

# **BATTLESTAR GALACTICA**

—ROLE PLAYING GAME—



**AN ADVENTURE FOR USE WITH THE  
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA ROLE PLAYING GAME**

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—ROLE PLAYING GAME—

## HOLE IN THE BUCKET

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MUFFIT

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## INTRODUCTION

"Hole in the Bucket" is a complete adventure for the *Battlestar Galactica Role Playing Game*. It is designed to be run as a one-shot scenario. It includes everything you, the Game Master (GM), will need, including player character sheets designed specifically for this adventure.

The player characters (PCs) are Colonial Marines who serve aboard *Galactica* and are, among other things, tasked with repelling enemy boarding actions which is what the PCs do when the Fleet is attacked by a Cylon basestar, a heavy raider crash-lands in the Bucket's landing bay, and chrome jobs try to capture the battlestar. Later on, the jarheads investigate the presumed sabotage of a shuttle that had to make an emergency landing in *Galactica's* fiercely fought over landing bay. The PCs capture the saboteur in a timely manner... Or so they think. Appearances can be deceiving, after all. Before long, the Bucket seems to be heading for disaster. More acts of sabotage committed aboard *Galactica* might well cause a catastrophe that could seal the fate of the entire human race. The real saboteur has to be caught and caught quickly.

As GM, you should read and become familiar with "Hole in the Bucket" before attempting to run it. Players may choose to stray from pre-arranged plotlines, and the only way to respond to such circumstances is to know the adventure thoroughly. Moreover, you may use characters from your campaign. However, you may have to adjust this adventure to match the level of your particular group of characters. You will likely have to make a number of

adjustments to make it fit your storyline and PCs. Keep in mind that the number of PCs affects the outcome of each encounter. "Hole in the Bucket" is designed for four *Recruit*-level PCs. If you have more PCs or if your players have particularly powerful characters, you may need to scale up the encounters accordingly.

## CHARACTER INVOLVEMENT

"Hole in the Bucket" assumes that the PCs being used are the provided *Recruits* 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant Scott Armstrong, Staff Sergeant Amanda Kendricks, Corporal Claire McKinney, and Private Mitchell Amaka who are all members of the same fire team<sup>1</sup>. Each of your players may spend a couple of minutes selecting and customizing one of these characters.

As noted, the PCs are members of the Colonial Marine Corps which is a branch of the Colonial Forces tasked with ground combat operations and ship-board security. *Galactica* has about thirty Marines left. A Marine's duties include guarding the Combat Information Center (CIC) and the brig as well as other critical areas on the battlestar, and assisting the Master-at-Arms. Jarheads are also part of Raptor boarding parties.

At the beginning of the adventure, however, the players will not play the grunts, though. They will play the roles of the fleet's most famous Viper pilots: Apollo, Starbuck, Kat, and Hot Dog. You may either assign these roles or allow the players to pick the character they like best. Hand out the

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<sup>1</sup> A small unit of armed military personnel, typically marines or security officers

character sheets and allow your players to acquaint themselves with their characters.

## **ACT ONE**

### **SCENE ONE**

As the adventure begins, Vipers are shot out of *Galactica's* launch bay. Roughly 30 minutes before, the fleet has made an emergency faster-than-light (FTL) jump to escape a Cylon basestar. However, the Cylons apparently used their superior technology to pursue the fleet. The basestar has just pounced on the Colonial fleet, arriving with precise momentum and trajectory to be able to close the distance and launch an attack. The Viper pilots are immediately ordered to launch a counter-attack and protect the fleet as it prepares for another emergency jump.

After explaining the situation to the players, hand out copies of the adventure script. Each player reads one part. If you have four players, each player reads one part, if you have fewer players, assign additional parts as necessary. Pick up the action with the adventure script as "Starbuck" begins to read. After Apollo has ordered the Viper pilots to engage the enemy, you should take the opportunity to encourage the players to engage in roleplaying. Their characters may, for example, brag about their flying skills. If they make this short scene enjoyable for everyone, the players should earn Plot Points. When there's nothing left to say, read the following passage out loud or paraphrase it.

**In the hostile vacuum of space and against the wash of stars in front of**

**you, a Cylon basestar hangs, vast and awe-inspiring. Countless raiders are continuously spewed out of the basestars biomechanical innards and close in on the fleet fast. At first, the squadron of Cylon fighters reminds you of a swarm of furious insects. As they draw nearer, however, they seem to grow bigger and bigger. When numerous missiles that have been launched by the basestar mere moments ago fly past you silently, leaving behind a menacing trail of fume, and as you can finally see the red of the raiders' sensors oscillating back and forth angrily, it's time to fight. You will protect the Colonial fleet or die trying.**

Even though the PCs may fire off a few shots first, they have to break through enemy lines sooner or later because the Turkeys bring up the rear of the Cylons' attacking force. Flying a Viper in crowded space is not easy. Maneuvering a starfighter through combat and an area that begins to clog with debris, however, is a HARD (11) task (Viper's or pilot's *Agility* + pilot's *Pilot / Small Spacecraft* (Viper)). Failing the Skill roll means that the pilot's Viper has collided with a Cylon raider or a large piece of debris. The Difficulty is treated as an attack roll while the pilot's Skill roll is treated as a defense roll. Damage is Basic type. When the PCs have broken through the lines, they may try to illuminate the heavy raiders. Locking missiles onto the Turkeys is an EASY (3) feat (Viper's *Alertness* + pilot's *Pilot / Ship's Guided Weapons*). Even if a missile attack is successful, the heavy

raider does not attempt to break the weapon's lock by out-flying it. Instead, the flanking Sparrows try to destroy the missile before it reaches its target. Due to their size and speed, it is a FORMIDABLE (15) task to hit missile weapons. If the attack roll succeeds, the missile is destroyed automatically. If all four raiders miss their target, one of them takes a second action and attempts to place itself in the path of danger to protect the Turkey. If the Sparrow makes an AVERAGE (7) *Agility + Pilot* roll, it subjects itself to the attack in the Turkey's stead and takes damage normally. If a Sparrow is destroyed or disabled by a missile attack, it is replaced by another raider within d4 turns.

It should be obvious that the PCs have to engage the raiders in a dogfight. The Turkeys try to stay out of the Vipers' line of fire by dodging (*Agility + Pilot*). The result is the attacking Viper pilots' Difficulty to hit the heavy raider. Moreover, the Sparrows not only return the PCs' fire, but also try to place themselves in harm's way. If a Raider makes a HARD (11) *Agility + Pilot* roll, it provides medium cover to the heavy raider and 8 points are added to the Turkey's defense Difficulty. If a PC's attack roll is higher than the Turkey's unmodified dodge roll but lower than its modified defense Difficulty, the Sparrow is hit instead of the Turkey and takes damage in the heavy raider's stead. If a raider is destroyed or disabled, it is replaced by another Sparrow within d4 turns.

Unless the PCs manage to contain the enemy, it takes the Cylon formation six turns to reach the Bucket.

After three turns of combat, read:

**All of a sudden, your communication system's loudspeakers crack as you receive a wireless message.**

**"Signal Vipers," Commander Adama's contorted voice says. "The Colonial shuttle Prometheus has sent a Krypter<sup>1</sup>. Its jump drive is malfunctioning. Intercept the shuttle and escort it to the Galactica immediately. The fleet will make an emergency jump in less than one minute. Execute."**

All the PCs may break off the engagement or Apollo may order only some of them to intercept the shuttle. All PCs who try to come to the shuttle's rescue must make an EASY (3) Viper's *Alertness + pilot's Pilot* or *Technical Engineering / Appropriate Specialty* roll to spot the shuttle as well as a HARD (11) Viper's or pilot's *Agility + pilot's Pilot / Small Spacecraft (Viper)* roll or collide with a Cylon raider or a large piece of debris (see above). Reaching the shuttle that is being chased by two Sparrows requires an action, but no roll. It is an AVERAGE (7) feat (*Alertness + Perception / Sight*) to notice that the shuttle has suffered minor battle damage, but that its FTL drive seems not to be hit. The Sparrows break off pursuit as soon as the Vipers approach and attack the PCs' fighters immediately. *Prometheus* reaches *Galactica* in two turns.

After six turns of combat, the Sparrows that escort the Turkeys veer away shortly before the heavy raiders enter the range of the

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<sup>1</sup> Mayday – a call for help

battlestar's point defense system. All players who do not state explicitly that their characters stay clear of *Galactica's* firing solution must make a HEROIC (19) Viper's or pilot's *Agility* + pilot's *Pilot / Small Spacecraft (Viper)* roll every turn until the PC veers away, too. If they fail, the roll is treated as a defense roll against attack roll result of 19. Damage is Basic type.

Moreover, their vessel suffers d8 points of Wound damage. If both heavy raiders were not contained, one of them is destroyed by *Galactica's* point defense system. The other Turkey is hit several times and, after having been severely damaged, crash-lands in the Bucket's port landing bay.

When *Prometheus* has landed in the Bucket's landing bay as well, all Viper pilots are ordered to return to *Galactica* because the fleet will jump in 30 seconds. When all remaining Vipers are aboard, the fleet jumps and the players are awarded with 2 to 4, depending on how well they handled the situation. Proceed to the next scene immediately.

## **ACT ONE**

### **SCENE TWO**

The players should now produce those character sheets that include the game statistics of and background information on the Colonial Marines, and that the players will use for the remainder of the adventure. To avoid distractions, you may ask the players to return the sheets they've used until now.

Since a battle alert has been sounded aboard *Galactica* and all hands have been ordered to man their battlestations, the PCs

have gathered in the Marines' ready room. They are fully equipped and their locked firearms are loaded with armor piercing rounds which ignore 3 W of armor. If your campaign takes place after the events depicted in the episode "Valley of Darkness," the Cylon Centurions the PCs will encounter soon are more heavily armored. Increase their Armor Rating to 6W. However, the PCs' pistols may be loaded with explosive ammunition which is not standard issue and only used when absolutely necessary. Explosive rounds that are fired from a pistol's second barrel add 2d6 W to the weapon's damage. The PCs are ready to move and are eagerly awaiting orders. Read:

**Muffled explosions rock the Big G, shaking her back and forth.**

**There's nothing you hate more than this forced, unbearable inactivity.**

**While all those Viper pilots out there put their lives on the line to protect the fleet, you can only sit on your hands and hope that you'll be ordered to contribute your share, however small it may be. To do nothing at all is indeed the most difficult thing, for the Gods' sake.**

**Finally, Lieutenant Burrell enters the ready room at a brisk pace.**

**"Listen up! I'm only going to say this once", he barks. "A frakking Turkey has crash-landed in the port landing bay. It is assumed that a Cylon boarding party is aboard that craft. As if things weren't bad enough already, the civilian shuttle *Prometheus* had to make an emergency landing in the**

**exact same bay. Rescue the civvies and show those motherfrakkers who's boss around here. Kick their metallic asses and kick them hard. Urrah?"**

**"OOH-RAH!", you answer the Lieutenant's question at the top of your voices while jumping to your feet.**

Covering the distance between the ready room and the port hangar deck is a FORMIDABLE Complex Action (75 vs. Vitality + Athletics / Running). Each roll represents a time increment of 10 seconds. When the last PC has reached or exceeded the threshold, read:

**The corridor that leads to the hangar deck is clogged with knuckle draggers<sup>1</sup>. Suddenly, a loud voice booms out from the far end of the hallway, "Clear the way! Make a hole<sup>2</sup>, make it wide, godsdammit!"**

**As the deckhands make room for you, Galen Tyrol steps forward and adds, "We've been ordered to evacuate the hangar deck. Now that you're here we can finally lower the vehicle lift."**

**The Chief of the Deck spins on his heel and walks up to one of the massive doors. He opens it, steps through, waits until you've entered the brightly lit hangar deck, and closes the door behind you. Then he moves toward a cargo lift that has been raised to the landing bay above and stops in front of a control station.**

<sup>1</sup> Inoffensive slang for a mechanic or deckhand

<sup>2</sup> Get out of the way

**"I pray to the Gods that we're not too late", Tyrol says, "The shuttle's been up there for almost ten minutes."**

**After a short pause, he adds, "I'm going to lower the platform now. Are you ready?"**

The PCs should now ready their weapons and take shelter behind a corner or a crate which provide medium cover. Add 8 to PCs' defense Difficulties.

As soon as the PCs have expressed their readiness, Tyrol hits the activator for the cargo lift. As the platform begins to lower slowly, Tyrol takes full cover and the PCs hear the clang of metallic feet echoing upon the platform's metal floor. It is an AVERAGE (7) feat (*Intelligence + Perception / Hearing*) to estimate that there are four chrome jobs on the lowering platform.

During the first turn after Tyrol has activated the lift, the platform does not lower enough to establish a clear line of sight or fire. Two Centurions, however, step to the platform's edge, kneel down, and prepare for combat. One of the remaining Cylons has tried to open the shuttle's outer airlock hatch for several minutes and continues to do so until the bullet-head is disabled or destroyed or the door has been forced open. The last Cylon positions itself in front of the Centurion that is attempting to open the hatch and grants medium cover to the former chrome job.

*1<sup>st</sup> Combat Turn:* It is an AVERAGE (7) task (*Alertness + Perception / Sight*) to spot the Cylons that kneel next to the platform's edge. The remaining two chrome jobs are still out of sight. If the PCs fail the roll, they aren't aware of the attackers and can

neither dodge the Cylons' attacks nor return fire. If the PCs make the roll, they can act normally. The lowering platform provides heavy cover to the Cylons that kneel next to the platform's edge. Add 12 to their defense Difficulty. They begin attacking, firing at those PCs who are the closest.

*2<sup>nd</sup> Combat Turn:* Spotting the attacking Cylons is an EASY (3) task, while noticing the second line of chrome jobs is an AVERAGE (7) feat. The lift provides medium cover (+8 to defense Difficulty) to the attacking Cylons and heavy cover (+12 to defense Difficulty) to those Centurions that stand next to the shuttle. The Cylons that pressed forward continue to attack, while the third bullet-head now opens fire as well.

*3<sup>rd</sup> Combat Turn:* The attacking Cylons are noticed automatically, while the bullet-head that tries to open the shuttle's airlock is EASY (3) to spot. The platform provides light cover (+4 to defense Difficulty) to the attacking Cylons and medium cover (+8 to defense Difficulty) to those Centurions that stand next to the shuttle. All three chrome jobs continue to attack.

*4<sup>th</sup> Combat Turn:* The lift arrives. All attacking Cylons are now fully exposed and spotted automatically. The bullet-head that tries to open the shuttle's airlock still has medium cover. Add 8 to its defense Difficulty.

Once the lift has arrived, the two Centurions next to the platform's edge step off it and engage those PCs who are the closest in close combat, attacking with their razor-sharp fingers. The covered bullet-head will open *Prometheus'* outer airlock in three turns unless it is successfully prevented from doing so. Once the airlock is opened, a

small creature that looks like a dog darts out of the shuttle and runs away, unhindered by the Cylons. They immediately enter the shuttle and start to kill the passengers. Each Cylon kills one of the 15 passengers per turn until it is disabled or destroyed. If the PCs fail to stop the Cylons from slaying the shuttle's passengers, Captain Beckett and Officer Rearden destroy the chrome-plated intruders so that at least six passengers are left alive.

After the battle, the PCs should report back to Lieutenant Burrell and request further instructions. The players are now awarded with 4 to 6 Plot Points, depending on how well the PCs handled the situation. Proceed to the next act immediately.

## **ACT TWO**

### **SCENE ONE**

Lieutenant Burrell orders the PCs to board *Prometheus*, to provide first aid to injured civilians, as well as to question and to prepare them for evacuation from the hangar deck.

If the PCs were not able to prevent the Cylons from boarding the shuttle, *Prometheus'* passenger cabin is a scene of terrible carnage. Dead and wounded people lay on the blood-smeared floor. Sorely shocked passengers sit in their seats, wailing or weeping. Since the PCs did not protect the civilians, they are not welcomed with open arms. The Difficulties and Difficulty Thresholds of all subsequent *Influence* or *Discipline*-based rolls made to communicate with the passengers increase by one category.



If the PCs managed to save the civilians, a small, furry creature that looks like a dog darts out of the shuttle when the PCs open its airlock. If a player states explicitly that his character tries to catch the animal, he must make a FORMIDABLE (15) *Agility + Unarmed Combat / Appropriate Specialty* roll to do so. If successful, the surprisingly heavy and strong pet tries to escape the PC's grapple. The PC must make a HARD (11) *Strength + Athletics* roll or let go of the animal. If not released, the dog snaps at the PC's forearm the very next turn, making a *Strength + Unarmed Combat / Biting* roll that may be opposed by the PC's *Agility + Unarmed Combat / Appropriate Specialty* roll. Because the animal targets a specific part of the PC's body, the PC's defense Difficulty is increased by 4. If the dog's attack roll is successful, the attack's initial damage is all Stun type. Since the bite deals d4 points of Wound damage, the PC must make an AVERAGE (7) *Willpower + Willpower* roll to fight the instinct to release the dog. If the pet frees itself or was not detained, it scurries off.

As the PCs enter the shuttle, read:

**"Argos!" A girl with curly blonde hair screams unexpectedly. "Heel! Come back here, Argos."**

**She makes toward the airlock, but is held back by a sturdy man who is wearing the uniform of a Caprican police officer as well as a semi-automatic pistol in a holster. "Relax, Lily," he says in a deep, sublime voice. "Your dog's just taking a short stroll, my dear. It will be back in no time.**

**Now, please go back to your father, Lily. I need to talk to these soldiers." When the girl has sat down next to a man of average built and height, the police officer faces you and adds, "My name is Timothy Rearden. I am... I was a law enforcement officer on Caprica. I guess I do all the official talking aboard this vessel."**

If the PCs were not able to prevent the Cylons from capturing *Prometheus*, Rearden asks them to provide medical aid to the injured. Every PC has to make a HARD (11) *Alertness + Medical Expertise / First Aid* roll or be in at the death of the passenger the PC tries to treat.

If there are no wounded passengers or after the PCs have attempted to save a few passengers' lives, they may search the vessel which is a HARD Complex Action (55 vs. *Alertness + Perception / Search*). Each roll costs five minutes of time. The PCs may assist one another indirectly, using the highest of their rolls and adding it to the total. However, there's nothing unusual to find.

If the PCs do not search the shuttle or when they've finished doing so, Officer Rearden asks them whether he can be of any assistance. If the PCs do not ask him what has happened aboard the shuttle, Lieutenant Burrell orders them to do it. Rearden introduces the PCs to *Prometheus'* commanding officer, Marcus Beckett. It is an EASY (3) task (*Willpower + Discipline or Influence / Interrogation*) to make the seasoned spacefarer talk about the malfunction that led to this unfortunate incident. Read:

**“Well, this shuttle’s FTL drive was fine till we made our last jump,” Captain Beckett says reflectively, “It broke down out of the blue, really.”**  
**After a short pause, Beckett adds, “To be honest, that wasn’t the first unexpected malfunction aboard this craft. You see, a few minutes before the fleet made that jump, Charlie Fenton, my navigator, told me that our communications systems had automatically sent off some kind of badly garbled message. In short, that frakking system seems to be fried, too. I guess we can consider ourselves lucky that the old lady has endured so long.”**

If the PCs ask Captain Beckett to show the message to them, he does so without hesitation. It is an AVERAGE (7) feat to notice that another message was sent almost half an hour ago and EASY (3 vs. *Intelligence + Technical Engineering / Appropriate Specialty*) to come to the conclusion that both messages aren’t badly garbled, but encrypted. An Extraordinary Success reveals that a Cylon encryption code was used. If faced with the PCs’ suspicion, both crew members protest their innocence. It is an AVERAGE (7) feat (*Alertness + Perception / Appropriate Specialty*) to know that they are telling the truth.

Decrypting the messages requires a FORMIDABLE Complex Action (75 vs. *Intelligence + Technical Engineering / Hacking*). Each roll represents half an hour’s work. Since decryption is not the PCs’ field

of expertise, they should report back to Lieutenant Burrell who in turn reports back to the CIC. Commander Adama sends in a specialist right away. Four hours later, the specialist will report that both messages were used to transmit the fleet’s location, speed, and direction at the time the messages were sent.

If the PCs want to take a look at *Prometheus’* FTL drive, Captain Beckett accompanies them to the shuttle’s small engineering section. It is a HARD (11) task (*Alertness + Mechanical Engineering / Appropriate Specialty*) to come to the conclusion that the shuttle’s FTL drive has been sabotaged and that the message was sent through one of the subsystems.

If the PCs don’t suspect that a saboteur is aboard *Prometheus*, Lieutenant Burrell voices his suspicion and orders the PCs to interview all passengers and crew members. No one is to leave the shuttle until the matter is cleared up.

Questioning all those who are aboard the shuttle is a FORMIDABLE Complex Action (75 vs. *Willpower + Discipline or Influence / Interrogation*). Each roll costs five minutes of time. The PCs may assist one another indirectly. You must roleplay the passengers, while it is perfectly fair to compel a player to make at least a token effort at roleplaying to use their skills. If a player botches once, the passenger he interrogates remains silent. Rolling a second botch indicates that all passengers refuse to co-operate with the PCs. Once the threshold has been reached or exceeded, the PCs not only know that the passengers and crew members are certain that almost everyone aboard suspects Daniel Wakeman, an

infamous small-time criminal, of having sabotaged the shuttle's FTL drive. If the PCs ask the passengers specifically why they suspect Wakeman, none of them can produce any facts that truly confirm the PCs' suspicions.

Before the PCs can interrogate Wakeman, read the following scene out loud. It is a cut-away you describe to the players even though there is no way that their characters would know what is going on. It should pique the players' curiosity and entice them.

**Reports of the last attack and the condition of the *Prometheus* continue to filter into the CIC. Commander Adama quickly scans the latest sitrep, his dark eyes invisible behind the light reflecting off his reading glasses. He glances at his XO. "I don't like this, Saul."**

**Colonel Tigh scans the board while giving his commanding officer and friend his assessment. "It could have been worse, Bill." His melodious whisky tenor possesses a hint of fatigue not present before. "If those frakkin' Cylons hadn't been stopped they could have made a mess of things..."**

**Adama's harsh rasp cuts his XO off in mid-sentence. "That's not what I'm talking about." He hands the report over, indicating the appropriate passage. "Here."**

**Tigh examines the passes. "What the hell? A signal went out before the *Prometheus* jumped?" His voice rises as it is want to do when he becomes the slightest bit excited or**

**agitated. "This is just great! What are we talkin' about here?"**

**"I'm not sure. I could mean..."**

**Suddenly Lieutenant Gaeta shouts from the Tactical Station. "DRADIS contact! Cylon Basestar, bearing 201, carom 16! Range 18,000!"**

**There is a momentary pause.**

**"They're launching Raiders!"**

**Training takes over. Without looking about Adama barks, "Launch the away fighters!" His normally husky voice rings clear thought the CIC. "Mr. Gaeta! Begin jump prep!" He turns slightly to his right. "Dee, notify the fleet to jump to our next destination. Notify me when the last ship has jumped away."**

**As he turns back to the displays before him Tigh say, "They found us... again." "Obviously they're better at this than we are."**

**"This report..." Tigh shakes the paper. "You don't suppose...?"**

**Adama's stare pins Tigh where he stands. "I'm not jumping to conclusions, Saul. It's impossible to trace a signal from several light years away..."**

**"As far as we know."**

**Adama mulls over what his XO insinuates. The Cylons were better at a lot of things, so it stood to reason they had better FTL drive and navigation systems. *They're able to determine our most likely location after a jump. I just didn't think they could do it so damn quickly.***

Daniel Wakeman, a young man who looks as if he has not had enough sleep, is sitting next to Officer Rearden who gets out of his seat as the PCs approach. The PCs may make a HARD (11) *Alertness + Perception / Appropriate Specialty* roll to notice that Wakeman is about to make a move. If the PCs fail the roll, they are surprised by Wakeman's sudden action and cannot act during the next turn. If the PCs make the roll, they can roll Initiative normally. If Initiative is rolled, Wakeman spends three Plot Points to add d6 to his roll. Read:

**Unexpectedly, the battle-alert klaxon rings out. Wakeman suddenly jumps out of his chair, reaches for Rearden's pistol, and draws it out of its holster, while grabbing the surprised police officer from behind. A moment later, the pistol's muzzle is pressed firmly against Rearden's temple.**

**"Frak you all!", Wakeman bursts out, "One step closer and I'll blow this pig's brains out, godsdammit."**

**As all hands are ordered to brace themselves for an emergency FTL jump, Wakeman adds at the top of his voice and in high dudgeon, "I mean it, for frak's sake. Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt."**

It's a HARD (11) feat (*Intelligence + Perception / Empathy*) to come to the conclusion that Wakeman is not agitated only because he is about to be interrogated, but also because the fleet will make another FTL jump. Apparently, jumps induce nausea or discomfort in him. The PCs can use Wakeman's sensitivity to their advantage. If

they wait until the space in between the fleet and its destination is folded up, Wakeman will be unable to act for d4 turns. Until then, he uses Rearden as a human shield which provides heavy cover. Although Wakeman is an EASY (3) target, his defense Difficulty is increased to FORMIDABLE (15). If the PCs shoot at Wakeman and their attack roll results are lower than 15, Rearden is hit instead of Wakeman and he takes damage in the criminal's stead. Disarming Wakeman is an EASY (3) task. However, a ranged disarm suffers a -4 step Skill penalty. If the attack succeeds, no damage is inflicted. Instead Wakeman must make a HARD (11) *Agility + Guns / Pistols* roll or drop the gun.

Calming Wakeman down is a FORMIDABLE (15) task (*Willpower + Influence / Appropriate Specialty*). If the PCs make this roll, Wakeman surrenders reluctantly and does not put up resistance when the PCs arrest him. However, if the PCs botch the roll, step up to Wakeman, or open fire on him, he shoots Rearden in the head. The police officer is an EASY (3) target and, since Wakeman has aimed for at least one turn and is very close to Rearden, the criminal receives a +2 step Skill bonus. However, he is aiming for the police officer's head which increases the defense Difficulty to HARD. In short, Wakeman rolls d8+d12 against a HARD (11) Difficulty. If successful, Rearden suffers Basic damage as well as the pistol's increased damage of d12+d2W. In the next turn, Wakeman lets go off the wounded police officer and attacks the PCs who may try to shoot him. They may also attempt to grab him which requires an *Agility + Unarmed Combat /*

*Appropriate Specialty* roll which is opposed by Wakeman's *Agility + Unarmed Combat / Brawling* roll. If the PCs win the opposed roll, no damage is inflicted. Instead the criminal is held immobile. Wakeman will, however, try to escape the grapple by attempting to beat the attacker in an opposed *Strength + Athletics / Appropriate Specialty* roll. Up to four PCs may join the grapple and directly assist the grappling PC to hold Wakeman down. Once Wakeman is restrained, he cannot escape anymore. Provided that the PCs didn't kill Wakeman, they are ordered to march him off to the brig and interrogate him. Depending on how well the PCs handled the situation, the players are now awarded with 2 to 4 Plot Points. Proceed to the next scene.

## **ACT TWO**

### **SCENE TWO**

While the PCs frogmarch Wakeman to the brig, read aloud:

**The countdown clock passes T minus 3 minutes. Commander Adama looks over the status reports: ships are reporting on the strain placed on their FTL systems by the constant, quick jumping. Adama sighs. If these keeps up it won't bode well for the civilian fleet. What he needs right now is some good news.**

**"Excuse me, Sir?"**

**Adama looks up and sees Lt. Gaeta standing behind him. "Yes, Mr. Gaeta?" Gaeta hands over a slip of paper. "Sir, Communications just picked this up, and I've finished confirming it. It looks**

**as if someone broadcast an encoded message from somewhere onboard *Galactica*." As Adama glares at him he added, "Sir, this message wasn't authorized. Communications has nothing in the log. Not only that, it was broadcast in the open..."**

**"Thank you, Mr. Gaeta." This isn't the news the commander wanted. *Encoded message... Adama's thoughts instantly turned to the *Prometheus* and the message her captain reported... the message that was broadcast right before that ship had an FTL drive failure.***

**Adama doesn't have time to consider the ramifications, however. Alarms begin to blare. Lt. Gaeta runs back to the Tactical Station and quickly examines the readouts. "DRADIS contact! It's the Cylons, Sir!"**

Interrogating Wakeman is a HARD Complex Action (55 vs. *Willpower + Discipline* or *Influence / Interrogation*). Every roll costs five minutes of time. The PCs may indirectly assist one another. Threatening to physically harm the petty criminal grants a +1 step Skill bonus, while actually hurting him increases the modifier to +2 Skill step. However, the PCs know that torturing a prisoner in any way is considered vile behavior and will bring disciplinary action. Once again, you must roleplay Wakeman who either remains silent or lies until the Difficulty Threshold is reached or exceeded. A Botch not only increases the threshold to break Wakeman to FORMIDABLE (75), but also means that a good, believable lie is told. It is a HARD (11) mental feat

(*Willpower + Perception / Appropriate Specialty*) to see through the criminal's lies. A second Botch silences him once and for all.

33 minutes after Lieutenant Gaeta noticed that an unauthorized message was sent, the basestar pounces in on the fleet again. Battle-alert klaxons ring out and all hands are ordered to brace themselves for battle and another emergency jump which occurs a few minutes later. While *Galactica's* decks lurch wildly as explosions rock her and the lamps that light up the brig flicker, Wakeman finally breaks. Read:

**"I have no idea what you're talking about," Wakeman suddenly bursts out. "I didn't touch that frakking engine and I didn't send no messages, for frak's sake. There's nothing in it for me, is there? I ain't no frakking traitor. Now, frak off! For all I know we're not under martial law and you frakking grunts can't tell me what to do! You ain't the frakking heat, godsdammit!"**

It is an AVERAGE (7) feat (*Alertness + Perception / Appropriate Specialty*) to know that he is indeed telling the truth. If the PCs ask Wakeman why he took Rearden as a hostage, read:

**"You're kidding me, right?" Wakeman asks visibly surprised. "There's no way I could have gotten out of the frakking mess my fellow travelers kindly put me in. I'm always the frakking fall guy, for the Gods' sake. That little girl's last chocolate bar disappears... let's blame Wakeman! That frakking scientist**

**misplaces one of his precious tools... let's blame Wakeman! You wouldn't have listened to me anyways. You probably would have put a bullet in my brainpan and called it a day. That's what soldiers do, for frak's sake." After a short pause, he adds, "You either put my in the brig or let me go now. I ain't going to talk to frakking soldiers anymore, that's for sure."**

When the PCs are done with Wakeman, they are ordered to report to the CIC immediately. Proceed to the next act.

### **ACT THREE SCENE ONE**

The PCs hurry through *Galactica's* seemingly endless corridors and, a few minutes later, enter the Big G's nerve center. The bridge performs both the functions of the area from which a battlestar is commanded and the Combat Information Center in naval parlance, as *Galactica* is also steered from here. Read:

**At a smart pace, you enter *Galactica's* bridge which is a faintly circular room located deep in the battlestar's bow, where the Bucket's main hull meets the midship section.**

**The Combat Information Center, from which the battlestar's tactical and navigational operations are monitored and directed, is a large, two-level complex that is divided into several stations. The Command and Control station is the primary station used by the Commanding and Executive Officer.**

**It comprises a large communications and a roughly hexagonal information management table, with a retractable display tower bearing a number of screens suspended above it. This cluster of monitors is known as the DRADIS console which not only contains DRADIS displays but also includes other navigation and tactical information. There are no chairs. Commander Adama and Colonel Tigh are on station, viewing transparent charts and giving commands to others in CIC. Lieutenant Burrell stands at the Old Man's side. As he become aware of you, he inconspicuously waves you nearer.**

When the PCs have stepped up to the console, Lieutenant Burrell orders them to give a sitrep<sup>1</sup>. After they have reported that Daniel Wakeman is not a saboteur, read:

**Commander Adama's acne-scarred face seems expressionless. "That's what we thought," he says gloomily while taking off his glasses. "Half an hour after an unauthorized person had used *Galactica's* wireless communication system to send an encrypted message, a Cylon baseship jumped next to the fleet and attacked us."**

**"We're fairly certain that it's the same basestar that's been following us for hours," Colonel Tigh adds while stroking his half-bald head.**

**Adama nods. "We can't risk another wild chase like the one the Cylons**

**instigated shortly after our escape from Ragnar Anchorage," he says matter-of-factly. "Vessels in the fleet are starting to feel the strain. Before long, jump engines and their controlling computers will malfunction or breakdown."**

**"*Galactica* has to linger longer and longer in the Cylon line of fire while the rest of the fleet complete their jumps," the Colonel adds.**

**After a short pause, Adama speaks bluntly. "We know for a fact that there's a traitor on-board. Moreover, we know that this traitor is one of the civilian shuttle's passengers. Since Wakeman is innocent, you have to interview the other passengers again. Find the traitor and arrest him immediately."**

**"*Prometheus'* passengers and crew members have been transported to the medical bay," Lieutenant Burrell says eagerly. "Report to Major Cottle and interrogate them all."**

**After having darted a glance at the Commander who has turned his attention to the transparent charts, Burrell barks, "Execute!"**

*Galactica's* sickbay is not far from CIC.

When the PCs enter the medical bay that seems to have the equipment of a small hospital, but is relatively Spartan otherwise, the attendant gives them a rather cold reception while lab coat-wearing specialists and paramedics continue to treat the numerous patients. While smoking a cigarette, Doctor Cottle tells the PCs that all the patients will pull through. If there was

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<sup>1</sup> Situation report

carnage aboard *Prometheus*, he adds that he is favorably impressed by the PCs' devoted attempt to achieve the opposite. If asked, *Galactica's* Chief Medical Officer swears to high heaven that not a single patient has left sickbay since they have been admitted.

Interrogating all those who were aboard *Prometheus* is a HARD Complex Action (55 vs. *Willpower + Discipline or Influence / Interrogation*). Each roll costs five minutes of time. The PCs may assist one another indirectly. When the threshold is reached or exceeded, the PCs know for sure that *Prometheus'* crew members and passengers do not have a hidden agenda. Moreover, none of them had the opportunity to send the coded message. In all likelihood, the PCs and their players are now completely baffled. However, exceptionally attentive players with a good memory might remember the dog-like creature that darted out of the shuttle when its airlock was opened for the first time. Besides, they may recall that Wakeman spoke about the precious tools Lily's father misplaced time and again. Their tenacious memory should be rewarded with a Plot Point or two. As a matter of fact, that creature is the only being that was aboard *Prometheus* and is currently unaccounted for. If the players don't recall that seemingly irrelevant incident, their characters might which is a HARD (11) mental feat (*Intelligence + Willpower*).

Lily Parrish answers the PCs' questions willingly. She tells them that her dog Argos died half a year ago and that her father built her a new one.

Doctor Parrish, however, does not help the PCs readily. It is a HARD (11) feat (*Willpower + Discipline or Influence / Interrogation*) to make him talk. If the PCs are successful, read:

**"My daughter suffered from severe emotional distress after her dog had died," Titus Parrish finally says. "That is why I decided to furnish a prototype four-legged robot that had roughly the right size. To tell you the truth, I was rather surprised that the robot indeed bore resemblance to Lily's deceased dog. I scanned an image of Lily into the robot's circuits for imprinting purposes, thus allowing my daughter to train it. Moreover, its heuristic processor allows the robot to learn without being instructed. Within certain boundaries, it is able to reason through several solutions to tasks and formulate the best approach on its own."**

**As if to silence any objections you might raise, he lifts a hand and immediately adds, "I'm well aware of the fact that research and development into artificial intelligence was banned by all Colonial governments. However, when I built the robot I regarded the ban to be an outmoded concept that served no useful purpose whatsoever. Besides, I installed quite powerful firewalls in the robot's operating system."**

**Doctor Parrish pauses to think for a moment. Then he proudly says, "Since the ban surely was raised when the Colonies ceased to exist and because no domestic animals have survived the**



**attack, I will continue my research. Quite frankly, it is safe to assume that, sooner or later, there will be a genuine need for replacement animals. They will play numerous roles, including that of domesticated pet, watch animal, and tracker."**

If the PCs ask Parrish whether he thinks that the robotic dog could have been infected by a Cylon computer virus, he firmly answers in the negative. However, it is an EASY (3) feat (*Alertness + Perception / Empathy*) to be able to distinguish the lie by Parrish's facial expression and cadence of speech. In fact, he is not sure at all. Then again, he assures the PCs that the robot's core programming provides it with strict instructions on how to react under a variety of common circumstances, most of which revolve around obedience and safety. For example, it is hardwired not to pose a threat to its designated master in any way. If the PCs ask Parrish how the robot can be deactivated, he tells them that its shutdown switch is located internally, preventing the robot from being shut off accidentally. However, the robot can be controlled remotely. Parrish hands a handheld transmitter over to the PCs if they order him to do so. It transmits a signal that overrides the robot's motor function, rendering it immobile.

The players should now be awarded with 2 to 4 Plot Points. Proceed to the last scene.

## **ACT THREE**

### **SCENE TWO**

Before the PCs can produce their wireless communicators to report back to Lieutenant Burrell, Scott Armstrong's radio announces an incoming call. Read:

**"Strike my last<sup>1</sup>," Lieutenant Burrell orders. "Our Cheng<sup>2</sup> has just issued a Code Blue<sup>3</sup>. It seems someone has tempered with the tylium mixing ratio. The reactor's producing too much plasma and is going to go critical soon. The knuckler draggers can't fix the problem because some kind of computer virus denies them access to the control stations. The engineering section's been sealed off because we assume that the saboteur is still inside. Report to Engineering and make that motherfrakker stop whatever it is he's doing RFN<sup>4</sup>!"**

Covering the distance between the medical bay and the engineering section is a HEROIC Complex Action (95 vs. *Vitality + Athletics / Running*). Each roll represents a time increment of 10 seconds. When the last PC has reached or exceeded the threshold, the PCs arrive at the end of a corridor, marked by a closed door. Two armed low-ranking grunts stand watch at either side of the door. They report that no one has entered or left the engineering section since it's been sealed off. When the PCs order them to do so, the marines unlatch the heavy door immediately. Read:

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<sup>1</sup> Stop or disregard the previously issued command.

<sup>2</sup> Chief Engineer; pronounced "chang"

<sup>3</sup> An internal security term requesting assistance in an emergency situation.

<sup>4</sup> Right frakking now; a command that must be followed immediately, if not sooner

**Knuckle draggers bustle around the main engineering control center, futilely trying to bring the situation under control. No one seems to take note of you. Even the cheng who stands in front of a large tabletop display panel and tries to gain access to the battlestar's tylium reactor controls only shoots a cursory glance at you, shrugging desperately.**

Spotting the robotic dog that must have snuck into this section and is hiding near the main heat exchanger for *Galactica's* FTL drive is a FORMIDABLE (15) task (*Alertness + Perception / Sight*). The telescopic appendage has extended from the creature's head and is connected with a computer port.

If the PCs trust that they can deactivate the robot with the transmitter Doctor Parrish has given them, their hopes are misplaced. The Cylon computer virus has reprogrammed the creature completely and the signal does not affect it at all.

The PCs have to sneak up to and catch it. Sneaking up on the robot that looks like brown mongrel requires *Agility + Covert / Stealth* rolls that are opposed by Argos' *Alertness + Perception / Sight* roll. If a PC fails, the robot becomes aware of them and Initiative is rolled. Argos tries to run away. To catch it, the PCs must make *Agility + Unarmed Combat / Appropriate Specialty* rolls that are opposed by the robot's *Agility + Unarmed Combat* roll. If successful, Argos tries to escape the PC's grapple. The PC must make a *Strength + Athletics* roll that is opposed by Argos' *Strength + Athletics*

roll or let go of the animal. If not released, the dog snaps at the PC's, making a *Strength + Unarmed Combat / Biting* roll that may be opposed by the PC's *Agility + Unarmed Combat / Appropriate Specialty* roll. Damage, if any, is Stun type.

If Argos escapes, the PCs can either shoot the creature or give chase to it. Due to its size, the Difficulty to hit the creature is increased by 4. If, for some reason, the creature is unaware of its attackers, it is still an AVERAGE (7) instead of an EASY (3) target. Moreover, it tries not only to dodge all the PCs' attacks, but also to take cover which, depending on the cover's level, increases its defense Difficulty by at least 4 points. Since the robotic dog only has 6 Life Points, one direct hit will likely suffice to render it inoperable. If the PCs fail an attack roll, an engineer or a sensitive piece of equipment might be hit in the creature's stead. Roll damage if necessary.

A botched attack, however, results in damage to a heat exchanger, producing a jet of white hot liquid sodium steam which obscures vision, penalizing all attacks beyond 10 feet by -2 Skill step. The compartment begins to fill with the toxic steam. The PCs can hold their breath for 10 turns with an EASY (3) Resistance roll (*Vitality + Vitality*). Each 10 turns beyond that, the Difficulty increases by 4. Once a character fails a roll, he either suffers d2 Stun damage every turn until he passes out or he has to breathe in the toxic steam. If a character inhales injurious fumes, he must make a FORMIDABLE (15) Resistance roll or suffer d4 points of Basic damage per turn until removed from the room. Cutting off coolant flow to the heat

exchanger can be accomplished by turning a large manual valve which requires an AVERAGE (7) Burst of Strength (*Strength + Strength*), but will render *Galactica's* FTL drive inoperable until repairs can be made. Moreover, avoiding the steam jet requires a HARD (11) *Agility + Athletics / Dodge* roll. Failing this roll indicates that the PC has come into contact with it and suffers d4 points of Wound damage. Since these Wounds are caused by extreme heat, they heal at half the normal rate.

If the PCs try to capture the creature, opposed *Agility + Athletics / Running* rolls are made. If the PCs win the roll, they may try to catch Argos by making another HARD (11) *Agility + Unarmed Combat / Appropriate Specialty* roll as stated above. When the robotic dog is caught or destroyed, *Galactica's* chief engineer, radiant with joy, reports that access to the reactor controls has finally been re-established and that the imminent catastrophe has been averted. Before you award each player with 2 to 4 Plot Point and Advancement Points for a job well done, read the last cut-away to the CIC out loud:

**"It was a Cylon dog?" Very little surprised Adama, but this one... "So this was the source of the transmission?"**

**"Evidently, Sir." Gaeta's face was set like stone. "And the reported sabotage."**

**"So we can stop running from the Cylons," grunts Tigh.**

**Adama nods. Good news at last. "At least for the time being... Dee..."**

**Suddenly alarms begin blaring on the CIC. Gaeta runs to this station.**

**"Contact, Sir! Cylon Basestars!"**

**The good news was fleeting: the reality returns. The CIC leaps into action as the fleet is prepared for an emergency jump. Alert Vipers are launched to fend off the Cylon Raiders. The Cylons are engaged; civilian ships jump away; the fighters are recalled . . . and *Galactica* departs, prepared to fight another battle.**

**The jump completed Adama calls for a situation report from Dee. All ships report in. He wondered how long they would continue hearing that. Adama turned his attention to his tactical officer. "Mr. Gaeta, approximately how long between our previous jump and this one?"**

**Gaeta checked his just-finished entry in the log. "About 33 minutes, Sir."**

**Tigh works the numbers in his head while examining the stations throughout the CIC. "Seemed about a half hour between the other ones as well."**

**Adama wished this last jump would be just that, at least for a while, but his gut was telling him otherwise. "Mr. Gaeta, start a countdown clock. As a precaution. Make it 33 minutes."**

**The countdown flashes upon the screens above the C & C station as Mr. Gaeta acknowledges the order. "Aye, Sir... 33."**

**THE END**

## Adventure Script

Use the following script to start the adventure. When your character's turn comes, read your lines out loud, speaking the way you think your character would. Be sure to listen to what the other characters say as the script contains important information to start the adventure.

**Kara "Starbuck" Thrace:** How come those frakking toasters are onto us again? The fleet's just jumped here, for the Gods' sake.

**Louanne "Kat" Katraine:** I thought we lost them when the Olympic Carrier was destroyed.

**Brendan "Hot Dog" Constanza:** You know damn well that we can't be certain whether the Cylons actually boarded the starliner, Kat.

**Lee "Apollo" Adama:** That's none of your business right now, Hot Dog. Your business is to protect the fleet.

**Hot Dog:** Roger, Captain.

**Kat:** Sir, we got new DRADIS contacts. Two bogeys, bearing 148, carom 189.

**Starbuck:** They look like Turkeys to me.

**Apollo:** Affirmative. Heavy raiders have just launched from the basestar. Each one seems to be flanked by a flight of four raiders.

**Hot Dog:** The Cylons are up to something.

**Kat:** If history is any indicator, there are boarding parties aboard those raiders.

**Apollo:** Agreed. All right, listen up everyone! Kat, you're with me. We're going to engage the first Turkey. Starbuck and Hot Dog, you'll attack the second raider, while the rest of the squadron engages the other Sparrows. Weapons free, repeat, weapons free!

**Hot Dog:** Roger that, sir.

**Kat:** Wilco.

**Starbuck:** Sounds like a hard six Two Alpha. I'm game.

**Apollo:** You've got your orders. Now, ladies and gents, give those frakking Cylons hell!

## LEE "APOLLO" ADAMA



**Agi** d8, **Str** d8, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d8, **Wil** d8;

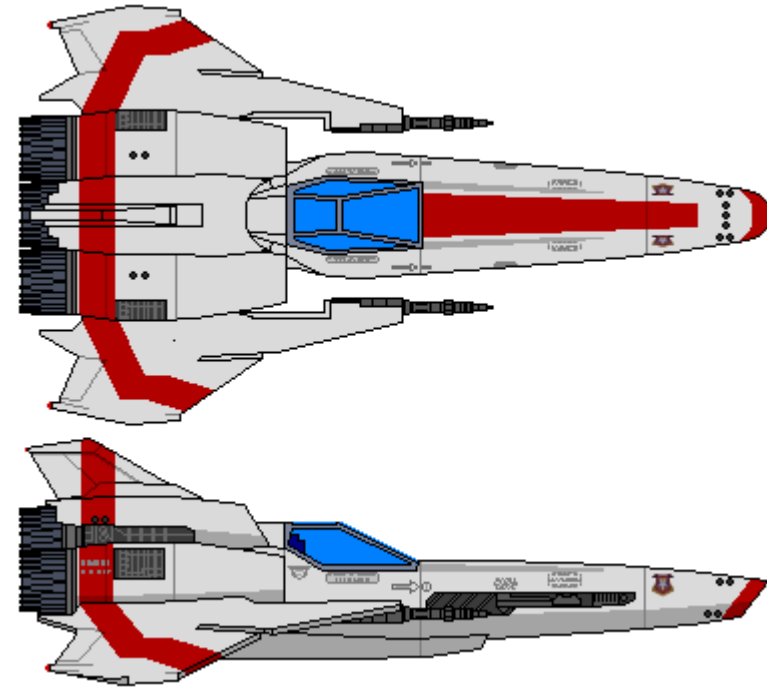
**Life Points** 20, **Initiative** d8+d8

**Traits** Contrarian (d6), Good-Natured (d4), Tough (d8), Trusting (d2)

**Skills** Artistry d4, Athletics d6 / Dodge d8, Discipline d6 / Leadership d8, Guns d6 / Pistols d8, Influence d6 / Persuasion d8, Knowledge d4, Mechanical Engineering d4, Medical Expertise d2, Perception d6, Pilot d6 / Small Spacecraft (Viper) d10, Unarmed Combat d6

**Description** Lee "Apollo" Adama is the CAG aboard Galactica, leading a small group of overworked pilots whose mission might well determine the survival of the entire human race. Apollo also serves as an advisor to President Laura Roslin. He is likeable, friendly, and positive, but a subversive part to his personality causes him to choose unexpected sides in a conflict. He tries to stay focused on work because he is prone to guilty feelings over perceived mistakes. He is torn between duty to the military and belief in civilian law.

## COLONIAL VIPER, MARK II



**Agi** d10, **Str** d6, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

**Life Points** 12; **Initiative** d10+d8; **Scale** Planetcraft

**Speed** 8 (6 in atmosphere)

**Traits** Past Its Prime (d6)

**Skills** Perception d4, Pilot d4

**Armament** 2 medium planetcraft scale skirmish range autocannons (d8);  
8 medium planetcraft scale capital range missiles (d12)

**Armor** Wound 3, Stun 2

**Description** 27.5 x 8.8 x 15.4 feet; **Crew** 1

**Wound** →

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← **Stun**

## KARA "STARBUCK" THRACE



**Agi** d10, **Str** d8, **Vit** d6, **Ale** d10, **Int** d6, **Wil** d8;

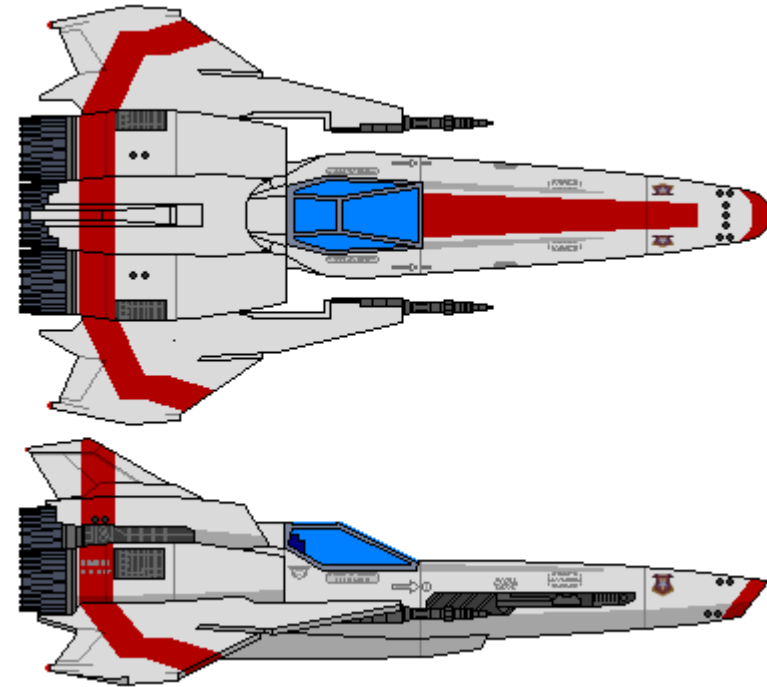
**Life Points** 14, **Initiative** d10+d10+d4

**Traits** Crude (d6), Dogfighter (d4), Faith (d2), Out for Blood (d4), Overconfident (d6), Split-Second Timing (d4), Talented (Pilot / Viper, Pilot / Ship's Cannons) (d10)

**Skills** Artistry d6 / Painting, Athletics d6 / Sports (Pyramid d8), Covert d4, Discipline d4, Guns d6 / Sniper Rifles d8, Mechanical Engineering d4, Perception d4, Pilot d6 / Small Spacecraft (Viper) d12, Planetary Vehicles d2, Survival d2, Unarmed Combat d6 / Brawling d8

**Description** Viper pilots are known for attitude and big egos, but Kara "Starbuck" Thrace takes it so far that it has jeopardized her career. Fortunately for her, she may well be the best pilot in the entire fleet. Starbuck's tactics and methods are rarely found in flight manuals or military texts. Instinct guides her, adrenaline fuels her, and she loves nothing more than the rush of her Viper being shot out of the launch bay at high speed. She likes to work and play hard, but hates to show weakness and tends to be over-aggressive. Secretly, Starbuck is quite sensitive and highly religious, though.

## COLONIAL VIPER, MARK II



**Agi** d10, **Str** d6, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

**Life Points** 12; **Initiative** d10+d8; **Scale** Planetcraft

**Speed** 8 (6 in atmosphere)

**Traits** Past Its Prime (d6)

**Skills** Perception d4, Pilot d4

**Armament** 2 medium planetcraft scale skirmish range autocannons (d8); 8 medium planetcraft scale capital range missiles (d12)

**Armor** Wound 3, Stun 2

**Description** 27.5 x 8.8 x 15.4 feet; **Crew** 1

**Wound** →

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← **Stun**

## LOUANNE "KAT" KATRAINE



**Agi** d8, **Str** d6, **Vit** d6, **Ale** d8, **Int** d8, **Wil** d10;

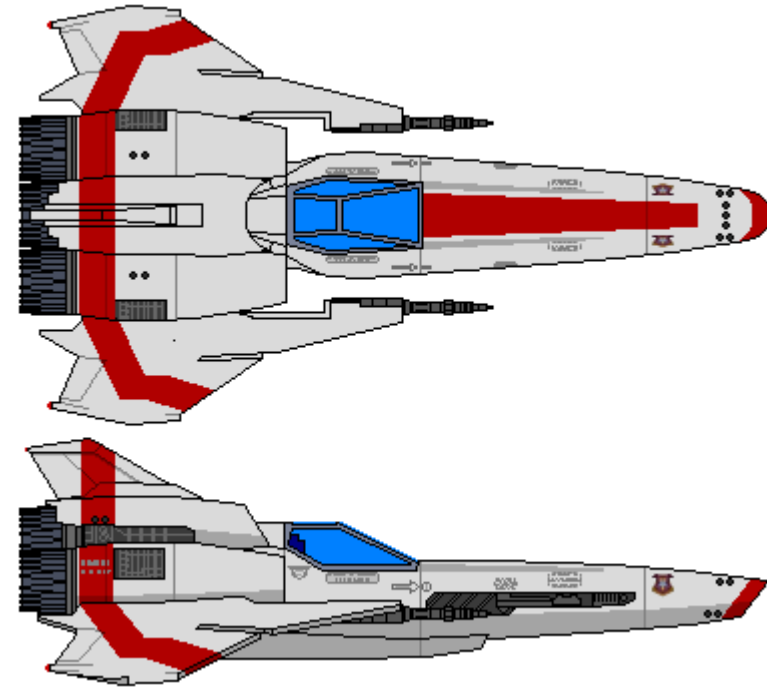
**Life Points** 16; **Initiative** d8+d8

**Traits** Cool Under Fire (d6), Dogfighter (d6), Duty (Colonial Fleet) (d6), Glory Hound (d4), Rival (Starbuck) (d2)

Skills Athletics d6, Covert d6 / Camouflage d8 / Streetwise d10, Guns d6 / Pistols d10, Discipline d6, Influence d6 / Intimidate d8 / Persuasion d9, Mechanical Engineering d4, Melee Weapon Combat d4, Perception d6 / Gambling d8 / Tactics d8, Pilot d6 / Large Spacecraft (Transport) d10 / Ship's Cannons d8 / Ship's Guided Weapon d8 / Small Spacecraft (Raptor) d8 / Small Spacecraft (Viper) d8, Planetary Vehicles d6, Survival d6, Unarmed Combat d6

**Description** Opinionated, competent, and dedicated, Louanne "Kat" Katraine clearly has a taste for "the fight," be it in the Viper cockpit against the Cylons or in the briefing room against Starbuck. In fact, the two hotshots seem to be constantly at odds.

## COLONIAL VIPER, MARK II



**Agi** d10, **Str** d6, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

**Life Points** 12; **Initiative** d10+d8; **Scale** Planetcraft

**Speed** 8 (6 in atmosphere)

**Traits** Past Its Prime (d6)

**Skills** Perception d4, Pilot d4

**Armament** 2 medium planetcraft scale skirmish range autocannons (d8); 8 medium planetcraft scale capital range missiles (d12)

**Armor** Wound 3, Stun 2

**Description** 27.5 x 8.8 x 15.4 feet; **Crew** 1

**Wound** →

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← **Stun**

## BRENDAN "HOT DOG" CONSTANZA



**Agi** d10, **Str** d6, **Vit** d6, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

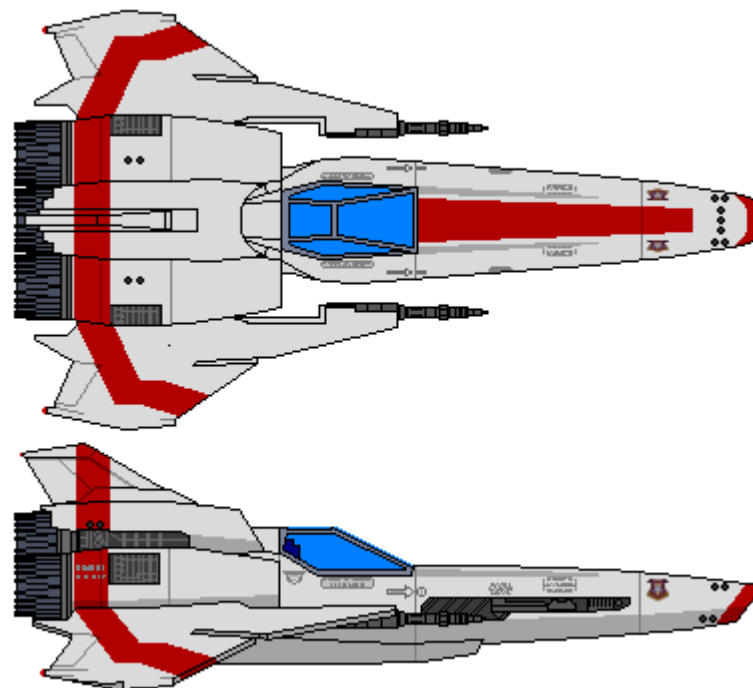
**Life Points** 12, **Initiative** d10+d8

**Traits** Brawler (d4), Dogfighter (d4), Duty (Colonial Fleet) (d6), Glory Hound (d4), Intuitive (d4), Sharp Sense (Sight) (d4), Overconfident (d8), Rebellious (d4)

**Skills** Athlete d6, Discipline d6, Guns d6, Heavy Weapons d6 / Vehicle Mounted Guns d8, Perception d6, Pilot d6 / Ship's Cannons d8 / Small Spacecraft (Viper) d8, Planetary Vehicles d2, Unarmed Combat d6

**Description** Some say that to strap yourself into a Viper you've got to be fearless, reckless, or both. It's hard to tell where Brendan "Hot Dog" Constanza falls in this equation. His call sign is a big giveaway. He's as cocky and bullheaded as they come, but that works to the Fleet's advantage sometimes.

## COLONIAL VIPER, MARK II



**Agi** d10, **Str** d6, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

**Life Points** 12; **Initiative** d10+d8; **Scale** Planetcraft

**Speed** 8 (6 in atmosphere)

**Traits** Past Its Prime (d6)

**Skills** Perception d4, Pilot d4

**Armament** 2 medium planetcraft scale skirmish range autocannons (d8);  
8 medium planetcraft scale capital range missiles (d12)

**Armor** Wound 3, Stun 2

**Description** 27.5 x 8.8 x 15.4 feet; **Crew** 1

**Wound** →

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← **Stun**



## First Lieutenant Scott Armstrong

**Age** 26, **Sex** Male, **Height** 5'10", **Weight** 155 lbs., **Eye Color** Brown, **Hair Color** Brown,

**Home Planet** Caprica

**Agility** d8, **Strength** d6, **Vitality** d6, **Alertness** d6, **Intelligence** d8, **Willpower** d8

**Life Points** 14, **Initiative** d8+d6

**Traits** Athlete d4, Coward d4, Duty (Colonial Marines) d6, Good-Natured d2, So Say We All d4

**Skills** Athletics d4, Discipline d6 / Leadership d8, Guns d6 / Assault Rifle d8 / Pistol d8, Influence d6, Knowledge d4, Medical Expertise d4, Melee Weapon Combat d6 / Knives d8, Perception d6, Ranged Weapons d4, Survival d4, Unarmed Combat d4

**Gear** Assault Rifle (Damage d8W, Range 150 yards, Magazine 30; Armor Piercing Ammunition ignores 3 W of Armor), Battle Dress Uniform (black, includes load-bearing vest, helmet, gloves, goggles, knee and elbow pads, worn with a plain black t-shirt; Armor Rating 3W, -1 Agi/-1 Ale), Handheld Wireless Communicator, Medkit, Pistol (Damage d6W, Range 12 yards, Magazine 20), Knife (Damage d2W; throwable: Range 5 yards)

**Description** Despite his competitive nature that has allowed him excel both on and off the pyramid court, Scott Armstrong knows he is a fraud. He keeps his secret completely shrouded with an outgoing personality and the ability to be everyone's buddy. He has become so good with this role that no one would suspect that this near holo-poster example of what a Colonial Marine and steely-eyed defender of the Twelve Colonies should be is, in fact, a coward. He joined the Colonial Marines in an effort to confront his fears and has grown to dearly love the camaraderie of the Corps. He was even honor graduate of his class during his basic training, but nothing has lessened his morbid fear of death. He knows that despite the devastation of the Cylon attack, he has yet to personally face the crucible of battle and with the crushing shortage of surviving Colonial Military left in the Fleet, he knows he will not be able to hold off facing that test for much longer.

**Wound** →

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← **Stun**

## Staff Sergeant Amanda Kendricks

**Age** 31, **Sex** Female, **Height** 5'9", **Weight** 145 lbs., **Eye Color** Green, **Hair Color** Light Brown,

**Home Planet** Aerelon

**Agility** d6, **Strength** d6, **Vitality** d8, **Alertness** d6, **Intelligence** d8, **Willpower** d8

**Life Points** 16, **Initiative** d6+d6

**Traits** Cool Under Fire d6, Duty (Colonial Marines) d6, Intuitive d4, Toes the Line d4

**Skills** Athletics d6, Discipline d6 / Interrogation d8, Guns d6 / Assault Rifle d8 / Pistol d8, Influence d6 / Intimidation d8, Medical Expertise d2, Melee Weapon Combat d6 / Knives d8, Perception d6, Ranged Weapons d4, Survival d4, Unarmed Combat d6

**Gear** Assault Rifle (Damage d8W, Range 150 yards, Magazine 30; Armor Piercing Ammunition ignores 3 W of Armor), Battle Dress Uniform (black, includes load-bearing vest, helmet, gloves, goggles, knee and elbow pads, worn with a plain black t-shirt; Armor Rating 3W, -1 Agi/-1 Ale), Handheld Wireless Communicator, Medkit, Pistol (Damage d6W, Range 12 yards, Magazine 20), Knife (Damage d2W; throwable: Range 5 yards)

**Description** If one were trying to find the definition of profession Marine, one would need to look no further than Staff Sergeant Amanda Kendricks. Many a nugget officer owes their career surviving the first year to Kendricks. Rock solid dependability is her watchword and many senior officers are not afraid to ask her counsel, as in addition to her formidable skills, she has an almost instinctive ability to solve problems. Kendricks left home and joined the Colonial Marines as soon as she was old enough and has never looked back. Prior to the Cylon attack, she saw her lifetime in the military as the only career she could conceive. Post-attack, her only goal is to ensure humanity's survival. A goal she will see occur even if through sheer force of will.

**Wound** →

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← **Stun**

## Corporal Claire McKinney

**Age** 21, **Sex** Female, **Height** 5'8", **Weight** 145 lbs., **Eye Color** Green, **Hair Color** Strawberry Blonde,

**Home Planet** Scorpia

**Agility** d6, **Strength** d6, **Vitality** d6, **Alertness** d10, **Intelligence** d8, **Willpower** d6

**Life Points** 12, **Initiative** d6+d10

**Traits** Duty (Colonial Marines) d6, Faith d4, Good-Natured d4, Sharp Sense (Sight) d2

**Skills** Athletics d4, Discipline d6, Guns d6 / Assault Rifle d8 / Pistol d8, Influence d4, Knowledge d6, Medical Expertise d6 / First Aid 8, Melee Weapon Combat d4, Perception d6 / Sight d8, Ranged Weapons d4, Survival d4, Unarmed Combat d6

**Gear** Assault Rifle (Damage d8W, Range 150 yards, Magazine 30; Armor Piercing Ammunition ignores 3 W of Armor), Battle Dress Uniform (black, includes load-bearing vest, helmet, gloves, goggles, knee and elbow pads, worn with a plain black t-shirt; Armor Rating 3W, -1 Agi/-1 Ale), Handheld Wireless Communicator, Medkit, Pistol (Damage d6W, Range 12 yards, Magazine 20), Knife (Damage d2W; throwable: Range 5 yards)

**Description** Competence has never been Claire McKinney's problem, being too young and attractive to be taken seriously has always been her problem. However, no one who has seen her work as a medic needs to ask twice about her competence. Many of the survivors in the Fleet that arrived wounded on the *Galactica* after the Cylon attack owe their lives to this impossibly young woman. None of them question can she do the job and those survivors are all the proof she needs to anyone else that might have doubts.

**Wound** →

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← **Stun**

## Private Mitchell Amaka

**Age** 19, **Sex** Male, **Height** 6'1", **Weight** 160 lbs., **Eye Color** Blue, **Hair Color** Blonde,

**Home Planet** Picon

**Agility** d6, **Strength** d10, **Vitality** d8, **Alertness** d6, **Intelligence** d6, **Willpower** d6

**Life Points** 18, **Initiative** d6+d6

**Traits** Anger Issues d2, Brawler d4, Contrarian d4, Duty (Colonial Marines) d6, Tough d8

**Skills** Athletics d6, Discipline d4, Guns d6 / Assault Rifle d8 / Pistol d8, Influence d6 / Intimidation d8, Medical Expertise d2, Melee Weapon Combat d6 / Knives d10, Perception d4, Ranged Weapons d6 / Throwing Knives d8, Survival d4, Unarmed Combat d6

**Gear** Assault Rifle (Damage d8W, Range 150 yards, Magazine 30; Armor Piercing Ammunition ignores 3 W of Armor), Battle Dress Uniform (black, includes load-bearing vest, helmet, gloves, goggles, knee and elbow pads, worn with a plain black t-shirt; Armor Rating 3W, -1 Agi/-1 Ale), Handheld Wireless Communicator, Medkit, Pistol (Damage d6W, Range 12 yards, Magazine 20), Knife (Damage d2W; throwable: Range 5 yards)

**Description** When it comes to being a field marine, Mitchell Amaka is as tough as they come and you couldn't ask for a better battle-buddy to have your back. However, when it comes to being a marine in garrison, you couldn't ask for a bigger frak up. Unfortunately, all the anger that makes Amaka so formidable in the field is never far away from him enough to be able to temper that anger when in a more civilized setting. A scrapper since his teens, so trouble has never been a stranger and when a frustrated judge gave him the option of the marines or a prison cell, fortunately, Colonial Marines, Amaka made the right choice.

**Wound** →

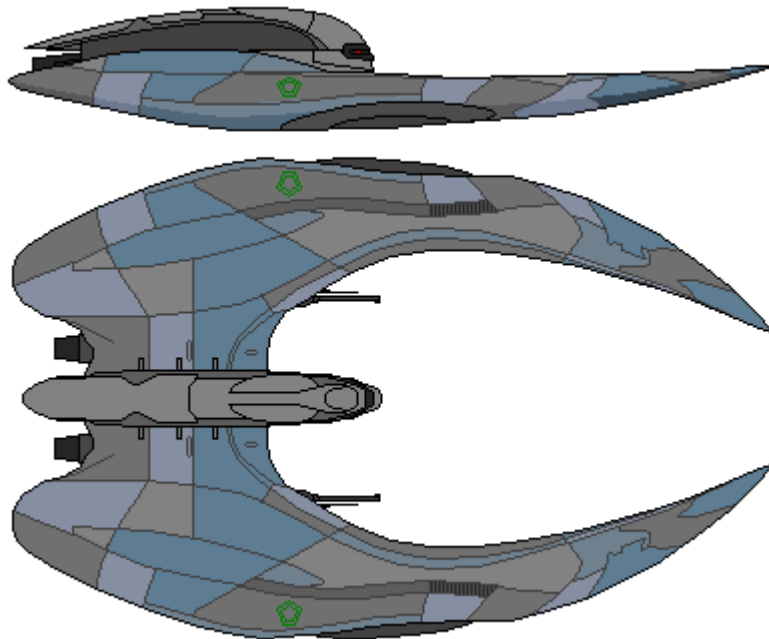
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← **Stun**

## SPACECRAFT

### Sparrow



#### Cylon Raider

**Agi** d12, **Str** d8, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

**LP** 14; **Init** d12+d10; **Scale** Planetcraft

**Speed** 9 (7 in atmosphere) (SL/JC)

**Traits** None

**Skills** Perception d4, Pilot d8

**Armaments** 2 medium planetcraft scale skirmish range autocannons (d8); 12 medium planetcraft scale capital range missiles (d12)

**Armor** Wound 2, Stun 2

**Description** 29.3 x 18 x 5 feet; **Crew** biomechanical

### Turkey

#### Cylon Heavy Raider

**Agi** d6, **Str** d10, **Vit** d10, **Ale** d6, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

**LP** 16; **Init** d6+d6; **Scale** Planetcraft

**Speed** 7 (5 in atmosphere) (SL/JC)

**Traits** None

**Skills** Perception d4, Pilot d8

**Armaments** 2 medium planetcraft scale skirmish range autocannons (d8); 12 medium planetcraft scale capital range missiles (d12)

**Armor** Wound 4, Stun 4

**Description** 35 x 11 x 10 feet; **Crew** biomechanical

**Passengers** 12

## Prometheus



*Prometheus* is an old, yet armed atmospheric shuttle. Prior to the Exodus, the FTL-capable vessel's primary role was ferrying passengers to and from different Colonies. When the Cylons attacked the Twelve Colonies, *Prometheus* had just taken off from Caprica City's spaceport and set a course for Picon. Fifteen passengers were aboard. Since the new navigational software in use on board most Colonial Fleet vessels has not been installed on *Prometheus*, she did not suffer fatal computer system failure on contact with Cylon forces and was able to rendezvous with the fleet at Ragnar Station Ammunition Reserve.

### Colonial Shuttle

**Agi** d6, **Str** d10, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d6, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

**LP** 16; **Init** d6+d6, **Scale** Planetcraft

**Speed** 6 (4 in atmosphere; JC)

**Skills** Mechanical Engineering d4, Perception d4, Pilot d4

**Traits** Past Its Prime d6

**Armament** 2 medium planetcraft scale skirmish range cannons (d8W)

**Armor** Wound 1, Stun 1

**Description** 65 x 25 x 15 feet; **Crew** 2

**Passengers** 20

## NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

### Cylon Centurions

**Agi** d6, **Str** d12, **Vit** d12, **Ale** d6, **Int** d6, **Wil** d10;

**LP** 22; **Init** d6+d6

**Traits** None

**Skills** Athletics d6, Covert d4, Discipline d6, Guns d6 / Machine Guns d8, Heavy Weapons d6 / Demolitions d8 / Mortars d8, Mechanical Engineering d4, Melee Weapon Combat d6, Perception d4, Technical Engineering d4

**Hardware** Armor 4W, Automatic Weapon (Damage d8W, Range 60 yards; one per arm), Blades (Damage d2W; each hand counts as one weapon)

**Special Notes** Cylon Centurions ignore Stun damage and do not suffer Wound penalties.

### Timothy Rearden

**Agi** d8, **Str** d6, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d10, **Int** d8, **Wil** d8;

**LP** 16; **Init** d8+d10;

**Traits** Addiction d4, Cool Under Fire d6, Duty d6, Formidable Presence d4, So Say We All d4, Toes the Line d4

**Skills** Athletics d4, Covert d6, Craft d2, Discipline d6, Guns d6 / Pistol d8, Influence d6 / Bureaucracy d8 / Leadership d8, Knowledge d6 / Law d8, Mechanical Expertise d4, Medical Expertise d2, Melee Weapon Combat d2, Perception d6, Planetary Vehicles d4, Technical Engineering d2, Unarmed Combat d4

**Gear** Pistol (Damage d6W, Range 10 yards, Magazine 12)

**Description** A solid and dependable police officer in the Caprica Police Department, on an escort detail taking Wakeman to Picon to stand trial for battery when the unthinkable happened. Humanity lost the war with the Cylons. In a situation where a lesser person would have fallen apart, Rearden stepped into the role of leader and calmed the other passengers and kept them that way during the Prometheus' flight to join the Fleet. Rearden's street persona is as tough as they come, but known only to him now that his small circle of friends died on Caprica, his hard bitten time on the streets has led him into the bottle. A crutch he deeply misses right now.

## Captain Marcus Beckett

**Agi** d8, **Str** d8, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d8, **Wil** d8;

**LP** 16; **Init** d8+d8;

**Traits** Intuitive d4, Idealist d2, Overweight d2, Talented (Pilot / Astrogation, Pilot / Small Spacecraft) d4

**Skills** Athletics d4, Covert d2, Discipline d4, Guns d4, Influence d6, Mechanical Engineering d6 / Mechanical Repair d8, Medical Expertise d2, Perception d6, Pilot d6 / Astrogation d8 / Small Spacecraft (Shuttle) d10, Planetary Vehicles d4, Survival d4, Technical Engineerig d6 / Repair Electrical Systems d8, Unarmed Combat d4

**Gear** Pistol (Damage d6W, Range 12 yards, Magazine 8)

**Description** Captain Beckett is the first to admit he is little more than a glorified bus driver and while his career has not been anything like he envisioned as a young man just out of flight school, Beckett has managed to avoid becoming jaded with life. An experienced and talented pilot, Beckett has seen his childhood dream of commanding of a battlestar fade long ago and the lean young pilot give way to more than weight than he is willing to admit, but despite these set backs, Beckett is still alive and his captain experience, even if only as a lowly shuttle captain is an asset to the Fleet that is not to be taken lightly.

## Daniel Wakeman

**Agi** d8, **Str** d8, **Vit** d6, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

**LP** 14; **Init** d8+d8+d4;

**Traits** Anger Issues d4, Brawler d4, Convict d6, Paranoid d4, Shadow d2, Split-Second Timing d4, Tough d4

**Skills** Athletics d6, Covert d6 / Streetwise d8, Guns d4 / Pistols d8, Influence d6 / Intimidation d8 / Persuasion d8, Knowledge d4, Melee Weapon Combat d4, Perception d6, Performance d4, Planetary Vehicles d4, Survival d2, Unarmed Combat d6 / Brawling d8

**Description** That the Gods chose to spare someone like Daniel Wakeman from the Cylon slaughter is a mystery. A convict with multiple stays in several of the Twelve Colonies' prisons, Wakeman is a violent, angry man that has spent his entire adult life as a criminal. While most survivors of the attack are coping with the loss of all they hold dear, to Wakemen, the Cylon attack is a Gods sent opportunity to escape his escort. It is a indication of his nature that he is already planning how to separate the distracted from the cubits they possess. The fact that those cubits are essentially worthless has yet to enter into his limited thought process.



### Dr. Titus Parrish

**Agi** d6, **Str** d6, **Vit** d6, **Ale** d8, **Int** d10, **Wil** d6;

**LP** 12; **Init** d6+d8;

**Traits** Advanced Education d6, Contrarian d6, Glory Hound d4, Mechanically Inclined d6, Overconfident d6, Talented (Technical Engineering / Create Technical Devices, Technical Engineering / Repair Electrical Systems) d4

**Skills** Artistry d4, Athletics d2, Craft d6, Influence d4, Mechanical Engineering d6 / Create Mechanical Devices d10 / Mechanical Repair d8, Medical Expertise d4, Perception d6, Planetary Vehicles d2, Scientific Expertise d6 / Life Sciences d10, Technical Engineering d6 / Create Technical Devices d8 / Repair Electrical Systems d8, Unarmed Combat d2

**Description** A gifted research engineering scientist, Parrish has quietly advanced the field of robotics despite the failure of the Cylon project. He figures that he can avoid his predecessor's mistake by limiting his designs to animals. The fact that humanity's likely response to the creation to another set of robots is likely to be a violent lynching, is not something he has even considered possible. As no domestic animals have survived the Cylon attack, Dr. Parrish is of the opinion that there is a genuine need for synthetic ones, as animals had played numerous roles in Colonial society, including that of pet, watch animal, and tracker.

### Lily Parrish

**Agi** d6, **Str** d4, **Vit** d6, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

**LP** 10; **Init** d6+d8;

**Traits** Allure d2, Faith d4, Good-Natured d6, Lightweight d6, Youthful d6

**Skills** Animal Handling d6 / Animal Training d8, Artistry d4, Covert d4, Craft d6 / Cooking d8 / Sewing d8, Influence d6 / Conversation d8, Knowledge d4, Perception d6 / Empathy d8, Performance d4, Scientific Expertise d2, Survival d2, Unarmed Combat d2

**Description** A typical 10-year old, Lily is Dr Parrish's daughter and has already started showing signs of interest in her father's work. Extremely bright for her age, Lily is a creative little girl that has not come to grips with what has prompted her being on the Prometheus, instead thinking of the trip as an extended vacation. It was her inconsolable sadness over the death of her beloved dog Argus that drove Dr Parrish to re-create the lost pet and opened the door for the Cylons to co-opt the robotic animal into a saboteur.

## **Argos**

**Agi** d10, **Str** d4, **Vit** d4, **Ale** d8, **Int** d2, **Wil** d2;

**LP** 6; **Init** d10+d8

**Traits** None

**Skills** Athletics d6 / Running d10, Covert d6 / Sabotage d8 / Stealth d10, Knowledge d4, Mechanical Engineering d4, Perception d6 / Sight d8, Technical Engineering d6, Unarmed Combat d6

**Description** After Lily's dog Argos died of old age, she mourned for him, refusing to eat as a result. To ease her emotional suffering, her father furnished a prototype four-legged robot. In order to train Argos, Parrish scanned an image of Lily into its firmware for imprinting purposes, thus allowing Lily to train the dog. Argos' software can be updated wirelessly. The robot is also equipped with a telescopic appendage that can extend up to three feet away from it, linking the robot directly to a computer's communication port. The interface allows the robot to receive and send information quickly. It is also much more effective than the use of spoken commands. The firewalls Dr. Parrish installed did not hold and Argos' operating system was infected by a Cylon computer virus which turned the seemingly harmless toy into an unusual sleeper agent. Dr. Parrish does not know that the dog has been infected. Moreover, he refuses to call it a Cylon which, strictly speaking, it is.

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BUCKET, COMMANDER, COMMANDER.  
THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BUCKET, COMMANDER, THERE'S A HOLE.

WHO'S TO BLAME, MISTER GAETA, MISTER GAETA, MISTER GAETA?  
WHO'S TO BLAME, MISTER GAETA, MISTER GAETA, WHOSE FAULT IS THAT?

FRAKKIN' CLANKERS, COMMANDER, COMMANDER.  
FRAKKIN' CLANKERS, COMMANDER, GODSDAMN CHROME JOBS.

SEND THE MARINES, MISTER GAETA, MISTER GAETA, MISTER GAETA!  
SEND THE MARINES, MISTER GAETA, MISTER GAETA, SEND THE JARHEADS!