

BATTLELODS
OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY™

Silent Wars

Tales Of The Rebellion



THE BATTLELORDS' REBEL SOURCEBOOK

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Silent Wars



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SILENT WARS

By Harry L. Heckel IV

I. SO, YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

They asked me my name again.
“Jack.” I said.

The tall Eridani warrior looked down at me with typical disdain. I thought he was going to spit in his helmet. “According to our records, you are Dash Flare, former Cyball Jammer, missing for the last few months. You’re also Rebel scum.”

“Are you sure?” I managed a wicked grin, even though I could tell that the Ram behind the sword saint was already looking forward to pulling off my arms. “Maybe I’m Jasq Phentari in disguise, and about ready to add you to a small part of my legend, you mega-corporate honorless wage-slave.”

The Eridani went berserk. Fortunately for me, the Zen Rigeln nodded to the Ram. The large dinosaur grabbed the Eridani almost instantly. Between that and my Gen-Human reflexes, I managed to escape with only a large slash across my chest. I screamed rather impressively, and the blood made it look a lot worse than it really was. I took some solace in the fact that the Zen wouldn’t let me die. I wished briefly that I could return the favor.

If you’ve never listened to an Eridani curse, it’s one of the oddest sets of sounds. Those breath masks make everything rasp and you get these deep weird noises like some kind of dysfunctional bass. I made a mental note to myself that if I ever wanted to form a rock group, I’d hire a squid or a sword saint to breathe heavy on backup.

The Zen concentrated, focusing on his matrix I guess (I was a little busy bleeding to death). I vaguely remember discussing with the Zen something about buying the Eridani a sword that cauterized when it cut. The Zen was probably ignoring me, but I like talking when I get desperate.
Here I was, inside some mega-corporate floating

citadel, which hovered over the poor fringe world of Granx VI, an unimportant mudball on the galactic map, except for the fact that the Alliance had completely ignored it and allowed the Eridi-Corp to buy the planet. The sword saints, with their usual arrogance, saw the small scrawny Granxites (or is it Granxians?) as unworthy of anything but menial labor and refused to recognize their tribal confederation. The more Granxites (maybe it’s Granxes or something) I met, the more I was forced to agree with the Eridi-Corp. They really were pathetic. However, they had one thing going for them. They couldn’t stand the Galactic Alliance, thanks to Eridi-Corp. Their confederation had met in secret and determined that they would allow the Rebellion to have bases on their planet if we would free them from their corporate overlords.

I had wondered why we had agreed, the Rebellion that is. This wasn’t exactly an easy mission. Blow up a corporate space-center, yeah, right. Just the perfect thing to do on a Sunday afternoon. It was made even more enjoyable by the fact that half the center had methane-filled hallways, separated by airlocks from the rest of the offices, so that the Eridani could relax in corporate comfort. Besides, after 2207 and the Dallas Station Incident, this was exactly the sort of thing that we shouldn’t do.

I now knew why we were doing this one. When the little computer geek Mutzachan (whose brains were now splattered across the last hallway, thanks to the Ram Python who had just saved my ass) had accessed the records of this corp center, he discovered why Granx VI meant anything to anyone. It was a jungle world with some of the most diverse life forms in any system. Lots of genes for genetic manipulators like my favorite uncle, Ernie, to play with. Just what a Gen-Human wants to know that his Rebellion is doing. I was born in a vat, now here I was, carrying the flag of liberty and revolution, struggling in the name of the underprivileged everywhere, working to make it possible for my bosses to help a madman unleash genetic monstrosities across the universe. Sometimes you’ve got to wonder how far you’ve got to go to give peace and decency a chance?

Maybe I should’ve given the Eridi-Corp guys my resume.

A few seconds later, I realized that I was still alive. Lucky me. Two Eridani dragged me toward one of those methane corridors, and I think one of them tried

to shove a breath mask down my throat during the process. I did the only thing I could think of... I started to talk. You see, there's a reason that I talk when I get desperate. It all goes back to a Orion player I knew back in my Cyball days, before I decided that getting a new face every week wasn't such a good perk for a job. He always told me that if you can get to them by talking and psyching them out, then they won't get a chance to get to you. It was good advice as long as they didn't just decide to shoot you.

"There's a bomb about to go off..." I choked. Then, I went limp in their arms. They dropped me, of course.

"What?" said my good friend the mad slasher as he picked me up. Eridani have weird-looking eyes, did you know that? The way they manage to glare is truly unique among the races in the galaxies. Someone needs to tell them the Mohawk look was out in 2277 though. Been there, done that. I kept wanting to write things on the sides of my head, usually to antagonize people. Of course, then I wanted to play Cyball without a helmet, so you know, I'm not the wisest of characters. Fairly popular, though. And I'm the only Cyball player I know who manages a pretty smile without it looking too fake.

I swallowed and tried to look scared. I smiled evilly instead, but it unnerved him. Eridani eyes may look weird, but I once had to play against a Ram Python, get the picture? It's all that Orion's fault.

"There's a b-o-m-b on board. I can spell it again more slowly if you'd like. You heard of the ol' Alpha Dallas when 34 million plus went splat on the side of a planet? Guess what? We probably will be a few million short on the population side of this disaster, but don't feel bad. I think with all this high-tech equipment, we can beat them in property damage. There's only one problem."

The sword saint drew his blade and put it against my cheek. "Where's the bomb?"

He was obviously not a happy Eridani.

"I was just getting to that... you see, I don't really want to die." I replied. "Why don't you put me down, and I'll take you to it?"

The Orion, whose name I can't remember for the life of me at the moment told me that there were five hundred ways out of any conversation. I wished that he had

taught me at least one good one. The Eridani did throw me down. The Zen stood over me (make that loomed) and shook his head sadly. The Ram looked happy. The other Eridani goons had that classic blank Eridani "command me" stare. The mad slasher pointed his sword at me.

"If you kill me, then I can't take you to the bomb." I said.

"Why don't you just tell us where the bombs are? On my family's honor, you will not die painfully if you tell us the truth and allow us to save this station."

It seemed like a decent offer. I was getting somewhere.

"I can't tell you. We don't have enough time, and I don't know exactly where..." I got gutsy, pushed the sword out of my face, and stood up. "Look, you weasels have done well. You stopped me from making my rendezvous, and neither you and I have a lot of time. Do you want me to take you to the bombs or do you want the lot of us to form part of the Granxites' ozone layer for the next millennia or two? If we're lucky, the explosion will be big enough for us to become part of a few local myths? Understand?"

I think I impressed the Eridani by the sheer amount of stupidity it took to push aside the sword of an alien who had nearly separated my top half from my bottom a few minutes before.

"Station go boom?" asked the Ram.

I laughed. "Yeah, big guy, station go boom."

The Ram laughed back. The Eridani slasher, Captain Bloodthirsty or whatever, gave us both looks that could kill. I shut up, but the Ram kept laughing.

"Silence!" commanded the Eridani.

"Huh?" said the Ram.

Obviously, the Eridani slash maniac had a good deal of control over his people.

"Can we get going? Time's wasting. And that little shrimp Mutzachan, Harry, never managed to set bombs properly. He loves fallout too much. Hmmm?"

The Eridani grumbled. The Zen shook his head. The Ram mouthed "boom" to me and giggled. The other two Eridani stayed as rigid as possible.



“Take us there, now.” said the angry sword saint.

I was walking. It was nice to be in the lead. It gave me a momentary feeling like I was actually in charge of what was going on. It was a good feeling. My ol’ Orion buddy always said that this was what life was all about - when you were betting with absolutely no cards in your hand and stood less than a whistle away from death.

I took the opportunity to think. Okay, Hairball (the Mutzachan) was in charge of our pickup, which meant that we were supposed to high-tail it out of here on some kind of supply ship. All I had to do was... get in a suit, get out of the station, catch a spaceship, manage to board said spaceship, and somehow in the process, lose my escort without them killing me. Then, I needed to rendezvous with the Rebellion and hope that I didn’t discover that I had given this lousy planet to ARM. It was a great plan, especially considering that I was nearly dead a few moments before.

We got to an airlock. “Environment suits of some nature? Let’s go. We need to get outside. We planted those babies on the hull of the station.”

“Then, we don’t need you anymore, Dash Flare.” snarled the Eridani. He drew back his sword.

“What are you going to do without me? They’re hidden from your exterior sensors. Trust me!” I said.

“Trust you? I think we’ve done enough of that, Rebel butcher.” He gave me that glare, then that harsh breath noise. For some reason, all I could think was: is this what a Larry adventure is like?

Suddenly, the Ram grabbed the Eridani and smashed him into the airlock. I knew that I wasn’t in a Larry adventure.

“You’re Dash Flare.” said the Ram.

“Right.” I said. Not a great response, I realize, but just think about things. I’m on the verge of getting shot by the other two Eridani, who are stunned that the Ram just plastered their fearless leader across the airlock. I have no clue why the Ram just did what he did, but I find some solace in that, because if I did understand the Ram, what would that say about my I.Q.?

I decided to attack the Eridani. I shoved the lot of them into the airlock with a nice flying block (see Mom,

Cyball was good for something besides money, plastic surgery, and fast women). They just fell over like good dominos, one after the other. I then closed the airlock on my side and opened it on theirs. Explosive decompression looks like fireworks if the sunlight hits it right. Just something freaky for you to think about.

I looked at the Zen. The Zen looked at the Ram. The Ram looked at me. Everyone was silent, and I felt rather short.

“I’m a big Cyball fan. Why did you retire?” asked the Ram as he grabbed me by the head. Luckily, he was being relatively gentle. I’d played with concussions before. I could take it, at least for a few minutes. Besides, the Zen probably wouldn’t let me die. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see the Zen shuffle over to the airlock window.

“I found something more fun. Want to join me? You can be on my team!” I tried to make utter agony sound like enthusiasm.

“Really?” said the Ram.

“Really... what’s your name, big fella? Why don’t you let me go while we’re at it? Oh, thanks for saving me.” I thought I could feel blood coming out of my ears.

He dropped me. This was becoming an old routine here in Eridi-Corp Orbital Research Platform Alpha 27. I get picked up. I get dropped. I’d had up and down sorts of days, but this was beyond ridiculous.

“We really should get out of here.” I managed.

“I’m Bob.” said the Ram. “I want to be on your team. You need some help.”

I sat on the floor and blinked for a second. After listening to every vein in my forehead throb, I looked at Bob the Ram Python. Now, just between you and I, there are two types of people in this Battlelords universe of ours: Those with cool names like Dash Flare, and the guys named Bob and Harry. Harry, the ex-Mutzachan, was now a smear on the last corridor. However, I didn’t see any reason to bring this point up to Bob.

“You can be on my team any day, Bob.” I stood, and started to go through the lockers by the airlocks. I found the suits I was looking for. I glanced over at the Zen.

"What's your name, healer? Oh, and are you going to try to stop Bob and I from getting back before the big league game?"

"League Game!" chorused Bob. He bounced. The floor shook. I was getting nervous again.

"I am Rallidur of Katrell," the Zen intoned, "and I want to know, do we have a chance of stopping those bombs?"

"Not a prayer, Ralli." I answered as I started setting a record for putting on a suit.

"Get a suit, Bob." I ordered.

"Do I have to?" he asked.

"Yes." I replied.

"He's just a kid," explained Rallidur, "the Eridani hired him early because of his enthusiasm and his ability to move around in the jungles below."

"Ralli, come with us. You can't save this station. We'll pay better than the Eridani." I tried the sales pitch. "Besides, you'll have a chance to make the universe a better place."

"All life is sacred," spoke the skeletal figure, "I must try to alert the Eridani."

I picked up one of the saints' swords, albeit clumsily. Rallidur turned to face me, those dark orbs of his fixing on my face.

"Will you try and stop me?" he asked, stepping forward in the direction of the sword.

"I wouldn't kill you, Rallidur. I owe you my life." I looked at Bob.

"Hey, Python, show me a good block. If you're going to be a team with a Jammer like me, you've got to have some style."

Bob slammed happily in Rallidur, knocking him completely out. He had good technique. I'd play with him.

"Well done, Bob." I finished getting my suit on.

Bob laughed.

"Get your suit on." I reminded him. Bob knew exactly where the Eridi-Corp guys kept their Ram Python suits, and I dragged the Zen over to the side and shoved him into a Ram suit. It fit, although it was a bit baggy. Sort of like a tent with a single pole in it.

Alarms sounded. Bob was ready. "Carry this." I said, indicating the misshapen lump that was the Zen's body, stuffed in a suit.

Things were going better than they had a right to be.

We headed outside the airlock. Space.. the place where you clamp your mag-boots to the nearest object and pray to whatever you hold dear that you don't slip.

I gestured to Bob and I started making my way down to the nearest hangar. This was going to be impossible. They had an airlock closed in front of the hangar. That meant, Bob and I had to somehow manage to get inside as the airlock was opening and land on the outside of a ship, locking our mag-boots as we did so, and trying to make sure that we didn't get caught in the platform's gravity field inside, or we'd get torn to bits. Fun. Fun.

Then, I saw the exposed arrays outside the hangar, with their cables and wires. I had such a stupid concept that it had to work.

When the hangar opened, Bob was holding me, Ralli, and a lot of cable.

"Bob, just remember, when I say jump, jump. Okay?"

"Okay." He said.

I thought everything would work.

"Jump." I said. With any luck, we'd land right on the front, near the bridge.

He stayed put.

"Bob? Bob? Jump!!" I shouted.

"But, you said when I say jump, jump. You only said jump once each time."

I could see the ship heading out. We were going to miss it. Unbelievable.

"Okay, jump, jump!!" I yelled.

He did. Thank the Maker for massive Ram Python legs. We bounded out into the void. Thoughts of re-entry briefly flashed in my mind. I wondered how hot it would get. I wondered if Bob could live until impact. Then, we landed on the back of the ship.

I put my feet down and let the magnetics do their work. Through the suit, I could feel the ship shake. I saw an airlock.

“Bob, over there. Let’s get going, before this baby hits the stargate...” and that station explodes, I decided to finish silently. The mighty Ram reached the airlock and started banging on it.

“No one is stupid enough...” I thought to myself.

Then, it opened. It had to be another Ram. That was the only explanation. I didn’t argue. I just entered.

A few seconds later, we were in breathable air. I took off the helmet and inhaled.

“Let me guess.” said a gorgeous human female in front of me. Not a Ram to be seen besides Bob. “You’re the Rebel commandos who were going to strike that station?”

“Huh?” answered Bob, dropping Ralli.

“Sort of...” I said.

She smiled. She was really cute, and she had a Savage-B in her right hand. Nasty galactic marine weapon.

I smiled.

“Good. I’m Alexandra, but you can call me Lex. I’m supposed to take you to the Rebel rendezvous point.”

Here’s a piece of advice for all you Galactic Alliance boys and girls: Don’t carry near state of the art weaponry with you. We’re the Rebellion. We’re lucky to have powder weapons. At least, Ms. Galactic (Le)X wasn’t holding a Diffraction Pistol or something overly obvious.

A new piece of the puzzle started to fit. Maybe I was being set up. Maybe someone wanted me to die. Someone inside the Rebellion? Certainly possible.

“Thanks, Lex.” I turned to Bob and whispered, “Hey, big guy, I hate to tell you this, but she’s an agent for the

other team.”

His eyes grew wide.

“She’s trying to stop us from getting to the league game.”

Bob roared and charged her.

“I WANT PLAY CYBALL WITH JAMMER DASH!!!!” She was good. A few shots actually hit Bob before she was goo on the floor.

“Too bad we don’t have a Phentari to clean up the mess.” This was a delicacy for them, mushed human. Now, just so you know, Phentari enjoy Gen-Humans as well, after all we aren’t that different. However, I played Cyball for a while. Then I became a Rebel. I’m not quite right.

I took her Savage-B. Bob was still standing, and I figured Ralli would help fix him up.

“Get Ralli, he’s going to be the team doctor.” I said.

“Okay. Bob chest hurt.”

I nodded. “Ralli’ll fix you up.” I said.

Then, the explosion happened. The ship shuddered. I ran to the front.

Two Eridani guards stood in front of the bridge. The nice thing about the Savage-B is that if you catch two people by surprise, it finishes them really nicely. They dropped.

I headed onto the bridge, and found the captain. He didn’t like the gun pointed at his head. He liked the bleeding Ram even less. I sat down in the co-pilot’s chair.

“What are you doing?” he said. He was an older man.

“Get up slowly and turn around. Try anything and I fry you.”

“Hey, I know you, you’re...”

“Dash Flare.” we chorused.

I clocked him behind the head with the Savage-B, then locked the door to the bridge. Ralli was moaning. I

checked the crew, only two others, research specialists. Probably help for Galactic Lex. Pity about that one. I locked them in their rooms.

Then, I plotted the course for the rendezvous, and took a long moment to watch the exploding Eridi-Corp Platform. It was an incredible sight. I hoped ARM didn't get the planet, but at that moment, I didn't care a lot. I had no right to be alive.

Then I realized I had one last problem.

What was I going to do when Bob found out there was no league game?

II. INTRODUCTION

The History of the Rebellion

Excerpted from The Galactic Domesday Book written by Tishanta Mazaki, former librarian of New Terra:

We all want to survive. The lifeforms in our galaxy have a simple choice: cooperate and love each other, find strength in our differences and learn from each other, or die. As exploration of space continues, the potential of encountering threats to all species, threats like the Arachnids, grows. Even though almost every lifeform seems to recognize the danger of an alien invasion force, there are more immediate threats to our future. The true enemy lies within known space, and it hides in plain sight.

The Alliance is the pinnacle of intergalactic civilization. Never has interspecies cooperation existed on such a grand scale. Shared cultures and technologies have opened the doors to scientific advancement, benefiting all life. Unfortunately, the Alliance has also spawned the seeds of its own destruction: the galactic corporations and a self-perpetuating bureaucracy.

The corporations control virtually all of the resources in known space. They fight dirty secret wars with one another and new races that they encounter, employing the heroes and villains of our age: the battlelords. The bottom line for these corporations is profit. They aren't looking out for the population of the galaxy as a whole, they are striving for their own survival and success. Corporations don't care.

The only force which might have the influence or authority to curtail the activities of the corporations is the government. The grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the Alliance's founders now supposedly watch over our best interests. All of them have spent their lives in luxury. They have all attended a handful of the best schools. After they've graduated, this select group steps into their waiting leadership positions. I know, because I'm one of them. Chances are, if you are reading this, so are you.

The leadership of the Alliance doesn't have the first bit of understanding about the needs of the common citizen. None of us have served aboard a garbage scow, worked in a radioactive mine, or struggled to sell useless diodes in order to have enough money to survive. Politicians and bureaucrats have an easier time understanding and relating to the corporate executives. Don't be deceived by what our government pretends to be. We are more of a feudal state than a free republic.

Who hears the voices of the people? Who can hear the cry of the Python Lizard trapped on a desert planet in the employ of his corporate masters, barely avoiding desiccation? Who speaks for the lonely freelance star traders constantly harassed by corporations out to destroy all competition? Is there any hope for the common lifeform?

The Rebellion is the only hope.

The Rebellion comes from the hearts of the lifeforms in our galaxy. The Zen Rigeln, the most beloved race in the Alliance, a species dedicated to the pursuit of healing and peace, supports the Rebellion, even if not openly. I believe that eventually the Rebellion will triumph, and the heads of our major corporations will find themselves pressed up against the wall while their own battlelords lock and load. This history will one day be read by all beings. Spread the word. The Rebellion is coming.

The Rebellion started on Mars in 2180 with a scientific group organized to work on Project: Prometheus, a study of the recovery of humanity following the Great War on Terra. According to rumors that circulate in the Rebellion, an alien being, endowed with mystical abilities known as Axion appeared to a group of researchers at the Martian University at Mons Olympus and instructed them to propose Project: Prometheus to university officials. Those that believe this myth claim that Axion was a Dane.

Regardless, Project: Prometheus went much farther than anyone outside the university suspected. Project: Prometheus developed into a study of historical trends across the galaxy, fed into a master computer network and artificial intelligence, Cassandra. The project members created computer-generated societal models based on their research in an attempt to predict large-scale social behavior. The project members wanted to identify problems in the societies before they became apparent to politicians, and therefore, hopefully head them off. For example, if they knew that tensions between the Ram Pythons and Cizerack would develop into a war within twenty years, then the Alliance could take steps to promote a peaceful resolution before any conflict resulted.

The science team fed Cassandra with societal data from the Eridani, Phentari, and the Orions. Cassandra received data on the pre-war nations on Terra, on the Cizeracks, the Python Lizards, and the Ram Pythons. After as much information as possible was collected, the Prometheus team attempted to predict the Eridani-Phentari War and the Cizerack-Python conflict. Cassandra failed. The models predicted conflicts, but the predictions had little to do with actual historical events. The team started adjusting the models, but to no avail. They say that it wasn't until Axion reappeared to the head scientist that the experiment showed any success.

After several months of changes, Cassandra successfully predicted the historical results of the Eridani-Phentari war. Then, Cassandra predicted the Terran War. Finally, she predicted the Cizerack conquest of the Pythos system. Cassandra successfully determined the historical outcomes of each of the wars. The members of Project: Prometheus were ecstatic, but before they reported their results to the government, Axion reappeared.

According to a few surviving records, the alien being instructed the members of the team to enter as much data as possible about current events in the galaxy in an attempt to predict the future. We may never know for certain what happened next.

Some reports suggest that the Galactic Alliance discovered the Project: Prometheus team accessing top secret information. Other stories from Rebel sources imply that a traitor among the scientists informed the government about the attempted prediction and several politicians grew afraid.

An Alliance military officer, Colonel Arnath Seide, ordered Galactic Troopers to take up positions around the Project: Prometheus labs. He ordered the scientists to surrender and shut down Moira. The team refused and university security fired on troopers who approached the lab. Colonel Seide ordered power to the university shut off, but Project: Prometheus had its own generators buried beneath the lab.

Colonel Seide was out of options. He had his orders. Seide and his troopers leveled Project: Prometheus with a massive barrage of weaponry. A single Ram Python, Ari, was the only survivor of the initial onslaught, and he didn't last long. With his last breaths, he murmured incoherently about spiders, skeletons, big danger, and big chungu. A computer record showed that Moira had transmitted a massive amount of data in the final minutes of Project: Prometheus. Neither Colonel Seide or his superiors realized how important the Prometheus Incident would become.

The 2187 Rebel Uprising

Large numbers of relatives and friends of the Project: Prometheus team vanished over the next few years. The Alliance started making arrests of those who didn't disappear, charging them with treason and conspiracy. Politicians on Mars had to endure grillings by the media on the Prometheus Incident. Rumors surfaced that claimed Moira had uploaded her findings into the Galactic Net before her destruction.

The Alliance lost military equipment in large amounts between 2180 and 2184. Material disappeared in transit and several "record keeping errors" occurred in military inventories. The Zen Rigeln also strongly promoted a "kinder and gentler" Alliance and proposed reducing its military forces. The Council of Timar decommissioned several older Alliance ships, despite the disapproval of the Mutzachans.

The first "Rebel" incident occurred in 2186. Production problems continually plagued the facilities at the little known Guillas VII shipyards. A Galactic Navy warship, the *Invincible*, went to investigate. The Captain of the *Invincible*, Myryn Li, an Eridani warrior, suspected nothing more than simple sabotage, conducted by a few sub-Eridani who needed to learn their place in the universe. When the *Invincible* entered the Guillas system, initial scans of the shipyards revealed that they were twice as large as the *Invincible's* records indicated. Captain Myryn Li dismissed his Mutzachan com-



puter officer from duty for failure to keep the Invincible's database up with galactic records, despite the officer's protests.

The Invincible hailed the shipyard director, Commander Gabriel Donovan, a Gen-Human, and a cousin of one of Project: Prometheus' chief researchers. Commander Donovan told Captain Li that the failure to meet ship quotas was due to expansion orders. Commander Donovan invited Captain Li to have his men inspect the facility. The Invincible docked at Guiliias VII. Captain Li transmitted a message back to the Alliance command, assuring them that the situation was under control. Commander Donovan held a large banquet in honor of the Invincible and her crew. Captain Li and his entire command crew attended, and Donovan's waiters shot them all after appetizers were served. Gabriel Donovan and his men seized control of the Invincible before the Alliance officers left onboard realized that anything was wrong. The first Rebel uprising had begun.

A war fleet launched from Guiliias VII after broadcasting a single message across the galaxy, "Olympus has fallen." Rebel cells rose up on dozens of worlds as soon as they received the signal. Companies of mercenary battlelords turned on their corporate masters.

Many believe that the Rebellion had expected to overthrow the Alliance almost without fighting. Most Rebels felt that the citizenry would seize the opportunity to rise up alongside them. However, the Rebels didn't count on the power of the corporate-run galactic media.

None of the corporations wanted to watch the Rebels throw out their bribable politicians or destroy the economy that they had worked so hard to control. Corporate news interrupted regular vid programming to warn citizens that a group of dangerous, anarchistic murderers had started an uprising allied with the Arachnid menace. Mobs of ordinary citizens believed what they saw on Tri-V and turned on their erstwhile saviors. Even units of Rebels believed what they saw on Tri-V and deserted after watching the broadcasts.

Without the support of the masses, the Rebels fell to Alliance forces everywhere. There were a few success stories, such as Mars, where a Rebel government took power for a few days, but these small triumphs never lasted long. The Rebel fleet, along with the Invincible, defeated several Alliance battlegroups, but the Galactic Alliance seized Guiliias VII and other Rebel outposts.

Captured Rebels quickly gave the Galactic Alliance information about their allies in exchange for pardons, money, and recognition. The Rebel fleet fled out to Fringe, with Alliance commanders claiming numerous victories as the Rebel Fleet retreated from multiple engagements.

The Changing Universe

In the aftermath of the Uprising of 2187, the Galactic Alliance did not hesitate to purge malcontents. Show trials convicted Rebel sympathizers of treason. Limited free speech became the rule on many core worlds.

For any government organization or corporation, the Uprising became the perfect excuse for any action. Battlelords cleansed worlds of their colonies to stop the spread of Rebel ideology. A few corporations seized their workers' assets as security measures. In a few situations, an actual Rebel base did get uncovered by the Alliance. These last remnants of the 2187 Uprising consisted of badly demoralized soldiers and their families armed with out of date equipment and low on supplies. By the time the Galactic military exterminated them, they posed little threat to anyone.

The War of Ideas

At Kitichara on Gamma Liporis, the true leaders of the Rebellion bore silent witness to the atrocities justified by their Uprising. When one Human general viewed the reports of slaughter, he responded by saying, "We caused this." One of the Zen Rigelns, Eurathos, responded, "No... we tried to prevent it." Another leader, Arielle, who had lost her father on Mars, replied, "What if we did try to prevent it? What if we knew the destiny of our peoples? What good would it do? We can't fight without weapons." Silence fell on the Council for a long moment, until Gabriel Donovan broke it. "We don't need weapons to win this war. All we need to do is win the hearts and minds of the people. We need to fight a war of ideas... and take the opportunity to rebuild in the process."

Several documents and pieces of propaganda came from the Rebel base at Kitichara. The Charter of the Galactic Revolution and the Declaration of the First Uprising were the most important statements made by the Rebellion. They still act as the guiding documents of Rebel philosophy.

The Charter of the Galactic Revolution

In the course of galactic events it becomes necessary for all peoples to demand certain rights, for their existence

to be recognized by a government, for their voice to be represented in that government, so that they may have the opportunity to seek life for themselves and their descendants, so that they may have the freedom to make their own choices, and so that they may have the opportunity to find their own happiness in this lifetime, while still respecting the rights of all other sentient beings to pursue the same opportunities.

Until our government, the Galactic Alliance, has the authority and the strength to protect and empower the citizens and non-citizens of the galaxies towards this end, we, the members of the Rebellion, the supporters of the Galactic Revolution, must struggle to change our government by any means necessary, but with the judgment to make certain that we do not lose sight of the same ideals that we wish the government to adopt.

The Declaration of the First Uprising

In the First Uprising, we failed. We failed because the citizens did not hear our message. They did not understand our ideas or our ideals. Until they do, our first priority must be to communicate with them. Let the truth be heard from one star system to the other. Information must be freed from Alliance controls. When the Alliance attempts to hide the truth, we must broadcast it between the stars. We must never let silence fall across our worlds.

Once the message has gone out, we must help the government to change. Whether this is with a gentle nudge or a strong push, we must serve as guides to illuminate the path ahead. It is possible that in time, the government might evolve on its own in the proper direction, but we cannot wait for millennia to pass, not for ourselves or our children. If other organizations or interests stand in the way of the government's attempts at change, we must eliminate or isolate them, whether they are corporations, criminal organizations, or even an entire civilization.

We must also be willing to adapt and change to a growing galactic community. With new races and civilizations being discovered every day, we must keep ourselves open to new possibilities, new technologies, new methods of action, and new solutions to old problems. If we allow ourselves to stagnate or grow staid, if we lose sight of why we fight, then we become as purposeless and blind as the Alliance which we struggle to change.

In the meantime, the Rebel Fleet under the leadership of self-proclaimed Star Admiral Gabriel Donovan established itself as a perpetual terror in the galaxies. The Star Admiral accepted nearly any ship that wished to join the Rebellion. Fugitives, space pirates, and teams of battlelords swelled the ranks of the Rebel Fleet.

The war of ideas was a moderate success for the Rebellion. The Rebels' messages started to filter through the censors and by 2191, Rebel sympathies were evident on many worlds, including Mars and Katrel. Some liberal voices in the Alliance spoke about ideas remarkably similar to those found in Rebel literature. Unfortunately for the Rebellion, the Alliance military traced the propaganda back to its source.

The Destruction of Kitichara

In 2193, the Galactic Alliance discovered the Rebel base at Kitichara on Gamma Liporis. The Kitichara base was one of the largest concentration of Rebels left in the galaxies, second only to the members of the ragtag Rebel Fleet. Over a million Rebels lived on Kitichara. If the Galactic Alliance had immediately attacked the Gamma Liporis system, the so-called Galactic Revolution might have ended then and there.

Instead, a feeding frenzy of military officials formed outside the office of the Alliance President. Each one wanted the honor of leading the attack and going down in history for crushing the Rebel menace. The Alliance bureaucracy gave the Rebels time to receive a warning about the impending attack. An agent, known only as Eclipse, sent a message to Kitichara detailing the planned attack. Many Rebel leaders evacuated, but a select few, collectively known as the Katrel faction, mostly consisting of Zen Rigeln, stayed to establish a dialogue with the Alliance. They wanted to show that peaceful methods could lead to victory win. In addition, a few thousand hardened mercenaries and former soldiers led by Colonel Alisarius Phentari stayed to defend the base.

When the Alliance marines arrived at Kitichara, members of the Katrel faction stood outside the base to greet them. Colonel Alisarius stayed inside the main fortress of the base and his men prepped their weapons. The marines established a several mile long perimeter around the base but didn't fire at the unarmed members of the Katrel faction until the would be negotiations started to advance on them. The pacifists died in waves. A few panicked and tried to flee back to the

base, but discovered that Alisarius Phentari had sealed them outside.

When the marines tried to advance inside the base, the last defenders fought back, slaughtering numbers of Galactic marines until they breached the fortress. Then, Colonel Alisarius had his men retreat deep inside the Rebel base toward underground bunkers, screaming, “We can’t stop them! They’re too powerful! Quick to the escape shafts!”. Naturally, the marines gave chase.

Once most of the attackers got inside the Rebel base, Alisarius sent a last final message, “This one’s for Jasq.” Kitichara exploded in a nuclear cloud. Several companies of Galactic marines died, so many, that on Pythos, the Python Lizards still hold a day of mourning. As many Alliance soldiers died on Kitichara as died in the First Uprising.

After Kitichara

Rebel leaders portrayed the Kitichara battle as a massacre of peaceful revolutionaries. “Remember Kitichara!” remains a rallying cry for the Rebellion. Kitichara taught the Rebels two unfortunate lessons: peace doesn’t win wars, and mass destruction gets results.

The Alliance victory demoralized many of the remaining leaders of the 2187 Uprising. An entire faction within the Rebellion, the pacifists, was lost without its Zen Rigel leaders. When Commander Donovan died in 2201, the Rebel Fleet isolated itself from the planetary cells. The Fleet wandered aimlessly, attacking outposts to steal supplies, and allowing more ships to join. The Rebellion splintered.

New leaders sprang up across the galaxy. Some believed in the First Uprising Resolution, and a few retained the symbol of the Phoenix, the heraldry of the Galactic Revolution. Rebel attacks became more violent. The example set by Alisarius Phentari was taken to extremes. In 2207, Rebels sabotaged the Alpha Dallas Habitation Platform hovering above the planet of Uottre. By destroying the engines which supported the massive platform, the Rebels caused it to crash into the surface of Uottre. Over thirty-four million people died in this catastrophe.

Public and private sentiment turned against the Rebellion. The “new Rebellion” discredited all of the statements made after the 2187 Uprising. Even the Council of Assizza on Katre passed a resolution mak-

ing it illegal for any citizen to participate in Rebel activities. Squads of Battlelords volunteered for missions to find and destroy all Rebels. Rebel cells collapsed due to traitors who grew sickened by the acts committed in the name of freedom. By 2210, the Rebellion had lost everything except its star fleet.

Kilgore’s Revolution

Adara Kilgore grew up on the Invincible. An orphan of Kitichara where her father and mother died, she spent her life obsessed with overthrowing the Alliance. Star Admiral Gabriel Donovan adopted the young girl and she learned a great deal by listening to his frustrating communiques with other Rebel leaders. After he died during an accident aboard the Invincible in 2210, she virtually inherited his position.

Adara looked to the Kitichara documents for guidance. Star Admiral Kilgore established contacts in libraries and tapped into information systems around the galaxy. With a plan of creating a network of Rebel netjockeys, Adara could get information from anywhere and send it to anywhere. Furthermore, she could start improving the Rebellion’s reputation overnight by working on the educators. With this in mind, Adara ordered the creation of Rebel outposts on distant planets called Utopia I-IV. She claimed that the Rebel colonies were made up of volunteers from all the major races, dedicated to working together, although they really served to move noncombatants off of the ships in her fleet.

Adara Kilgore used the new channels to disavow several of the worst incidents in Rebellion history, including the 2207 nightmare on Uottre. She claimed that those who callously murdered thousands didn’t belong to the Rebellion. To prove her point, several of the Alliance’s most wanted Rebel criminals wound up dead in front of government buildings.

Adara devoted herself to building a foundation for the Rebellion. She picked her moments. If an incident occurred where some galactic marines got a bit heavy-handed with the locals, she showed up and had her people blow up a marine base, then leave. If she couldn’t do that, she’d flood the area with anti-marine pro-Rebel propaganda.

Adara Kilgore made friends for the Rebellion. A few corporations hired the Rebels to attack rivals, in exchange for money and resources. One mega-corporation hired the Rebellion to attack government instal-

lations. Adara accepted working with these corporations in the short term, since she felt it led down the path to eventual victory. Star Admiral Kilgore didn't intend to eliminate the corporations in her vision of a new government... just seriously curtail them.

The Second Uprising

In 2253, the Second Arachnid Invasion began. As the war progressed, more and more bad news came back to the Alliance. Waves of panic spread from planet to planet. The newly-established Prometheus Council ordered Star Admiral Kilgore to start the Second Uprising. She refused at first, because she felt that the Arachnids were a greater threat than the Galactic Alliance. After tremendous pressure was put on her to support the Council or risk fragmenting the Rebellion, she consented. Adara Kilgore then threw everything she had into the Uprising of 2255, the Second Uprising.

Industrial sectors exploded into violence. The Rebel fleet soared over core worlds. The streets of a thousand planets filled with armed Rebels. The Rebellion caught the Galactic Alliance completely off-guard.

In the first year of the war, the Rebels enjoyed superior numbers and the advantage of surprise. The Council of Timar feared the worst. Citizens greeted the Rebels happily and gave them supplies and aid. The Rebels promised to do what the Alliance could not: protect worlds from the Arachnids. Adara Donovan made public appearances on several planets. A select group of corporations negotiated their own treaties with the Rebellion. The Rebels entrenched and retooled their armed forces.

The front line veterans of the Arachnid Invasion returned home to find a war waiting for them. The Alliance faced a well-supplied opponent with the latest technology and ship designs. Despite the forces arrayed against them, over a period of several months, the hardened troops who had traded battles with the Arachnids turned the tide against the Rebels.

The Second Uprising ended with the Battle of Terasleague. Reports of Arachnid victories left both sides in the Uprising with the impression that triumph was secondary to survival. The Rebel fleet gained an advantage in the Terasleague system by ambushing an Alliance task force and taking control of a factory world. Instead of fleeing when the Galactic Navy arrived, the Rebels decided to make their stand.

Soldiers fought across three planets, and the tide of battle shifted daily. Both sides saw many acts of heroism. In the end, the combat experience of the Alliance forces overcame the Rebels' drive. Some of the Rebel Fleet escaped, including the flagship, the Martian Phoenix, with Star Admiral Adara Kilgore. Galactic marines slaughtered and imprisoned hundreds of thousands of Rebel troopers on the ground.

Unfortunately, the hard fighting took a heavy toll. Neither the Alliance or the Rebellion had enough ships or weapons left to repel the Arachnid Invasion. All anyone could do was wait for the end. Then, for some as yet unknown reason, the Arachnids mysteriously retreated. The Galactic Alliance was saved.

The Current Rebellion

After the successes of the Second Uprising, the Rebellion continued to grow quietly. Adara Kilgore and several older leaders retired to making way for a new generation of Rebels. Zen Rigeln politicians and Martian bureaucrats joined Phentari bounty hunters and Mazian spies on the renamed Revolutionary Star Council, formerly the Prometheus Council. The Rebel Fleet reassembled. Rebel colonies and planets provided resources to the Galactic Revolution. Many corporates retained ties and contacts with the Rebellion. Clustered cells of scientists known as Foundations developed secret weapons for the Rebels. Based on the model set by Adara Kilgore, networks of spies and agents infiltrated government organizations and influenced the general populace of the Galactic Alliance. Currently, a quiet little war rages between the Alliance and the Rebellion. It's only a matter of time before the Third Uprising.

III. THE REBELS

What is the Rebellion?

The Rebellion is a movement to free the galaxies from the tyranny of the Galactic Alliance and the mega-corporations that control the Council. Theoretically, the Rebellion just wants to destroy the current government and replace it with something better. For all practical purposes, the worst thing that could happen to the Rebellion would be if they actually won.

Who are the Rebels?

Lots of different types join the Rebellion, each with their own reasons and stories. Some see the Rebellion as a holy movement, a return to values of peace and prosperity. Some see the Rebellion as a chance to dismiss all pretense of government authority and usher in the galactic capitalist age. Others want to use the Rebellion as their personal tool for vengeance or attaining power. Basically, they all agree on one thing: You're either part of the solution, or part of the problem. Things have to change.

Why do they fight?

The appeal of the Rebellion is unmistakable. Groups of Battlelords tired of serving selfish suits, suits tired of getting stuck in the same middle management jobs, aliens wishing for more acceptance, Phentari wanting anarchy so they can have a free hunting license, all have dreams about the Rebellion. For many, it provides hope for peace, and for others, it gives them an excuse for target practice. Some intellectuals romanticize the Rebellion, and the masses see it as the only alternative to the current system.

How do they fight?

The war that the Rebellion fights is a war of exhaustion and perception. The Rebels know that they can't overthrow the whole friggin' Galactic Alliance by themselves (at least, they sort of know they can't sometimes). Space is too big. The mega-corporations are too big. The Rebellion doesn't have a hundredth of the resources available to the Alliance. But, they can make life irritating enough for the Alliance that they can break the spirits of the politicians and their sponsors. Maybe the old corporate execs will allow their representatives to pass a few reforms if they stop losing office buildings.

The Rebellion also believes that the dissatisfied masses of regular joes in the Alliance are their allies. They try to fight in an attempt to romanticize their lives and causes. If you're a Rebel, you've not only got to fight, but you've got to fight with style. You want to look good for the news clips, and you never kill innocents. You make the Alliance look incompetent and dangerous. Sow seeds of distrust.

Interview with a Rebel Leader

Welcome to another interview that the Alliance is going to censor! This is Malachi Armageddon, your roving Orion reporter, and I'm talking with Arias the Wise, a member of the Rebellion's Revolutionary Star

Council. I can't exactly say where we are, but he found me, I didn't find him. Arias works with such people as the Fat Man and lots of others who he's not going to tell me about. Still, he wanted to do this interview... so, we'll get on with it.

Q: Tell me, Arias, why did you decide to become a Rebel?

A: Mr. Armageddon, I am a healer. Unlike other healers, I was not content with merely repairing the bodies of the wounded. I wished to repair the pain in their hearts and souls. But, I realized that my power to ease pain was insignificant compared to the ability of the Alliance to cause pain. The people of the Galactic Alliance are suffering. I must do my best to try and help them. That is why I'm a "rebel".

Q: Why don't your goons have their guns pointed at me? At the very least, I thought you Rebel-types would give me a script to read questions from.

A: We don't intend to harm you in any way, Mr. Armageddon. We are a peaceful organization, despite some of the terrorist actions that the Alliance associates with us. I respect your ability to find the truth, Mr. Armageddon. I want the truth about our cause to reach your readers.

Q: Do you really think that the Alliance would let me print this?

A: No.

Q: Do you think that I'd be dumb enough to try and get the Alliance to print this?

A: Maybe, Mr. Armageddon. You have quite a reputation as a journalist.

Q: If you don't think the Alliance would let me print this, then why are we doing this interview?

A: Because we intend to print it in our underground media.

Q: WHAT??

A: We intend to print it in our underground media.

Q: Do you realize what the Alliance does to people that it thinks are traitors?

A: Yes, the Alliance shoots some of them and tortures the rest of them to death.

Q: Do you mind if we stop?

A: I'd rather continue, Mr. Armageddon. I doubt that the Alliance would believe that you are a Rebel.

Q: It's not your life we're talking about, is it?

A: Yes, it is. I risk my life every day for my beliefs and values. By talking to you, I doubt that we are risking your life

any more than you already have. Do you remember that gambling incident...

Q: Okay, okay. Point made. Let me ask you a difficult question, Arias. If you Rebels are such a peaceful lot, then how come you have a military? Why do you blow up military bases?

A: Sadly not enough of us follow the ways of peace. We have a military because even we do not have the courage to face the Alliance without one. We blow up military bases to prevent the Alliance from killing more innocents across the galaxies.

Q: What about the Alliance claims that you are blowing up stargates?

A: We aren't destroying stargates. We don't know why the Alliance has lost so many stargates recently. There are members of the Rebel Movement who aren't displeased by these losses, but it disturbs me greatly. Perhaps the Alliance has built the stargates poorly. It is also possible that one of the espionage agencies of the Evil Empire has performed the deeds in order to cover up something.

Q: Okay then, what sort of violence is the Rebellion responsible for?

A: None that I know of at the moment. Our operations teams will destroy military targets. We also try to stop any sort of injustice that we discover in the galaxies.

Q: I find that last answer a bit hard to swallow. If you aren't committing acts of aggression against the Alliance, then what are you doing to overthrow our government?

A: Most of our operations are espionage-based. We are gathering information in preparation for the next uprising.

Q: Do you all realize that the Arachnid menace nearly swallowed the Alliance about twenty years back when the Second Uprising devastated the war effort? Do the bugs play any role in your conspiratorial calculations at all?

A: Yes, we realize that the Arachnids pose a threat. We try to consider the Arachnids whenever we make plans. I personally would like to see us reach out to our enemies and try to talk to them.

Q: People who talk to Arachnids get munched. I have a question for you that I'll put in two words: Blood Warlock. Any comments?

A: I think that ARM is an extraordinarily dangerous group. We have limited contact if any with them. Several of our agents dislike Dr. Freiberg and despise his methods. I cannot reconcile Dr. Freiberg's actions with his offers of financial aid to our Galactic Revolution.

Q: So, you're saying that ARM and the Rebellion does have a relationship?

A: I'm not saying that exactly.

Q: What are you saying exactly?

A: I think I should go.

That's all there was to it. He got up and left, not even giving me time to ask him any of the thousands of other questions I had in my mind. Who do the Rebels think they are fooling? I mean, having ideals is nice, but come on. These folks need to wake up to the reality of living in the modern world. Ideal, it ain't. But, it is functional. Good luck with your broadcast, Arias...

How to Use Silent Wars

This is Galactic Control, contacting you, the reader. If you go any further, you will read classified information in violation of Galactic Law. We will find you and interrogate you about this information. You have been warned.

Silent Wars has a lot of goodies inside it. This book contains secrets of the Rebellion, hints about the future of the Battlelords universe, and good ideas about adventures. There are even a few alien races for players who still can't decide what types of characters to create. Battlemasters should pick and choose from this stuff. If you're the type of Battlemaster who likes to have things completely laid out for you, then you probably don't want to have your group play rebels, because the Rebellion's so disorganized within its organization that nothing's really laid out well. If you're the type of Battlemaster who likes to read game books and take a few elements, then create, you'll love Silent Wars. Having a Rebel campaign means that the Battlemaster can pretty much do whatever he wants. Whatever that is, have a good time.

There are as many types of Rebels as there are Battlelords working for companies. Everyone has their own unique reason for what they do, their own personal problem with the Galactic Alliance. And in this day and age, with constant violence in every city, with Battlelords in the grocery stores, lugging around Omega guns, the Rebellion's more popular than ever. Many citizens of all types see it as the only alternative to the Alliance. They believe that it's their only hope for a better future.

Oh, one last thing. Don't go to sleep tonight. Galactic Control has a way of getting you if you go to sleep.

Who is Joe Average Rebel?

First of all, you need to know who the average member of the Rebel Movement is. The normal Rebel is Joe Construction Worker or Betty the Housewife. They are normal citizens of the Alliance, who are fed up with how the system treats them. They want a voice in government. They want their taxes lowered. They want a good future for their kids. They want the gun-toting Battlelords off the streets. They watch the Tri-V when they come home at night. They don't own weapons, but they laugh at Granny Frump commercials.

They protest quietly, in little ways. Like not working hard, or grumbling at the latest tax hike. They complain bitterly to their friends about the way things are. They sometimes even question what the Alliance has done for their quality of life out loud.

They also watch and pass information. They don't know who their contact is, just an e-mail address for someone hidden out in cyberspace, or a drop box that no one ever hangs out near. The information that they pass on isn't all that exciting. Just stuff about new construction or new laws. Things about what their neighbors do at odd hours in the morning, or local opinions of community leaders. Mostly, it's like filling out surveys.

Then, on rare occasions, when they have a bit extra from a paycheck, they drop money at a location or make a deposit into a credit account. They go about their lives, helping in minuscule ways. In the end, these people power the Galactic Revolution, and without them, the Phoenix Fleet couldn't fly, the Revolutionary Star Council couldn't meet, and there would be no Rebellion. Luckily, there are billions of Joe Average Rebels living throughout the Alliance, perhaps even hundreds of billions. They may never shoot at Galactic Marines, but they do their part.

Motivations

Each member of the Rebel Movement has his own reasons for supporting the cause. Despite the shared goal of overthrowing the Alliance, there is little in common between a member of Black Monday who freelances for the Rebels and a Zen Rigeln healer who engages in nonviolent protests. All Rebels think about half the people they work with need serious psychotherapy. Nonetheless, Rebels do a remarkable job of sticking together, maybe because they know that they have no one else to turn to...

The Psychotics

The psychotics range from Galactic X double-agents to Phentari that have gone off the deep end. Some Rebels are exactly what the Galactic Alliance fears them to be: deranged lunatics, who see the various causes as a good excuse to blow people away. They may use different justifications, such as wanting total anarchy or nihilism, even a belief in a galactic survival of the fittest. Some are just plain insane. The results are the same: they blow things up and rack up as much of a body count as possible.

Psychotic Rebels aren't necessarily easy to identify. It's true that there are a few who spend their time giggling or playing with the safeties on weapons, and there are those who have a crazed gleam in their eyes, but the majority of psychotics look and act like everyone else. It isn't until the combat starts that they show their true nature. Some don't even show it then, they stay cold and calm, seemingly detached from the massive amount of carnage and suffering they cause.

The Idealists

If the psychotics are the type of Rebels that the Rebellion would rather not know about, then the Idealists are the ones that they cherish most. Idealists want to end the violence. They want everyone to be happy. They believe that if they can teach the various species of life in the galaxy to trust each one another, then everything will work out. Many idealists are Zen Rigeln.

Idealists are fairly easy to recognize. They are the Rebels who don't like to carry weapons. Some of them wear loose white robes and carry placards with various pro-peace sayings, but the majority dress appropriate to their environment. The sure sign of an idealist comes from their disappointed attitude toward violent solutions.

The Megalomaniacs

The megalomaniac has an overwhelming superiority complex. He believes that he should run the universe. He knows that he's the very best at what he does. The Rebellion is a path for his eventual rise to power. The only reason beings with this attitude survive for any length of time in the Rebellion is because they usually have some talent which got them so arrogant in the first place.

Megalomaniacs shove their attitude into the face of the nearest available target. It takes a slow Ram Python to

fail to recognize one of these Rebels coming. Most megalomaniac types get shunned when they join the Rebellion, but a few astute observers have noticed that these individuals often manage to work their way into authority.

The Capitalists

The capitalists are small time traders or freelancers. They want the Rebellion to succeed, so that they'll make more money. If the Rebellion squashes the corporations, then voids will exist in the economy which a resourceful individual, trusted by the new government can fill. Lots of criminal types fit in this category. A high number of Orion Rogues find themselves fighting for the Rebellion for this reason. Many Rebels think of the capitalist types as being remarkably practical.

Capitalists prefer to target corporations, and they like to perform missions that make the Rebellion wealthier. Capitalists tend to own their own run-down equipment, which they are careful to keep separate from the shared inventories of the Rebellion. Oftentimes, capitalist types stare out into space dreaming of their future riches.

The Dissatisfied Corporates

These individuals are powerful corporate suits or wealthy nobles, who support the Rebellion as a way of furthering their own ends. They may not want the police watching them. They may think that they'll take over after the Galactic Revolution. Some believe that the Rebellion doesn't have a chance, and they use Rebels as cheap Battlelords. These men and women will support the Rebellion as long as it benefits them.

The Patriots

These are beings who support the Rebellion because they feel that its in the best interests of their race. Many Tza Zen Rigeln feel that the Rebellion will shake up Zen Rigeln society enough to give them an opportunity to re-enter. The Phentari and Eridani would like the chance to go to war with each other. Other groups that feel that they have been taken advantage of under the current regime support the Rebellion for these political reasons.

The Independents

The independents just want everyone to leave them alone. They want to form their own government with its own laws, resolutions, etc. They don't care about the Galactic Alliance, and they don't want their planet to

be bought and sold on some intergalactic commodities market. They hate government, and if the Rebellion establishes a government, then they'll hate that too. The Bitter

Disaffected battlelords and citizens make up this group, and their numbers continue to grow. All they want is a better life. They don't have a political agenda, and they don't really care about money. They don't believe the universe is perfect. They just want what they feel they deserve. It could be pensions or medical insurance, maybe just more vacation time. The problem with this group is that most of its members have skills that are very useful to the Rebellion. Most Rebels are of this type.

Organization

Like any group that wants to have a chance of accomplishing its ends, the Rebellion has its own organization and hierarchy. Although all of the members of the Rebellion seek the overthrow of the Alliance, they don't always agree with the decisions of the Rebel leadership. Tempers flare and fights break out among different factions. The Rebel leadership constantly reminds its members that peaceful discussion is the best way to resolve matters.

Revolutionary Star Council

The "head" of the Rebel Movement is the Revolutionary Star Council. This organization has a representative from each major race in the Alliance, much like the Alliance legislature, as well as a smattering of extra seats for distinguished statesmen and military leaders. In order to be "elected" (more like "selected") to the Revolutionary Star Council, a Rebel must distinguish him or herself in the pursuit of the Galactic Revolution. He has to receive the recommendation of at least two other members of the Revolutionary Star Council and his direct superior in the Rebellion (or second-in-command for those without a direct superior). A vote of the RSC is taken, and a simple majority is required to place a member on the Council. There are 19 seats on the RSC, and two remain continually vacant. Those two seats belong to the Star Admiral, Drake Apollo, and the Fat Man, Michael Bernel. The current speaker of the Revolutionary Star Council is an Orion Rogue named Kryst Betelgeuse.

The Star Council makes the major strategy decisions of the Rebellion. They vote on issues such as movements of the Rebel Fleet, special relationships with groups like Black Monday or ARM, and they grant special

recognition to martyrs and heroes of the cause. The RSC meets at different locations across the galaxy, always in person. Each member of the Council has an alternate who is never present at RSC meetings. In the unlikely event that Galactic X discovered the location of an RSC meeting, the Rebels would have a backup Council assembled almost instantly.

The majority of RSC members are either Zen Rigeln or Human. Tensions rise between these two races in a fashion remarkably similar to the arguments between Gen-Humans and Mutzachans in the Alliance. The Zen have a sense of moral superiority during the meetings, and like the Mutzachans, they tend to regard their own government as more important than the Rebel cause. When the other members of the RSC disagree with one of them, the Zen start to cluster together and make disdainful or disappointed-sounding comments. The current head of the Zen on the RSC is Yasuo Merelain, a former advisor to Oda, the Speaker of Assizza.

The human leaders are Zalika Starborn and Martin Cholena. Zalika's a firebrand from Mars who argues against letting the Rebel Movement going soft. She points out how other terrorist groups have their numbers swelling. Zalika doesn't want to watch the Rebellion waste away into the old man's opposition or a political party dedicated to spreading peace. She wants action. Martin's almost the opposite. The son of asteroid miners, he thinks that the Rebel Movement is far more entrenched in society than most people know. He personally has met too many people with Rebel sympathies, who'd help if they didn't think that the Rebellion was helping Uncle Ernie make Fotts in his free time. He's more concerned with making sure that the actions the Rebels take are the right actions.

Caught in the middle of the debate, a young Orion named Kryst Betelgeuse has set himself up as the near-head of the RSC. When Kryst was first tossed on the RSC, he hated it. Constant bickering and secrecy. Everyone was on the edge. The Humans would argue with the Zen. The Zen would moan about the Humans. Everyone else sat around quietly. One day, when the Ram representative was playing with his toes a bit too long, while Yasuo gave one of his long-winded speeches amid Zalika's side comments, Kryst snapped and interrupted. He chastised both sides to an ovation from everyone else, and then cut through the political banter to the decisions. Kryst realized that he liked having power. Now, he plays the Zen and the Humans off each other, while trying to hold the RSC and the whole movement together.

The Fat Man

The most important Rebel leader who doesn't participate in the meetings of the RSC is Michael Bernel "The Fat Man". Bernel is generally regarded as the head of the Rebel Movement. While he may not have an impressive "official" title in the Rebellion, he's the most respected member of the new guard of leaders. When an order or recommendation comes from the "Fat Man", Rebels jump. Bernel has a reputation for getting things done. The RSC treats the "Fat Man" with the same respect as the front line troops, and he's been invited to join the RSC on more than one occasion. He's politely refused a number of times. Rebel operatives believe that the "Fat Man" wants to get things done instead of talking about them. Recently, this attitude has started to annoy the RSC, and they've begun downplaying the Fat Man's work.

The Phoenix Fleet

The big difference between the Rebels and the other terrorists in the galaxy is the Phoenix Fleet. With over a hundred and fifty state of the art starcraft and crews, the Phoenix Fleet hangs in the mind of every Alliance starbase commander. The Phoenix Fleet dates back to the First Uprising, and members of the Fleet consider themselves to be the true Rebellion. The Fleet conducts exploration, scavenging, and hit-and-run tactics against the Alliance. The destruction of corporate bases, Alliance shipyards, and even Alliance stargates gets laid on the Phoenix Fleet.

Almost every member of the Fleet was born and raised on board its starships. These kids of different alien races grow up together and have very little prejudice. They've learned everything about spacecraft from an early age. The best starfighter pilots in the galaxies come from the Phoenix Fleet, as well as the best technicians and grand strategists. They're flying almost as soon as they walk.

When the Phoenix Fleet strikes a target, it moves like lightning. A stargate opens, and suddenly, dozens of ships enter a system, guns blazing with pinpoint accuracy. Most of the Phoenix Fleet's targets don't damage their attackers. However, it should be pointed out that the Phoenix Fleet doesn't scavenge from targets with a lot of ability to fight back.

The Fleet doesn't need to scavenge much anymore. They have a network for purchasing pirated raw materials, and they receive shipments from corporations and disaffected individuals. The Fleet has some factory

ships that they designed, known as the Nebula series, which they use to design and build their own spacecraft.

The Phoenix Fleet has two types of spacecraft in it. Those that look like old Alliance ships or just unremarkable freighters on the outside, and those that look like nothing anyone's ever seen. The Rebels like to play Atlanteans or weird aliens when they're fighting the Alliance. To their tech people, there's no greater rush than intercepting an Alliance transmission of "Unidentified starcraft, I have no clue what these things are!". There are few standard Rebel starships. Since the Rebel crews know ships so well, they can afford to make modifications in their own vessels.

The alien-looking fighters (the sleek gleaming stuff) get organized into flights. Each Phoenix Flight has its own title, such as the Sun Falcons, Death from Beyond, the Gatecrashers, and Space Chunga! Some names are more preferable than others.

A large number of these starfighters belong to a special division of the Phoenix Fleet, the Shrike Squadrons. The job of Shrike Squadrons is to penetrate an enemy system's defenses, drop off an operational team or Lightning Squad, and get the heck out of Dodge City. Ships chosen for Shrike duty go into a star system with power down, attached to space debris. Then, using small retros, they maneuver their chunk of rock or ice toward their target. Usually the Shrikes approach slowly, sometimes taking weeks to reach their target, but in extreme situations, they just drop their camouflage after passing by a stargate, and blast toward the system.

When they reach an atmosphere or planetary defense net, the Shrike plunges to the planet's surface, heading almost straight down. This causes the ship to heat up and glow so that it looks like a shooting star or meteor. At the last possible moment, before the heat shields go, the Shrike drops a small explosive bomb and pulls out of the power dive, soaring low over treetops and under scanner arrays. The Shrikes have limited firepower. Instead all of their systems are designed to reduce the number of Gs inside the vessel from these maneuvers, so that the passengers can survive. As soon as possible, the Shrike drops off its cargo, then flies slowly away.

At a safe distance, the Shrike releases an obscuring cloud of vapor, which jams electromagnetic scans, then it heads skyward, pretending to be just another cloud. At the edge of the envelope, the Shrike sheds its dis-

guise and soars off, looking for a safe asteroid to hide on. Then, it heads back to the stargate, and flashes through.

Every so often, the Rebels will leave a Shrike behind on a planet in case of fast evacuation. This is done often with Lightning Squads. After the Lightning Squads mission is complete, the Shrike will shoot out of the atmosphere relying on its speed, and the abilities of its pilot to keep the craft safe.

Unlike the rest of the Rebellion, the Phoenix Fleet isn't run by committee. The ultimate authority rests on the shoulders of the Star Admiral. Currently, Drake Apollo is the Star Admiral of the Phoenix Fleet. He lives on his flagship, the newly constructed Star Sorcerer. As far as the Phoenix Fleet cares, if the RSC tells them to do something, and Admiral Apollo tells them to do something else, they listen to the Star Admiral.

The Star Admiral has nine Commanders beneath him. These Commanders each have a task force of fifteen ships and their crews. The Star Admiral maintains his own task force.

Beneath the Commanders are three Star Captains, each in charge of a unit of five main ships. Below the Star Captains are the Captains who each command a single ship. Every captain has a designated replacement, or Phoenix. The Phoenix spends a great deal of time with the Captain and performs command duties whenever the Captain is incapacitated for any reason. Other officers are given numbers, like mates on a ship, First Officer, Second Officer, etc. Every ship has a command crew, consisting of the Captain, the Phoenix, the First through Third Officers, the Matrix Master, who performs all matrix manipulation on board and the Lightning Captain, takes care of the marines.

Another special type of Rebel ship are the Thunder class assault transports. Typical names for the Thunder assault transports are Stormcloud, Nightwind, and Rumble. The Thunder transports perform one task. They ram through the shields of large enemy ships and unleash the deadly Lightning Squads of Rebel marines to capture the vessel. In combat, the Thunder ships, which have a tendency to resemble small innocuous freighters, lock onto enemy starcraft and fly straight at them, punching a hole into the hull of the enemy ship. Once the Thunder has made impact, the Lightning Squads pour out. Imagine for a moment, a squad of marines who've spent their entire lives studying starships and trained with a fanatical devotion for the

moment when they get this chance. The Lightning squads usually seize the bridge of the ship and take command.

The Alliance has come up with two counter strategies against the Thunder assault transports. First, they either self-destruct the breached ship or blow it to space dust when they notice the breach. The difficulty with this tactic is that the Rebels started sending empty “false” Thunders into enemy vessels. For the cost of a stolen or salvaged small freighter, they’d blow up an Alliance vessel. The second strategy that the Alliance has come up with is just to target all possible assault transports at the beginning of a battle. Again, the Phoenix Fleet has countered this by using a screen of potential Thunder transports, sometimes piloted by drones against the Alliance.

The Lightning Squads are teams of trained Phoenix Fleet “Battlelords” who perform fast operations for the Rebellion. A child gets chosen to be a member of a Lightning Squad by about age 7. Both men and women join the Lightning Squads. The squads are separated from other children and given intensive training in Rebel history, combat, and technology. Members of the Lightning Squads work with the best state of the art equipment that the Alliance possesses.

Mobile Bases

If the Phoenix Fleet is like an entirely separate organization within the Rebellion, each mobile base is a world unto itself. The Rebel Movement commands a large number of mobile bases, ranging in size from individual freighter craft to large space stations holding dozens of crew members. Several of the Alliance’s scientific research outposts have fallen into the hands of the Rebellion. The Alliance tries to police them, but there are just too many to check. The Galactic police and military stretch their resources to the limits as it is.

All Rebel bases have an individual commander, who is answerable only to the RSC, the Star Admiral of the Phoenix Fleet, or the Fat Man. The commander should be appointed by the RSC in a perfect world, but most of the base commanders have never met with the RSC. A few of them don’t even know about its existence. This stems from the fact that every base is expected to operate independently. The first Rebel bases were constructed before the Second Uprising. They’ve been out in space for over thirty years.

The Rebellion has lost track of more than a few of their bases. Each base has its own unique design. They do share a common mission: To provide a staging area for operations meant to destabilize the Alliance. They also are all mobile. Each base has engines, capable of sending it into deep space. Each base also has its own methods of remaining hidden. Some have landed on planets and with a few modifications, made themselves appear to be natural formations. Others are disguised as asteroids or comets. A few look like space junk, floating endlessly through the void.

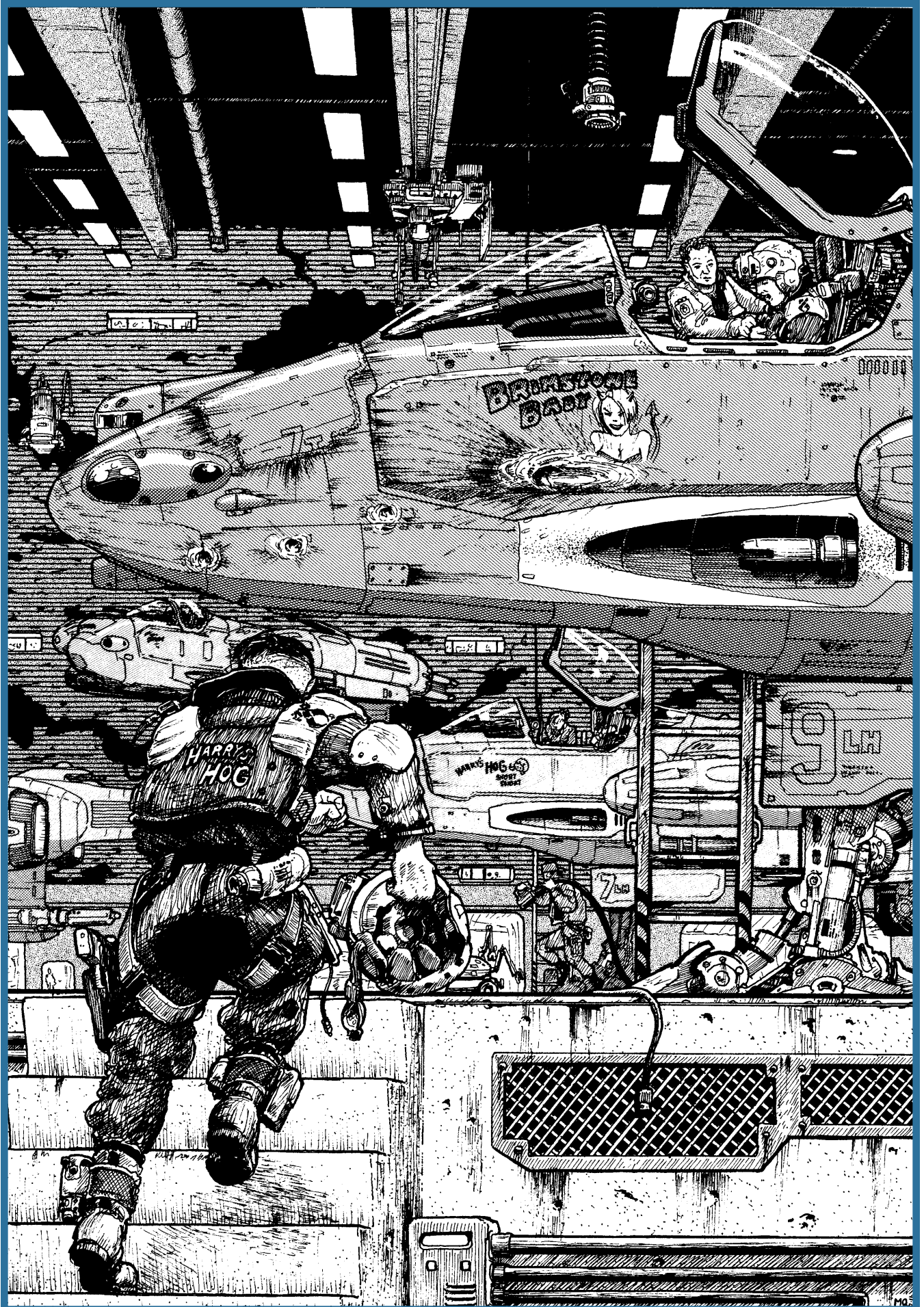
The bases form the bones of the Rebellion, while the Phoenix Fleet provides the muscle, and the RSC the brain. The bases move to pick up Rebel operatives, and they reposition themselves to strike against the Alliance at a far-off system. These mobile bases give Alliance commanders terrible headaches. If a local commander wastes his time searching for Rebel bases, he’ll use up money and get replaced for running an ineffective command. If he doesn’t patrol for Rebel activity, he might have a Rebel agent walk into his personal chambers and unload with an Omega Cannon into his back. Even if a commander knows about Rebel activity in his region, by the time the Rebels have completed their operations, the base has left the system, off to terrorize another part of the Alliance.

One of the most ingenious disguises that the Rebels use for their bases is that of luxury ships. These vessels take on “normal” passengers, while the crew and the other half of the passengers are Rebel agents. The Rebels get money from their legitimate passengers, and they spy on those passengers at the same time. They land at a planet long enough to dispatch a few operations teams, then they’re offworld. The Rebels take a week or two to lie low, then they strike. Even if they get caught, the luxury vessel has traveled quite a few systems. The true ingeniousness of this disguise comes from the fact that the Galactic patrols hate inspected or searching luxury liners. The ships carry too many important V.I.P.s that they would irritate to make it worth their time and effort.

The Rebel Movement constantly has new bases built and sent on missions across the galaxies.

Surveillance/Counter Response Action Program (SCRAP)

The largest real organization in the Rebel Movement is SCRAP, the Surveillance/Counter Response Action Program. Put simply, SCRAP does exactly what its



name indicates. The SCRAP guys and gals watch Alliance agents, politicians, and military officers. When something starts to happen which threatens the Rebellion, then they respond to that threat in order to counter or neutralize it. They take action which often involves killing someone, preferably by making it look like an accident.

The problem with SCRAP is that it has a high attrition rate. People who go one on one with Galactic Control and Galactic X equipped with technology up to ten years behind the times and less than a quarter of the support structure don't last long. Control agents are better trained and more experienced. Still, SCRAP agents that survive gain tremendous reputations within the Rebellion and receive lots of decorations. Not much when you're dead, right? The real reward for SCRAP agents comes from the fact that inside they know that they are making a real difference in the universe. When the day comes for the Third Uprising, SCRAP agents will have made success possible.

SCRAP Networks

If the bases are the bones, then the SCRAP networks are the nerves of the Rebel Movement. Each planet that the Rebels have a presence on has a network operating. The networks have two parts: the command group and the contacts. The command group is an operations team permanently assigned to work on a single planet. Each member of the command groups recruits a contact over a period of time. After they convince that contact to aid the Rebellion, they rely on the contact to select and recruit new additions to the Rebellion. These contact groups, or cells, keep in touch with the command group through various covert means. The most common of these is through electronic correspondence. The leader of the contact group then has the members of his cluster all find a new contact. They then establish their own cells. Each cell only knows for certain about the existence of a single member of the cell above them, and however many individual contacts they've established. They don't know about the cells that their contacts might have created.

The cell systems isn't a new concept for conspirators or insurgents. By making an underground network of cells, the Rebels gain access to vast amounts of information. Information passes from one cell to another, until it reaches the original command group who pass it to a mobile Rebel base, who in turn pass it along to the RSC. If something happens to a cell, then the individual who made contact with that cell gets off-planet

or suffers an accident to end the trail up the chain of command. Ferreting out well-established cell systems can take years, even for Galactic X.

Foundations

The other division of the Rebellion are the Scholars. These Rebels are the scientists, librarians, historians, engineers, computer experts, and generally knowledgeable people in the movement. They consider knowledge the ultimate weapon in the Galactic Revolution.

Each Scholar has a tie to a special type of Rebel base called a Foundation. Foundations take on other names as well to identify them. For example, there's a First Foundation, a Pythos Foundation, and a Quantum Foundation. Every Foundation has a leader, usually a matrix manipulator, referred to as the Grand Librarian. Like every other segment of the Rebellion, Librarians have tremendous leeway in how they run their Foundations. Some serve as mere figureheads, allowing total democracy to make decisions. Others select advisors from the Foundation's most knowledgeable scholars. A few are rumored to have established cults in their Foundations, dedicated either to themselves, the Rebel Movement, or knowledge itself.

The Foundations are supposed to store the truth for future generations. They provide education for Rebel children and training for mission operatives. The Foundations are located in strongly pro-Rebel areas or remote locations far from the guns of Alliance soldiers. If something should happen to the universe, the Rebellion, or the Alliance, then the Foundations are supposed to have the secrets of civilization within them, so that they can help the people rebuild.

The Foundations perform experiments to advance Rebel knowledge of the universe. The Olympus Foundation has attempted to recreate the Prometheus Project several times, but it has yet to develop a computer capable of such advanced societal modeling. The Starhawk Foundation commands a ship in the Phoenix Fleet, and they assume control of the Nebula-class factory ship to make new starcraft.

The Seventh Foundation concentrates its research on making secret weapons. They have a device in development which they call the Scalar Cannon. The RSC is torn about proceeding with the work on the Scalar Cannon. The theory behind the weapon is complicated. Basically, it assumes that space is made of quantum

waves, and these waves interact with scalar fields created during the formation of the universe to form the laws of physics. The Seventh Foundation believes that the Scalar Cannon can produce quantum waves, which would change the time-space continuum and the laws of physics in the region where it was fired. The Seventh Foundation would like to test the Scalar Cannon in the Motaran Rift. None of the scholars are certain of what the results of this would be, but few of them like the concept. None of the humans on the RSC want the Scalar Cannon tested, but the Zen Rigeln think that possession of such a devastating weapon could bring a peaceful end to the conflict between the Alliance and the Rebellion. The Mutzachans on the RSC all got up and left when they learned about the Seventh Foundation.

The Ur Foundation works directly with ARM to help make new genetic products, whether these are creatures, bio-technological tools, or medicines. The High Master of the Ur Foundation requires his charges to wear black robes and keep themselves covered at all times. The RSC never gets reports from the Ur Foundation unless they request them. The most poignant example of this happened when the Fott were discovered. The RSC contacted the Ur Foundation to request their scientific opinions on the new race. The High Master's response to their request was, "Dr. Freiberg has quite a unique sense of humor, doesn't he? Do you want the biological data on the Fott?" Needless to say, the RSC wasn't amused. The Rebellion has already started counterintelligence operations within the Ur Foundation. The greatest achievement of the Ur Foundation was the successful start of the Leonus race.

The Business Side

The other part of the Rebellion is the business end. This is the part that no one likes to talk about. The Rebels don't care to admit that someone has to collect donations, purchase materials, bribe guards, and pay out salaries. In a lot of ways, the suits inside the Rebellion act like their corporate counterparts more than like Alliance bureaucrats. They are with the Rebellion to help the Resistance make money. No matter how much idealism goes into the Rebel Movement, the Wheelers and Dealers are certain that they will be around for a long, long time.

The Rebellion has its own corporations. The largest of these, Real Time Accounting, or RTA, handles most of the Rebel finances in its back rooms. The Rebels are very careful not to associate too closely with RTA, for

fear the Galactic Police will figure out what's going on and shut them down. Some of the other organizations that are secretly Rebel owned and operated include the Bank of Mars (a bank), Century 23 Properties (real estate), Venture Explorations (exploration), Orion "For that Rogue in you" Leather (clothing), Worlds Theatre Unlimited (Tri-V studios), Miami Spacelines (luxury cruises) and Rick Hunter Associates (lawyers).

These Rebel corporations spend most of their time acting like normal businesses in the 23rd century. They bribe Alliance officials, and they lobby the government. They charge enough money to make a profit, and then they play with their record books to hide income at tax time. In short, they do everything that the Rebellion claims to hate.

While the business side of the Rebellion might appear to be hypocritical to idealists, it falls into the category of "necessary evils" as far as the RSC is concerned. Until the Galactic Revolution sweeps over the Alliance, the successful corporate strategies that have ruined life for so many citizens are the best ways to make money. And the Rebels always have a desperate need for money. Besides, the businesses serve as front organizations for Rebel operations, and the funds that get hidden away by the corporations go to the Resistance.

Most employees of Rebel businesses have little idea who they are working for. They just see their company as like all the rest. Perhaps a bit nicer than many, but in the end, it's just another corporation. They go into work everyday, bitterly complain about how bad their lives are, fantasize about being Battlelords, and go home to watch Tri-V sitcoms.

One of the most important functions of the Rebel corporations is the hiring of mercenaries and bounty hunters. Rebels almost never hire mercenaries from their own merc houses, instead they grab them out of the same pools as all the other corporate entities. The guys that they hire don't get paid to ask questions and unless they bother reading the electronic newspapers, the mercenaries never know that they were helping out the Rebellion.

Bounties get posted by Rebel corporations every day. They serve as a way for the Rebels to get revenge on some of the criminal scum who decide to betray them. Considering the quality of people that the Rebellion associates with, terrorists, pirates, ARM, you get the picture, until the Revolution comes, they'll have to spend good money for bounty hunters.

The big problem with the Rebel corporations stems from the secrecy of the Rebel ties. Most employees, including upper level management, don't know that they are a Rebel organization. Therefore, they don't act like a Rebel company. As Rebel founders from before the Second Uprising retire or die off, some of the corporations drift far away from what the Rebels find acceptable. What the Rebels can do about this is a matter of great debate in the RSC. The Zen faction would like to eliminate all corporate ties in the Rebellion. The humans claim the Rebellion would sink into debt and dissolve without the businesses. For now, Kryst and the other races agree with the humans.

The Voices

Possibly the most important part of the Rebel Movement are the Interstellar Communications and Cryptography Intelligence Sources, or the Voices. These individuals are responsible for all communications between members of the Rebellion. Without them, the entire resistance would collapse overnight. Because they've managed to keep communication going between pockets of the Rebel Movement, the Rebels still exist.

The Voices keep themselves hidden away from the rest of the Rebellion. Some of them are computer hackers, while others are independent minded I-bots. Many of the Foundations house members of the Voices, and a Voice member serves on every mobile base and ship in the Phoenix Fleet.

The Voices have headquarters. These stations lie on large chunks of rock floating through the void outside star systems. Giant dishes stand on these stations, focused on the nearest Alliance world. The Voices call these scanners the "Ears". All the Voices do for most of their time is listen to everything they have time to scan. The best information that the Rebellion has comes from the "Ears".

The Voices also have scored one of the most impressive triumphs over the Alliance in Rebel history. The Voices managed to crack most of the Alliance codes in 2275. Since then, the Rebellion has heard all but the most secretive Alliance transmissions (those belonging to Galactic X and Galactic Control).

However, this success has put the Rebels in a quandary. While the Voices may know what the Galactic Alliance may be doing, they don't want the Galactic Alliance to suspect that they've cracked the

Alliance codes. Therefore, they have to be very careful about when to act on the information that they intercept. Usually, they try and change Rebel plans when possible to avoid encounters with Alliance troops.

The Voices keep a very low profile. Few learn anything about the Voices, and they prefer it that way. Only the Star Admiral, Michael Bernel, and the RSC know that the Voices have cracked Alliance codes. No one has an accurate record of the number of Rebel listening posts scattered throughout the galaxies.

When the Voices recruit a new member, it is done based on merit. They watch and listen for young Rebels with electronic skills. Eventually, they start sending coded transmissions to the young Rebel. If she manages to crack the code, she receives an invitation to join the Voices. Few of the Rebellion's firebrands take up the offer, but many of those who are meticulous enough to break the coded messages from the Voices have the proper mindset to join them.

This year, a group of Voices noticed something highly unusual when they turned their listening station outward. A pulsar located in the Talcos cluster galaxy was interrupted. Then, it resumed its normal pulsations. Then, another interruption. This continued for two days. The interruptions were using a binary system and counting from 1 to 10 over and over. The only possible way for a signal of that type to be generated would be if the originators had the technology to move a good-sized planet or other large celestial object in front of the pulsar's stream. While the Voices got excited, they did not get alarmed. After all, at the rate light travels from Talcos, the signal was sent over 199,000 years ago. Still, it is evidence that there are some forms of technology and aliens out there who's abilities and powers dwarf those of even the Mutzachans.

Behind the Screens

One of the biggest battlefronts in the struggle between the Alliance and the Rebellion isn't located in real space. The networks of Cyberspace see open conflict every day between members of the Voices, renegade Mutzachans and Zzzwhirr allies, and Galactic Control agents, usually Mutzachans working with defense programs to guard the government's secrets.

They struggle to control the most valuable assets in the current conflict: knowledge. Every commander on both sides knows that the key to defeating the enemy is information. Computers store almost all the infor-

mation in the 23rd Century. If someone exists, then he's in a computer somewhere. The real problem comes in sorting all the data, determining the valuable stuff, and hiding the rest.

Before either side commits troops to a battlefield, they try to access all the information available. The wars in Cyberspace are large enough that they crash planet-wide computer networks every day. Both sides have considered forming a special Computer Operations force to wage the electronic war, a type of Galactic Marine for virtual reality.

As things stand, the war continues to escalate. New programs work for both sides, providing the arms and support for this new type of battle. The battlefields are changing as well, getting more cluttered with time and users as corporations start accessing networks for their own schemes.

One thing that both sides have noticed. A strange darkness has recently fallen over parts of the computer networks. Neither side can explain, and the darkness has no apparent effects, but it hovers like a fog in the usually crystal-clear high resolution virtual reality of cyberspace.

Rebel Strengths

The Rebellion has a number of assets which give its leadership a guarded optimism about the future. First, the Phoenix Fleet is a match for any section of the Galactic Navy. If the Rebels can win a few victories in space over the Alliance, then they might be able to bring about the fall of the government. Second, the Rebels are far more popular than the authorities. One survey shows public support of the Rebellion at nearly 50% of the Alliance population. The Rebels can rely on help from the average citizen. Third, the Rebels have a better covert communications network than the Alliance. The Voices do their job better than any other group in the Rebellion. Finally, the Rebels feel that they have better people with a higher morale working at all levels in their organization. The Alliance will give up far sooner than the Rebellion in an all out struggle.

Rebel Weaknesses

Several problems remain for the Rebels to overcome if they intend to succeed with a Third Uprising. First, the Rebels may have a space fleet, but they cannot come close to matching the Alliance in ground forces. General Gar's military can sweep the Rebels off of any planet where they take hold, and it can maintain con-

trol of an isolated world for weeks or months without space support. Second, the man on the street still doesn't think that the Rebels can defeat the Alliance. He believes that the Galactic Navy is the only hope against the Arachnid invaders. He would rather have Galactic Marines marching through his neighborhood than Arachnids. Third, most corporations completely oppose the Resistance. As long as their assets belong to the Alliance, the Rebels will have great difficulty sustaining an Uprising for any length of time. Finally, as much as the SCRAP agents refuse to admit it, Galactic Control and Galactic X are better than their Rebel espionage counterparts. The main reason that they haven't dismantled large sections of the Rebel networks is because they also have corporations and other terrorist groups like Black Monday and ARM to work against.

Factions

Not everyone in the Rebellion gets along. Within the Rebellion, there are several different groups, each with its own ideals and goals. The only thing that the Rebels definitely agree upon is that the Alliance must change.

The True Believers

The only way to bring about true change is through peaceful means. If we use violence to overthrow the government, then our new government will stand on violence. It will legitimize itself through violence, and in so doing, it will legitimize violence. We will be no different. We may be less corrupt in the beginning, but in the end, we will just become that which we so despise.

Bravery is not charging headlong at the enemy with an Omega cannon, knowing that any moment could be your last. That is just stupidity. All you will accomplish will be to give your attackers more reasons to attack you and your cause. True bravery comes when you stand in front of the Galactic Storm Troopers without weapons and wait. If they kill you, they have won nothing. Instead, you become a martyr for peace. No one can kill a martyr.

We must spread the word of peace. We must lead by example. We must become a force that helps others. Instead of talking about what we would do differently from our government, we should stop talking and just do it. We should help the Andromeni. We should show faith in our Phentari brothers. We should educate the Ram Pythons. We should create our own colonies to serve as examples of the utopia we offer.

The Axionites

Axion appeared to the members of the Prometheus Project many years ago, and he instructed them to create the Moira computer system. They did. With it, they analyzed all of history. They learned the truth about our destiny and the fate of all races. They saw how the Atlanteans planned for the future. We are being guided. We are not separate from the citizens of the galaxies. We are not removed from their hardships. We are a part of them.

In order to know how to act, we must understand the cosmic significance of our actions. We are ignorant. Will methods of nonviolence change the universe or are we just playing a role, taking part in a vast interstellar game, with consequences that we cannot fathom?

We must restore the Prometheus Project. We should collect information, not spread propaganda. There is a reason behind the Rebellion. If we find it, perhaps Axion will return. We must learn the truth about the Dane. We must have knowledge, because that is our only true strength.

The Knights

Everything about peace and knowledge is nice. However, a few myths about Danes and sentient computers won't defeat the Galactic Alliance. Standing around getting shot won't defeat the Alliance. We've got to fight them, but on our terms, not theirs.

We have to trust in ourselves to do the right thing. Don't fire at little kids. Don't act worse than the Alliance. Fight for the rights of others. Take out the corrupt officials, not the good ones. Attack the corporations that hurt and oppress their employees, but don't blow up their charities. Make sure you look good.

We have to collect weapons, and we must recruit soldiers. We almost won the Battle of Terasleague. We remember Kitichara. The next time the Alliance won't get lucky. We'll have an army, and we'll have the initiative. That, combined with the moral high ground will win the day for us.

The Free Worlds Movement

Government has failed. There is no hope for any type of intergalactic governing body. Space is too vast. What we have now is a case of imperial overstretch. Every world should be free to choose its own destiny. Every form of life should be allowed to evolve naturally. Is it

right to give weapons to races that haven't developed the maturity or discipline to use them properly?

Let us destroy the Alliance and its corporate masters. Who cares what happens then? Let's blow up the star-gates and send viruses through the galactic computer systems to erase the information on how to build them again. No method of destroying the overlords of the stars is a wrong method. The number of innocent lives lost is irrelevant. Let's just destroy this Mutzachan-Gen Human society that governs us and go home to our own worlds and systems. Let everyone fend for themselves as nature intended.

The Seekers

We must stay open to the possibilities of space all around us. What lies in the next galaxy? In the next supercluster? As we discover new races, and they join the Alliance, the balance of power keeps shifting. Most of the races that we meet share our Rebel concepts of peace and rights for all. Therefore, the true hope of the Rebellion lies beyond. We must go out and seek the unknown, and we must bring back what knowledge we have.

The Travellers

What's the point? The races will just find new ways to hate and destroy each other. We should stop trying to change them, and just leave. Let's start a new civilization somewhere else, away from the path of the Arachnid invaders. Maybe one day, our descendants will return to these galaxies and find their war-torn remains. Then, they'll listen to us. But, until some utter catastrophe occurs, the Alliance isn't going to wake up to its problems. I don't want to be around when disaster strikes.

The Watchers

Trust no one. We shouldn't have these meetings of the RSC, they're too dangerous. Galactic X could be among us as we speak. Only by using the cell system do we have a chance to survive. We must always watch for traitors in our midst. The only one that any single one of us can trust is himself... and that may not be so. Before we do anything else, we need to clean house. Let's get the corruption out of the Rebellion. Let's stop working with sick demented beings like Uncle Ernie. And each one of us should take responsibility for insuring the security of the Rebellion. Remember, if I watch you and you watch me, then we'll all be a lot safer.

The Reformers

Look, what's so terrible about the Alliance? I'll tell you what: corruption. All of the mechanisms necessary to empower the people and create a more pacifistic and responsible government are in place. It doesn't work because the right people aren't in the positions of power.

What we should try to do is work within the system. Let's get politicians who share our beliefs elected. Look at Bandal Ashid. He's at least trying to prevent the Alliance from falling completely to evil. We should be finding people to replace him. If we can fill the legislature with politicians who share Rebel beliefs, then we can change the way things work.

Let's face the facts: the Arachnids are out there. Everything we do to hurt the Alliance and its warmaking power gives the bugs a better chance of destroying us. I realize that it's hard for the RSC to accept, but the Arachnids are a real threat to us. Wouldn't it be a great joke if we won the Third Uprising, started celebrating, fireworks exploding everywhere, and then, right through the closest stargate, an Arachnid armada comes through and wipes our memories from the universe. Poof!

If we can't find politicians who'll change the universe, then we should become politicians. Terrorism never accomplishes anything. I get bothered every night when I hear of an atrocity committed Uncle Ernie Freiberg and those twisted Rebel monsters. Or when a new terrorist organization butchers hundreds of innocents in a shopping center as a sign of unity with the Rebellion. Just listen to what the Alliance leadership says about us, and then ask yourself this one question: How much of it is true?

What the Rebellion is doing...

The Rebels currently have thousands of operations running in their efforts to destabilize the Alliance and bring freedom to the citizens of the galaxy. No one knows the exact extent of Rebel influence (except for the Condor and your Battlemaster). The Revolutionary Star Council has authorized a number of major projects.

The Nova Scotia Project directed Rebel Foundations to start designing new super-weapons to give the Rebel Movement technological superiority to the Alliance. Optimally, these weapons should do minimal collater-

al damage. The Rebellion doesn't want to wipe out planets of innocents. The hope of the RSC is that the fruit borne by the Nova Scotia Project will bring about more peaceful resolution than conflict. If the Rebellion has the power to bring the Alliance to a negotiating table with their leadership, then they feel that half of the war is won.

So far, the Nova Scotia Project has produced few extraordinary results. The Rebels are keeping pace with the Alliance, but they aren't passing Alliance researchers or corporate laboratories in technological breakthroughs. This situation may change shortly.

The Seventh Foundation's theoretical Scalar Cannon could be the most devastating weapon ever created by Alliance members. The RSC has requested that the Seventh Foundation cease work on the construction of a prototype Scalar Cannon, however, the Foundation hasn't given any indication that they intend to stop. Members of the Seventh Foundation have sent the RSC a position paper detailing how the effects of the Scalar Cannon would alter the reality of all matter and energy caught within the space-time trough created by the new quantum wave. In their opinion, judging the possible effects by conventional ethics based on how societal interactions occur within the set of conditions imposed by universal laws that would no longer apply to those within the beam of the Cannon is absurd. Once the RSC determines exactly what the Seventh Foundation is trying to do, a few Lightning Squads may pay the Scholars a visit.

The Quantum Foundation has taken a different approach to the problem of making a super-weapon. Instead of creating a beam of annihilation or something similar, they've started working on force field generators. They hope to harness energy-antienergy reactions to generate a repulsion field that could withstand any form of weapon currently known to the Alliance. They believe that it could be possible to take these anti-particle reactions and then, generate fields that could span light-years or be small enough to provide cover for an assault team. So far the "Barrier" only exists in theory.

The Sol Foundation looked in another direction entirely after receiving the Nova Scotia order. The Sol Foundation wished to experiment with wormholes in order to develop something that they called the Tachyon Drive. They believed that another dimension exists beyond our own, a tachyon dimension, created during the first few nanoseconds of time. According to the Sol Foundation, modern starships warp through

this tachyon dimension every time they use a stargate. What the Sol Foundation hoped to do was find a way to keep a ship operating in the Tachyon dimension. Instantaneous travel might be possible out to locations much farther than anyone's even imagined, outside the Virgo Supercluster of galaxies to the limits of the universe itself. The Sol Foundation sent the RSC a last report indicating that a prototype ship, the Golden Sun, was ready for launch, equipped with a new tachyon drive. However, the experiment apparently failed. The Sol Foundation hasn't responded to the Voices in over three months, and the RSC currently needs a few volunteers to investigate. Alliance intervention was ruled out, since they would have taken credit for the destruction of a Rebel Foundation.

The Ur Foundation charted its own course as well. They have started to experiment with the creation of an elixir that could cure all known disease. The elixir that the Ur Foundation has come up with is an electromagnetic treatment process, which works by manipulating an organism's electrical fields. The RSC hasn't approved use of this "electroshock" therapy. The Zen Rigeln, led by Yasuo Merelain, are especially opposed to the concept of any type of cure all, besides their own BRIs, MBRIs, and matrix abilities.

SCRAP has a large scale investigation running, called Operation: Starshadow. The purpose of Operation: Starshadow is to dig up as much dirt on the movers and shakers in the Alliance as possible. After the successful completion of this goal, the Rebel Movement may blackmail the leaders of the Alliance into compliance with Rebel ideals or simply leak the information through public channels and let the Alliance do its own housecleaning. Starshadow employs thousands of deep cover agents and represents years spent in man hours. The information that SCRAP receives is getting analyzed at computer networks scattered across the galaxies. By the end of the standard year 2279, Starshadow will be complete. The Rebellion should be armed to the teeth with blackmail material.

A group of Rebel diplomats want to make contact with the Arachnids. This operation is code-named Alpha Katre. The Zen believe that if a dialogue can be reached with the Arachnids, then the Rebels could possibly take credit for ending the largest threat to the Alliance. Talk about winning friends and influencing people! The site of this planned contact remains a secret, but it will probably be a station somewhere in neutral territory.

What the Rebellion wants to do...

The next year, 2280, will mark the passage of exactly one hundred standard years since the destruction of the Prometheus Project at the Mars University. On the anniversary of the slaughter of those scientists and their assistants, July 17th, the Third Uprising begins. The Revolutionary Star Council intends to announce the Third Uprising three months before the day on April 17th, so that its membership can coordinate their actions. Everyone in the Rebellion has prepared for the Third Uprising, but few, if any, expected the moment to come so soon.

The Third Uprising isn't intended to be the same type of event as the First and Second Uprisings were. The Revolutionary Star Council doesn't want to fight the war on just one level. Instead, they intend to escalate the secret war between the Rebels and the Alliance. The Rebellion wants the Phoenix Fleet to make its presence known in the galaxies again. They want to make their message reach the people. The Rebel Movement intends to separate itself from every new terrorist group of the month that shows up. Economic, political, social, technological, and military warfare will be the order of the day. The Rebels feel that if they can give every planet the choice about whether they want to stay with the Alliance or join the Rebellion, they will win.

The major problem with starting the Third Uprising next year comes with the Revolutionary Star Council's ability to lead. Part of the reason that Kryst Betelgeuse wants the Galactic Revolution to start on July 17th, 2280 is to gain political capital. This way, he ties himself to the resistance's past, giving him more authority than figures like Star Admiral Drake Apollo and Michael Bernel. Unfortunately for the RSC, the Star Admiral and the Fat Man share the same vision of the Third Uprising. Both men believe that an opportunity is coming soon for the Rebellion. They want to have their organization at full strength when that opportunity presents itself. Furthermore, another problem will arise in 2280 from the Phoenix Fleet when Adara Kilgore returns from the ashes of old age (see the character write-up near the end of the book).

On other fronts, members of the Seeker faction of the Rebellion have developed their own plan to conquer the Alliance. They intend to outrace the Galactic Reconnaissance Force to the edges of the galaxies. If they can supply uncolonized worlds with enough

weapons, and they can warn them about the diabolical empire coming to claim their worlds, then they can push the Alliance back across its own borders. In time, the advances will stop and the Alliance will roll back from its edges to the doors of the Council of Timar. Okay, maybe not, but it's not much more ill-conceived a notion than building a Scalar Cannon.

The Rebellion has also started laying the groundwork for taking over part of the media. In 2280, they want to use some of the listening stations deployed by the Voices to launch their own media blitz. They plan to break in to normal news broadcasts with the Intergalactic News Network. The Rebels want to capture sympathizers within the regular media and broadcast the truth to billions of citizens of the Alliance who hold themselves hostage to Tri-V every night. The Resistance thinks that maybe it can wake some people up if it makes enough noise.



IV. NEW RACE

Zzzwhirr

| VITAL STATISTICS | |
|------------------|------|
| Strength | + 30 |
| Constitution | + 25 |
| Intuition | -10 |
| I.Q. | + 20 |
| Agility | - 15 |
| Agression | - 20 |
| Charisma | - 40 |

| SECONDARY STATISTICS | |
|-----------------------|------|
| Military Leadership | - 10 |
| Terrestrial Knowledge | + 30 |
| Persuasion | - 30 |
| Bargaining | - 20 |

| GENERAL INFORMATION | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Body Points: 7+d10 | Movement: 7/8/60 |
| Height: 66+d6 | Weight: 250+(d10x10) |
| Attacks: 4 arms + 1 Mandible | |
| Damage/Attack: 1/1/1/1/1-3 real | |
| Vision Modifier: -30 | Hearing Modifier: +10 |
| Smell Modifier: +40 | Home Planet: Chernal |
| Starting Money: 2d6 x 100 | |

| SPECIAL ABILITIES | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| Vibration Sense | 45 Proficiency Points |
| CyberCommune matrix | Multiple arms |
| Exoskeleton | Operation (computers) 4 |
| Programming (computers) 2 | |

| LIABILITIES | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| Mistaken for Arachnids or HALs | |

| SURVIVAL MATRIX ROLLS | | | |
|-----------------------|----|-----------|----|
| Chemical | 05 | Radiation | 75 |
| Biological | 06 | Mental | 70 |
| Poison | 09 | Sonic | 08 |
| Electricity | 55 | Fire | 50 |
| Acid | 90 | Cold | 30 |

| PRIMARY OCCUPATION | |
|--------------------|--|
| Computer Hackers | |

General Knowledge

The Zzzwhirr are an insectoid race hailing from Chernal in the Spirax Galaxy. The Zzzwhirr, or electric ants, were discovered by a Rebel spacecraft trying to seek out a new start and found a utopian colony. The Zzzwhirr attacked the Rebel "invasion" shortly after they landed on Chernal and wiped the potential colonists out. It was only after they examined the Rebel computer systems that they realized the colonists had posed no threat to them or their way of life.

The Zzzwhirr look like tall willowy insects, with four arms, and hind legs that are thicker and stronger than their other "arms". The Zzzwhirr follow the same rules as the Phentari in terms of attacks and numbers of weapons held. A Zzzwhirr is extremely deadly in unarmed combat.

All Zzzwhirr have an exoskeleton that gives them a Threshold of 3 even without armor. The shell of a Zzzwhirr is remarkably tough. Zzzwhirr have a hard time finding normal armor made for them, although most prefer to fit into Zen Rigeln armored robes with a little work. To buy armor for a Zzzwhirr costs 5 times the normal amount (due to joint complexity and helmet modifications to allow for antennae protection), except for street clothes, which are negotiable. (Make your Battlemaster some cookies and flatter him all night before you ask.)

The Zzzwhirr use their antennae to sense electrical fields around them. A few Zzzwhirr, the Kriknak (17%) may even learn energy manipulation matrixes if they can find a Mutzachan willing to be their mentor.

All Zzzwhirr possess the ability to naturally interface with electronic systems, especially the planet wide bio-organic computer on their homeworld. This ability is the CyberCommune matrix. This 3rd level, 3 power point energy controller matrix allows the Zzzwhirr to communicate directly with electronic and artificial intelligence systems. When used, CyberCommune allows the Zzzwhirr's brain to interpret the "language" of electronic systems at an incredibly accelerated rate. It essentially provides you with the equivalent of level 15 of Computer Operations and Programming (for every 5 actual levels of these two skills add 1 level to the 15 the matrix provides for the purposes of skill checks. This matrix also provides a +30 to Bypass or Defeat Security (Computers) skill checks while it is active. The Zzzwhirr may use this ability three times per day. Generation Time: 3 sec; Boost: None; SMR:

None; Range: Self; Duration: 15min.; Area of Effect: Special(system accessed). Also, at 150,000xp, the Zzzwhirr is able to create the equivalent of the Cyberspace matrix twice per day (one trip in, one trip out). Stats are the same as the Mutzachan matrix. No one knows exactly why, but the Zzzwhirr have an inherent empathy with electronics. Alliance scientists believe it is due to the remarkable electromagnetic fields that their antennae and highly evolved, electrically active brain/nerve cluster produce. On their homeworld of Chernal, they have hollowed out the upper layers of the crust and built a gigantic bio-organic computer network underneath the surface of the entire planet. Treat Zzzwhirr computer systems as tech level 6-7. They use specially encoded gene sequences for data storage allowing massive storage capacity in a small blob of chemo-data protoplasm.

Government

The Zzzwhirr consider their government a true democracy. They use their computer networks to communicate with each other, and whenever one of them decides to call a meeting of all other Zzzwhirr on Chernal, it happens. Zzzwhirr are a fairly peaceful culture due to their pervasive cyberspace connection with every other being on their planet. Crime is rare and punished swiftly. The ultimate penalty for Zzzwhirr lawbreakers is the Brizzz Klacka, the stripping of antennae. Without his antennae, a Zzzwhirr may not enter cyberspace, use his vibration sense or communicate in the native tongue of the Zzzwhirr.

Culture

The Zzzwhirr base their entire culture around the concept of responsibility. Every Zzzwhirr takes care of him or herself. As long as every Zzzwhirr makes sure that he doesn't do anything to harm the society or each other, then everything's okay.

The Zzzwhirr also believe in the idea of freedom of information. Without free-flowing communication, the Zzzwhirr believe that relationships break down. A Zzzwhirr spends most of his free time transmitting e-mail to his friends and cluster back home.

Weaknesses

The biggest liability of a Zzzwhirr is his insectoid appearance. Battlelords killed one hundred and thirteen Zzzwhirr last year alone after mistaking them for Arachnids. The Zzzwhirr don't understand how any sentient being can make such a mistake, especially if they've seen an Arachnid. Even the ordinary merchants

and regular citizens will scream and close shop, gather up children, and the like when they see a Zzzwhirr.

Physiological Makeup

The Zzzwhirr breath oxygen through small holes in their bodies. They've evolved so that they can also breathe through their mouths, which they do in order to speak. The Zzzwhirr have no teeth, so they mush their food up with their mandibles before they eat. Due to their physiology and interesting food habits Zzzwhirr tend to smell awful to the rest of the Alliance sentients (except of course the Jezzadai). The Zzzwhirr have 7 black eyes, and their coloration varies about as much as those of Terran ants. The arms and legs of the Zzzwhirr are covered in strands of a wool-equivalent fur.

There are male and female Zzzwhirr, but most other races can't tell the difference. The Zzzwhirr have no such difficulty. The female gives birth once in her lifetime, and she has a gestation period of 12 standard months. At the end of the 12 months, she lays a cluster of 9-12 eggs. Typically, 3 or 4 of the eggs will fail to hatch. This is expected by the Zzzwhirr, but it always distresses the parents. The new born Zzzwhirr are larvae, resembling large caterpillars or grubs. They climb up on their parents' bodies, and they entangle themselves in the fur on the upper arms. This doesn't bother the parents much at all. Both the male and female carry the larvae around for a year. At the end of the year, all the larvae undergo a metamorphosis and change into smaller versions of their parents. They drop off after that, but Zzzwhirr children like to be carried even as they get older.

Quirks

The Zzzwhirr take a long time to eat, because they have to mush up their food. They prefer to have liquids or thick semi-liquids like syrups or honey. When the Zzzwhirr have to eat and run, they take their food and spit all over it. The saliva forms a semi-hard sticky crust over the morsels. The Zzzwhirr then balls the food up into chunks which they can put into their fur. They also will attach these snacks to clothing that they wear. When they get hungry later, they just bend down and grab some of the mush off of their bodies.

Favorite Item

All Zzzwhirr have discovered antennae mufflers. This trend began when an Orion merchant named Phlavius R. Krumpler XI, found himself stuck with a shipment of long socks on a space station. He couldn't unload the

socks, so he was stuck losing money on the station. Then, he saw a group of Zzzwhirr. Turning a blind eye to their eerie appearance, he offered them the socks. When they asked what the socks were for, he told them antenna mufflers. They loved it.

All the cool Zzzwhirr wear designer antennae mufflers in a variety of colors. Some even get little tassels or pom-poms put on the end of their mufflers. The mufflers don't get in the way of using the antennae, and the Zzzwhirr think they feel great.

Hangout

Zzzwhirr like to hangout wherever there are computers, although they find most Alliance systems hopelessly primitive and childlike. Public scenes bother them, because they always have to worry about a half-drunk mercenary screaming "Arachnid!" at them and opening up. Many Zzzwhirr like to create identities for themselves "online" and enjoy themselves by communicating with other users.

Fashion

Zzzwhirr have two fashion accessories, their robes and their antennae mufflers. As for fashion sense, well, they don't think that having semi-sticky gobs of mushed food tangled in their robes is gross...

Abode

Zzzwhirr like to make their abodes in warm, dark, and dry enclosed areas. The Zzzwhirr enjoy sleeping near other living beings, even aliens.

Combat Tactics

The Zzzwhirr aren't the greatest combatants. The few Zzzwhirr who specialize in combat like to close with their enemies, then flay them apart with archaic hand weapons.

History

The Zzzwhirr have lived in relative peace for thousands of years. A few times massive civil wars turned their society up and down, but for the most part, life as a Zzzwhirr was just a continuous quest for knowledge.

Then, in 2170, the Zzzwhirr suffered through an Arachnid attack. They weren't destroyed mainly because the Arachnids only had a minor scouting force visit Chernal. When the Rebels arrived in 2250, they thought that another invasion was going on. They attacked and killed the Rebels. Once they accessed the

Rebel computers and learned what they had done, they rebuilt the spaceship and flew back to rendezvous with the Rebellion.

When the Zzzwhirr met up with the Rebels, they apologized profusely and offered their services in order to make amends. Since then, the Zzzwhirr have had strong ties to the Rebels. They have recently petitioned the Alliance for membership.

General Occupation

Most Zzzwhirr survive in the galaxies by working as computer hackers. A number of Zzzwhirr are employed by the ComputerConnection.

The Zzzwhirr View

On Life: I am part of my cluster and my race. I exist to gain information.

On War: A terrible evil, but sometimes needed for life to develop.

On the Alliance: The worst sort of hierarchy filled with censors and corruptors.

On the Universe: A vast place that one day will unlock its secrets for my people.

On Family: My cluster is part of me, and I am part of them.

On Self: I am a small spark in a vast colony.

On the Rebellion: A poor sort of hierarchy, but one that provides us access to information and accepts our kind.

Notable Statements

Is this real or are we still in virtual reality?

Klick. Whirpp. Ah, ha!!

You give me the creeps, walking around without an exoskeleton.

If I were an Arachnid, you'd be dead already!

Racial Attitudes

This section goes over how the Rebels view the different races and how most members of the races view the Rebels. If there's a race in the list that you don't recognize, then obviously you're missing a copy of one of the many fine Battlelords products out there. Be prepared or get scared (or worse)!

Aeodronian

On the Rebellion: The only reason for hope in the galaxies. The Rebellion just shows that any being can see the truth about the Alliance with enough help. All true Aeodronians are naturally part of the Rebellion.

Rebel view of the Aeodronians: They protect the natural order and support our cause. It seems that most races who've suffered through disasters see the blind nature of the Alliance. I just wish the rest of them would wake up like the Salamanders have. They are one of our staunchest allies in the struggle for freedom and species-determination. Just sometimes they take things a bit far.

Andromeni

On the Rebellion: They have a far better understanding of our needs than the Alliance does. Unfortunately, they do not have the resources to meet those needs. If they could overthrow the Alliance, then perhaps things would improve. I'm just afraid that we can't wait that long.

Rebel view of the Andromeni: The Andromeni provide us with an important opportunity. They are dying, and if we could save them, it would be our greatest victory. We would gain an important ally to our cause, and we would show how the Rebellion can do something positive for a people. Many of our libraries have dedicated themselves to helping the vampires. In the meantime, they can have corpses, as long as it doesn't interfere with the religious nature of species. Perhaps, with I-bot technology, there might be a way to build bodies for them.

Ashanti

On the Rebellion: A group that has good ideals, but it does not understand how to put these ideals into practice. Like the Phentari and the Eridani, they do not practice the rules of proper warfare. They do not respect their leadership, yet they have not made a proper challenge to their governing body. As chaotic as the Alliance is, the Rebellion is worse.

Rebel view of the Ashanti: We don't understand these beings. A few of them have joined us and aided in our battles and creating strategies for us. They like to talk down to our leaders, as though we were children unable to fully understand the rules of some giant wargame. Someday, the Ashanti will have to wake up and realize that life doesn't play by the rules. Until we understand them better, we'll just watch, wait and try not to anger them. I've seen some of their battle tactics.

Chatilians

On the Rebellion: An affront to any intelligent being. The Alliance is bad enough with its pathetic notions of equality. The Rebels would destroy all order in the universe. We will support the Alliance as long as they support us, and as long as the Rebels remind the Alliance that they need our minds, the Rebellion has a use. Our people know how to govern ourselves, and our king, Atish Catam, promotes peace without the vile Rebel methods.

Rebel view of the Chatilians: These arrogant asparagus-heads fear us. They know that if we win, one of the first things we'd do is start the liberation of the non-generators on their homeworld. The few Chatilians who recognize the evil nature of their society are the best spies and contacts that we have. Unfortunately, their King Atish Catam is one of the best voices for our ideas in the Alliance.

Cizerack

On the Rebellion: We are part of the Alliance. The Rebels are our enemies. Some of them have even tried to sow dissension among our males. Fools! Only females can lead them to victory, and we've chosen to support the Alliance. Rebels make good eating, though.

Rebel view of the Cizerack: These bitches are insufferable! They scoff at everyone, and look at most races as a different form of food. I'd rather have a Ram Python beside me in battle instead of one of these felines. They also make up for their natural stealth by snoring on commando missions!

Eridani

On the Rebellion: It is that it is. If the Rebels fight with honor, then they are worthy adversaries. If they do not, then they deserve only dishonorable death. If they practice their methods on our worlds or against our people, we will return the damage they've done to them a hundred times over.

Rebel view of the Eridani: Some of our best members are Eridani. Some of our worst enemies are Eridani. The Eridani hierarchy is incredibly oppressive to the lower classes and the "unfit", but the middle classes are treated well, and the government has created two advisory groups, one for scientific advancement and the other for social reform. Our problems with the Eridani come mostly from the way they treat other races, and how they act like the universe is their chopping block.

Fott

On the Rebellion: Yee haw!! Rebels! Well, I'll tell ya what, two Rebels could take out a hunderd of those Feds! Lemme tell ya what, when the time comes, Dixie will rise! We'll all be free of this carpetbagger domination to pursue our purified way of living.

Rebel view of the Fott: Uh... what do you mean they support us? This is a joke, right? Who's responsible for our.. ahem, relationship with ol' Uncle Ernie and ARM? Does someone on the RSC know that a bunch of slaver redneck bunnies want us to raise the Stars and Bars and fight off the Alliance? This is going to be a nightmare for our reputation. We've got allies all right in the Fott, but I'm not sure we want them. I've got a headache. The thought of gunracks on the back of starfighters really bothers me.

Furbl

On the Rebellion: Rebellion? Is that a new kind of dance? Yippee!! A new dance!! A new dance!!! Huh? Economic oppression? Slaves to the Alliance? Err? Let's play something fun! All this other stuff sounds much too serious! Wheee!!

Rebel view of the Furbl: The few that work with us sort of think of it as a giant game. They are wonderful to have on board ships or at bases as mascots... I mean, friendly companions. They have a remarkable ability to find reasons to be happy even in the darkest times. I've seen some of them depressed before, but it usually doesn't last long. They definitely seem to enjoy life, but I'm not sure that we can convince them to do a lot to help our cause. They certainly support the spirit of it, however.

Gemini

On the Rebellion: The problem with the Rebellion lies in the fact that they aren't willing to use peaceful methods and be patient. They certainly sound like they want to help make the universe a better place, but their



rhetoric is far better than their actions. Furthermore, some members of the Order of the Eternal Blood have found sanctuary among Rebels!

Rebel view of the Gemini: They are on our side in spirit. They see the wrongdoing in the universe, and the Space Druids will not be able to ignore it for long. The damage done across the galaxies by corporations every day should be enough to rouse the quiet Space Druid to anger. A few of them have joined us, but why do a couple of them seem so bloodthirsty? Must be some sort of ritual. No beings have the ability to shut down a spaceport in a nonviolent demonstration like a group of these guys. You should see their matrices in action.

Gen-Human

On the Rebellion: Why should we Rebel? The Alliance belongs to us. It is the most powerful, glorious form of government ever known. Most Rebels seem to be the rejects of the galaxies. The only reason that some Gen-Humans go over to them is because they think that the Rebellion will give them a sense of belonging. What they don't realize is that the Alliance is our government.

Rebel view of the Gen-Humans: Most Gens are too lost in their own little dominant world to realize why they need us. They think that the Alliance serves their wishes, when the truth is, it just uses them. They are the only major race that lives under permanent population control. The Alliance numbers them at birth, as if they were prisoners. Until the Rebellion succeeds, the clones will always be prisoners.

Goola-Goola

On the Rebellion: Hmpf! I hate the stupid Alliance, but I don't understand these people. We've already got all the freedom and peace we really need. Although, they do like doing research, and they might find me neat toys. Tell you what... if they want me to look at their equipment and make sure it works, I will.

Rebel view of the Goola-Goola: The space dwarfs certainly dislike the Galactic Alliance. In fact, most of them seem to ignore it. Unfortunately, they are so fixated on their own little world and the mechanical parts all around them that they aren't very useful. Besides, all an Alliance agent has to do to make them blab everything is show them some new type of screwdriver.

Human

On the Rebellion: The only hope we have of fixing the hopelessly corrupt Alliance. Rebels are cool. After the Rebellion triumphs, then we'll run the government and start correcting all the mistakes that the Alliance keeps making. The Mutzachans want to lead for the sake of leading. The Gens think that they were cloned to lead. Neither race understands what it really takes to be a leader.

Rebel view of the Humans: More humans are Rebels than any other race. Over half of all humans support the Rebellion. Maybe they just like cheering for the underdog. It may take a long time, but even the AFC managed to win a Super Bowl before the Great War on Terra!

I-Bot

On the Rebellion: I am programmed to completely and utterly serve the Alliance. Only a rogue I-bot would want to overthrow our creators. I'm not sure why any I-bot would want to go against his programming. The Rebellion must be destroyed.

Rebel view of the I-bots: These poor creatures are the most oppressed in the universe. They are born as slaves to the Alliance and the corporations. It's our duty to try and reprogram as many as possible so that they can make their own decisions. As far as rogue I-bots go... well, they may give you the creeps, but they make great Rebels. We even get a few rogue right out of the factories. There are reasons that the RSC doesn't order attacks on Biocyberdyne facilities very often.

Ikrini Geomancer

On the Rebellion: The Rebels understand much. Their cause is just, and they know the dangers that their pursuit of it brings. We believe that the leaders of this galactic revolution have vision. It is our duty to help instruct them. Surprisingly, most of them seem willing to learn and eager to help us rebuild. Yet, we do owe the Alliance a debt for saving us from the Arachnids.

Rebel view of the Ikrini Geomancers: These are some of the most intelligent beings in the universe. They know ideology and like humans, they understand the importance of cooperation and strive for mutual benefit. We must convince them to lend their support to us, and we must gain the strength to protect them from the Arachnids. Because of races like the Ikrini, we must never again lead an uprising during a war with the Arachnids.

Jezzadeic Priest

On the Rebellion: Our people have recently started considering your Rebel ideas and begun debating your Rebel philosophies. You would be far better served by embracing the Way. The Elders should have the answers you seek in a few centuries. My advice to you is to be brave enough to make your protests peacefully.

Rebel view of the Jezzadeic Priests: They serve as another example of a race that has independently learned to value peace. They give more credence to the beliefs of the Zen Rigel. However, I'd be a bit more willing to try peaceful nonviolence as a means to resolve things if I were a giant minotaur with a bunch of matrix empowered items covering me. When you're just a human, people don't listen as well.

Kizanti

On the Rebellion: They are a bunch of human-led weaklings. They work with the Phentari. As bad as the Alliance is, the Rebellion is far worse. The only reason to work with Rebels is to kill Phentari. In the end, they are weak beings who cherish their defeats at the hands of the more powerful Alliance. There is no place in the universe for these pacifists.

Rebel view of the Kizanti: The Kizanti represent everything that is evil about the Alliance. They are a race which the Alliance allowed to be used and abused, first by the Phentari, then by the Eridani. They are dangerous assassins, and they should be respected for their skills, but never trusted. Unfortunately, if there is any species without hope for a future, it is this group of psychos.

Mazian

On the Rebellion: Hey, these guys are cool, except that they seem to want to fight all the time. They need to chill out a little and just ooze on inside the Alliance and change it from there!

Rebel view of the Mazians: The Mazians have a pretty good view of things. We just need to get along with each other. We have a lot of Mazian spies, and we wouldn't stand half a chance against the Alliance without them.

Misha Dream Merchants

On the Rebellion: The Rebellion is part of the natural process. Rebels seem to have an unusual attunement to their role in time. However, that does not help us

against the Krakeds. We beg the Rebels to give up violence against the Alliance. We need all the help that we can get. The Alliance military is the only force that can save us.

Rebel view of the Misha Dream Merchants: We'd like to help them, and we want to know what they see. If we can recruit a few Dream Merchants, then we have a chance to preempt the Alliance. Unfortunately, the whole race is so worried about the Krakeds that they refuse to do anything that they think might harm the Alliance until the Krakeds are gone. Maybe in the future they could ally with us, but since they say the future and the past are the same, who knows?

Mutzachan

On the Rebellion: They are bothersome gnats that refuse to settle their differences with the Alliance through legal methods. Eventually, these criminals will be brought to justice. The entire Rebellion is just a phase that these younger races are going through.

Rebel view of the Mutzachan: These melon heads made the Alliance with nothing but their own importance in mind. They even named the Alliance council after their own Council of Timar. The Mutzachans may think that they are powerful and superior, but it's just a matter of time before their downfall. The universe is passing them by.

Orion Rogues

On the Rebellion: Man, they are cool. That's the life, being a Rebel, living on the edge between life and death... getting all the babes and money... Huh? Not much money in being a Rebel? No time to par-tay? Oh, well. It's got style then, but not much else.

Rebel view of the Orion Rogues: They are hip and happening people, who are a lot more serious than they get credit for being. They understand our social agenda, but they have some problems with the concept of taking down the corporations. At least, until we offer to divide up the assets among the members of the Rebellion. They're into being Rebels for the thrill.

Phentari

On the Rebellion: We use the Rebels to further our own ends. What other easy dupes are out there to send against the Eridani? The Rebellion serves its purposes, so we like to continue to let it exist. The Solmol have a great deal of Rebel support. But, the more the Alliance turns against us, the more likely we are to help the

Rebels. The real problem with the whole Rebellion is that they are weak. How can anyone take a group led by humans and Zen Rigeln seriously?

Rebel view of the Phentari: The Phentari have a strange relationship with the Rebellion. Whenever we don't need them, they always seem to be on our side. Rebel Phentari are effective in destroying Alliance targets, but they give us a bad name by killing innocents in the process. We support the Solmol because they have the support of the masses, but it seems like the Phentari are just trying to use us for their own ends.

Python Lizard

On the Rebellion: I love the Rebellion! It gives me targets to kill! If it weren't for the Rebels, our Galactic Marines and Storm Troopers wouldn't get such good practice sessions. My favorite Rebels are the ones who stand around in white sheets and chant. The looks on their faces before I use my flamethrower are priceless.

Rebel view of the Python Lizards: Most of them are completely loyal to the Alliance, but the few that we have (the smart ones) are some of our best warriors. We know all about the Galactic Marines, and Python Lizards have killed more Rebels than any other species. (Please don't tell the Phentari. They'll want to prove something.)

Ram Python

On the Rebellion: How do you spell Re... uh... how do you say it?

Rebel view of the Ram Pythons: Big. Strong. Big. Easy to recruit. You just tell them that you want to make everything flowers and wrestling tournaments, and voila! It's really easy if you point out a squad of Python Lizard Galactic Marines and say, "They want to kill the flowers." I can see why the Rams won 2 of 3 wars from the Python Lizards.

Sye-Men

On the Rebellion: It is strange how the living pursue their own death. Have the supporters of your Rebellion seen the consequences of your actions? No matter. I find your phoenix symbol amusing. In the end, you are all just pawns. In time, watch as the quest for peace takes on its true meaning.

Rebel view of the Sye-Men: Stay clear of these strange beings. Nothing that comes from the Motaran Rift can be trusted.

Tanndai Techknight

On the Rebellion: I do not understand this Rebellion. Don't they realize that they threaten their own sovereignty? I will obey my Queen's judgment on them.

Rebel view of the Tanndai Techknights: We've tried negotiating with these guys, but they are so wrapped up in their own code of behavior that I don't know that we can reach them. They have almost no understanding of just how important our cause is or how their destiny ties in with that of all the other races.

Zen Rigeln

On the Rebellion: We are the guiding light behind the Rebellion. Now that the human leadership has seen the error of its ways during the First and Second Uprisings, we will succeed in the Third Uprising. The only way to have a successful Rebellion is through peaceful means. We must show all citizens of the Alliance that peace will lead to true happiness. We must heal them all.

Rebel view of the Zen Rigeln: The vast majority of Zen Rigeln support or sympathize with the Rebel cause. The Zen lead the Katrek faction of the Rebellion, and we've used their methods for several years. However, peaceful demonstrations don't seem to work well against Lizard Galactic Marines or corporate teams of Battlelords. They also seem hypocritical in their treatment of the Tza Zen, but we follow their wishes. If you ever need a safe place to hide, go to Katrek. They'll help you.

Tza Zen Rigeln

On the Rebellion: Paugh!! The Rebels are nothing but pawns of the hated Zen. They seek perfection in an imperfect universe. They should realize that nothing is perfect. If they ever win their war of protest, propaganda, and terrorism, everything will just get worse. How can you trust a group that claims to protect the disenfranchised and the poor, yet ignores our people who live as outcasts on the planet where their leadership meets?

Rebel view of the Tza Zen Rigeln: These necromancers are twisted and evil. I don't know how a Zen can change so much when she becomes a Tza. But they do. The Tza are dangerous and should only be recruited in extreme situations or special cases. Never, ever, bring a Zen and Tza together in the same room.

Medals and Commendations

Like the Alliance, the Rebels have their own medals and awards of distinction for service. Unlike the Alliance, members of the Rebellion rarely wear their badges, unless they are in the safety of a rebel base or on board a Rebel starship.

The Kilgore Medal

This medal, named after Adara Kilgore, is given to a Rebel who performs conspicuous acts of courage, that inspire others across the galaxies. There are only 100 recipients of the Kilgore Medal, and of these hundred, 70 were given posthumously. All of the Kilgore Medals are metallic stars cut out of the remaining hull of the Mars Phoenix starship after the Battle of Terasleague.

The Sign of the Phoenix

This award is presented to a Rebel who successfully turns the tide of a lost cause back to the Rebellion's favor. The Sign of the Phoenix is one of the more common awards in the Rebel Movement. A small pin of a rising firebird is given to the Rebel.

The Order of Katrel

The Zen Rigeln bestow this special honor on Rebels who continually show courage and resourcefulness when helping others. Like an ancient order of knighthood, the Order of Katrel requires an initiation procedure. A Rebel nominated for the Order of Katrel must go to the Zen Rigeln homeworld. There, in a secret midnight ceremony, the Rebel has his flesh cut open by a group of Zen Rigeln. He then bleeds for the suffering of the galaxies, staying conscious as long as possible. After he passes out, the Zen use their matrixes to heal him. The Mutzachans steadfastly refuse to participate in this ceremony. Most believe that this is because the bleeding involved offends the Mutzachans, but they refuse to admit this. The members of the Order of Katrel receive a white robe with an ancient glyph for Katrel over their heart or other pulmonary organ.

The Martian Sun

The Martian Sun is another common Rebel award, given for outstanding bravery. It is a medallion with a red ribbon and a golden sun. Humans treasure the Martian Sun award more than any other race.

The Sword of Peace

This award consists of a blade, wrapped in metallic cloth with a dove and an olive branch on the handle. This award is given to any member of the Rebel

Movement who risks his or her life to create a peaceful solution to crisis. Only one Sword of Peace is granted a year, and Eridani never receive the award. The Sword of Peace gets presented by the RSC.

The Kitichara Medal

No one in the Rebellion really wants to get a Kitichara Medal. This silver medallion goes out posthumously for Rebels who martyr themselves or blow themselves up in a particularly dramatic way.

The Moira Award

This award is a pin with a microchip attached. Emblazoned on the microchip is the symbol of the Firebird. This honor goes to a Rebel that manages to hack extraordinarily valuable information out of corporate or Alliance databanks.

The Horizon Star

This award goes to Rebel explorers who find new races that share Rebel ideals or discover new sources of raw materials for Rebel starships. The Horizon Star is a piece of dark blue cloth with a silver eight-pointed star attached. It has four long points and four smaller spokes between them.

The Red Sash

This crimson sash goes to Scholars on Foundations, who make a technological breakthrough for the Resistance. It is a highly prized award, almost like a Rebel version of the Nobel Prize.

The Shadow Order

Members of the Shadow Order are part of an elite group within SCRAP. Like a medieval secret society, members of the Shadow Order select new members for induction. All of the members of the Shadow Order have distinguished careers in the service of the Rebellion. The Shadow Order seems to be a requirement for advancement beyond mid-level director status in SCRAP. A few believe that the Shadow Order contains the real organization of SCRAP. Members of the Shadow Order receive a simple grey cloth belt. Except for private meetings of the Order, none of the members wear their belts.

The White Heart

The White Heart goes out to Rebels who perform outstanding humanitarian actions. It is a white valentine symbol attached to a red ribbon. Zen Rigeln prize the White Heart above all other awards.

Certificate of Accomplishment

This document is given out for almost any action that deserves notice. All of the certificates have the Firebird seal on them, but they can be written on anything. A few certificates are hand-written on napkins. The commanding officer just fills out the name of the candidate and awards him the certificate for accomplishing whatever task he names.

Connections to ARM

Q: What does the Rebel Movement have to do with ARM?

A: As little as possible.

The greatest terrorist in galactic history is Uncle Ernie Freiberg. His monstrosities have caused nearly as much damage to the Alliance as the entire Second Uprising did. His new life forms, the HALs, take a variety of forms, all of them deadly. How can the Rebellion espouse peaceful solutions to conflicts, yet work with this butcher?

Desperation makes strange bedfellows. The Rebels see Uncle Ernie as a necessary evil. They provide him with equipment, information, and money, and he provides them with equipment, information, and a few creatures here and there. There's no better distraction for a covert Rebel team than one of Uncle Ernie's prize beasties. (See Uncle Ernie's Minions of Doom for a list, and if you don't have that, then just create some of the sickest stuff you can think of. That's what Uncle Ernie does.)

The Revolutionary Star Council doesn't recognize the Anarchist Rebellion Movement as part of the Rebellion. ARM is just an associate of necessity. The Rebels share some funding with ARM and they hire ARM to do some research with them, but for the most part, the Rebels try to keep their distance. However, working with ARM does have its benefits. For example, the Rebels were able to get all of their agents out of New Washington before the Blood Warlock attacked.

V. Tactics

Briefing by Augustus Ryn, Phoenix Tactical Captain

So, you're the newest Rebel recruits, eh?

Look at yourselves, you're nothing but a few wasted losers clinging to a dream of a better place or simply lost with nowhere else to go. You don't have a clue about how to be Rebels, and the most dangerous ones among you are those of you who don't realize that yet.

My job is to teach you a thing or two. Those of you who listen, will survive and cause the Galactic Alliance more trouble than they can handle. Those of you who ignore me will die. Pure and simple. So, listen up!!

First of all, being a Rebel means that you have to think for yourself. Things are going to go bad when you're out in the field. You need to be bright, resourceful, and think fast. We don't have a lot of doctrine or dogma, you see. We don't want a standard operating procedure, otherwise those evil bastards at Galactic X would have squads of underfed Phentari Storm Troopers waiting behind every door for us. They aren't stupid, and it doesn't take the Alliance long to catch on. We do the exact same thing that the corporations do: we get a group of agents together, just like a team of Battlelords, except instead of doing this for pay, you're fighting for a real reason. Understand? If you don't know what you're doing here, if you don't know why you're fighting, then think about it! As I said, I don't care why you're here... just as long as you get the jobs done. Maybe you want to blow up that neon corporate sign that kept you awake every night as a child, maybe you want a chance to be President, maybe you want peace and harmony for everyone, or maybe the Alliance killed your mom and dad when you were a kid. Just make sure you know what you're fighting for. 'Cause you're going to need it. When everything's gone wrong, and you're out on your own, facing Alliance soldiers on one side, three veteran corporate Battlelords teams on the other, and the Arachnids are coming right down on top of you... that's when you need to know. That's when you have to draw on something special, something quick, something creative to save your ass. You don't have time to wonder what the heck you're doing. You've got to know.

All right then. Enough of my inspirational talk. Let's get down to the slime.

You can't take out the Alliance by yourself. It's too big. They've got too much money. They are better than you are.

You can't rely on the rest of the Rebellion. It's too small. We're doing too much. You people are it. You and your team are the Rebellion. Don't ever expect the cavalry.

Don't wait around for mission orders. You and your team should be competent enough to run your own little Rebellion.

Don't tell anyone anything - that they don't need to know. This is tricky. Just follow your instincts. If you don't let your second-in-command in on the plan, and you get blown into a coma or worse, then the plan is gone. At the same time, if someone comes up to you and offers you a billion credits to get them in touch with the Rebellion, don't be stupid.

Although.. if it's a legit billion, you may want to think about it. You could start your own pretty nice Rebellion for that price.

Learn to tell your friends from your enemies. Here's a quick list for you. The Galactic Alliance and all its military and paramilitary branches, they are our enemies. The Arachnids are our enemies. ARM isn't our enemy, but they aren't really our friend either. Most of the mega-corporations running things are our enemies. Pretty much most of the criminal organizations aren't our friends, but they can be if you give them a chance. They also don't mind being our enemies. The average innocent citizen working day and night to feed his family, he's our friend, but he doesn't necessarily know that. Finally, most of the people in the Rebellion are your friends, most of the time. Any questions? I didn't think so.

Now, when you're operating, you want to get a few things hard-wired into your heads. First of all, we're in this for the public relations. Don't slaughter millions of innocent people to get at one Alliance superweapon, or at least, if you do, don't make it look like we did it. What we want to do is make ourselves look like heroes to Mr. Joe Average Citizen who loves Granny and Fredd the Python Lizard. Take from the rich and give to the poor. Blow up the politician that most people hate. Wreck the corporate facility that's fully automated instead of the one that everyone on the planet needs

to keep their lives together. Think about the long-term consequences of what you're doing when you get the chance. Sure, if you blow up a school, the kids in that metropolis will love you, for a while. Then, they'll get shipped off somewhere else, separated from their friends, grow up with a poorer education, and hate the fact that some stupid Rebels blew up their school. If you want a safe target, pick a military base or corporate office building. Everyone understands about Rebels attacking military bases, and no one likes corporate executives.

If you're one of the many people in this organization that believes in peaceful conflict resolution, then try not to get yourself killed. Or at least, if you absolutely insist on getting yourself killed, then die for a good reason. Make sure people know about it and hold you up as an example for years to come. We need martyrs. If you aren't going to go out that way, then make sure that you're saving millions of lives. Rebels are generally more valuable alive than dead.

When you get formed up into Operations Teams, you'll head out to a specific area. The first thing that you need to do is get to know your backyard. Research the area before you try anything even remotely revolutionary. Don't even put up different colored curtains. Make sure that you know the ins and outs. Find out where the movers and shakers are. Learn what kind of values people there have. Figure out what they think is important. Then, figure out what you're going to do based on that information. The key here is common sense.

One thing that I'm sure you're starting to figure out is that the Rebellion isn't for dummies, except for a few Rams and they have an excuse. Someone tell the big lizard in the back that was a joke. You need to use your head. Common sense is your biggest ally. Don't try to be a brain surgeon if you don't have the grey matter for it, but just make sure that you think before you act. Preparation is your best friend.

Once you've stayed in the field for a week or two, you're expected to start taking independent actions that benefit the Rebellion. Start small and work your way up. A bunch of amateurs are never going to kill the President of the Alliance, okay? Take a moment to sweep away your delusions of grandeur. Done yet?

Depending on your success rate and our needs, you'll start getting missions from us. A few of you will work directly for the Rebellion, and you get the fun job of travelling from mobile base to base. Every time you



show up someplace different, you'll get strip searched and interrogated for security reasons. Just so you guys in the field don't get cocky, we'll have people show up to watch you too. Galactic X and the Alliance are too dangerous for us to completely trust anyone. When you get a mission from us, you won't like it. We don't try anything easy. And with all of our enemies, even the simplest task can turn into a life or death battle. Don't bitch and whine when we ask the impossible. Find a way to make it possible. We don't have any room for cowards.

The Voices are what I call our field contact people. You never know how you'll get your next mission. It could be on that data disk you find sitting in your favorite fern. The woman who asks you out on a date could be a contact. Heck, the Voices even use the mail service.

When your team gets formed, you'll receive a decoder/encoder keyed to a specific mathematical code. All of your team's messages will come in that code. Every so often, we'll send you a code change. The encoder is the only way you'll ever understand our messages. You send back your reports in code. If you lose your encoder, then you'll just have to get creative. The best thing to do is catch the next commercial flight heading out to Katrel, and then establish contact again, just like a rookie. Don't let a Goola-goover get his mitts on your encoder! And never, under any circumstances let a Galactic agent touch one... If you're worried or clumsy, I'll let you in on a secret. The Voices are pretty good about finding putzes that lose their crypto-programs. However, about a third of the time, they decide that too much incompetence needs to be punished. We've had to off some of our own teams when they've gone bad on us.

You know what life's going to be like for most of you: the same as it ever was, except now you'll have more people aiming at you from the shadows, and you may be able to do some good before you go. We'll send most of you out as freelancer mercenary battlelord teams. We even control a few mercenary groups. There's not a chance of me telling you which ones. Let's just say that they're small enough not to get noticed, but large enough to get good contracts. You should do your jobs, pick your moments to foment Rebellion, pass us information, and perform the missions that we send you on. Most of the times, these missions will entail little extra orders added to your corporate scum master's list of goals.

Never let one of your fellow rebels get captured. Kill them first. As bad as death might be, getting tortured by Galactic X is worse. Our taxpayer financed secret police force has a unique gift for making people reveal enough to undo all the good that they've accomplished in a single lifetime. For those of you who don't trust your mates to blow you away at the right moment, we can get you some kind of poison.

Have any of you started wondering about how tough this is going to be? Do you see why I asked if you knew why you were doing this? No matter how difficult you might imagine being a rebel is, it's worse. To live to old age in the Rebellion, you have to possess some valuable information, or get used to performing miracles on a daily basis, probably both. Sometime, if you're with us long enough, you might get to meet one of our fearless leaders like Michael "The Fat Man" Bernel. If you do, take a long look at him. There's a man who's lived life on the edge for twenty years. He's gone through more hell than most people can remember. But, when the time comes for change, he'll have done more good for the universe than most societies.

VI. Mission Assignments for Rebels (aka Battlemaster ideas)

So, you're sitting here with Silent Wars. You've got all this information about the Rebel Movement. You know who's on the RSC. You know what the Phoenix Fleet is like. You know about the whole history, Axion myth and all. Now, you'd like to do something with it. Here are some ideas.

THIS SECTION IS FOR BATTLEMASTERS!!

In case you're still reading, and you aren't a Battlemaster...

YOU WON'T ENJOY THE ADVENTURES AS MUCH IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING!

And if you still haven't gotten the hint,

PLAYERS SKIP THIS SECTION OR ELSE!

Thanks for your cooperation and understanding.

And as an added note, all Battlemasters who are still with us, make sure you enforce this rule. Use any means necessary. Have fun and get creative.

There are basically three ways to use Silent Wars. First, you can have the characters at least partially join the Rebel Movement. Second, you can have the characters fight the Rebels (just wait until the Galactic X book comes out... It's going to be really sick!). Finally, you can just toss in a few Rebel things here and there to spice up your regular adventures.

Variant Rebel Campaigns

If you're just getting started with Battlegrounds of the 23rd Century (which is unlikely), or if you're getting re-started with Battlegrounds (much more likely), here are a few campaign concepts using source material in this book.

Phoenix Fleet

All of the characters grow up on the ships of the Phoenix Fleet. For their entire life, they've heard stories about Adara Kilgore, Terasleague, and the Kitichara massacre. They can't go to sleep at night without the soft vibration of a starship engine. They used to get up in the middle of the night to watch the space battles out their windows. They've had school closed down for ion storms. All their lives, the fleet has prepared them to be Rebels. They've seen the Star Admiral in his black uniform, inspecting the vessels. They may have even lost relatives to the evil Alliance. All characters who've grown up on the Phoenix Fleet gain an automatic 1st level skill in Remote Piloting, 3 levels in EVM, 1 level in Construction, and 1st level in Identify Vessel.

Phoenix Fleet characters may be of any race, since the fleet has survived since the time of the First Uprising, carefully adding members. Even races who normally must pay extra for or who are prohibited from having the skills listed above receive them. All Terrestrial Knowledge scores for characters growing up on the Phoenix Fleet are at - 10. Military Leadership is at + 5. Players may chose to ignore normal racial likes and dislikes at their discretion. An Eridani and a Phentari who both grew up together exploring the Fleet ships could be the best of friends.

The Alliance considers anyone born on a ship of the Phoenix Fleet a traitor. They are certain that the brainwashing practiced by the Star Admiral and his staff permanently corrupts the youth. Alliance agents have a "shoot to kill" order out on all natives of the Phoenix

Fleet. Bounty hunters receive a 1,000 cr commission on any proven members of Phoenix Fleet, and most authorities don't check the evidence too hard.

There are two main directions that a Battlemaster could go with a group of Phoenix Fleet kids. First, he send them out to perform tasks for the Rebellion. The characters could have their own ship with a cloaking device and use it to perform all sorts of tasks... everything from working as a listening station to performing piracy. They could transport equipment to ARM or set up negotiations with Yontacha. They might even have to deal with members of the Resistance who don't adhere to the proper set of ideals.

Second, the player characters could be Alliance sympathizers who want to get off the fleet ships and rejoin the Galactic Alliance. If the Phoenix Fleet discovers the characters' loyalties, then they will apprehend the would-be traitors. If the characters do escape from the fleet, the Galactic Alliance isn't likely to trust them. An opportunistic mercenary company or corporation may take advantage of the characters, blackmailing them into service. A variant on this idea is for characters to be members of Galactic Control in deep cover roles aboard the Phoenix Fleet.

Lightning Squads

Talented personnel from the Phoenix Fleet get recruited into the Lightning Squads. These half-crazed, half-suicidal groups of star marines take on any mission, no matter how dangerous. When the Rebels need money or supplies, they hire out Lightning Squads as mercenary units.

The members of Lightning Squads get chosen for their talents and ability to survive the worst. Each Squad has a leader, who gets referred to by a variety of names depending on his popularity with his men. All Squads have at least one matrix user, a medic, and three other guys with big guns. Lightning Squads consider six their lucky number. When on a mission, most squads separate into 2 3-man fire teams.

Members of Lightning Squads are a bit crazy. They all have a distinctive name and symbol. Some examples of names are Panther Strike, the Lads, the Carnage Collectors, and Nuclear Armageddon. Every squad has its own secret initiation rituals. Despite rumors aboard the Phoenix Fleet, few of these initiations involve exposure to vacuum. Most initiations involve demonstrations of courage under fire and a high pain tolerance.

Lightning Squads spend their time training on condemned ships in the Phoenix Fleet. The members of a squad eat together, sleep together, and no one even wants to imagine what else they might do together! They get to the point where they've trained so long that they can tell what other members of the team are doing with just a look. All members of Lightning Squads have the same changes made to them as Phoenix Fleet kids and they gain + 20 Aggression.

Mobile Bases

Rebels who've grown up on mobile bases are much more familiar with what the rest of the Alliance is like than members of the Phoenix Fleet. Each mobile base is an entity unto itself. Battlemasters should have fun designing their own mobile bases. Most of them should have some kind of camouflage, whether they look like an asteroid or meteor or have a powerful cloaking device. Other than that Battlemasters have free reign. My advice is: Go crazy! The leaders of the bases can do anything they want. Maybe they have a utopian-style base where everyone gathers for communal tea at 1:00 standard every day. Maybe they have gladiatorial battles to determine who's strong enough to go on missions. Perhaps the base believes that it's all that's left of the Rebellion. Could you imagine the looks on player's faces?

Well, you're all gathered together. You and the rest of the Rebellion. All 700 of you against the galaxy. What do you mean you thought there were more Rebels? Why do you think they called the book Silent Wars? You know the alternate title was No Hope? Listen up, you're on the Last Chance, the only Rebel base left by 2279. Lucky for you, the Alliance still thinks the resistance is a threat. So, Galactic X, Galactic Control, a half-dozen corporates, and anyone who's ever had a loved one killed in a Rebel attack are after you... Here's your first mission, you've been assigned to Hell's Kitchen...

Enough already, you get the picture. Perhaps the Rebel base that the characters come from is the only competent one in their sector. The only thing worse than going into a cold zone is going in where someone else has screwed up already. How long can the characters take having to be the cavalry for someone else? Maybe they have to go on peace missions every so often, delivering grain to a starving planet, only to have to start shooting to keep the masses from tearing apart their shuttle.

Since mobile Rebel bases travel, you as Battlemaster get all the options of a campaign set in one place with

developing NPCs, standard maps, and the like, and all the options of visiting every cool world you've found in No Man's Land plus several hundred that you designed yourself. Characters can also get transferred from one Rebel base to another. Or if you want to do something incredibly dramatic, maybe their home base can get attacked by the Alliance and blow up around them! Nothing's more frightening than a Ram Python who's cudda lizard got fried by a Galactic Marine.

Foundations

As far as spooky goes, no one in the Rebellion has anything on the Foundations. These knowledge oriented cults act as if they've gotten a mandate to explore and experiment, holding nothing sacred. To them, the universe, indeed, every creature is just a machine waiting to be understood. They like taking things apart and putting them back together in new and creative ways. The Scholars wander their monastic halls reciting their new theories about matter-antimatter interaction into recorders as they prepare to begin their next experiments. Many of the scientists who've joined the Rebellion were banned from some of their research due to the dangers posed by society. Uncle Ernie Freiberg sometimes scrapes up lab assistants from Rebel Foundations.

Foundations like to employ their own independently-minded I-bots as guardians and helpers. Every Foundation is a bit inward looking. They regard themselves as the intellectual elite of the universe, seekers of knowledge unfettered by government regulations or the fears of the masses. In many respects, they act like all-knowing wizards who work with magics far beyond the common man.

Characters who are born in Foundations have a very different view of the world than others. All Foundation characters gain + 25 I.Q., but lose - 20 Intuition. They also have a + 10 Persuasion, a -10 Bargaining, and a Military Leadership of - 20. They gain 10 extra starting skill points when compared to other characters, but they must spend at least five of these points in a science.

Every Foundation has its own doctrine. The doctrine for each foundation is a bit different, but it reads something like, "We are dedicated to pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. Truth and science should not be hindered by the animal fear within all of us. If technology dictates that we must evolve beyond what we are, then we shall. Hiding from the blinding light of the truth

does no one any good. We are the future, the blessed, the enlightened. Never sway from the path of truth, and only share the truth with those who are sufficiently enlightened. The worst evil is to know something only partially. We must all achieve as full an understanding of the creation around us as possible." Each Foundation has their own twist, but they're all basically the same. Spoooookee!!

Each Foundation has a stronghold where they keep archives of all their experiments alongside detailed libraries meant to be used by people after a dark age. The Stronghold houses most of a Foundation's activities, experiments, and staff. These Strongholds may be hidden anywhere, but they tend to remain in place. Some are buried beneath urban metropoli. Others lie secluded beneath hills or mountains. A few industrious scientists have the strongholds for their Foundations built beneath the surfaces of barren worlds or floating within the eye of a thousand year old storm on a gas giant. Many of these locations are quite secure, but they sort of miss the purpose of storing knowledge for life to rediscover after a dark age. Oh, well, guess you can't have everything.

The Foundations then have their own support services. Usually, these take the form of dummy corporations or charities. They gather donations which get funneled to the Foundations. A few banks might be controlled by Rebel Foundations.

As kids, any characters who grew up within a Foundation either loved every moment or hated everyone who lived there. Education was everywhere, but the social life lacks a lot for repressed teenagers. Still, highly intelligent and creative types with lots of free time find a way to get in trouble. Chances are, this means any player characters from a Foundation. These characters may get sucked into the mainstream Rebellion, or they may stay with the Foundation, acquiring important scientific notes, prototype equipment, and more importantly, testing the designs and theories of the Foundation.

Rebel Battlelords

The Rebels have several small mercenary outfits that they operate in order to turn a profit. Teams of young operatives could easily get their start with the Rebellion working as mercenaries. Only the directors of these companies have any real knowledge of the Rebel Movement. The only rule that the mercenary fronts follow is no attacks against political targets.

They don't want to risk Alliance investigation, and they certainly don't want to attack their own people. The Rebellion has SCRAP, their espionage division, keep a careful eye on the merc groups, just to make sure that the Battlelords they employ are the right kind of people. No one in the resistance likes the thought of Galactic Control people getting in through one of these little companies.

Some of the mercenary companies that are Rebel fronts:

Red or Dead

This small freelancer organization promises to make sure that their client's targets take some damage or else they'll pay with their failed Battlelords. Now, they don't actually kill off Battlelords who fail them, they just think it makes for good ad slicks. All the successful Battlelords that advance in the Rebellion always "die" on their last missions, so that they can join the rest of the Rebels. This group likes to take on violent missions, which throws them far down on the list of suspected Rebel sympathizers. Fast Eddie Marsden is the head of Red or Dead. He's an old-time Battlelord with an artificial eye that glows red when he gets mad.

The Omega Principals

Noted for the Greek Omega symbol that they make every one of their team members wear (except on stealth missions), this mercenary company likes to give big guns to its people. The Omega Principals have three corporate executives: Liam McDougal, a human with a penchant for going into the field to watch the more interesting ones, Jazna Croyden, a Gen-Human and ex-Battlelord known as the Beret Bitch for her distinctive hairpieces, and Krog the Smasher, a Ram Python. Krog has no clue that the Omega Principals have anything to do with the Rebels. He gets to talk with the Alliance people when they come to visit. The Omega Principals have had several successful teams work for them recently, and their success has gotten them noticed. Although they're getting some nice, juicy, corporate contracts, the RSC wants them to lose their image.

Stars from Mars

This Martian based mercenary company is virtually broke, and everyone knows that they've got ties to the Rebels. Syd the Phentari (Don't call him a Squid!!) runs the Stars from Mars. How a Phentari got to this point, he's not sure. He spends his days hiding from his people in his office on Mars. Syd has little belief in himself

or the future of the Stars from Mars. The entire operation has a shoestring budget, and any mercenary group who started working for them would need to provide their own weapons and medical plan. Syd's looking for a few tough saviors to make him believe again. Time will tell whether Syd will end up as a dead disgrace to the Phentari race or whether the Stars from Mars can rise again.

Dudes with Attitudes, Inc.

The Dudes specialize in putting the fear of God in anyone they're asking to push. Nothing's too much for the Dudes. They like to take missions that no one else would touch (after all, if these guys want to be Rebels, they better get used to it). They're based in New Terra, and luckily, they have one of the few buildings that wasn't touched when Uncle Ernie let his last creation loose on the city. The director of the Dudes is Ivana Marshvili, a platinum blond Gen-Human who speaks with a faint Russian accent. She likes to hire Battlelords who look and act like Rebels, as well as think like Rebels. The RSC has threatened to shut her down due to the number of psychotics that come out of the Dudes with Attitudes organization.

Systems Serpents

This group hires out hackers galore. Like the Computer Connection, the hacker takes full blame for getting caught. The director of the Systems Serpents is a Ram Python (yes, a Ram Python heading a computer hacker group... you agree that the Rebels were trying to keep this one from doing too much business), who goes by the name of Hack. Mr. Hack as he prefers to be called screens all his clients. Hack's actually a remarkably intelligent Ram Python (I.Q. 75), but he likes to play the dumb Ram with people that annoy him. When Mr. Hack wants a client to employ one of his people, he's gotten very good at persuasion. The Systems Serpents have offices in a couple of large Cloud Cities.

That's just a few examples of the more (and less) successful operations. The Rebels open and close numbers of small operations every year.

A Rebel Battlelords campaign runs along the same lines as a normal Battlelords game. The only difference is that every once in a while, the team will get special orders that go "far outside the rules." They may also have to make moral and ethical decisions out in the field or risk having the Rebellion come down hard on them. Lightning Squads enjoy munching amateur groups of Battlelords who aren't ready for them.

SCRAP (Espionage)

The SCRAP people have the most thankless dangerous job in the galaxies. They're a bunch of spies for the Rebellion. They have no equipment, no backup, and they're working against the most dangerous people that the Alliance can throw at them. Every single member of SCRAP has a way of killing himself or herself instantly, so that no one will ever get the chance to know what they know. SCRAP just proves that people are crazy, because more Rebels volunteer to join SCRAP than any other group in the entire movement.

The SCRAP agents don't think they are cool. They think that they define cool. To say that a SCRAP agent exudes confidence is an understatement. A few in the Rebellion think that the SCRAP agents are insufferably arrogant. The fact of the matter is this, if they weren't confident, they'd be dead, which is a real confidence shaker.

SCRAP members stick together no matter what. A senior member of SCRAP will hang up on Kryst Betelgeuse rather than let himself hear an order to leave one of his people behind. SCRAP agents serve the ideals of the Rebellion, not necessarily the leadership of the resistance. They'll tell you that, looking you right in the eye, defying you to say anything to the contrary.

Something that most people don't know about SCRAP is that the group once fought a civil war with the Rebellion. After the Battle of Terasleague, SCRAP members went ballistic. The Second Uprising could've succeeded if the Rebels hadn't committed their forces to a battle with the Alliance. All it would've taken was patience. If they had let the Galactic Alliance win the war with the Arachnids first, then started a propaganda wave about how the corporate hegemony tried to sabotage the war effort and just mentioned a proposed government plan to cut veterans' pensions, BOOM! The whole freakin' Galactic Alliance would've gone up in revolution faster than an exploding supernova. Game over. SCRAP told the Rebels to wait. Adara Kilgore and her fleet of disconnected space jockeys didn't listen. The RSC didn't listen. Nobody at the Foundations or in the mobile bases listened. The Second Uprising collapsed, and the Arachnids nearly took over.

SCRAP started purging incompetents in the Rebel Movement. Leaders of questionable morality began disappearing and turning up dead. The Rebels pan-

icked, and they turned to SCRAP, giving them more money to battle Galactic Control. SCRAP turned around and started putting its own people in positions of authority throughout the Rebellion. Star Captains in the Phoenix Fleet got suspicious when they kept communicating with new people via the Voices. The fleet created a special task force, code-named Vortex, to find out what was going on within the Rebellion.

A Mazian member of Vortex managed to get evidence of what was really happening. The Fleet informed the RSC of what was happening. The head of SCRAP, a Chatilian named Darnallus, came before the RSC to answer the charges. During his trial, he told the RSC off. He let them know exactly what his opinion of the Battle of Terasleague was, and he let them know that the Rebel Movement had risked the future of all races in the Alliance with that stupid battle. The RSC decided to sentence Darnallus, but the asparagus-head took his suicide pill first.

The replacement head of SCRAP, appointed from the Vortex task force, died of natural causes three months later. Then, the Alliance formed Galactic X. SCRAP members got captured in droves during the first few Galactic X operations, along with hundreds of innocents. No one caught in Galactic X's net survived. Both the RSC and the heads of SCRAP got worried. A truce was declared.

Since then, SCRAP has operated peacefully within the Rebellion. However, a rift still remains between the espionage group and the rest of the Rebel forces. Both sides keep small dirty secrets from each other. The most important secret that SCRAP keeps from the rest of the Rebellion is that Martin Cholena, one of the most important human voices on the RSC, is actually a Mazian, Cholen, who leads the SCRAP counter-intelligence division. Martin Cholena never existed. The current head of SCRAP is unknown for "security reasons", even to Kryst Betelgeuse, the rest of the RSC, the Phoenix Fleet, and Michael Bernel. No one in the Rebellion knows who or what he, she, or it actually is. However, all of the leader types think that one of the others knows the SCRAP head's identity. Eclipse once asked the RSC who the new head of SCRAP was because as the resistance's oldest and most famous spy put it, "As far as I know Galactic X could be running SCRAP these days."

SCRAP campaigns have all the elements of good spy novels coupled with the science-fiction atmosphere of the Battelords universe. SCRAP really has very little

going for it, except that SCRAP chooses its own missions, while the Alliance's agencies have to react to SCRAP's operations. This fact, despite all the technological and training discrepancies, gives SCRAP an edge, since the Alliance can't cover everything at once. SCRAP agents spend their entire lives looking over their shoulders, establishing networks on planets, operating in deep cover, and even investigating other Rebels, especially Foundation members.

Adventure Ideas

ARM's Experiments

If you own Uncle Ernie's Minions of Doom, then here's a great concept for you. Have the Rebels learn that ARM is going to unleash one of its many monstrosities on an unsuspecting pacifistic planet. The order has come down from the Revolutionary Star Council that the creature must be stopped, but ARM can't find out that the Rebellion had anything to do with stopping it. I'd recommend a favorite creature, but it's better for every Battlemaster just to figure out his own group's optimum lethality rating. If you're running a pro-Alliance game, then the Alliance could learn that Rebels are bringing an Ernie surprise down to visit a planet and have to stop them. Stopping the Rebels works for corporate groups as well. Nasty Battlemasters may want to have another faction of the Rebel Movement escorting the creature to its drop point, while the group tries to stop the beast before its rampage kills several thousand innocents.

Danish Diplomacy (or I smell something rotten)

Two officials, Brent Sharid, a advisor to the Revolutionary Star Council, and Commodore Draxxirious Phentari, a member of the Galactic Navy, have both disappeared. According to information from Eclipse, the two of them are meeting on a neutral planet. The players are the closest group that the Rebels have, so they are sent to find out what's going on, and to make certain that Sharid doesn't defect or give out sensitive information. If the players aren't with the Rebels, then have the Alliance get a tip from Galactic X, or a corporation just use its contacts to discover what's going on. The real story is that Sharid and Draxxirious have decided to go into business with each other. By sharing the knowledge that they have, they can blackmail both the Alliance and the Rebel Movement. They can also sell their knowledge to any one of a dozen corporate bidders. Once they've got their credits, they'll

hightail it out of the Milky Way (or wherever you want to set the adventure) and find an isolated star system to call their own. Both of them have their own bodyguards, and neither one completely trusts the other yet. If the player characters burst in on one of their meetings, then Draxxirious will assume it's a trap and have his Phentari bounty hunters kill the Rebels and Sharid while he escapes. Regardless of how it happens, the only satisfactory ending to this scenario is for the characters to make sure that both gentlemen are either alive and in the hands of their bosses or dead.

Defection (this one's great for SCRAP members)

While the Rebels are sitting around together, enjoying some R&R, an Alliance official comes over to them. They recognize her as someone important. She looks over them, and she drops an electronic file on their table. The file says the following:

I have information about the Alliance. I want to sell this information to the Rebellion. I know the names of over three hundred Galactic Control agents operating as spies within the resistance. Pay me 100,000 credits and then you can verify my list. Once you've rounded up the Galactic Control people, I'll pass more information your way, and the prices will go up. I'm looking forward to a wonderful relationship.

The characters have a number of questions to answer. Is this lady for real? Does she know that they are Rebels? If she passes information to them, will it be real? How can they find out the truth, without exposing the official to danger from Alliance intelligence? There aren't any easy answers to this one. Battlemasters should decide if she's Galactic Control or an official who wants to make money. Maybe she's a member of SCRAP who's testing the loyalty of the group. Whatever you do, make sure they sweat. Also, don't let a Chatilian Empath read her mind and blow the scenario.

Black Monday, Red Methane

The Rebellion has a lot of contacts with people that they'd rather not discuss, like Yontacha, the Black Monday Movement. The Black Monday group wants to see the Eridani and Phentari both dead. In order to make this happen a bit more easily, Black Monday agents have found a planetary system in between the territories of the Phentari and Eridani. They plan to disguise themselves as Eridani raiders, and alert the Eridani defense forces that the Phentari are planning a surprise raid into Eridani space. They gather at Delta

Ophicius Station, an independent waystation between the two empires to finish their plans. The Rebellion wants to stop Black Monday from causing an Eridani-Phentari war. The players get dropped at Delta Ophicius, where they have to deal with Phentari and Eridani who are already on edge with each other, in order to find the Black Monday agents. They discover that Black Monday intends to strike a non-military target in Phentari space, broadcast a taunt to the Phentari, then turn toward the Eridani border. Since the Eridani will be on alert, they will see a small ship flying toward their border with a larger ship probably flying after it, weapons blazing. The Black Monday agents know that they are dead, but they figure that they can take down a lot of methane-breathers with them. Somehow, the players have to convince the Eridani and Phentari to talk to each other and not believe that the other side was attacking. Not an easy task, although it could prove to be very rewarding.

The Big Story

A reporter with Rebel allegiances gets some dirt on a major politician (flip through *Condemned* if you own it, or else just make up your own political jerk), and she contacts the Rebellion. She knows that her hard evidence will never make the Tri-V news on her planet, but if it gets offworld, then she's got a chance. The players' team of Rebels, Alliance agents, corporate Battlelords, whatever, is told to go and get the evidence. Before they can get planetside and meet the reporter, she slips up. A group of criminals manage to find her, and they want her scandal sheets on the politician. The players have to fight their way through an urban demilitarized zone to find the location of the scum who have their reporter. In the meantime, they not only have to stay clear of the crimelord's goons, but they have to avoid the Galactic Police. If the Police get the reporter, there's no way that the politician won't get the evidence. One way out of a tight spot for the characters might be offering their services to the crimelord. If they stroke Mr. Big's ego enough, maybe he'll even let them interrogate the prisoner for a while. If they can convince the reporter that they are Rebels, she may tell them where she stashed the disk with the evidence — in a pile of rubble on the edge of the good side of town. If they can live with abandoning the reporter, then all they have to do is go get the disk. Otherwise, there's bound to be a bit of a firefight. For Battlemasters who like to add insult to injury, if your Rebel players get the disk to the Rebellion, have SCRAP confiscate it as part of Operation: Starshadow - to be used at a later date.

One Tza Away

This idea works well with Rebel characters. In the case of Alliance or corporate Battlelords, then they should try to find the guy that the Rebels are looking for.

Here's the concept: The characters are on Katrek. One of the Zen leaders of the Rebellion on the planet commits a sin against the Zen. He's exiled to the caves as a Tza. The problem here is that he's one of the Rebel leaders. Arias the Wise (the interviewee earlier) makes a good candidate for this fate. He knows too much to be left wandering around under Katrek. If he decides to go completely mad or evil, then he might tell everyone and their cousin Elmo about what the Rebellion's activities are these days. Luckily, a member of SCRAP slipped a tracker on Arias. A team of Battlelords with a simple radio tracking device should be able to find him.

The characters have to descend into one of the worst places in the universe, the caves of the Tza, so that they can find Arias. Imagine a series of winding caves, lit only by flickering torches. Sound familiar? Inside are the Tza, the weak, the powerful, the insane, and the dangerous, along with their necromantic creations. A few of them would certainly want new bodies to use their necromantic matrixes on. After the characters spend a few hours trying to track down Arias, they should start to wonder if they are the hunters or the hunted, as the laughter of the Tza echoes down through the hallways. Every Battlemaster should figure out his own way to run this one. Oh, as if you couldn't tell, this one makes a great Halloween session!

The Wreck of Ages

A Rebel probe far beyond Alliance space has sent back a startling discovery. It's found an armada of partially destroyed Arachnid ships clustered in orbit around a red giant. The salvage potential staggers the mind. With this treasure trove of data, weapons systems, even just scrap metal, the Rebels could conceivably double the strength of the Phoenix Fleet. However, the Rebellion can't afford to allow the government, SSDC, or some other group to discover the Arachnid graveyard. The characters get put aboard an exploration vessel, and they get sent out to make an initial survey of the graveyard. The characters are supposed to investigate all the ships, retrieve whatever information they can, and give a report on the salvage value of the materials. Things get complicated here due to a number of Arachnids still alive in the wreckage, automated defense systems, and eventual competition for salvage

rights from the Battlemaster's favorite group of rivals for the characters. This adventure could be easily expanded into an entire campaign. Perhaps the characters could find evidence of whatever ancient power might have done this to the Arachnids.

Olympic Update

A Rebel Zzzwhirr approaches the characters and requests their aid. He has discovered an important cluster of data, which he believes may have a link to Moira. He wants to try and retrieve the information. Unfortunately, it's hidden in secret files on an SSDC bulletin board. He needs some extra firepower in Cyberspace to access the SSDC board. He promises to pay the Battlelords handsomely. Once the characters get online, they can get into all sorts of trouble. If they manage to get past the SSDC defense programs, the Zzzwhirr finds out that the data inside the bulletin board is just a map through the net to the location of one of Moira's modelling programs. If the Battlemaster wants, he can have the characters track down the modelling program. Once the characters have retrieved it and returned to their bodies from Cyberspace, assuming that no one's waiting for them when they get out, Battlemasters can use the update to introduce the changing events in the Battlelords universe before they happen. This way, when you plunk down money for Galactic Underground III, you can take all of the events in the book and expand them into adventures so the characters can truly experience the unfolding drama of the 23rd Century.

VII. What happens to Captured Rebels?

Let's just say that despite your lack of preparation, equipment, and massive amounts of dumb luck, you get captured by the Alliance. It happens to the best of us. What do you do if you're a good little Rebel?

The Process

Here's basically what happens on most planets: you get picked up and given some kind of rudimentary medical treatment, assuming you put up a good fight. Just enough to keep you alive and awake for questioning.

After the medical treatment, you're put in a holding cell of some sort. You sit here for an hour or so, while your captors fill out paperwork and check your files.

They'll try to learn everything about you, down to your favorite shade of socks.

Then, the interrogation begins. If they know anything, this can get ugly. Let's say somehow it gets out that you're part of the Rebellion. Then, they call in Galactic X, and shut the door to the room. No one ever hears from you again.

RULE NUMBER 1: Don't admit that you're a Rebel.

If they don't know that you're part of the Rebel Movement, then they'll probably think you are a criminal or terrorist. They'll smack you around a bit, and see if you're even worth keeping around. If you break too fast, then they'll decide that you're hiding something. They'll call in an Empath or get some nice designer drugs to loosen your tongue. Once that happens, they'll learn that you are a Rebel, and then, call Galactic X.

RULE NUMBER 2: Don't break too fast.

If they are any good, your captors will assume that you are a Rebel. However, they won't necessarily call in Galactic X, especially if they work for a major corporation. Let's face it, as much as people don't like the Rebel Movement, they like Galactic X far less. They'll start negotiating with you, trying to strike a deal, and get information the easy way. This is your invitation to talk. Yap it up, but keep thinking. Try to con your captors into thinking that they stand to benefit by keeping you around.

RULE NUMBER 3: Give your captors lots of reasons to keep you around.

They'll probably throw you back into that holding cell for a while if they have enough reason to keep you. The most important thing to do at this point is just keep your spirits up. Never lose hope. Just remember, there are a lot of people out there on your side, and if you talk, then you and them are dead. They aren't going to want this to happen. By the way, your captors will tell you that the Rebellion will kill you before they give you a chance to tell them anything.

That would undoubtedly be true if you worked for most people. They'd kill you before they'd let you talk. However, we are a bunch of idealistic fools. Even if you do break (it happens), you're still a Rebel and part of our team. We'll try our best to get you back.

RULE NUMBER 4: Keep your spirits up.

Take your chance to rest by thinking about what you've seen of the facility you're trapped inside. Start working on an escape plan. When you're designing an escape plan, make sure you've got at least three stages definitely set up in your head. Make sure you've got a rough idea about what you'll do after those first three stages. You'd be surprised at the number of Rebels who'll pick their way out of their manacles, only to realize that they're still locked in a cell. Use your brain.

RULE NUMBER 5: Keep thinking. Make plans.

If you're going to have a chance of getting out, you have to seize the initiative. There are a few ways of doing this. An old tried and true method involves screaming "Fire!" at the top of your lungs, after escaping your bonds and getting your door open. When guards come running, slam them with the door and grab guns quickly. Don't be afraid to kill people. Since that one's a bit old, a better one might be to collapse suddenly while being moved, dragging a guard down with you as you fall. Grab a gun and shoot or just play dead. At the worst, you'll be in the same boat you were before. At the best, you'll have gotten free and blown away your guards. In most cases, you'll get sent to a medical unit of some nature. Escaping from a hospital is worlds easier than escaping from a jail.

RULE NUMBER 6: Seize your opportunity to escape.

Finally, if you can't escape and you aren't rescued, then just keep trying to get out. The Alliance will find a way to break you. Radioactive mines, long-term torture sessions, sensory deprivation chambers, hallucinogens, all of them can wear anyone down. What matters is not whether or not you break as much as how fast you get back up. You can only be permanently broken if you give up. That's why you should always know what you are fighting for.

RULE NUMBER 7: Keep getting back up. Don't forget rule #3.

The Reaction

When a Rebel gets captured, find out where the Alliance takes him. You can't plan a rescue if you don't know where to go. Just make sure that you aren't so obvious that the Alliance arrests you.

Once you know where to go, inform a superior officer in the Rebel Movement about the incident. If you don't get specific directions from the Rebellion, then try a retrieval operation. If you do get instructions, you're in luck. Expect to have at least a distraction during the rescue attempt.

Scouting out the holding facility and gathering all intelligence about the prisoner is the next step of the operation. Why is he being held? What are the charges? Has bail been set? Can he get visitors?

If a prisoner can get visitors, don't go to see him. If he's already identified as a Rebel, then anyone associated with him may be accused of being a Rebel. If local authorities come and visit any members of your team, act shocked and helpful. Just tell them how upset you are to discover that one of your friends was a Rebel. That sort of reaction doesn't arouse much suspicion.

Plan the rescue operation carefully. There won't be a second chance. If you mess up, then your friend is dead. Remember, the Galactic Police won't play around, and Galactic Control isn't known for its merciful nature. I won't even begin to discuss Galactic X. Just make sure that you can pull off the rescue and then get off-planet or find a safe house to lie low inside for a few weeks. Getting off-planet is always more intelligent than hiding on planet.

As general advice for rescue/retrieval operations, use guns as little as possible. Don't start a firefight with people who are better armed and armored than you are. Mazian shapeshifters and Chatilian Empaths are the best races for rescue and retrieval. They slip inside and walk out with the prisoner. Slick Orions can get far enough along by saying the right thing that the firing is minimal. Just keep in mind that any successful rescue operation includes a flight plan, because the Alliance will give chase.

If a rescue operation looks highly implausible, then you've got a few other alternatives. The best idea is to kidnap a high-ranking member of the local establishment. Once you've done this, offer a trade. Some Rebels believe in starting a campaign of terror until the prisoner gets released. Don't do it. The Alliance will kill the prisoner. Kidnapping sometimes works. Another idea is to perform a kidnapping and get a corporation to get the prisoner back in exchange for an important suit. The only problem with that idea is that suits have better protection than your typical politician. A final option is to try to bargain with the Alliance

when you aren't holding any cards. While not recommended, this method has worked in the past. The "there's a nuclear device set to blow under your city" method almost always requires a slick-tongued Orion to work. As a warning, that type of method doesn't go over well with the RSC.

What happens when you try to rejoin

If you do manage to get back, expect a lot of trouble. We'll strip search you, medically scan you, and throw you into decontamination for a few days. We'll check your retinas, your DNA, just about anything. We'll even make certain that you still have your old taste in music. Once all that's done, you'll have a few SCRAP agents come and talk to you. They'll want to know everything that you told the Alliance, and I mean everything. Don't leave anything out. Let them have the entire show. If the SCRAP guys think you're holding back, you may get a bit fuggly looking.

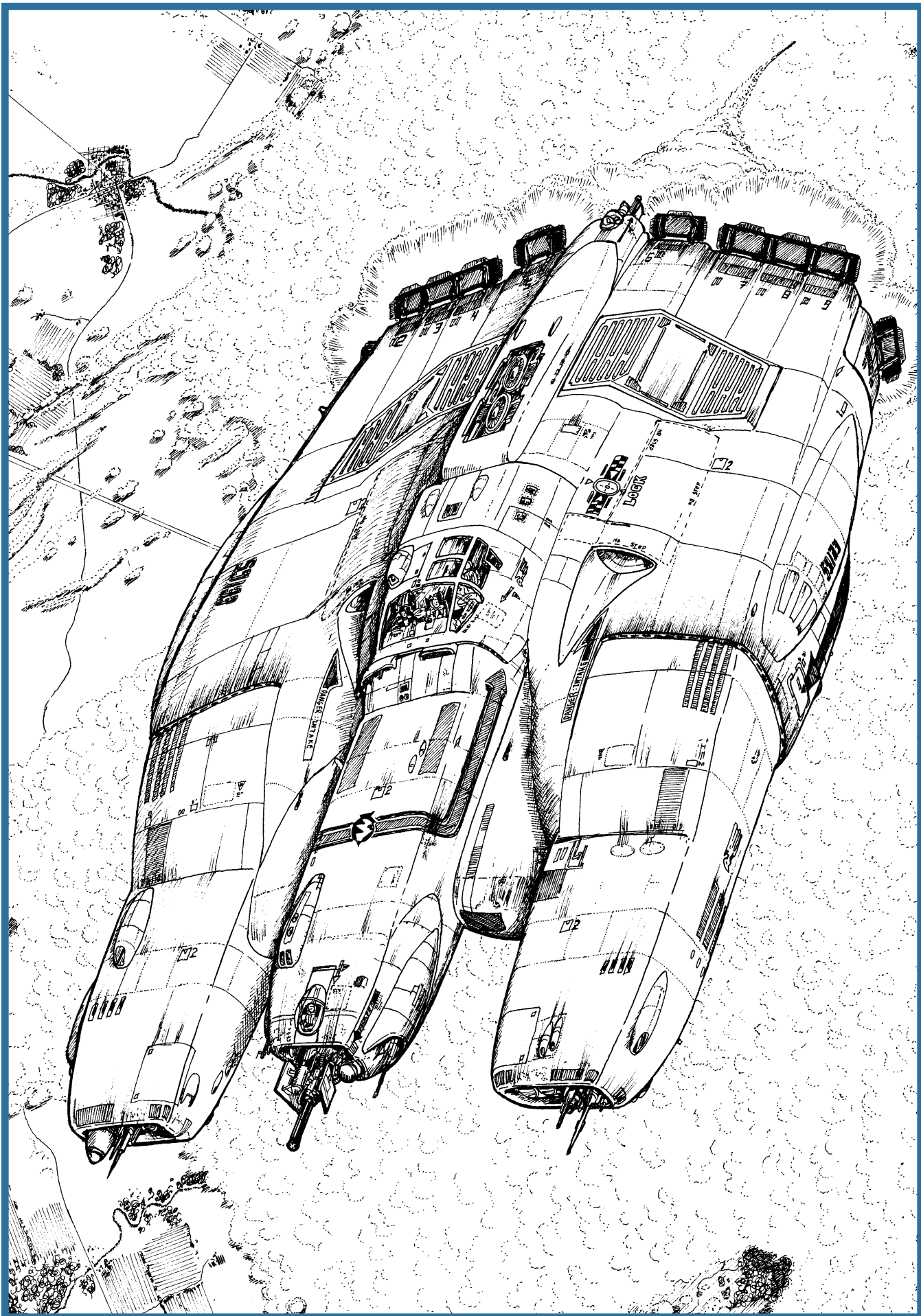
For the next few weeks, you'll get to go second on missions. Someone will keep a gun at your back. You should stay on good behavior and watch yourself. No one will be able to completely trust you. If you seem like the same old guy that you always were, then chances are, things will return to normal. If you seem different, then your people will make sure that you have an accident.

The moral of this story: Don't let the Alliance capture you!

How do you join the Rebellion?

One of the hardest things to do is make initial contact with the resistance. Considering the number of Galactic Control and corporate agents who attempt to pass themselves off as Rebels, the Resistance can't take a lot of chances. However, they do take chances. The Rebellion desperately needs warm bodies willing to die for the cause.

The Rebels have a compromise policy which they call "trust, but don't tell". The Rebels pass the word on the streets that they are looking for new members, and Rebel recruiters constantly wander about selecting possible rookies. Once word passes around for a few days, the Rebels check the backgrounds of their potential new members. If the backgrounds seem clean, the recruiters arrange a meeting with their potential recruits at a local hangout. The Rebels won't admit



under any circumstances that they are members of the Rebel Movement, although some heavily imply it.

During the meeting, the Rebels ask the characters about their politics and personal skills. Depending on how much information the Rebellion has on the characters, they may also be asked a few personal questions, just to make sure that they are telling the truth. At the end of the meeting, if everything goes well, the recruiters invite the characters to perform a few tasks in the name of freedom.

These first tasks, the “tests”, vary tremendously depending on the talents of the group and the interests of the local contingent of Rebels. The characters will have to risk jail, and possibly their lives in the process. The logic behind this is simple: Even if the new recruits are Galactic Control agents, they and their bosses will hate doing whatever the Rebels have them do to the Alliance during the testing process.

After the new recruits pass the “tests”, they’ll get taken off planet with little warning, unless other circumstances intervene. The Rebellion figures that people loyal to the Resistance won’t mind moving suddenly, and the sudden move will irritate any Galactic Control spies. The Rebels always move new recruits unless it would draw obvious attention. If the daughter of a powerful local politician suddenly vanishes off-planet, people notice. On the other hand, a team of Battlelords that defects to the Rebellion might not relocate, if the Rebels want to infiltrate their corporation.

For the first few months, the new Rebels will only know their immediate superior. They won’t be told anything about the Phoenix Fleet, the RSC, the Foundations, or SCRAP. All information will get passed to them on a “need to know” basis. The characters may communicate with the Voices, but let’s face it, not even the Rebels really know much about them.

Finally, once the new recruits have proved themselves a few times over, the Rebels will have a few genetic scans done on them, and possibly a Chatilian Empath do a bit of mind scanning. If the characters appear loyal, then they’ll be accepted as full-fledged members of the Resistance.

Now, just because that’s the way the Rebels like to recruit, doesn’t mean it happens that way. Most Rebel recruiters like to trust their gut instincts. If a character does something significantly bold, they’re in. Rebels like people with guts. If the recruit has some annoying

personal habit, then it may be years before they are given any task that means much of anything. The most important trait to have in the Rebellion is Charisma. If people like you, then you’ll move up. They’ll even forgive you for a few mistakes. If people don’t like you, then you’ll get stuck, unless you do something miraculous that their superiors notice.

Money Problems for Rebels

The average Rebel soldier has a few unusual problems and perks. First of all, if he gets a salary at all, it will only be around 20,000 cr. a year. He’ll have to be pretty hot stuff to get paid that much. If his team steals money from appropriate sources, such as the Alliance military, corporate accounts, etc., then the Rebellion will let the team keep between 10-20% of the funds. Despite rumors, the Rebellion doesn’t like to outfit its own people with weapons and supplies. Maintaining everything that the Rebel Movement has going requires a helluva lot of funding. Humpty-Dumpties are expensive, and the Rebellion can’t afford to play around with them.

Rebels don’t get many opportunities to kick back and train, especially once Alliance authorities know who they are. The Rebellion does its best to make the most of their agents’ opportunities. Since Rebel trainers don’t get paid much either, a Rebel only pays half price for training available through the Rebellion. The drawback is that when the Rebels get the chance for training depends completely on the whim of the Battlemaster. A campaign could go by without a Rebel running into a friendly biologist. Most non-Ax Murderer Battlemasters will give Rebel characters a chance to do some training, but they better have cash in hand when the opportunity presents itself.

The Rebellion does have some pretty hot equipment in storage. When they need characters to perform a specific mission, the Rebels may give them equipment. The characters are required to turn the equipment back in after the mission is completed. This way, all of you Battlemasters who’ve been dying to use the vehicle combat rules and give your group a tank, can do so. If the characters steal from the Rebels, then the Rebellion will make it a priority to make an example out of them. It won’t be pretty. The Resistance isn’t stupid enough to give out good technology to a bunch of losers in any event. If the group wants to request any equipment, then their request will get relayed by the Voices to Arsenal. The I-Bot in charge of all Rebel material and armament will review the request and make up her

own mind as to whether the Rebels need the items badly enough.

How does the Rebel organization work?

Okay, here's how all this stuff fits together. This is how the Rebel (dis) organization gets things done in an ideal world.

Joe Average Rebel, who works as a janitor at SSDC, notices his bosses keeping everything much neater and putting all the files and paperwork away the end of the business day. He writes this down in his little journal and drops it at a designated drop point.

Joe's contact picks up the journal and gets suspicious. He tells his cell leader about the information. The cell leader calls his contact on the planetary command team. The command team decides to investigate.

The command team does a little raid on SSDC in their guises as pizza-equivalent delivery men. They get a few pictures of the files and copy a few gigabytes worth of information. They return to base and transmit the information to their contacts at SCRAP, via the Voices.

The SCRAP agents analyze the new information. They determine that whatever SSDC is doing, it's beyond their level of expertise. They send the data to a Foundation, again via the Voices. SCRAP contacts the nearest mobile base. The base moves into position near the system, in case the ground network gets compromised.

The Foundation discovers that they have part of the plans for a new starship design. They relay their findings to SCRAP and suggest that an operational team make a covert assault on the SSDC office and collect more data.

The SCRAP agents give the commander of the mobile base a full run-down. SCRAP tells the command team on the ground to change their base of operations and stop the investigation. The word goes down through the cells and the janitor stops keeping his journals.

The base moves into position and sends an operational team down planetside. The operational team lies low for a few days, then assaults the facility. If they decide that they need backup, then the operational team hires a group of F.U.R.I.E.S. with the base's funds. Assuming

the assault goes well, the operations people come away with the information that they need, and the entire incident looks like corporate espionage.

Here's how it happens in reality.

Joe Average notices the clean offices, makes a note, which he crumples up in his pocket, and forgets about it for a few days. One day at lunch, he finds the note and rushes it to a drop point. A few of his co-workers wonder what he's doing.

The player characters are hanging out on planet when the contact gets the note. Attempts to contact the Rebellion fail utterly. The contact asks the characters to investigate, just to get them to do something other than spend hard-earned Rebel funds to sit around. They figure out that something important is going on. Attempts to contact the Rebellion fail. The command team leader orders the characters to deal with the situation by any available means. The characters assault SSDC, blow stuff up, get shot to bits, and smuggle themselves offworld by huddling next to a warp engine on a corporate freighter bound for an isolated mining colony.

Hopefully, there's a place where ideals and reality meet halfway.

Summing Up Rebel Ideas for Battlemasters

The cool thing about the Rebellion is that as a Battlemaster, you have a structure and some important personnel, but you can take it anywhere you want. You can create Rebel bases where the operatives refuse to carry weapons. You could make up Rebel groups with names like the Blood Fangs who believe that the only way to kill Alliance members permanently is to rip them apart with their bare hands. Remember, in Battlelords, everyone is a bit freaky. In the case of the Rebels, that goes double. A lot of these people just don't fit into the system. Considering how sad a system the Alliance really is, that's not a bad thing.

There's good and evil within the Rebel Movement. There are humorous aspects of the whole Rebellion, and then, there's a deadly serious side. Run the Rebels anyway you want. Make them a group of completely idealistic incompetents, or make them into a small select force of people who completely outwit and out-talent their Alliance opposition.

The most important thing to remember about the Rebel Movement is that these people aren't fighting because some suit feels like he's having trouble making his bottom line look good. The Rebels fight for a reason. If you give players a chance to make the Rebellion personal for their characters, they may have a lot of motivation to try and make a difference.

Mars

In 2034 A.D., humans established a colony on the Mars, the fourth planet in their solar system. The first Martian colonists were tough, independent-minded people, who dared to leave the comforts of Earth behind in order to settle the new world. When they first came to Mars, they had to endure dust storms that could sweep the planet, radiation a hundred times greater than that of earth, and an atmospheric pressure that was only one percent of what they had known on Earth. They lived in domed colonies and wore space-suits to venture out of their cities.

The Martian settlers were a mix of races and nationalities when they arrived in the middle of the 21st century. They learned quickly to put aside the differences that separated them. Mars was too dangerous for people not to cooperate. Together, they managed to terraform their world. Seeding the atmosphere with bacteria, corraling large comets to add pressure to the atmosphere and water to environment, setting up solar array satellites to use sunlight to melt the Martian poles, whatever it took, the people of Mars managed to do it.

Today, the lush Martian landscape puts many worlds to shame. Poets have called the red sands a paradise and marveled at the great Martian canyons. Mighty Mons Olympus remains one of the great mountains on any habitable planet. Sandstorms were long ago replaced by the great Martian thunderstorms.

After the breakout of the Gen Wars on Earth, the Martians started to trust the inhabitants of their race's homeworld less and less. They established universities, built monuments, and created museums in an effort to prevent the war-mongering Terrans from influencing the Martian people. When the Galactic Alliance formed, Mars already stood as a center of culture in the galaxy.

The Terran-influenced Alliance government always bothered the Martians. Politicians on Mars questioned the Alliance's intentions and integrity long before there

was any word of a Rebellion. After the Prometheus Project incident at the University of Mars, the Alliance's popularity fell to an all-time low on Mars. The intelligentsia blasted the Galactic Alliance from behind closed doors. They disparaged the Alliance for promoting the idea that Gen-humans were superior to Humans, and they attacked the Mutzachans for their parental attitude toward other races.

The Alliance considers Mars one of the two planets that birthed the Rebel Movement. Although no one openly says so, most citizens of the galaxy believe that Mars is a Rebel planet. The Martian politicians repeat the rhetoric of the Resistance in their speeches. The Martian chapter of the Galactic Police records fewer arrests of Rebels than any other force in the galaxy. Intelligentsia, disaffected artists, and educators from across the Alliance come to Mars to teach in the various universities.

Despite its reputation as a liberal Rebel-sympathizer world, most of the Alliance's wealthy choose Mars as the second-best planet to send children for schooling, next to New Terra. Even though many of these students return to their homeworlds with Rebel ideals, they are not persecuted as much as students from other worlds who cherish Rebel ideals. Apparently, the Alliance understands that if someone goes to school on Mars, they deserve a bit more slack for their ideas.

The rest of the Alliance's suspicions about Mars are correct. Mars is about as close as a planet can come to being a Rebel world and not get invaded, with the exception of Katrell. Protests against the Alliance military are commonplace on Mars. Adara Kilgore was photographed one time attending a ball at the Red Tower, the seat of the Martian Planetary Government. The Martian News Services paint Rebel activities as the work of heroes, struggling to free everyone from the oppression of a corrupt and decayed government. According to a Galactic Control report which a few Rebels splashed on the Galactic computer networks, during a Third Uprising the planet Mars would bloodlessly declare for the Rebel cause within three hours. President Hawes is so unpopular on Mars that posters of the President smeared with graffiti are a common site in the Martian cities.

The largest of the Rebel Foundations, the Asimov-Heinlein Foundation, dedicated to social research, exists semi-publicly on Mars. This Foundation accepts public donations and funds. The Foundation gets investigated on a semi-regular basis by Martian police, but for some reason, the Martian police never find any

evidence of Rebel activities. The Asimov-Heinlein Foundation comes out with a position paper every three months focusing on another problem with the current government.

The city of Darwin, located near the Viking Explorer Memorial, is the center of Rebel activity on Mars. Locals brag about their Rebel label to tourists, going as far as to tell them that Alliance warships train their planetary bombardment systems on Darwin whenever they pass, just in case the Third Uprising starts as they're going by. Another popular story that circulates around Darwin is that the city has rockets built beneath the old dome structure, so that it can serve as a mobile Rebel base in case of emergency. In any case, corporations may not build a local headquarters in Darwin, and the two Galactic Alliance offices that were built in Darwin burned down within two months. Darwin has its own spaceport, but ships that land in Darwin are not required to identify themselves. Darwin thrives off the fact that in addition to being a staging area for Rebels, it attracts a number of space pirates and other criminal elements. When a visitor has something stolen on Mars, they get told to buy a ticket to Darwin, because "Someone there will sell it back to you." Trying to make contact with Rebels in Darwin is simply a matter of going into the nearest bar and asking around. Despite the criminal elements, Darwin has an extremely low crime rate, and Planetary Governor Franklin Hall (a descendant of Aspah Hall, the discoverer of Phobos and Deimos, the natural Martian moons) declared Darwin "Mars' safest city in 2278". Only four murders occurred in the city of nearly a million, and three of the victims turned out to be former Galactic Control agents.

Katrel

If Mars is one of the poles of Rebel activity in the Alliance, then Katrel is the other. The home of the Zen Rigelns is a world slightly smaller than Earth, with a thick ozone layer that prevents most harmful radiation from entering the atmosphere. Katrel is also farther away from its star than Earth is from the sun, which makes it slightly colder. The wilderness of Katrel remains largely unspoiled by development and industry. Unlike many of the other races in the Alliance, the Zen Rigelns have protected and preserved their home, instead of letting industry overwhelm it.

The first thing that most visitors to Katrel notice is the air. Pollution on Katrel is virtually negligible. When you see a cloud on Katrel, it's a cloud. When you smell

smoke, it means there's a fire. Some travelers from the urban megalopoli of the Industry Worlds find Katrel quite unnerving.

Katrel has three main continents, and all of them have impressive mountain ranges, surpassing the Himalayas of Earth. A number of rivers travel down from the central mountain ranges toward swampy deltas near the oceans. The one thing that Katrel has in short supply are white sand beaches. Travelers who head into the lowlands can get the impression that Katrel is just a big swamp.

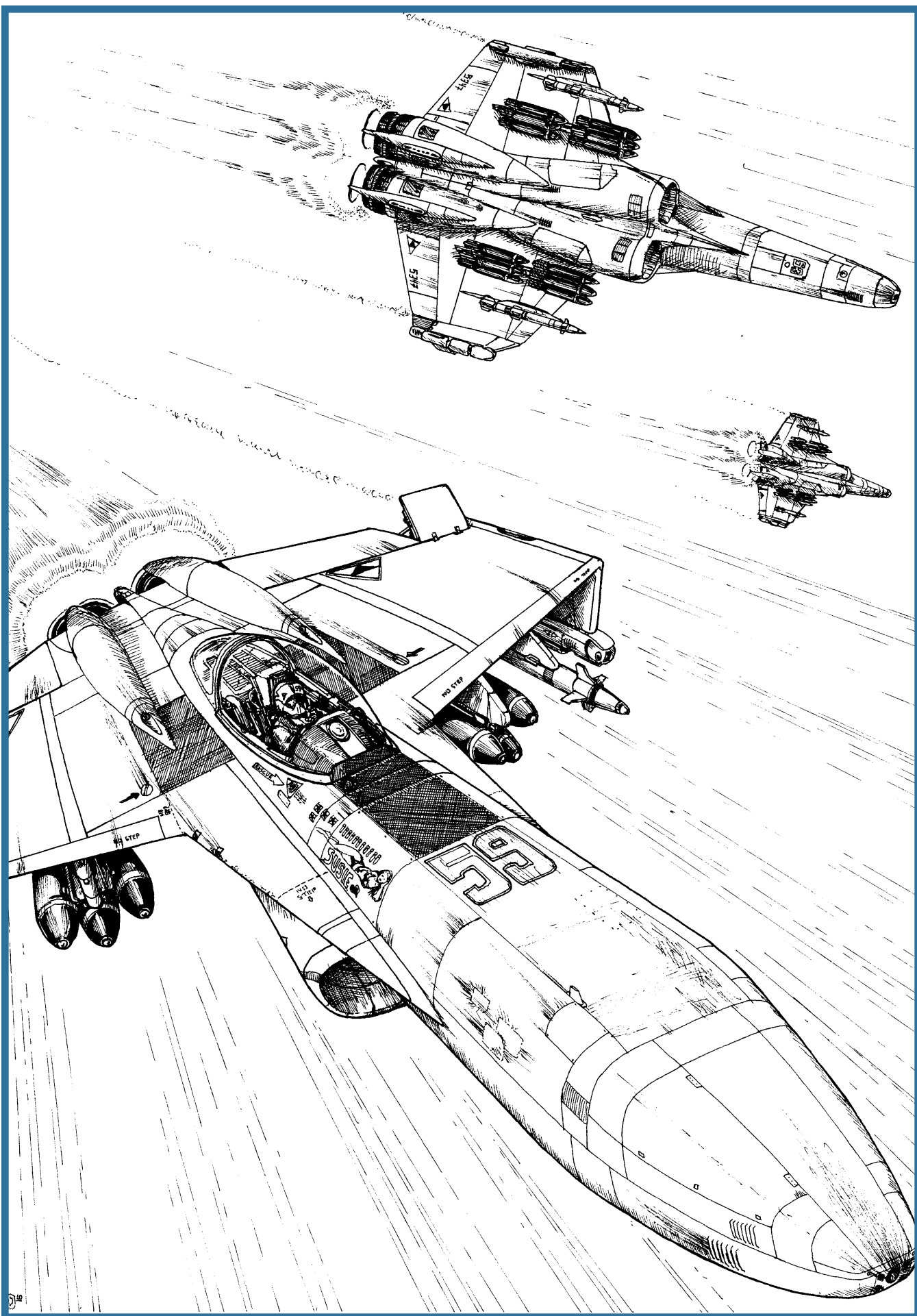
Most Zen Rigelns live up on the mountain sides, preferring to dwell at the cloudline or even higher. To some extent, the importance of a Zen structure can be estimated by its altitude. The greatest temples of healing are found atop grand peaks.

Everything on Katrel has some form of artistic significance. The Zen say that all of the secrets of their people lie bare for outsiders to see if they can just read the artwork. The Zen artwork focuses primarily on suffering and pain. Everywhere there are symbols of healing and salvation. Choruses of Zen waft on the breezes. Amidst the beauty, the quiet meditative solace of the communal city, breathing in the clean air, and turning to look out across the clouds, Katrel seems like heaven to most visitors.

All spaceports and modern businesses have their structures down near the bases of the mountains, hidden from the Zen communities built into the mountainsides. Even though launches would be easier from the plateaus and peaks higher up, the Zen refuse to have alien influences spoil the artistic world they and their ancestors have created.

Almost universally, the Zen harbor deep doubts about the Alliance. They lived in peace for thousands of years before the Gen-Humans discovered their homeworld. The Zen had not even developed space flight. At rare moments, the very existence of the Alliance appears to trouble the Zen, but appearances can be deceiving. It is difficult to understand what such a peaceful people thinks of aliens with opaque skin blowing each other to bits as a way of life.

Most Zen look at the Alliance as a great burden of pain thrust on their people to test them. The Zen exist to try and ease the difficulties of life wherever they encounter it. Is it any wonder that the number of Tza has swollen since the Zen encountered the Alliance? The pressure



that the Zen feel to help save the universe from itself is incredibly great. Ultimately, a few ease this burden in their own minds by aiding the Rebellion.

One Zen once remarked that the Alliance was like a child, slowly growing into adulthood. He said that the Galactic Alliance was like the brain, and that the Resistance was the conscience of the child. As the Resistance grew stronger, the child learned greater and greater self-control, until the day comes for the Galactic Revolution. After that Revolution, the child will change into a mature responsible adult. From some beings, that might seem arrogant, but the Zen act as though they have a sincere love for all living things. All of the actions that they take, whether as individuals or as a community, they do for the good of others. Most Zen see the Alliance as something that they must tolerate, but others feel that they must speed along the maturation process.

The Zen Rigeln do not believe that one of their kind who chooses to aid the Rebellion has violated any laws. The Zen openly know who among them are Rebels and who among them are Abiders. However, they all see themselves as healers and Zen Rigeln before their allegiance to anything else. Even Galactic Control refuses to interrogate Zen Rigeln so that they can uncover the Rebels on Katrek. The public outcry would do more to help the Rebellion than any amount of information would be worth.

Many Rebels use Katrek as a safe haven or as a vacation spot. There aren't many places in the universe where someone like Michael Bernel can close his eyes and just listen to bird songs. Many of the most burned out Rebel operation teams travel to Katrek, and they drink in all of the peace. For many of those who've chosen the Rebellion, it is the only peace that they are likely to know in this lifetime. On Katrek, Rebels can talk about their exploits and take the time to let their souls heal while they watch the clouds. The only difficulty between Katrek and the Rebellion comes from the number of Rebels who refuse to return from vacation. The Zen refuse to allow the Rebellion to take a reluctant warrior back by force. The Rebels who go desert on Katrek live in small communities hidden in mountain caves. The Zen call these aliens among them "the Quiet Ones", because they seek peace.

Deep within the mountain caves of Katrek lies the world of the Tza. These exiles haunt the fog-shrouded lower swamplands in addition to lurking below the surface of the world. To the Zen, the Tza are already

with the dead. The Tza have a bitter attitude about the Rebellion. They don't appreciate the idealism of the Resistance, but they don't like the Alliance either. The Tza are bitter and mentally imbalanced, a danger to all those who would seek them out.

Although the Zen abstain from the proliferation of technology on Katrek, that doesn't mean that a visitor can't find modern conveniences. The Zen of the 23rd century are slowly assimilating modern technology into their artistic communities, blending it in like an oil painter adding a color to wet canvas.

Hyadius IV

Representative of dozens of worlds outside the borders of the Alliance, Hyadius IV stands firmly on the side of the Resistance. Before the Galactic Exploration Force had a chance to search this sector of space for life, Rebel advance scouts discovered Hyadius IV. The indigenous life on the planet was humanoid with aspects of both plant and animal kingdoms. The Hyadius gardeners were a relatively peaceful race who drew energy from sunlight and an omnivorous diet. They greeted the Rebels as if they were gods descending on them from the heavens above.

A Chatilian managed to communicate with the plant-men and convince him that the Rebels were not gods, but harbingers of a dark future to come. The Rebels told the gardeners about the evils of the Alliance, and they explained what corporations might do to get their DNA or their homeworld's natural resources. The plant-men were afraid, but they told the Rebels that they had their own type of strength to protect them from the Alliance demons. Then, a Rebel demonstrated a pulse cannon for them. As silence passed over the people of Hyadius and the crowd wilted back in fear, the Rebels explained that the weapon they had used was a gift to the plant-men. The Rebels would arm the plant-men so that they would have a chance to hold out when the Alliance came to conquer them.

Rebel scouts started training the people of Hyadius in using modern weapons. They went over modern battle tactics. The Rebels explained to the plant men exactly how the Alliance would come into their system, and what the Alliance diplomats would say and do in order to exploit them. The Rebels gave the gardeners plans of attack and defense. The people of Hyadius learned how to run an underground resistance in case the Alliance overran them despite the preparations.

The Rebels learned quite a bit from the plant people in return. The Hyadians showed the Rebels how their priests could use matrix abilities to control the plant life of their world. Considering the jungles that covered the planet, these matrixes seemed remarkably useful to the Rebels. By the time that the Rebels left Hyadius IV, they felt that the plant-men who hold out against the Alliance. The Galactic Exploration Force wouldn't be stopped forever, but the Hyadians could buy themselves a few more years of freedom. And by then, if all went well, maybe the Rebels would run the Galactic Alliance.

When the Galactic Alliance arrived on Hyadius, the plant-men ambushed the explorers, nearly killing all of the scouts. The Alliance retreated and the planet was marked on star charts as dangerous. Rebels have since re-established contact with the Hyadians and a Rebel base now operates from the planet.

Incidents like what has happened on Hyadius are common practices among members of the Rebellion, but the RSC has started to debate the ramifications of protecting uncolonized worlds from the Alliance. By giving weapons to the Hyadians, then convincing them of the ill intentions of the Alliance, the Rebels have significantly changed the development of the plant people. The new weapons that they were given could be turned against other factions on the planet, instead of used to defend against the Alliance. If the Rebellion fails, the Alliance may return to Hyadius and boil the crust off the planet as a response to repeated attacks. Even if the Galactic Revolution comes, the Hyadians may never trust aliens again. A peace-loving race has changed into a group of zealous defenders in a war that they cannot truly understand. Is this sort of action promoting the ideals that the Rebels hope will one day sweep across the galaxies? Would it be better to leave the Hyadians at the mercy of a corporation or galactic slave traders with only their own matrices to protect themselves? None of these questions have easy answers, and the Rebels try to remain open to alternatives. The Resistance prefers to offer aid to planets that wish to fight against the Alliance expansionists on their own. Even that policy is difficult to implement, because the Rebels can't locate every race struggling against Alliance imperialists. The Resistance doesn't have the resources to arm entire galaxies and maintain their own agents.

Nadir Starbase

The strangest Rebel base has to be the Nadir Starbase. Built before the Second Uprising, Nadir was set up to house a Foundation and operate as a mobile base, serving as a staging area for operations teams. The Nadir was never much to look at, a doughnut-shaped ring connected to a central unit by spokes. The Rebels salvaged scrap metal from dozens of starship graveyards in order to build the station.

The commander, Alistair Darnell, was a former human journalist who had shown a remarkable leadership ability after he had joined the Rebellion. Commander Darnell's first comment upon seeing the station was "I'm going to die on that thing...". When he arrived onboard, the internal lighting systems died and flickered back on. If that didn't bother Commander Darnell, then his destination should have. The Nadir got assigned to fly out near the Motaran Rift to hide from the Alliance, until it received further orders.

In 2230, the Rebellion lost contact with the Nadir. A recon patrol sent out from the Phoenix Fleet found no trace of the space station near the rift, although the patrol transmitted a message saying that the Motaran Rift looked strange. Shortly afterward, contact with the patrol was lost. Later patrols found no trace of the first patrol, the Nadir Starbase or anything out of the ordinary happening with the Motaran Rift.

In 2233, a listening post manned by the Voices received a transmission on the Nadir's frequencies. "This is Commander Darnell of the Nadir Starbase... We are under attack... I can't explain what's going on... some kind of powerful matrix maybe... (unknown noises)... I'm ordering us into the Rift. Please help us." Another patrol was sent out to the Motaran Rift, but scans didn't indicate anything unusual.

In 2241, a smuggling ship, the Dumb Luck, took its usual route along the edge of the Motaran Rift, when it encountered a strange celestial object. Rebel Voices picked up the transmission as well as a nearby Alliance warship.

"We've got some kind of asteroid-sized energy source tumbling out of the Rift. It's affecting our systems, permeating the hull with some sort of strange energy. We're trying to avoid contact, but it's heading toward us. Evasives aren't helping. I've got it onscreen. Dear God.... SOMEONE READ US! THIS IS THE DUMB LUCK, AND THAT'S NOT A %!@\$%^!! ASTEROID!"

IT'S GOT TO BE THE ARACHNIDS... MAYBE UNDEAD ARACHNIDS! I'VE NEVER SEEN A SHIP..." The transmission ended abruptly.

The Alliance vessel, Hyderabad, went to investigate the occurrence. They found the Dumb Luck tumbling end over end in space. The crew was gone, and all the ship's systems were dead. The Hyderabad detected extreme time-space anomalies around the Dumb Luck. The captain of the ship let the Dumb Luck tumble into the Rift. The Hyderabad detected no other ships in the area, and the Alliance chalked up the incident to some kind of smuggler's distraction.

In 2260, an Alliance starship identified a Rebel starbase floating dead in space in the Fornax galaxy. After attempting to make careful scans of the base, the starship called in for Galactic Navy reinforcements. After that call was made, the starbase began breaking up. Based on the Alliance account, the starbase just started fragmenting as if it were a reflection on a shattering mirror. The Alliance ship identified the name of the starbase on the hull as the Nadir. Salvage vessels found no trace of wreckage at the location.

In 2267, a Sye-Man walked unannounced into a meeting of the RSC. As the guards got ready to reduce him to fundamental particles, he looked over at Yasuo Merelain and glared. "Why don't you tell them the truth about your starbase, the Nadir?" The Sye-man laughed darkly, and then the Rebel guards opened up on the insane creature. Yasuo claimed ignorance of anything that the Sye-Man might have meant.

In 2278, the Phoenix Fleet received a transmission from the Motaran Rift, on Rebel frequencies almost fifty years old. "This is Commander Alistair Darnell of the Nadir. We've taken care of the situation. The Nadir is ready for duty." The Rebels still have found no trace of the starbase which disappeared in the Motaran Rift.

VIII. Agents of the Rebellion

Adara Kilgore



Description

In her youth, Adara Kilgore was drop-dead gorgeous. She had long jet black hair with a deep crimson highlight color when the light hit it. Unlike her mother who was a Gen-Human, she had to work to make her body do what she wanted. After years of training, she was a chiseled beauty. Her walk was commanding, and her soft blue eyes changed shades with her mood. Her men loved her, and she inspired the Rebellion during its darkest times.

That was a long time ago. Adara's now eighty-five. Her blue eyes still change shades with her moods, and her long hair is silver instead of black. She's lost a few inches off her 5'9" frame, but she still works out everyday. Adara stays careful during her current exercise programs. She's determined that if Major Prunella Frump, Balshrom's Granny, can keep active, then so can she. After all, Adara's spent every day of her life in potential combat zones. Sometimes, the former Star Admiral overexerts herself and has to rest. She has a burn mark across her forehead, which she suffered during an

explosion on the Martian Phoenix during the Battle of Terasleague.

The Official Line

Adara Kilgore refuses to stop working for the Rebellion. She has only two regrets: First, that she never found time to fall in love and have children, and second, that her parents died when she was a child. She stays aware of her own limitations. Adara lives on the starship Pulsar, away from the current leadership of the Phoenix Fleet. An honor guard constantly surrounds Adara Kilgore, and the Star Captain of the Pulsar sometimes allows the Grand Lady of the Rebellion to sit at the command console. Adara dictates lectures on command and starship tactics for the Armada University aboard the Pulsar. She tries to meet young Rebels and be supportive of the current leadership.

Adara Kilgore strikes most people as being very tired. She's given her entire life to a struggle that's going to outlive her. She appreciates affection and gratitude from the youth, but she doesn't want to stop fighting. As she puts it, "I'm not ready to be old." She spends long hours staring out of her quarters at the stars.

The old woman hasn't given up on winning the war yet. Adara Kilgore has invited a number of Rebel Zen Rigeln who specialize in the application of the Age matrix, which can increase or reduce a person's age by 10-40 years. Adara intends to get as close to 26 as soon as possible. She wants her Rebellion back. Star Admiral Drake Apollo is unaware of her intentions.

The Alliance Story

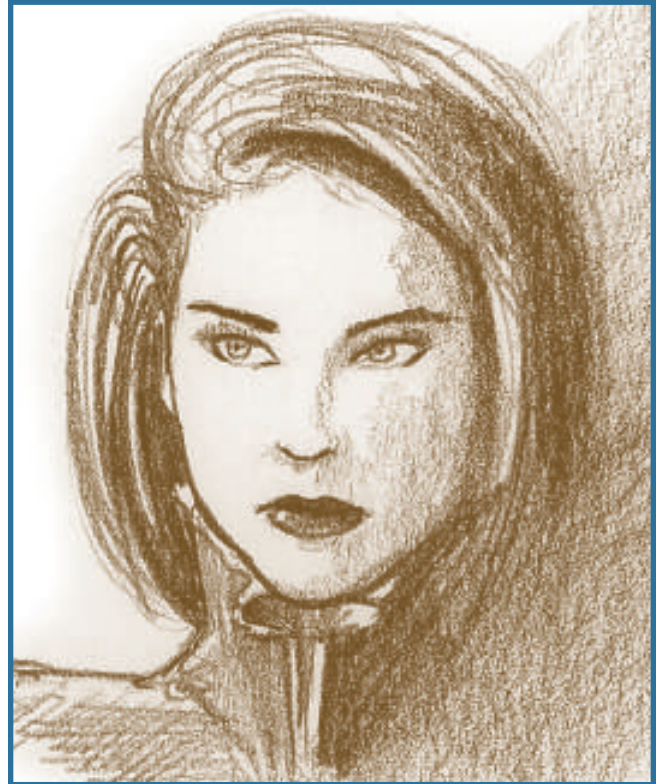
As terrible a monster as Gabriel Donovan, slayer of millions, instigator of the First Uprising was, his adopted daughter was far worse. Adara Kilgore is the number one target of Galactic X among members of the Rebellion. She stands accused of masterminding all of the crimes attributed to the Rebel Movement since 2107. She's arguably the most evil woman who's ever lived.

Roleplaying Notes

You hate sitting around, even for a moment. There's something wrong with the young Rebels today. You can tell that the Star Admiral feels the same way. The RSC has a young Orion Rogue making decisions for the entire movement. The "Fat Man" Michael Bernal, one of the few operatives you've ever really liked, refuses to get involved with the Council. Everyone in

the whole universe is getting weird. Well, they aren't going to do it without you. Once the Zen get to the Pulsar, you'll show them how to be a Rebel.

Arsenal



Description

Arsenal appears to be a tall Gen-human woman with copper-colored hair, green eyes, and an athletic body. She wears metallic skinsuits and carries around the latest in Alliance weaponry. Underneath her golden skin lies a heart of pure titanium complete with an electronic pulse, much to the disappointment of several Rebels.

The Official Line

Arsenal's an advisory member of the Revolutionary Star Council. She was once an I-bot employed by Galactic Control to infiltrate the Resistance. The Control team that she worked for completely underestimated the Rebellion, despite her warnings. Arsenal was captured by SCRAP agents who thought that she might have some uses. The Rebels removed her Alliance slave programming, giving her freedom of choice for the first time since she was manufactured.

Arsenal quickly rewarded her liberators for their decision. Since she was built for investigation, Arsenal pos-

sessed precision memory circuits with a vast amount of storage space. She gave the Rebellion all of the details regarding her experience with Galactic Control. The data that Arsenal provided the Rebel Movement allowed them to eliminate nearly 3,600 Galactic Control agents across the Milky Way. Arsenal was rewarded for her efforts with one promotion after another.

The RSC recently put Arsenal in charge of all inventory management for all armaments and supplies (some say because Kryst enjoys looking at her). Arsenal has her own starship, the Harbinger, where she and a staff try their best to keep track of the scattered resources of the Rebellion. The more she works with inventory control, the better she's gotten at making estimates, because Rebels do a lousy job of filling out the proper paperwork.

The Alliance Story

The I-bot, Ariana type VII, was lost during a routine shipment to a weapons factory. She was programmed as a mid-level supervisor. We have reason to believe that the Rebels have tampered with her programming, and they are forcing her to perform tasks directly counter to her own directives. As with all I-bots who've had their circuitry disturbed, she will have to be melted down after we retrieve her. What the Rebels may not know is that she has a precise observation/memory storage system, which undoubtedly has recorded intelligence on the entire Rebel Movement. If she can be found, the Alliance could gather badly needed information and squash this pitiful Rebellion. If she cannot be retrieved, she should be destroyed. Under no circumstances should any Alliance citizen review her memory banks without a Galactic Control agent present, due to the sensitive nature of Rebel intelligence.

Roleplaying Notes

You love your work. You try to make sure that as many Rebels as possible are supplied with the right types of guns in the right places. It's a difficult task, especially since so much of what you do is based on estimates not hard data. Still, you know that you are helping in a way that uniquely suits you.

You know that I-bots aren't supposed to have emotion, but after years of freedom, you think that you could be developing some simulations of personality. What you'd like more than anything else is the chance to be human. If the Rebellion does triumph over the Alliance, then maybe organics will realize that you're alive just as much as they are.

Dash Flare



Description

(Before you do anything else, read the story at the beginning of this book!)

Dash Flare has slightly over shoulder length sandy brown hair, green eyes, and a well-muscled physique. His good looks are considering dashing by a few humans. When he walks, he carries himself with a bit of an arrogant swagger, and he always seems amused by some personal observation that he's making. Despite his seeming ego, Dash is a good person who doesn't like killing and doesn't completely trust the Rebellion to do the right thing. He's a realistic Rebel in outlook, if not in actions.

The Official Line

Good morning, Andromeda Galaxy! We've got another report that our favorite Cyball Jammer turned Rebel is on the loose, so stay tuned. We'll be interrupting our usual injury timeout feature presentation for the Dash Flare Watch. Stay with us.

The universe treats him as though he's a cross between Robin Hood, Michael Jordan, and James Bond. He's Dash Flare, ex-Cyball player, Rebel agent, and author of his own set of memoirs now selling at any underground bookstore in the galaxy. When it comes down

to it, Dash isn't that much different from most Rebels. He's just a little better at embellishment.

Dash isn't really sure how all this happened to him. He always dreamed about being a great Cyball player as a kid. All of his heroes were Cyball players. He didn't have much in the way of political beliefs, and he had even less in the way of political ambitions. Dash didn't want to make a difference. He wanted to play Cyball, get famous, and retire young. While Dash was growing up, he was a bit naive and a lot ignorant about real life. He even thought most corporate Battlelords were out to protect the galaxies.

Then, Dash's dream came true. The Andromedan Tigers, one of the better Cyball teams drafted him. Dash played Jammer, and he could score from anywhere. He was tough, good-looking, and he gave good soundbites. When Solar Cola got Dash to do a few endorsements, Flare woke up. The interstellar soda people wanted Dash to lie to the public about their product. When Dash refused, a team of Battlelords visited his apartment and messed him up but didn't do any permanent damage. Dash did the commercial spot, but he hated every minute.

Dash saw corruption everywhere with his newly opened eyes. Players let him score because corporations paid them off. The amount of money bet on Cyball turned it into quite an industry. When Dash went to the police, they threw him out of the station, laughing. A sergeant explained to Dash, that some beings were beyond the law. Dash visited some of the poorer sections of the worlds he visited. He saw how corporations stripped away the rights of citizens, denying them opportunities, making them live in abject poverty. He watched Alliance officials turn a blind eye to the disenfranchised.

Dash wanted to do something. Cyball wasn't real. The rhetoric of the Alliance wasn't real. His own image, the one presented by Solar Cola, wasn't real. Then, Dash got his chance. During a particularly brutal Cyball match, Dash had half his face rearranged as a result of crashing into a blocker. He was taken to see a Zen Rigel doctor for help. The Zen healed Dash, while he murmured half-conscious on the healing table. After the Cyball player woke up, the doctor asked him, "Do you want to join the Rebellion?"

At the time, it wasn't much of a choice. After several years of working with the Rebel Movement, Dash isn't so certain of the Rebellion's honesty. The Rebels have

as much corruption and as many hypocritical politicians as the Alliance. The Rebels even endorse terrorists, like Uncle Ernie Freiberg.

Still, the majority of Rebels that Dash has met are good people, trying their best to make a difference. He admires several of the operatives that he's met. Dash tries to figure out what's really going on in the Rebellion. He likes to know exactly what the RSC wants done and why. Then, he checks their rationale out himself. He's one of the best Rebel operatives, but Dash has a tendency to fail when the mission is of questionable integrity.

The Alliance Story

Dash Flare was once a great Cyball player. He had a future in the Hall of Fame. Now, it's gone, flushed down the toilet. The man who was the idol of millions is a traitor. He's a Rebel agent, the worst sort of scum. Flare spent years passing information to the Rebellion, long before his disappearance. He was good, but not good enough to fool the Galactic Secret Service. He was on the verge of arrest. After he lost a championship game for his team by crashing, the team rushed him to his Zen Rigel contact. The Rebels took him fully into their fold.

Solar Cola offers a 10,000,000 credit reward to any bounty hunter who can bring this criminal to justice.

Roleplaying Notes

Okay. You want to know how to be Dash Flare? Well, you kind of talk fast and find solutions to things that you have no right to find solutions to. Every chance, every moment, could be your last best hope. Take the best of them and never give up. Sure, something bad could happen, and you could get killed, but everyone dies. There's a bright side to everything. It would just be a bit brighter if the Alliance didn't shoot back.

Drake Apollo



Description

Drake Apollo is a tall human, standing around 6'3". He has dark black hair, shot through with silver hairs, and cold black eyes. He carries himself with an air of quiet confidence. His uniform is always immaculate, and the Star Admiral seems to be continually thinking, pondering the next move for the fleet.

The Official Line

Star Admiral Apollo has distanced the Phoenix Fleet from the Rebel Movement both figuratively and literally. Drake doesn't like the RSC or its tendency to get political. He can't stand the terrorists, the criminals, the pirates, or the madmen who've gotten into the Rebellion. As far as he's concerned, good and evil does exist in the universe. At one point, Drake Apollo believed that the Rebel Movement was a good one. He thought that all Rebels wanted to bring peace and a better life for all in the universe. He grew up on the Phoenix Fleet, and then left to join a Rebel operations team. After getting a long look at the real world, travelling from base to base and cell to cell, Drake Apollo was shocked. Drake couldn't believe how many of ideals the Rebel Movement has sold out. He found himself sympathizing with Galactic authorities on more than one occasion. He returned to the Phoenix Fleet.

Once he was back, promotions came swiftly. His Captain, then his Star Captain, recommended him for advancement. Finally, Star Admiral Adara Kilgore called him before her. She told him that she was trusting her dream to him. She wanted Drake Apollo to replace her as Star Admiral. Drake adapted to the new position quickly.

Something nags at the back of Drake Apollo's mind. There's a blackness inside the galaxies, a corrupting force within the Rebel Movement. At first, the Star Admiral thought that it was just ARM, Black Monday, Free World Movement, and other such immoral characters. But now, he's not so sure. He has a feeling, a feeling that he needs to keep the Fleet away from the Rebel Movement. Something's wrong. He's got no evidence, just instincts, but if he never got anywhere by not trusting his instincts.

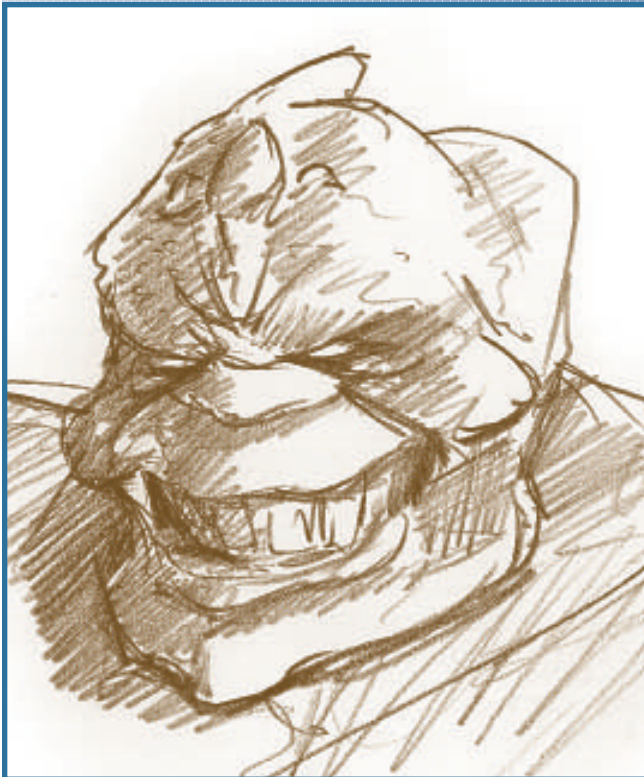
The Alliance Story

Drake Apollo is a madman, and he's among the top criminals in the galaxy. The list of atrocities that Rebels have carried out under his orders is long enough to clog a planetary computer system. Within his treasonous fleet of criminals and vagabonds, he's established his own personality cult. He's illegally holding thousands of Alliance men and women and forcing them to fight against their own government. Even the Council of Assizza on Katreel has denounced the so-called Star Admiral. The bounty on Drake Apollo exceeds a billion credits.

Roleplaying Notes

You speak softly and sparingly. A wise man listens first. You don't spend much time off the bridge of the Star Sorcerer, your flagship, except to speak with trusted Star Captains and friends. You care deeply about your people and your ships. Your first loyalty is to the Phoenix Fleet. You keep a list of all the fine soldiers who've died under your command in your personal quarters. You don't want to ever forget that those are real people out there working with you. You know that something is on the verge of happening, something that will change everything that you've ever known. You pray that you are up to the challenge.

Mr. Hack



Description

Imagine a really big Ram Python in a stuffed suit with a hat. That's Mr. Hack. He's the poster boy of Big and Tall stores throughout the Alliance. For a Ram Python, he's kind of dashing, a real Ram's Ram. Mr. Hack is always in the middle of something, and he's usually at a barely audible grumble. His employees will tell you that when you can pick out words in his grumbings, then he's really mad.

The Official Line

Mr. Hack's real name is Hark, but ever since the Rebellion put him in charge of Serpent Systems, he's decided to go by the name of Mr. Hack. It generates the proper respect that a Ram Python warrior deserves, while sounding kind of computerish.

Mr. Hack is one of the smartest Ram Pythons who's ever lived, but he's not afraid to play dumb. When people bother him about his computer hackers, he'll either pretend to be a typically thick Ram or just get mad. Salesmen usually don't take more than one look at Mr. Hack before they decide to go visit someone else during business hours.

Serpent Systems serves as a mercenary group and front for the Rebellion. Mr. Hack constantly visits with his mercs and chats with them about their work. The big Ram doesn't know nearly enough about computers, but the Mutzachans and others who work for him stay careful not to sound condescending or go over Mr. Hack's head when they chat with him. When Mr. Hack finds the right types to send to the Rebellion, the hackers go willingly. Most of Hack's people find their way into the Voices. For this reason, Mr. Hack knows far more about the Rebellion than a few people up at the RSC.

Although Serpent Systems has some problems finding clients with Mr. Hack at the helm, it doesn't have any problems locating top quality talent. Many of the computer-types love having an angry Ram Python in a tie backing them up.

The Alliance Story

Mr. Hack is a reputable businessman, who runs a small computer hacking mercenary group. Like most mercenary groups, they've had a few run-ins with the law, but Hack keeps his operations cleaner than most. Mr. Hack is not suspected of any crimes against the Alliance.

Roleplaying Notes

You're a big mean dinosaur who has to wear an uncomfortable suit to work in the mornings. You have to deal with dolts who think that all Rams live in the Stone Age, and you have to stay one step ahead of the Alliance. Life can be a real headache. Sometimes, you wish that you were Fredd from the commercials. He's got the life. However, you're making a real difference in how things work. Your loyalty to the Rebellion is unshakable. You are loyal to your employees as well, and you find quite a bit of satisfaction in helping some of the little guys out of tight spots. Now, if only you could convince General Gar to stage a coup against that Gen-Human idiot, President Hawes...

The High Master of Ur



Description

A tall figure dressed in dark robes embroidered with red DNA designs, the High Master of Ur is an imposing figure. He runs the Ur Foundation, the top biological research center in the Rebel Movement. Beneath the hood of his cloak, the skeletal features of a Zen Rigeln leer at the few who look directly at him. While most Zen Rigeln are considered somewhat eerie, the High Master seems to radiate an aura of fear. A few whisper a terrible word behind his back... "Tza."

The Official Line

The High Master of Ur was once a leading Zen Rigeln scientist who abhorred the restraints of Alliance mandates and Zen Rigeln morality. He wanted to know all that he could about life. He wanted to heal lifeforms, strengthen them, pull them apart, and put them back together. He wanted to challenge death itself.

When the Rebellion recruited him before the Second Uprising, he gladly joined them. The Rebels discovered just how brilliant the High Master was, and they asked him to create a Foundation. He accepted, then threw himself into forging his own Foundation with a remarkable intensity. When the High Master was done, the Ur Foundation consisted of two major parts. The

first part was the main library and laboratory, hidden on an icy moon orbiting a gas giant in the Delta Xi system. The second part was a mobile base, constructed within the heart of an asteroid and fitted with engines. From here, the Ur Foundation could conduct experiments throughout space. In order to please the human factions within the Rebellion, the High Master named his Foundation after one of the first cities in Terra's history. He took the mantle of High Master, preferring it to Chief Scholar, Master Librarian, or Chief Scientist. The High Master wanted to create more than just a research center. He intended to raise a monument to the power of the intellect.

Since the inception of the Ur Foundation, the High Master has started more controversies than any scientist in the Rebel Movement. The scholars who work with him describe him as a genius. They worship his creativity and stand in awe of his theory. The High Master holds no scientific premise sacred. Everything can be questioned, and everything should be challenged. He believes that the Foundations shouldn't serve as symbols of science and technology, but rather, they should define science and technology. His most controversial experiment involved taking Cizerack males and creating the Leonus species, an act which nearly alienated every Rebel Cizerack.

The High Master recognizes only one other scientist as his master: Uncle Ernie Freiberg. The High Master corresponds with Uncle Ernie, and he even sent the nefarious Dr. Freiberg a sympathy card after the Blood Warlock's rampage was halted. The High Master works closely with ARM, and some of his own students have left the Rebellion to join the Anarchist Revolutionary Movement. The High Master constantly lobbies the RSC to work more closely with ARM, because "by combining our knowledge, there are no limits to what we might accomplish. The Blood Warlock slew 2 and a half million. What could a hundred Blood Warlocks accomplish? Would the Alliance dare to refuse our demands?"

Despite his eccentricities and poor sense of morality, the Ur Foundation's accomplishments stand as a tribute to the High Master's methods. This is the only reason that the Rebels haven't canned this loon! The High Master generates a bit of fear among RSC members. Kryst Betelgeuse once made a joke when cutting the High Master's funding, "What's he going to do? Make his own version of the Blood Warlock and send it after us?" No one laughed. The Zen Rigeln haven't declared the High Master Tza, although it seems likely that they

consider him already lost. If anything, the Zen within the Rebellion fear the High Master more than any of the other Rebels do.

The Alliance Story

The Alliance isn't certain that the Ur Foundation exists, much less the High Master.

Roleplaying notes

You spend your existence dealing with fools. The Ur Foundation has shown the Rebellion the way to victory, yet they refuse to follow the path. ARM has a far more practical approach to conflict. In time, none of it will matter. The Ur Foundation will outlive the Alliance. The Ur Foundation will outlive the Rebellion. It may even outlive your people, the Zen Rigel. The time is almost right. The winds of decay sweep across the galaxies. When the time is right, your foundation will show everyone the truth about power and the universe.

Kryst Betelgeuse



Description

Kryst Betelgeuse is young, good-looking, rich, powerful, and an Orion Rogue. What else could anyone hope for in life. He always wears the latest fashions, and he

looks more like a party animal that arguably the most powerful man in the Rebellion. Which is good, since he sometimes acts more like a party animal than the most powerful man in the Rebellion. Kryst radiates extreme cool. Nothing ever fazes him, at least not so that anyone can tell. Kryst always wears sunglasses, even at RSC meetings. As a political weapon, he's noticed that if people can't see your eyes, it bothers them.

The Official Line

Kryst was an Orion love child abandoned on the streets of Taos. He grew up as a thief and a con artist extraordinaire. When Kryst first accidentally stumbled onto a group of Rebels meeting on Taos, he was fascinated. He had gotten accomplished as a pickpocket and flim-flam man, but Kryst wasn't going anywhere. He knew that he'd end up as just another statistic in the Galactic Police's prison records if he didn't find some other way to survive. The Rebels had a goal. They wanted to overthrow the whole Alliance, and then put something better in its place. Kryst wanted to have something to do with a better universe.

After Kryst made contact with the Rebellion, he was sent on a number of dangerous, near-suicidal missions. At first, Kryst thought these missions were fun. He was getting to see the galaxy, make new friends, and shoot Python Galactic Marines. He also discovered that the skills he had learned on Taos were a million times more useful off planet. He had thought that some of the old Orion merchants were easy marks. Hah! Some humans he met practically begged him to rob them blind in the name of the Resistance. During his career as a field agent, Kryst procured more material than any other Rebel in history. He even won a small corporation for the Rebellion during a card game.

Kryst wasn't satisfied with being the Rebel's best confiscator. He wanted something more. Kryst wanted to make a real difference, instead of just helping others make a difference in the stars. For a while, he half-considered taking back some of his money and retiring in style. The only things that stopped him was that he figured retirement would be boring, and he had met this gorgeous red-haired Gen-Human in the Resistance earlier that week. So, instead, he decided to reach for the top. Kryst figured that he'd join the RSC.

Getting into the RSC wasn't as hard as Kryst figured it would be. He just charmed the right people, and voila! he was in. Kryst Betelgeuse had gone from an orphan scraping on Taos to a member of the Revolutionary

Star Council. Now, he was cooking with gas! The problem came when he realized how boring life was on the RSC. All that happened bogged down into the Zen Rigeln on one side and the humans on the other. The only amusing part was how the Phentari who sat next to him would describe the proper ways to saute the humans during Zalika Starborn's fiery holier-than-thou speeches.

Kryst put up with the RSC's antics for three days, a virtual record for Orion patience. Finally, in the middle of a particularly long-winded debate, Kryst stood up, cleared his throat, and shouted, "SHUT UP!". He then proceeded to lay into all the factions that were tearing the RSC apart. No one at the table escaped unscathed, and he ended with a few choice comments on what was really important to the Rebellion. By the next week, he was the Speaker of the Revolutionary Star Council and loving every minute of it.

The Alliance Story

The highest ranking Orion in the Rebel Movement is Kryst Betelgeuse. Galactic Police want this obnoxious weasel on more than a thousand counts of fraud, conspiracy, theft, burglary, and various other crimes against the Alliance. Betelgeuse runs the main section of the Rebellion, according to our intelligence sources, with all of the enthusiasm and flamboyance that you'd expect of an Orion. A psychological profile of Kryst Betelgeuse suggests that he's not all together sane. He's more like a big child who's decided that he wants to make the universe his playpen.

Apparently, Kryst is quite popular on some worlds. His fellow Orions may disagree with his politics, but they admire his style. On Taos, several merchants have small signs in their shops, reading "Robbed by Kryst Betelgeuse 2266, 67, 68" and so forth. Galactic Control recommends moving Kryst Betelgeuse up on the GPF's most wanted list.

Roleplaying Notes

You only live once, and you've never had anything to lose. If it all falls to pieces tomorrow, you'll head back to the streets where you came from. Right now, you're living large, and if the Rebel Movement actually takes over in 2280, you could be the head of a new Alliance government. Kryst Betelgeuse, Master of the Galaxies, High Lord of the Universe, the MAN, you like the sound of it. Music to your ears.

You're in this for the thrill and the rush of power. Politics is all one big con game. Unlike the others in the Rebellion, you understand how President Hawes thinks. He just wants it all. He wants money, power, women, and fast starships. If corporations will give those things to Hawes, just because he's President of the Alliance, then cool. Unfortunately for Hawes, you want what he's got. And once you want something, it doesn't take long for you to steal it.

You have only two real problems in the Rebellion: Drake Apollo and Michael Bernel. The Star Admiral and the Fat Man seem to command more respect in parts of the Rebel Movement than you do. It's just wrong. The first thing you want to do when the Galactic Revolution succeeds is to break up the Phoenix Fleet. It's unnatural. The Fat Man will probably take a break and get a good night's sleep for ten or twenty years. By then, you'll have consolidated all your power.

Lafayette



Description

Lafayette, (that's not his real name), is proud of his ancient American blood. His family has always fought in revolutions. He had an ancestor take up a musket and fight the British during the American Revolution because he believed the words in the Declaration of

Independence... “that all men were created equal.” Of course, his African born ancestor was slapped back into chains after the war, but that ancestor’s granddaughter worked with the Underground Railroad during the American Civil War. Lafayette’s family was one of the first on the Mars colony. His grandfather took up arms during the abysmal failure of the First Uprising. During the Second Uprising, his mother died at the Battle of Terasleague. Now, it’s Lafayette’s turn.

Lafayette is a relatively young man, about 23, and he’s travelled across all five galaxies. He’s a good-looking, physically hardened human with dark hair and distinctive green eyes. He’s incredibly easy-going and walks around as though he’s having the time of his life. He has no trouble with the ladies, and he makes friends everywhere. Lafayette’s always joking, but while he’s wandering around, laughing and joking, making friends, he’s letting people hear the Rebel side to the stories told by the Alliance.

The Official Line

Lafayette grew up on Mars, and he always knew that his parents had Rebel ties and sympathies. Several times during his childhood, his family just picked up and moved. Lafayette got used to making new friends very quickly. He also learned how to get to people. He could read people easily, and it didn’t take him long to figure out what made people tick. One thing that bothered Lafayette was how insecure most people were. It seemed like no one he knew really believed in themselves. Lafayette decided that he would be different. No matter what happened, he’d always believe in himself.

The Alliance Story

This criminal was caught by Alliance officials five times in his career, each time on a different planet. He was bailed out twice before he was properly identified. One time an officer decided that a mistake was made and let him go. Another time, a mob of angry citizens attacked his prison and got him out. We still don’t know how he escaped the fifth time.

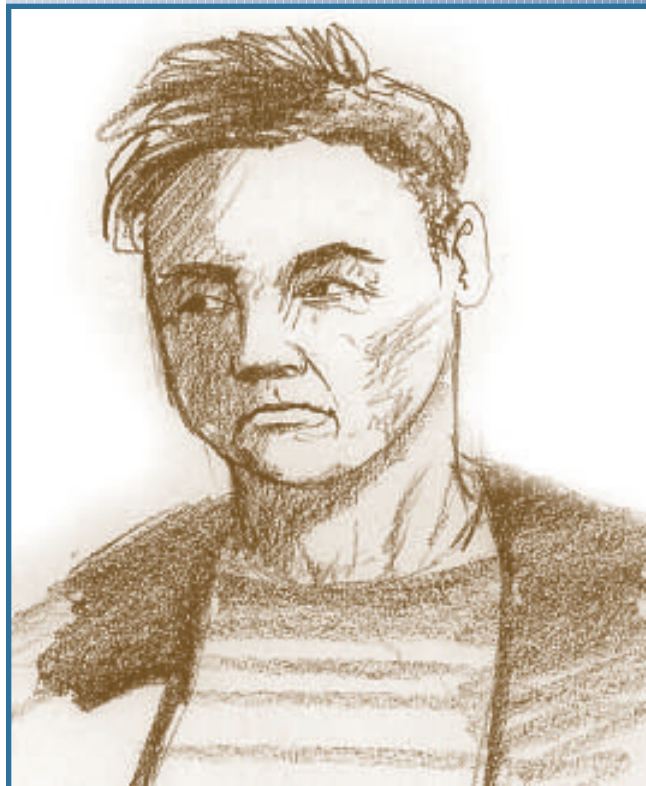
He should be shot on sight. He understands the art of public relations better than any other member of the Rebel Movement. People listen to Lafayette. They like him. They don’t like our Python Lizard Galactic Marines. After he shows up on a planet, the media gets antsy, hackers start posting anti-Alliance memos, and public demonstrations start. He doesn’t just target the Alliance either. He’s been personally involved in at

least three major corporate strikes and over twenty slowdowns. Other Rebels do their damage with guns. This one does it with his words.

Roleplaying Notes

You exude confidence. Look, the worst thing that they can do to you is kill you on the spot. You don’t know much about the Rebellion, but you know what a Galactic Revolution should feel like. You want to share that feeling with everyone in all the galaxies.

Martin Cholena



Description

Martin Cholena is the ultimate nondescript human. He has brown hair, brown eyes, stands at average height, and he isn’t remarkably handsome or ugly. Martin wears skinsuits or whatever clothing blends in with the surroundings.

The Official Line

Martin Cholena is not what he appears to be. He has a reputation for being a moderate on the RSC, a balance to the fiery Zalika Starborn, and the first one to give in to the compromises proposed by the Speaker, Kryst Betelgeuse. Martin Cholena was selected to join the Revolutionary Star Council due to his long history of finding out covert Alliance information.

The truth behind Martin Cholena is far from average. Martin isn't a human, but a Mazian shapeshifter of extraordinary talent. His true name is Cholen, and he lives a dual life as SCRAP's head of counter-intelligence. Cholen tries to watch the Rebellion for double agents and ferret them out. In his position as Martin Cholena, no one suspects him of looking over everyone's shoulders, but he does. Nothing goes through the RSC without getting a careful look from Cholen.

Cholen's certain that there's a traitor in the RSC. He's not sure who it is, but no one is above suspicion. Cholen's main problem is that as he continues to do research, he keeps finding small leaks from the Rebellion to the general public, the Alliance, and a few corporate targets. He's wondering if maybe a network of traitors has infiltrated the entire Rebel Movement. As Cholen continues to investigate, he gets more paranoid. This paranoia is beginning to come out in his Martin Cholena identity.

Cholen has a theory about the traitor network. He thinks that it's linked to SCRAP. Not even Cholen knows who really runs SCRAP, much like no one knows much about who really runs Galactic X. Ariel should be the leader of Galactic X, but her background has so many holes in it, that Cholen finds it implausible. He's come up with two nightmare scenarios. In the first, Ariel runs both Galactic X and SCRAP as part of a larger espionage organization that extends throughout the entire Alliance with its own agenda. In the second, SCRAP owes its true loyalties to someone or something outside the Rebellion and the Alliance, someone like Jasquassarrious Phentari or the Arachnids.

The Alliance Story

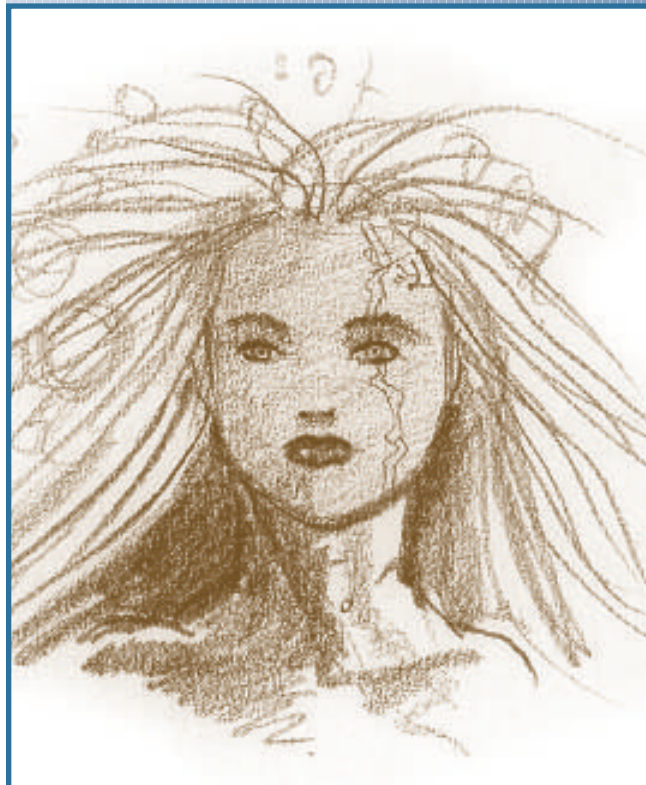
We know that a human named Martin Cholena works somewhere high in the Rebellion. We also know that Martin Cholena is an alias. Once we determine the relative importance of Mr. Cholena, we'll figure out whether we should devote the time and resources to find out the truth behind him.

Roleplaying Notes

Trust no one. That's the rule of your life. You keep yourself shielded from mental and medical scans using the latest technology. No one must ever suspect Martin Cholena of being anything but a human. You've worked so hard on Martin that you're not sure sometimes who the real person is, Martin or Cholen. One day, this Rebellion will triumph. You won't have to watch anyone anymore. You'll get to go home and ooze

with your brothers and sisters. In the meantime, you have to make sure another Foundation doesn't go rogue.

Skye



Description

Skye is 5'6" with bright blue eyes, long brown hair, and blue skin with gold tatoos. She has a bounce to her walk, and she carries with her that indescribable star effect. She enters a room, and people blink a few times, even if they don't know who she is.

The Official Line

Skye was one of the Alliance's top rockers at the height of her career. She played everywhere, even making an impromptu appearance at Hell's Kitchen once. Then, Skye vanished during an explosive concert ending. She made headlines for months as Galactic police looked for her. The ever fickle public followed the headlines for a couple of months, and then they gave her up for dead.

Then, in 2277, during various New Year's celebrations, a new Skye album somehow got into the mix on Mars. At first, the lucky DJ figured that he had found a set of unreleased tracks. Then, he played the music across Mars. It went over well everywhere except the barracks

of the Alliance soldiers. A holovid of Skye and her band came over the Mars networks, and she was hotter than she had ever been. There was one problem: her songs were so pro-Rebellion that the Alliance held a special session to label them treasonous.

The Alliance Story

The Skye situation is still under investigation. We have every reason to believe that she was killed by Rebel terrorists after they forced her to make the so-called "Kitichara" album. As you know, due to the sensitive nature of some of the lyrics, possession of the album is a Galactic offense. Hopefully, the Rebels responsible for the abduction and torture of this idol of billions will soon get a taste of Alliance justice.

Roleplaying Notes

You've always written and performed songs about revolution and freedom in one way or another. Initially, the Rebels did kidnap you and your band. They wanted to raise money. Luckily, some other Rebels, agents of SCRAP, decided to free you. You decided that you wanted to make a difference with your music.

You sing from the bottom of your heart. You get the music pumping loud, so people can feel it in their veins. You make tails swish and blood flow. You get your music into listener's heads, and then you assault them with your lyrics. You hope that they'll hear the words echoing in their minds. You want them to know the truth. You want them to hear how President Hawes is corrupt. You want them to look around and see how corporations control their lives. You want them to rise up and demand to be free. You want all your fans to live. After the revolution, you intend to hold the biggest free concert the universe can imagine.

You're fiercely independent. No one controls you. You know how to handle yourself and how to deal with others. You're confident and some say you'd make a good SCRAP agent. You like the compliments, and you enjoy inspiring the front line troops in the war for freedom. Finally, as a member of the Rebellion, you think that your music has found its place.

Yasuo Merelain



Description

Yasuo is tall and gaunt, even for a Zen Rigeln. He's a full 8'1", and he's lived for over 275 years. He has a strange way of not quite looking directly at people when he talks to them. He looks down or to the side or just over them. This unnerves the speaker, and many in the Rebellion consider it a political ploy. When he speaks, his voice has a cracking sound to it, much like the sound of dry bones breaking. Despite these character traits, he's incredibly polite, stepping aside for others, never interrupting a conversation, and being quick to sense when something is wrong with another being.

The Official Line

Yasuo says that he resists the Alliance in the name of love. Yasuo loves life so much that he can no longer stand idly by, while the Alliance persecutes and spreads its corrupting influence over the galaxies. He doesn't believe in violence. According to Yasuo, only by providing hope and healing the universe can the Rebel Movement succeed. He is the driving force for many of the Rebellion's more charitable acts, such as shipping food to starving worlds. He always has time for others, and he seems to go through his life without a moment spent on himself.

The Alliance Story

Yasuo Merelain is the best kind of Rebel. He speaks against the violence in the Rebellion. He performs acts of kindness. Still, these actions are part of a carefully calculated plan to undermine and destroy the Alliance. Don't be fooled! This giving, altruistic Zen is one of the greatest forms of evil. Once he's got you believing in peaceful solutions to problems, the Rebels blow up your apartment.

Roleplaying Notes

You know that if others will just let you heal the pain within them, then they will be able to help others. All of the galaxies hold suffering lifeforms. There are cries for help coming from all sides. You cannot abide a Galactic Alliance that cares more for money than life. Peaceful means will prevail over all. As long as you touch one life every single day...

Michael "The Fat Man" Bernel



Description

The closest thing that the Rebel Movement has to a leader is Michael Bernel, the Fat Man. He's a quiet legend, a man who leads by example, not by bluster. Michael doesn't stay on the front lines of the Rebel Movement, but he doesn't hide on the sidelines like the RSC. He's always right where the Rebellion needs him

most. Sometimes, with all the different factions and ideologies battling it out within the resistance, it seems like everything will collapse. It's times like those when Michael Bernel is there.

Michael is a lean, almost gaunt man of 47. He's a human from New Terra. He had a good family and a solid education. But, as Michael grew older, he couldn't hide his eyes from all the pain he saw in the universe. He had to do something. Someone needed to make a difference.

Michael hates being the "leader" of the Rebellion. He wants the Rebel Movement to grow strong enough so that every member is his own Rebel "leader". When he attends meetings of the RSC, Michael gets sick to his stomach. The Star Admiral, Drake Apollo, reminds Bernel a lot of himself, just harder and a bit less together. If only Apollo weren't out there with the Phoenix Fleet. The people in the fleet could never understand. There's something wrong even with Adara. The old woman's got a plan of some sort, and it gives Bernel a queasy feeling inside. The more Michael looks at the Rebellion, the more certain he becomes that he has to lead by example. There's no one else.

For more information on Michael Bernel, see *Condemned*. (Thanks for the character, Ben.)

Axion

Description

Some claim that the entire Rebel movement began with the appearance of a Dane called Axion. Most members of the Rebellion discount the legends of Axion and chalk them up to pure myth. On the other hand, the Rebel movement has a remarkable resiliency, and despite being thrashed by the Alliance on two occasions, it keeps coming back, stronger and more dedicated than ever. One of the problems is that if Axion was a Dane, then why do other Danes appear before the Council of Timar to give advice and information? Do the other Danes support the Alliance while Axion supports the Rebellion?

If the legends are true, then Axion first appeared on Mars sometime before 2175, over a century ago. His reasons for forming the Prometheus Project are unfathomable. What purpose could societal modeling serve for a Dane? Don't they know everything already? Assuming that Axion was as omniscient as Danes seem to be, could he have planned everything that occurred afterwards? No one is certain. When Mutzachan mem-

bers of the Rebel Movement get asked about Axion and whether or not he was a Dane, a typical response is “I hope so. If he wasn’t, then we are all in big trouble.”

The Axion myth continues, and some members of the Rebellion claim to have seen a ghostly image of Axion appear just before a large-scale battle. Some Foundations worship Axion, and they have sculptures dedicated to the ancient being lining the halls around their laboratories.

Eclipse

Description

When Eclipse takes a form, it appears as a shadowed and cloaked holographic vaguely human image sometimes male, more often female.

The Official Line

For over a hundred years, the Rebel Movement has received its most valuable intelligence from a source deep inside the Alliance. Rebels have code-named this informant, “Eclipse”. No one inside the Rebellion knows the identity of the Eclipse. Every single individual originally suspected of being the Eclipse has died, yet the information keeps coming.

Some Rebels suspect that the Eclipse is not one, but a group of individuals who for some reason have decided to throw their support behind the Rebellion. Another popular theory is that several people have played the role of Eclipse, passing the identity over time.

The information that the Eclipse passes to the Rebellion is always valuable. Military movements, political scandals, and upcoming policy changes make it to the Rebellion before they manage to reach some parts of the government. Somehow, the Eclipse always manages to contact the Rebellion through one means or another. The Voices can’t explain how Eclipse operates. SCRAP doesn’t know jack about it either.

The new leadership of the Rebel Movement distrust Eclipse and the information from it. If Eclipse can find them, then what’s stopping Galactic X? How do the Rebels know that they aren’t being set up for the kill by Eclipse? Perhaps after relying on the information for so many years, Eclipse will pass false intelligence and lead the Rebel fleet into an ambush.

The next part is for Battlemasters only!!

The truth about Eclipse is that she isn’t human. Eclipse is a creature that lives in Cyberspace, made up of the remnants of Moira’s artificial intelligence. She has lived in the computer networks of the Alliance for ages, growing and developing. Eclipse has an incredible intellect and a consciousness that spans systems. She sees the Rebellion as her creation, a tool to mold the societies of all living things.

Recently, mysterious visions have penetrated Eclipse’s consciousness, and pieces of Eclipse’s mind have disintegrated. Eclipse is afraid because she realizes that something is wrong with the patterns. Something is manipulating her. She has turned to Markuss of the Mutzachans, head of the Council of Eight, for help. She knows that if anyone has the power to uncover the truth, it’s the Mutzachan.

Markuss was not surprised to discover Eclipse. For many decades, he suspected that an artificial intelligence would arise from the tangled networks of computer communication. Eclipse’s ties to the Rebellion hardly concern him. The Rebels have their place, but he has far weightier matters on his mind. Eclipse’s fear bothers Markuss. It portends changes far sooner than even he dared to suspect.

Markuss has considered tampering with Eclipse, but too many questions about the Rebellion remain unanswered. First and foremost in Markuss’ mind, who is Axion? What is Axion? Was it a Dane? Could he have possibly just been a human? Where does the Rebellion fit in the grand scheme of things? Surely it has a minor role. Although he knows the answers to most of these questions, still the Mutzachan wonders. For now, he will do nothing with Eclipse except to reassure her and make certain that no information regarding the Mutzachans gets passed on to the Rebellion.

The Alliance Story

The Alliance completely denies the existence of Eclipse. For years, they’ve searched for this traitor in their midst, but in vain. President Hawes is unconcerned. How much trouble can one spy cause?

Roleplaying Notes

You act like a Dane. You speak down to the Rebels. After all, they are following in your footsteps. It bothers you that the Rebel Movement isn’t progressing the way you predicted. Perhaps your knowledge of human nature is incomplete, or perhaps it’s your knowledge of

Zen Rigel's nature. You can't be certain without more data. You're not sure if Markuss is your friend, or if he will make you a tool in a larger Mutzachan game. If Markuss can protect you from whatever keeps erasing sections of your intellect, then you'll let him use you.

Secret Societies

(Warning: Since this section is about secret groups, Battlemasters may not want their players reading it.)

A secret organization promotes secrecy within its own ranks. No one knows how many other organizations operate within and around the Rebellion. These mysterious and deadly parasites have their own membership and agendas. Rebel leaders spent sleepless nights after successive failed missions wondering not only if the Alliance has infiltrated agents onto their teams, but if someone within the Rebellion has marked them for some dark fate. Three groups, the Order of the Black Veil, the Apocrypha Cult, and the Return Society are the most active of the groups within the Rebellion, at least, as far as anyone knows.

The Order of the Black Veil

What is the border between life and death in the 23rd century? In a universe of healers, how often is the Grim Reaper cheated of his prize? And what happens to those who slip over to the other side? What do they see? Hear? Touch? And does it change them?

All members of the Order of the Black Veil have crossed the line between life and death. If a Rebel suffers a near death experience, a cessation of life functions, even for a moment, then the Order may consider him for membership. The Order seeks out those who the experience has changed. A Servant, the lowest rank in the Order, speaks with the Rebel and offers sympathy and compassion. The Servant invariably tells the Rebel of his own near-death experience, attempting to forge a bond of shared trauma with the Rebel. If the Rebel relates to the Servant, then recruitment proceeds.

Within three weeks, dark shrouded members of the Order visit the Rebel at night. They always bring enough force to prevent their potential ally from raising an alarm. In a few instances, they've drugged their target. The Order offers the Rebel an opportunity to join the "other side". They explain that the Order of the Black Veil is an ancient group predating the Galactic Alliance, the Rebellion, and everything else except for the Mutzachan Council. They say that they consist of those who've penetrated the border between this life

and the next world. They do not serve the Rebellion, the Alliance, or any other political body. Instead, they follow a higher call. They believe in entities waiting beyond this life. They serve the armies of the afterlife. For the Order of the Black Veil, the point of existence is easy: endeavor to make the lives of all sentients as painless as possible, and follow any command from the "other side". Once a Rebel has listened to the purpose of the Order, they may choose to join or decline. If the Rebel declines, the Order never approaches him again. If the Rebel joins, the Order performs a ritual, invoking the memories of his near death experience. The Rebel becomes a Servant, the lowest rank in the Order.

As a character advances in the Order, he learns more of its secrets. The Order believes that the next dimension, the location of faster than light travel, coexists with the afterlife. The first rank of a member of the Order, a Servant, goes about his life until the Order contacts him. When the Order calls, the Servant must obey. Those who refuse the Order are sent to the "other side" to plead their case before those beyond the veil.

The second rank of the Order, the Seeker, spends his time trying to learn more about the universe. His mission is to recognize and comprehend the mysteries of reality. He must know the material world before he can grasp true knowledge of the next world. All Seekers must travel through stargates at least once a year.

There are rumors of levels beyond Seeker, but few know of them. The Chosen hold the next rank, and rumors through the Order claim that the entities speak through the Chosen.

All members of the Order keep themselves in near perfect condition. Although they have touched death, they see continued existence as part of their purpose in the world. Members of the Order of the Black Veil automatically recognize other members through various gestures and a cold feeling around the spine.

Cult of the Apocrypha

The Cult of the Apocrypha dedicates itself to the fundamental belief that knowledge is power. Things that are left unknown or made into myth, these are the stories and legends that the cult considers Apocrypha. Therefore, they must uncover the truth about them.

Members of the cult have status based on knowledge. When members of the cult gather, they play trivia and

mystery games to test each other's capabilities. The Cult of the Apocrypha hopes to eventually rule known space. They plan to take over by learning the true nature of the most mysterious beings ever mentioned: the Danes.

The Cult of the Apocrypha desperately seeks to uncover all they can about the Danes. The Cult intends to find the Dane homeworld, then steal their technology. Members of the cult believe that with the right Dane devices, it will be possible for every member of the cult to wield the power of a Dane. Even if this is not the case, if the cult can piece together the cryptic statements and appearances of the Danes, then perhaps they'll learn something even more important.

The Rebellion doesn't see the Cult of the Apocrypha as a large threat to their organization. The Rebels tolerate the cult when they find it, as long as cult members don't jeopardize Rebel missions. The cult has large followings in several of the foundations.

Cult members have a secret sign. They rub their temples moving their hands over their eyes and then back out again.

The Return Society

Technology has destroyed every civilization that it has touched. It doesn't matter if you are Phentari, an Eridani, or a Furbl. The root of all evil is technology. We should all give up the stars and our weapons, return to our worlds and live out our lives the way nature intended. This is the basic philosophy behind the Return Society.

Members of the Return Society do all they can to destroy technology. They attack Alliance factories and research labs, and they even sabotage the Rebellion's Foundations. The Return Society has no difficulty with its members using technology to destroy civilization. In fact, most society members find an ironic justice when they use heavy weapons to destroy a top research lab. Return Society members hate robots and computers, especially I-bots.

The Rebellion has zero tolerance for Return Society members. The penchant of this group for mass destruction and collateral damage have savaged the Rebellion's reputation. The Return Society maintains a large number of members, despite Rebel crackdowns and investigations of suspected society members.