrong time. He died bravely though, sword knocked from hand. He defended the party's life by blocking the Black Eridani's sword with his heart! (Injection)

JODIABAHH-ICON of the 23rd House of Eridine; Died 2/12/2278: "Rolled a Double Zodd" while attempting to jump between two skyscrapers 50 stories tall. He fell proudly recanting the Eridani hymn of battle. He rolled another double Zodd and landed on his head, suffering 300 points of damage

The Bloody Legionnaires Party; Died 1/7/2279: The Blood Legionnaires thought they could await extraction from their precarious predicament! They each suffered only 1200 heavy points when they were evaporated by a small nuclear bomb!

CULTURE COLUMN

Culture Column takes a look at frequently asked questions (FAQs) by gamers. Furthermore, this commentary addresses ideas submitted by you the gamer. So please feel free to submit any thoughts, dreams, or mad visions of the Battelords universe and system to Optimus Design Systems C/O Culture Corner, PO Box 1511 Buffalo NY 14215.

Question (Mike from Toledo Ohio): How do you divide Phentari armor up by location?

Answer: Well Mike, its simple. 05% is divided amongst each arm section. The rest is divided normally, 20% to the chest abdomen, and legs respectively. If a roll indicates an arm hit, roll a d6. Odd means the attack struck the upper arm. Even indicates a hit to lower arm section.

Question (Jake from Ann Arbor Michigan): How do you divide Cizerak armor up by location?

Answer: 15% is divided up in each of the 4 leg sections. The abdomen and chest are treated normally, 20% in each.

Question (Rob from Helsinburg, Sweden): Do robots use unmodified weapons stats?

Answer: Most robots have a TAC (Target Acquisition Computer) on board which has a rating of +10 to +100. This number is added to the base chance to hit with the weapon (as listed on the weapons tables), and is used for all weapons that the robot carries.

Question (Rob from Helsinburg, Sweden): If mag rounds use a laser to penetrate the armor, how strong is the laser itself?

Answer: We don't have a clue! Actually, this question has never been asked but its a good one! Mag round lasers can penetrate up to 12 threshold.

Question (Chris from Cleveland, Indiana): Which weapons use clips?

Answer: Any weapon which contains 25 or fewer shots is assumed to be a clip.

Question (Aaron from Kenai, Alaska): Do you roll to hit for each bullet fired?

Answer: No! No! No! You roll whatever dice are appropriate. The result is the number of bullets that actually strike the target. Example: A M16 fires 3 rounds per second. Roll a d3 (d6 divided by two). A result of a 4 would indicate that 2 rounds struck the target.

Question (Owen from Rochester, New York): What is the threshold for cybernetic implants?

Answer: Non-cybernetic implants have a threshold of 3 while weapons are assumed to have a 7-10 threshold.

BATTLELORDS™

OF THE 23RD CENTURY

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And so the mega-corporations have hired on a few good men to get the job done! They are referred to as Battlelords. They all have one thing in common. Each believes that he, she, or it, can make a difference. They come from everywhere, from the vast savannahs of Cashoulis, to the infernal volcanic regions of Trishmag, from the methane hell of Eridine, to the great seas of Pythos. They are energy controllers, bounty hunters, Swordsaints and changelings, aliens from different worlds, with different agendas, thrown together in a morass of danger to carve out a common destiny.

Loyalty is to the company, yet corporate devotion never exceeds allegiance to your friends. The mercenary team embodies everything that is valued in society, esprit de corps, honor, and valor. At least that is what the papers say! Your job is a simple one, do anything and everything to stay alive. The company gets all the press. You get to pick up a paycheck. No one cares about methods, but in the 23RD Century, everybody needs a hero!

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✳ **Battlelords of the 23RD Century: Final Edition!** Battlelords is a skill based system, utilizing power points for the equivalent of magic, and is percentile-based. There are 12 races, and players can customize them by choosing from more than 150 skills. There are approximately 170 different weapons, vehicles, and over 250 special powers available. This 256 page rule book has a wealth of background information—focusing on roleplaying alien races that have been forced into an alliance of need. \$21.95.

✳ **Lock-n-Load:** A 160-page supplement filled with some 2,000 pieces of equipment. This, the Battlelord's war manual, contains approximately 50 weapon systems and everything from espionage gadgets to personal gear. With it, the players will have the necessities to give their characters a fighting chance to survive the challenges of the unknown 23RD century. \$15.95.

✳ **Don't be Alarmed, This is only a Test:** A 48-page adventure module. Players are taken through a would be training environment turned free-fire zone in an attempt to fend off Rebel terrorists and secure an experimental armor design for their mega-corporation. \$8.95.

✳ **Injection:** A 96-page adventure module. This adventure starts out in a mysterious web of corporate espionage but ends up with characters in a life and death struggle against alien creatures in the labyrinth of underground sewers on Bena 4. \$11.95.

✳ **The Galactic Underground:** 96 pages of roleplaying excitement! Includes 3 new player character races, the Kizanti Assassin, the Goola-Goola space dwarf, and synthetic humanoids. This publication features expanded character generation tables, showcasing the ever deadlier Fickle Finger of Fate tables. The Galactic Underground also contains over 100 new special powers, and articles on matrix technology. Eridani lovers will more than be happy with the globs of new information on the Swordsaints. The Galactic Underground is a must! \$10.95.

✳ **No Man's Land:** This 128 page space atlas contains over 100 developed worlds, 3 new player character races, two turtle doves, and an Arachnid dead in a tree! Actually, the focus of the work is to provide background information for roleplaying, detailing over 50 NPC groups and player character services. Learn about Pirates, Cyball, and the Anarchist Rebellion Movement, just to name a few! \$13.95.

✳ **Adventure Record Sheets:** Printed on card stock, these record sheets will keep track of the more important but ever changing aspects of your character. They are durable and will stand up to many erasings! \$3.95.

✳ **Advanced Character Sheets:** These four page sheets will allow players keep a more detailed record of their character. Twelve per pack! \$3.95.

✳ **Uncle Ernie and His Minions of Doom:** The monsters of the future are unleashed into the Fornax galaxy by our favorite mad scientist, Uncle Ernie. This book is 96 pages of creatures; organic, inorganic, synthetic, extra-terrestrial, and more. Uncle Ernie gives Battle Masters the means to invoke fear into player characters. \$11.95.

✳ **Hell's Kitchen:** No more messing around. Hell's Kitchen takes you to the edge of the frontier to Arachnid country. Play the forces of evil as this 96 page supplement brings you the Johdan Sacrifice, the Farkon Shapeshifter, and the Lornax Parasite. This space atlas provides political intrigue or firepower. The option is yours. \$11.95.

TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

The Arachnids are DEFINITELY coming!!!

Finally, help has arrived! Now, the dreaded Gemini Space Druid has been unleashed on the universe, one ton of angry rock with tremendous special powers. Beware of the Andromeni, an energy sucking vampire creature that consumes your body. Play an Ashanti Warrior. Be a cute little cuddly Furbl. And if that doesn't suit your tastes, act out your wildly sordid childhood as a redneck killer rabbit with an attitude as big as his belt buckle and a gun as big as your head!

The Galactic Underground brings to you six new player races, custom designed to fit your roleplaying needs. The GU2 is second in a series of books devoted to expanding the Battlelords of the 23RD Century roleplaying universe. This volume of the Galactic Underground offers an in depth look at the Phentari perspective, providing a cultural mosaic about squid life. Witness Jaquassarious Phentari at his baddest, as he takes on the entire 1st House of Eridine in a battle to the death! Study the Zen/Tza Zen controversy as Shrayalzzid Damadec adamantly defends the anti-healer position.

For those of you deranged, twisted types who want to roleplay first, then go to full automatic and spray the universe, the Galactic Underground II is a definite must. Without it, your character is just a body waiting for a place to happen!



Revenge

When the enemy hath dealt you grievous harm,
Yet your cunning strong prevailed,
And in the end found violent resolve.
When the angry splatter of his quickened blood,
East wicked upon the naked ground,
Is but a solemn painting,
A mosaic of injustice,
Of the sentence he hath served you.
Each drop speaks with silent testament,
Swelling pool, the oath felled witness.
His broken corpse but the twisted canvas,
Upon which you paint with dire eloquence,
The fiery strokes of your vengeful soul!

—The One

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