



COSMIC PATROLTM

THE COSMOS HAS A MILLION
WAYS TO KILL YOU...



JOIN THE PATROL!

ROCKETS • RAYGUNS • ROBOTS



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COSMIC PATROLTM

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Dedication

Cosmic Patrol is dedicated to all those writers and artists from sci fi's Golden Age. They let their imaginations run free, and took us along for the ride.



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ONE MILLION AND ONE

BY JASON SCHMETZER

Lieutenant Hamish Roark tried to resist. He really did. But after a few minutes it was really too much, and he toggled the suit radio. “Abex! Enough with the heavy breathing already.” He twisted his head in his fishbowl to look at the Patrolman behind him. The big Martian’s shaved head shined with sweat, and his angry eyes looked up from the craggy ground and narrowed at Roark. His hands moved, making a chopping motion with the large, wide-bladed axe he carried. Roark stifled his laugh. *Axes in space—only on Mars.*

“We came on a rocketship,” Abex grunted. “You could have landed *closer*.” He clanged his axe against the steel of his chestplate. “This suit is heavy.”

“Too heavy for the big Martian,” Roark quipped.

“It’s not my fault you landed at the bottom of the hill,” Abex said. “Besides, I don’t see Vantine out here.” He gestured behind them, where the rocketship rested in the valley Roark had landed it in. “Why does the Venusian get to stay with the ship?”

Roark laughed. His patrol—

Abex, Vantine, and himself—had been sent out to the Asteroid Belt to check a funny scanner return. The Patrol was always careful about asteroids—the Uth liked to linger around them, always on the lookout for a new warren or a base from which to raid the inner system. Vantine stayed behind on the rocketship *Caliban* because she was best at reading the scanners. She’d warn them if another ship appeared near the asteroid.

“Because the Venusian can read,” Roark said. “Now come on. We’re almost to the cave mouth.”

The rocky ground was broken and craggy, but there was a small semi-path that led up to the cave. The rock was too hard to tell whether it was a natural path or one worn by Uth footpads. The lizardmen’s vacsuits were cobbled-together things, oftentimes with actual Uth-hide soles on their boots. Roark shook his head. *Lizardmen*. His hand touched the automatic pistol holstered on his left thigh unconsciously.

He waited just beneath the lip of the cave mouth for Abex to catch up. The Martian stooped next to

him, both hands wrapped around the axe's haft. His eyes never left the cave but his mouth crooked upward in a grin. "We came all this way for nothing?"

Roark shrugged. "We haven't been inside yet, have we?"

"So? You see any trash laying outside?"

Roark pursed his lip. The Martian had a point. Uth lairs were invariably dirty—the scaly bastards were scavengers like no other, but they didn't really clean up after themselves. If a place got too dirty, they just found a new place until that one got too dirty, too. Still...

"Let's go," Roark said. He stepped onto the ledge and drew his atomatic.

Abex followed him. The Martian's chuckle came across the suit radios just fine, just as his heavy breathing had. "Yes, oh lieutenant of the Cosmic Patrol. It looks very dangerous. You go first."

Roark grinned.



The scanner station of *Caliban's* control room was a quiet, serene area filled with the melodious chimes of sensors sweeping the near-empty heavens and finding... near-emptiness. For all of their vaunted intellect, the Venusians' best strength lay in their acceptance

of the obvious. *Caliban* swept skies that were the solid emptiness of vacuum; all the scanners had to do was look for not-empty, and report it when not-empty was found.

Vantine of Venus lay back in the crash couch, eyes closed, listening to the steady sounds of her sensors finding nothing.

It was peaceful. Certainly better than stuffing herself into a vacsuit and climbing all over craggy, dirty rocks and finding an Uth lair. She sniffed. At least an Automan's bay would be organized. Robots didn't abide clutter. And if they did find the piled leftovers of an Uth hive, Lieutenant Roark would almost certainly make her catalogue the mess and try to identify where it had come from. All of the senior Patrolmen—the Earthmen, really—were like that. Obsessive.

As if she really wanted to dirty her hands with the cast-offs of lizardmen. A minuscule shudder twitched her fingertips, as if she'd found a speck of dust on her nails and tried to fling it off.

Honestly.

Vantine hadn't joined the Cosmic Patrol to sort through bits and pieces of lizard-trash. She'd done it because the Patrol was going places, exploring, and the one thing the long-limbed girl who'd never seen through the clouds of Venus wanted more than anything was to see the stars and visit them. A hitch on a torch-only tramp like

Caliban was only a stepping stone; someday she'd be on one of the fractum-drive rocketships. And she'd get to go to Wolf and Gliese and anywhere else she wanted—astrons at a single leap!

Certainly not to a *cave*. They had caves on *Venus*.

One of the scanners beeped. Vantine opened her eyes.

The long-range scanner had found a big chunk of not-empty. And it was coming down. Vantine leaned over in her couch until she could peer out the bulkhead porthole. The fiery star-bright tail of a torch ship was already visible. Vantine lurched upright and queried the incoming ship, but the autoresponder remained dark.

It wasn't a Cosmic Patrol rocketship.

Her fingers keyed the sensors into a tighter focus while her eyes figured the ship's probable landing site. The ballistics of it were pretty simple—if you were a Venusian—and she didn't have any trouble figuring it out. *As if it were going to be anywhere else*. She touched the radio controls.

"Lieutenant. Look up."



Roark was ten feet into the cave when Vantine's warning came. He

turned around and trotted back to the cave mouth, leaving Abex to watch for any dangers coming from deeper within the cave. So far he hadn't seen anything—no trash, no markings, nothing to say this was a cave any more special than the thousands of others that pocked the asteroid. When he stepped into the starlight and craned his neck back, the cause of Vantine's warning was obvious.

"Abex," Roark said, "get out here." Roark holstered his atomic and eyeballed the incoming ship's angle. Distances were hard to measure, but he had a lot of practice. "Company."

Abex stomped up behind him, axe held ready. Roark looked at him, watching the big man's eyes narrow as the torch's glare caught them. "Well, at least it ain't lizardmen."

"That's a good thing?"

Abex shrugged. "Maybe we won't have to kill all of them."

Roark laughed. "I'll bet when Dyson landed on Mars, one of your cousins looked at the ship on Olympus Mons and said 'maybe we won't have to kill all of them,' didn't they?" He touched Abex's shoulder. "Maybe we should get back a little. It's coming down here."

Abex nodded and started walking backward. Roark watched his fingers clench and loosen on the haft of the axe. The two Patrolmen retreated into the cave's mouth,

taking shelter against the storm of crud—loose dust, rocks—that the torch ship's exhaust would throw up at them. There wasn't enough space on the ledge for a rocketship, but there was a gully nearby, on the opposite side from where Roark had landed *Caliban*.

"Pirates, you think?" Abex asked while they waited.

Roark shrugged. "Maybe. Or prospectors, or some rich family from Platform Alpha out for a joyride. Won't know until we see them, or they use their radios."

"Not a Patrol rocketship, then," Abex said.

"Vantine would've told us." Roark drew the atomatic from his holster and cycled the action, making sure it was clear of dust. Then he reached around behind the vacsuit's back and pulled the backup raygun he kept at the small of his back and checked its charge. Looking up, he met Abex's eyes and offered the raygun butt-first. "Just this once?"

Abex shook his head and smiled. "All I could do is throw it at someone."

Roark weighed the raygun. "It's not that heavy."

"Then you should probably keep it."

The Cosmic Patrol kept immaculate records. Not every rocketship was unique, but there were so many different types of fuel and so many customizations that very quickly every ship had something unique about it. Vantine was keying her sensors to drink in every bit of uniqueness from the descending rocketship they could, and comparing it to the most likely records. For a moment she almost wished for an Automan to help her—almost.

You can take the girl off of Venus... there.

She looked at the profile of the ship, then back at the profile displayed. Then she looked at the spectra of the torch exhaust. Data points clicked off a list in her mind as she correlated information and eliminated possibilities. She was much like *Caliban*'s scanners in that regard—removing the possible from the not-possible. Soon there was only one possibility left, and her eyes darted to the bottom of the record for the rocketship's name.

"Uh-oh." Vantine locked the record on the display and stabbed her finger on the radio controls.

"It's the rocketship *Gabrielle*," she shouted. Then she climbed out of the sensor couch and dashed for the controls.



Roark's mouth shaped a shark's grin when Vantine signed off. Abex frowned at him from the other side of the cave mouth. "You know that rocketship?"

"Uh-huh," Roark said. He slid the raygun back behind his back, beneath the air tanks, and drew the automatic. His thumb pressed the charging button and he felt more than heard the whine of its atomic capacitors building through his hand. He worked his arm around, making sure the cable connecting the automatic to his backpack damper was moving freely. Then he stood up. "*Gabby* and I go way back."

Abex smiled. "I take it they're not friendly?"

"Not usually."

Roark and Abex stepped out of the cave and looked toward the gully where *Gabrielle* had landed. They walked a few hundred feet in that direction, picking their way carefully over the rocks, until they could hunker down behind a jutting boulder and see. Roark pulled a pair of binoculars from his belt pack and laid them on the newly-arrived rocketship. A moment's adjustment to the focus and...

"I don't believe it," he said.

Abex was squinting through his fishbowl. "What?"

"Lizardmen."

"Nonsense. Lizardmen don't drive rocketships." Abex's voice was

set in the certainty of knowledge learned from a book. Roark looked away from the rocketship at his companion. Abex was new to the Patrol—*Caliban* was his first out-system deployment—but he didn't scare and he was good at what he did. Things were always a little different out past Mars.

"They've got them on tethers," Roark said, looking through his binoculars again. "Three of them, like pets." He grunted. "Maybe they are pets."

"Uth pets," Abex muttered.

"You have strange friends, Roark."

Roark grinned. "I said I knew the ship," he said, "not that we were friends." Satisfied with what he'd seen, he put the binoculars back on his belt. "Let's go. They're coming this way." He crawled backward until he was out of sight and then stood up and trotted back toward the cave. Abex looked back at the rocketship, then lurched upright and followed.

"Where are we going?"

"The cave."

"You want to be trapped in there when they get here?" Abex asked.

"I want to know what they're coming for."

"It was empty."

"We didn't look all they way back. And if *Gabby* is here, with a trio of lizardmen to do the grunt work, then there's something we didn't see." Roark slowed when

he reached the cave mouth. “And I want to know what it is.”



Vantine was warming the torch when the radio crackled and Roark’s raspy voice filled the cockpit. “I hope you remember your gunnery lessons,” he said. From the sound of his voice—out of breath—he was moving quickly.

“This large red button does something, correct?” Vantine said.

“Very funny.” A pause. “It’s *Gabby*, and they’ve got a couple of lizardmen on leashes. They’re coming toward the cave. After you get the engines and the ray cannon warmed up, I want you to go back over the original sensor readings they sent us out here for. I need to know what *Gabby* is here for.”

Vantine inhaled and looked at the ceiling. “Anything else, while I’m doing two peoples’ work at once?”

“Yeah.” Roark’s voice changed as he slowed down. They must be inside the cave again. “Never mind on the sensor sweep.”

“I was just kidding, Lieutenant,” Vantine said. “I can do the search.”

“I know you can,” Roark said. His voice was distracted. “And I know what you’ll find. Resonance waves from a fractum drive coil.”

Vantine’s fingers stopped moving on the console. “A what?”

“There’s a piece of a fractum drive in here.”

“But that’s proscribed—”

“Yeah. And if *Gabby* can get ahold of one, that’s the Dyson Protocol out the window right there. It’d only take one of these scum getting out-system to lead the Gern or someone worse right back to old Sol.”

Vantine sat back, thinking hard. “But where could they have gotten—”

Roark cut her off. “It doesn’t matter.” Vantine blinked. “Once you’re hot, I want you to take off and break for a low orbit. Keep *Gabrielle* in your sights. If it tries to lift off before you hear from us again, blast it. That rocketship is not to get away. Understood?”

“Understood.” Vantine swallowed. “And you’ll be doing...?”

“Taking out the trash.”



Abex had found the crates, half-hidden under a gray tarp covered with dust and rock. If he hadn’t tripped over an exposed corner Roark doubted they’d have been able to find it before *Gabby*’s crew reached the cave. The two

Patrolmen stood looking down at the exposed fractum coil. Abex hefted his axe, but they both knew that wouldn't do it.

"Get back to the mouth," Roark ordered. He drew his raygun from behind his back and dialed it to the strongest setting. The sleek, silvered-steel pistol fit easily into his hand. He started backing away, seeing how far he could get without losing clear aim.

Abex didn't wait for him. His voice whispered out of the speakers in Roark's fishbowl. "It's not going to explode, is it?"

"I don't know."

"That's not the answer I was looking for."

"They promised you a happy ending at Platform Beta?"

Abex snorted. "No, but they didn't promise me death by vacuum from a shredded Patrol suit, either."

Roark grinned. He stepped around a narrow bend, keeping only his head and the raygun around the corner. A glance told him Abex was further back, near the cave mouth, watching to see if the lizardmen or their keepers were approaching. It'd have to be quite a bang to get both of them. Roark squeezed the trigger.

The raygun hummed. He held down the trigger, running the pistol to overload until it shut down, batteries exhausted. The grip was hot enough he could feel it through his suit gloves. A twitch of his

thumb dropped the empty battery out and his hands replaced it with a fresh one without thinking. There was no explosion. Roark leaned all the way around the corner to look, but the coil and its case were just a twisted lump of softly-steaming melted metal and circuits.

"That's taken care of, at least."

The lump of metal and circuits exploded.

Roark fell back, his hands going up to cover as much of his fishbowl as he could. A wall of smoke and dust washed over him, past him. It'd be billowing out the mouth of the cave. There'd be no way *Gabby's* crew would miss it.

Abex's voice was amused. "It exploded, didn't it?"

"Shut up."

"I warned you, but no. The brave Cosmic Patrolman and his trusty raygun Can Do No Wrong." Laughter grunted across the radio. "You think that'll scare them off?"

Roark turned onto his hands and knees and started crawling toward the entrance. "I doubt it."

"I figured as much," Abex said, and Roark didn't have to see him to know he was grinning and fondling the haft of his axe. "Maybe we'll get to kill them all, after all."



The rocketship *Caliban* trembled as it blasted off the asteroid's surface. In the cockpit, Vantine of Venus kept both her eyes on the controls and concentrated, trying to remember all of things the instructors had said during training at Platform Gamma. She'd passed the piloting course but like most of the Patrol training she'd had to undergo she'd passed the requirements and promptly filed the information under "Storage, Most Likely Never Needed Again."

Bloody smugglers. I don't like flying this rocketship.

By the time *Caliban* settled into low orbit Vantine felt most of the memories coming back. She set the course and then turned to the gunnery station. Usually Roark did the flying and the shooting, so the controls were together. *Caliban* had a pair of heavy ray cannons for ship-to-ship work—they should do a number on *Gabrielle*, unless the smuggler had been retrofitted with armor.

She locked the sights on the smugglers' rocketship and waited, trying to remember everything her gunnery instructors had said. There was something about leading the target, but that couldn't be right. Surely a raygun bolt was fast enough... she shrugged to herself. Either way, it was better to be up here than down there. Vantine's eyes strayed to the outcropping she knew held the cave.

Lizardmen and fractum coils and Cosmic Patrol gunslingers. She surprised herself with a giggle. This is certainly more exciting than clouds, clouds and more clouds on Venus.



The lizardmen were the first up the path. Roark stepped clear of the cave—not completely out of it, but enough that they could see him. He set his radio to the common frequency. "That's far enough. This is the Patrol. Throw up your hands."

The lizardmen's tongues flickered inside their own dirty fishbowls, but the half-dozen men in ubiquitous gray vacsuits behind them all flinched. One of them, a plump man who strained the seams of his suit, stepped around the Uth. "That you, Roark?"

"You can come peaceably, Harris," Roark called. "Or not." "That was your rocketship what blasted off a couple minutes ago, wasn't it? You all alone over there?"

Roark felt his lips twitch. Joachim Harris had captained *Gabby* for the last three years, and he was always a hard man. In-system, with the rest of the Patrol so near, he'd never pushed things as far as he seemed to want to. But

out here... Roark's nascent grin disappeared into a stern, lipless frown. Out here he had a piece of an unauthorized fractum drive. And three lizardmen doing scut work. Either of those things put him on the Patrol's naughty list.

"You kill me, *Caliban* will just roast you when you lift," Roark said. "Surrender. I'll see you get back to Platform Alpha for trial."

Harris' laugh was interrupted by a burst of static. "—not, I think. We'll take our chances with your rocketship. Throw out your guns, and I'll let you live, Roark."

Roark glanced at Abex. The Martian was crouched back from the opening, where he'd be safe from atomic or raygun fire. He held his axe in both hands, waiting. "Same deal to you, Harris," he said while he watched Abex. The Martian met his eyes and grinned.

"Too bad, Roark," Harris said a moment later. "It's been fun." The radio transmission clicked off. Roark turned back to see the men holding the lizardmen's leashes let go. The three Uth galloped forward in the odd, scurrying gait of their race. Roark drew his atomic and leveled it.

"Get ready," he told Abex. Then he fired.

The recoil from the Mod 90 atomic he favored was enough to break a man's arm if he tried to fire it without the damper built into his backpack. Even with the

damper, the recoil was ferocious, but Roark's big forearm muscles were used to the punishment. He dropped two of the charging lizardmen with one shot each. The atomic pellets tore right through them, suits and all. Roark shifted his aim to the third Uth and pulled the trigger, but nothing happened. A red light burned to life above the rear sight. Jammed.

Abex stood up. "Finally!" he crowed. He raised his axe and stepped past Roark, yelling at the top of his lungs. The third lizardman was barely a few feet away, with the pack of gunmen right behind. Abex went running to meet them. The gunmen pulled up, their own atomics coming up, but the Martian was too fast.

The first stroke of his axe took the Uth in the chest, just beneath the lip of his fishbowl helmet. Like most Uth vacsuits this one was a cobbled-together patchwork that tore open easily, spilling the Uth's precious air and not a little blood into the vacuum. Abex crowed in triumph and jerked the axe free. Then he leapt toward *Gabby's* gunmen. The gunmen were unused to seeing a giant Martian charge toward them with an axe held high—all their fire missed. Atomic pellets cratered the rocky ground or disappeared into the sky. Roark hammered his own pistol against his leg, rubbing at the action with his gloved fingers.

He even held the pistol up in front of his fishbowl and blew toward it before cursing himself for an idiot when all he did was blow the air inside his helmet around.

In moments Abex was in among the suited henchmen. He struck one man in the helmet, cracking the thick glass of his fishbowl with the axe handle. His second blow looped up from near the ground and nearly took the man's arm off at the shoulder—it severed the cord between the man's automatic pistol and his backpack. When the man's finger closed on the trigger and the gun fired, the undampened recoil *did* tear the man's arm off. Abex ripped his axe free and spun toward the next target.

Roark smacked the pistol against his leg again—twice—and saw the red light turn to green. He jerked it up, away from his leg and toward the henchmen.

Abex's axe was embedded in the center of Harris' chest. The plump smuggler lay on his back, hands wrapped around the handle of the axe, but it was stuck firmly in the pierced steel of his chestplate. Abex was struggling with the last henchmen. The gray-suited *Gabby's* automatic was dangling from its damper cable behind them, but he held a wicked-looking knife in one hand. Unbelievably, the henchman was almost as big as Abex. Roark ran forward, pistol ready. He waited for the right moment—

—*crack*—

—and he found it. The henchman fell, his fishbowl shattered. Abex collapsed away from the body but rolled onto his side, watching Roark come closer. “About time you did something,” the Martian said.

“You needed the exercise.”

Roark walked over to where Harris lay, still grasping the axe. Roark looked down and saw Harris' mouth moving. He dialed his radio to the open channel.

“—an't believe he killed me with an *axe*.” Harris coughed. Blood coated the inside of his fishbowl. “An *axe*. In *space*.”

Roark shook his head. “A million and one ways,” he whispered. That was what the instructors said at Platform Alpha. “Even an *axe*.” He waited until Harris stopped moving and then keyed his radio to *Caliban's* channel.

“Vantine. Come down next to *Gabby*. We'll need to lock her down until we can get an recovery mission out here.”

“It's over?” the Venusian asked.

Roark looked around at the bodies. “For now.”



X MINUS FOUR PRELUDE

X MINUS ONE
[1955-1958, NBC RADIO]

THERE IS A SIXTH DIMENSION BEYOND THAT WHICH IS KNOWN TO MAN. IT IS A DIMENSION AS VAST AS SPACE AND AS TIMELESS AS INFINITY. IT IS THE MIDDLE GROUND BETWEEN LIGHT AND SHADOW. AND IT LIES BETWEEN THE PIT OF MAN'S FEARS AND THE SUNLIGHT OF HIS KNOWLEDGE. THIS IS THE DIMENSION OF IMAGINATION.

You are embarking on the adventure of a lifetime! The unlimited cosmos stands before you, full of sights and experiences as wild as your imagination. And that's the key: imagination. *Cosmic Patrol* is about creating a story. Using Cues as building blocks, you will construct a plot and narrate your Patrolman's way through the millions of threats the cosmos has to offer. Your adventure will be unique to you and your group, and you're encouraged to write those adventures up in true pulp style, for all the world to enjoy. This can either be on your own website, or we'll be running various contests at www.cosmicpatrol.com that'll include posting fan-generated materials to the community page of that website.

WHAT IS COSMIC PATROL?

Cosmic Patrol is a role-playing game (RPG) set in a retro future based on the Golden Age of science fiction. If you've ever seen a cover from a classic 1930s-1960s pulp science fiction magazine, you've got the idea. You and your friends form the crew of a Cosmic Patrol rocketship and blast off for action and adventure in the wild galaxy.

In the *Cosmic Patrol* universe, the four worlds of humanity—Venus, Earth, Mars and the shared world of Mercury—have formed a loose alliance called the Great Union, nominally led by Earth. At first, it was the Patrol's duty to explore our solar

system, maintain peace and make sure any resources were evenly divvied up between member planets. But as humanity grew bolder, the Patrol led the way into the galaxy at large.

War has engulfed the galaxy. As newcomers to the big stage, humanity isn't quite sure who is on what side, what the fight is over or what everyone will make of this new upstart group poking their noses around. With this new threat came a new mission for the Patrol: explore the galaxy, gather information and defend the homeworlds.

That's where things stand. The Patrol is beginning to travel the galaxy while walking a fine line between exploration and attempting to find out who is who in this interstellar conflict—without getting directly involved.

WHAT IS A ROLE-PLAYING GAME?

If you've ever read a book, seen a movie or watched a television show where, upon finding a character saying or doing something really dangerous or foolish, you thought, "I wouldn't have said/done *that!*" then you have a good idea of what makes up the core premise of a role-playing game. While the actions of a character in a book, movie or television program may be beyond your control, in a role-playing game, *you* control the actions of your character. *You* determine the character's fate, through decisions and actions whose

outcomes range from spectacular success to tragic failure.

A role-playing game (RPG) is essentially an improvisational theater: part storytelling and part game. A single player (called the gamemaster, or GM) directs the game for a group of players who assume the roles of characters in a fictitious setting. This setting could be a mystery adventure set in the 1930s where the characters travel the globe in search of treasure and intrigue, or a fantasy realm inhabited by dragons, trolls and sword-wielding barbarians, or even a science fiction setting complete with aliens, spaceships and world-crushing weaponry. The players pick a setting that they find cool and want to play in. The players then craft their own characters, providing a detailed history and personality to bring each to life. These characters have a set of statistics—numerical values that represent skills, attributes and other abilities. The gamemaster then explains the situation in which the characters find themselves. The players, through their characters, interact with the storyline and each other's characters, acting out the plot. As the players role-play through scenarios, the gamemaster will likely ask a given player to roll dice, and determine the success or failure of a character's attempted action based on the roll's result, using the rules of the game as a guide.

Together, the players control the storyline (adventure), which evolves much like any movie or book, but within the flexible plot directed by

the gamemaster. This gamemaster's plot provides a framework and ideas for potential courses of action and outcomes, but is simply an outline of what might happen; nothing is concrete until the players become involved. If you don't want your character to walk down those darkened stairs, your character doesn't. If you think you can talk yourself out of a situation in place of pulling a raygun, maybe your character can. Only the story into which the players are immersed is scripted; their reactions to it are not. And so the story can be changed based on the characters' actions and their responses, creating a constantly-evolving adventure.

The best part is that there is no right or wrong way to play an RPG. Some games may involve more combat and dice rolling-related situations, where other games may involve more storytelling and improvised dialogue to resolve a situation. Each group of players decides for themselves the type and style of game they enjoy playing!

TRADING IN YOUR GAMEMASTER

While *Cosmic Patrol* is a role-playing game as defined above, it's different in one key element: trading in a single gamemaster for a more pure improv experience.

While traditional role-playing is usually defined as improvisational theater, it still has a single person

channeling most of the creative energy of the group. *Cosmic Patrol* disengages that mechanism, allowing the entire gaming group to share in the responsibility of the gamemaster's role.

What's improvisational theater? This is a form of theater where actors improvise each of the scenes of play without recourse to scripts. Complete spontaneity and playing off of each other's lines and physical cues creates a fast-paced, vibrant experience that twists and turns as each person continues to build off of what has come before.

This style of play meshes flawlessly with *Cosmic Patrol*'s themes of by-the-seat-of-your-spacesuit action, hyperbole-filled catch phrases and plenty of rockets and rayguns.

WHAT'S NEEDED TO PLAY

To play *Cosmic Patrol*, you need the following:

- A group of players and a place to meet
- The contents of this book
- Tokens (of any sort) to represent Plot Points
- Something for everyone to take notes with (tablet, laptop, notepad)
- D4, D6, D8, D10, D12, D20 (or a digital equivalent)
- Imagination (can be helped by mood music, especially if it features a theramin!)
- Space snacks and Atomo-drinks

A Group of Players and a Place to Meet

While role-playing games are flexible enough to allow any number of people, most gaming groups number around four to eight players. This number of people brings a good mix of personalities to the table and ensures great cooperative play without getting too chaotic or too focused on just one or two characters.

Once a group of players have determined to play *Cosmic Patrol*, they'll need to work out a time and place to meet. While most role-playing groups meet locally and regularly, each group is different and should determine where, when, and how often they'll play. One group may decide they can only get together once a week, at a friend's house, library, or college common room for four-hour sessions, while another group might have to meet "virtually" via internet chat rooms, synching up their schedules for a once-a-month six-hour gaming marathon.

When playing groups meet for the first time, the players should use this first session to determine which sample characters (see p. 76) will best fit together to form a patrol. While *Cosmic Patrol* is presented in a way that will allow the most outlandish combinations, players may find they don't want characters that are too different from, or even too similar to, each other. This also allows the more experienced role-players in the group a chance to help out those who may be newer to role-playing.

The Contents of This Book

This book is specifically organized to present the information needed to start your own adventures in the universe of *Cosmic Patrol*. Below you'll find a summation of each chapter of this rulebook.

One Million and One: The short story you've likely already read, it spirals you into the universe of action and intrigue of *Cosmic Patrol*.

Gazetteer: Through a series of vignettes, the Gazetteer paints a picture of an epic and dangerous universe, desperate for a few brave men and woman to keep it safe. Between the fiction and the setting details in this section, players should easily find enough information to wrap their heads around what it means to be a Patrolman in the *Cosmic Patrol* universe.

Game Rules: This section details how the game mechanics of *Cosmic Patrol* mesh with the improv-style of play to create a fun gaming experience, as well as character creation.

Sample Characters: A dozen sample Dossiers allow players a wide variety of characters to grab and leap into the action of improv excitement, while numerous foes are also included.

Mission Briefs: Seven mission briefs provide an instant evening of action, allowing player groups to easily select one of many starting points to leap into adventure. While they're perfectly good starting points, players can also mix and mash as they wish, or even spin off whole new adventures based on those

elements of a given mission they find the most intriguing.

Tokens

The game rules of *Cosmic Patrol* make use of tokens (these can be pennies, poker chips, or what ever else you have at hand that'll work), as an easy way to track Plot Points while the game unfolds (see *Plot Points*, p. 58)

Something for Everyone to Take Notes With

Role-playing can get pretty in-depth, even in an improv style game like *Cosmic Patrol*. Each character has a number of statistics and other resources that must be tracked over time to maintain continuity in the game. For this reason, character record sheets are provided in this book, and may be photocopied as needed to facilitate easy record-keeping for characters. In addition, notepads (or word processing programs) may be used to record any other information the players deem important.

Additionally, some groups enjoy a synopsis of each session that can be compiled and read at a later time in order to enjoy and share their exploits. This can be particularly useful if a player is unable to attend a given session, to provide a quick recap before the next gaming session begins. The session scribe can be a shared responsibility or assigned, all based on what a given playing group finds works best for them.

Dice (or a Digital Equivalent)

As will be described in the *Game Rules* section (see p. 48), the following dice are needed for game play: D4, D6, D8, D10, D12 and D20. These are also known as “polyhedral” dice and can be found in almost any hobby store.

Dice are used to help resolve actions the characters may perform where the possibility of success or failure exists. For players gaming through an online medium such as chatrooms, dice-rolling programs (often referred to as “dicebots”) are a common and accessible equivalent, providing similar randomized results to the clattering of physical dice across a gaming table.

Imagination

Last, but by no means least, a role-playing game—especially an improv-heavy game like *Cosmic Patrol*—requires imagination. It’s easy for someone looking at a pencil-and-paper RPG to be intimidated by the rulebooks and the numbers. But the core focus is to have fun, to delve into a fictional reality where control over the characters’ actions—the characters’ fates—lies in the hands of the players controlling them. Imagination—more than the game rules—is what truly brings the player into the game; without it, a role-playing game would merely be an exercise in mindless dice-rolling.

Music can be very effective at setting the mood for anything you might be playing. When tackling *Cosmic Patrol*, music can be even

more powerful in sliding players into their characters. Even just a laptop or MP3 player with some music playing in the background can do the trick.

For further inspiration, players can find a wealth of links to material that can be used to fire their imaginations at www.cosmicpatrol.com.



What is a Theremin?

The theremin was the brainchild of Russian inventor Léon Theremin, which he patented in 1928. It consists of two antennas that are able to sense the player’s hands in relation to the antennas. Then, by subtle gestures in the air, the player is able to control the device’s oscillators for frequency (tone and pitch) with one hand and volume with the other.

The eerie sound of the electronic device—and the seeming miraculous nature of a musician playing the device without touching it—made it an almost-instant phenomenon. A slew of ‘50s and ‘60s movies—especially alien and horror themed—employed a theremin on their soundtrack, including the quintessential 1951 *The Day the Earth Stood Still*.

Simply typing in “theremin” on any search engine will bring up a plethora of music files and videos, which you can sort to find just the right soundtrack to suit your group’s tastes.

WHAT DO PLAYERS DO?

In *Cosmic Patrol*, players take the role of Patrolmen—the first and last line of defense for humans in a dangerous galaxy. Patrolmen explore, discover and defend the interests of humans wherever they go. With an atomic raygun at their hip, they brave the unknown on a regular basis.

Player characters form the crew of a Patrol rocketship and undertake missions all across the cosmos. Each player will choose or create a Patrolman to control and, working together, the crew will strive to overcome any obstacles in its way. Once everyone has a Patrolman picked out (and the appropriate Dossier at hand) you're ready to

play. Choose a name for the crew's rocketship and blast off!

FICTIONEERING IN A PULP SCI FI UNIVERSE

It's All About the Fun Factor

Cosmic Patrol is all about pulp science fiction and is not based or dependent on real-world science. Don't be sheepish about rattling off cool-sounding cosmobabble to explain why something fun happened or why a Patrolman's spacobeam gun annihilated the oncoming Venusian robot. Much of the fun comes from building an exciting adventure with your friends. Try not to get caught up in technicalities or in mundane, real-world things.



Generic Terms in Cosmic Patrol

Members of the Cosmic Patrol come in all shapes and sizes, from three different planets with unique histories all their own. The Patrol doesn't care if you're a Red Amazon of Mars or a Venusian raygun engineer. If you're smart, healthy and don't shy away from danger, you're welcome to join. To keep it simple, though, all Patrol members are referred to as "Patrolmen," regardless of gender.



Cosmic Patrol vs. Cosmic Patrol

As you read through this rulebook, you may find yourself asking "So, in one spot it's 'Cosmic Patrol' and in other spots it's '*Cosmic Patrol*.' Did someone forget to italicize in a bunch of spots?"

Nope, the difference is intentional. When the rules refer to the game title, the italics are used. When the rules refer to the in-game organization, it's not italicized.

Always remember this rule-of-thumb: if something makes the game more fun for players, do it (even if it sounds crazy or is technically against the rules)! Let your imaginations run wild!

WINNING, LOSING AND VAGUENESS

While *Cosmic Patrol* is a game, it's not a game dedicated to winning or losing. Patrolmen are extraordinary people—they face the galaxy's threats with a sense of wonder and courage and usually come out on top. They're not afraid to take a flying leap from the airlock of a speeding rocketship, but it's up to players to figure out how to save them. So what if a crew doesn't achieve the objectives set out in a Mission Brief? Keep going and weave that plot twist into the storyline. Make it work!

Cosmic Patrol rules are intentionally vague on many points

where a traditional RPG would be more detailed. While Dossiers give many statistics of a Patrolman, there are aspects that are left to the player during gameplay, like a movement stat, for instance. There's no real limit on how far a Patrolman can move in a turn—it's entirely dependent on the current circumstances and what the player wants to do during his narration.

If a player encounters a situation where there is no applicable stat or number, the player should consider the situation and what he wants to accomplish in his turn and check if there's an appropriate Cue on the Dossier to use in a Narration. There's really no right or wrong way to handle a situation.

If a disagreement does crop up during gameplay, just remember that the current Lead Narrator has the final say on what can and can't happen.



X MINUS THREE GAZETTEER

JULES VERNE
FROM EARTH TO THE MOON, 1865

IN SPITE OF THE OPINIONS OF CERTAIN NARROW-MINDED PEOPLE, WHO WOULD SHUT UP THE HUMAN RACE UPON THIS GLOBE, AS WITHIN SOME MAGIC CIRCLE WHICH IT MUST NEVER OUTSTEP, WE SHALL ONE DAY TRAVEL TO THE MOON, THE PLANETS, AND THE STARS, WITH THE SAME FACILITY, RAPIDITY, AND CERTAINTY AS WE NOW MAKE THE VOYAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

Address to Cadets, Platform Alpha, by Coordinator Roderick Dyson

There is a caret on the screen behind me. Can you see it? That marks the exact point in space where Rocketship *EM* disappeared when the Moon Men claimed it. Right there. Now look behind you. What do you see, through the lower-left viewport?

Earth.

When Rocketship *Exploration Moon* lifted off, we thought the universe was ours to explore. We didn't know about the Moon Men, or the Eiger or the Hakhaze. We thought the Uth were old news. We knew all that—not thought it, not believed it, knew it. And we were wrong.

You've all seen the reports from the Coalsack. You know what Falstaff found, and Winston. You know how much effort we've put into the base at Gleise 581. And now you're standing here, looking at me, thinking about Mars and Venus and what I did there and how you want to be like me. We both know it. And if all you're hoping for is to do what I did, we're all dead men.

You have to do more.

There are a million and one things out in the deep dark that will kill you—that will kill all of us. The Uth are only the first. The Eiger and the Hakhaze don't know where we are. The Metatherions—whatever they are—are out there. The black encroaches. And we are all alone in this system.

You've sworn your lives, your swords, your sacred honor, to the Great Union. You come from Earth, from Mars, from Venus. A few of you have even come out from near Mercury. All of you are soon to be Patrolmen, members of the first—the only—line of defense between our worlds and the galaxy. You are the future, even as I am the past. The history of now will be written on your shoulders.

You must be vigilant. I said a million and one things, and I meant it. Automen. Lizardmen. Pirates. Invading aliens. Something monstrous we haven't even dreamed of yet. The universe is vast—chances are, if you can imagine something, it's out there somewhere waiting for you. Even probability must surrender to the sheer mass of persistence.

You came from the core worlds; you will leave Platform Alpha as men and women of the Cosmic Patrol.

Do your duty.

Excerpted from *The Cosmic Patrol: A Primer*, Platform Alpha Printing Service

The Cosmic Patrol is the active arm of the Great Union. Since its adoption of the Dyson Protocol, the expansion into Gliese and the regularization of traffic between the various orbital platforms, the Patrol has become both navy and police. Patrol rocketships ensure the peace and push the boundaries of known space. Patrolmen settle disputes and hold the line against alien invasions and pirate attacks. Patrol fractum explorers push the boundaries of known space.

Three worlds send their sons and daughters to the Patrol: Earth, Mars and Venus. Earth was the first, of course—the earliest seeds of the Cosmic Patrol were the first tentative steps toward the Moon, Mars and Venus. The Earthmen drive the Patrol forward: Earthmen climbed out of the gravity well, and Earthmen drive the fractum ships into the deep black. A Martian may be stronger, and a Venusian more intelligent, but an Earthman provides the spine to hold both together.

The so-called barbarians of Mars provide much of the Patrol's muscle. Many people—and most

Venusians—mistake the Martians' primitive ways for ignorance. While they're not as technologically evolved as Earth or Venus, they've raised their own lifestyle to a high art. A Martian with an ax is fearsome in combat—and they are utterly without fear.

Cloud-wrapped Venus, with its erudite Venusians and implacable Automen, offers the Patrol unparalleled scientists and explorers. The Venusians who choose to join the Patrol often do so because their highly trained minds yearn to explore. In places where Martians can't bash and Earthmen can't cajole, a Venusian will use his powerful mind to find a way.

Many of the rocketships operated by the Patrol are smaller, three-person craft. Most of the captains are Earthmen, both because Earthmen still fill the majority of the Patrol's ranks and because the natural tendency of the Earthman is to command. The balance of an Earthman's approach—when viewed against the average belligerence of the Martian and the sneering hubris of the Venusian—makes him a natural leader.

TIMELINE

PCE = Pre-Cosmic Era

CE = Cosmic Era

PCE21+ Earth rife with conflict as nations vie for economic and military superiority.

PCE21+ Nuclear fission technology is better understood and used in weapons and primitive power plants.

PCE21 New comet discovered by Dr. Seneca Lalonde. Lalonde dubs it Seneca 1, hypothesizes it as a single-apparition comet.

PCE20 Dr. Lalonde announces that Seneca 1 will pass close to Earth. He calls for an astronomy conference to plan a scientific study of the comet.

PCE20 Multiple institutions announce that their figures show a 90 percent chance that Seneca 1 will impact Earth. Mass panic ensues. Superpowers put militaries on alert.

PCE20 Confusing information is gathered about the comet. It appears to be both slowing and breaking apart.

PCE20 Seneca 1 fragments, with large chunks making planetfall across the globe. Impacts cause massive damage.

PCE20 In the aftermath of the strikes, attacks are reported worldwide. Assailants are described as “lizardmen,” and they are concentrated around the various impact sites. The “comet” turns out to be an Uth hive.

PCE20 Uth warriors continue to spread from landing sites. They raid and attack, loot and kill. With no other choice, world powers unite and push back the invaders.

PCE20 Within six months, the Uth are declared wiped out. Shattered nations unite. Researchers find troves of advanced, non-human technology in the remains of the Uth hoard.

PCE19 Scientists study the found items to engineer amazing new devices. Most importantly, they find a large stash of a mysterious element dubbed “contraterrene,” a kind of opposite matter. Along with a fully united Earth, these discoveries spur technological advancements to a frenzied pace in the

subsequent years and allow the industrial complex to achieve astonishing speeds of manufacture.

PCE18 United world government announces formation of a scientific space program aimed at protecting Earth from further cosmic threats. This organization is dubbed the “Cosmic Patrol.”

PCE17 First robots developed by Patrol engineers.

PCE15 United government announces first Patrol mission: Rocketship *Exploration Moon* (Rocketship *EM*). The ship is an advanced design using contraterrene engines, and will carry scientists on a mission to establish a moon base.

PCE14 Rocketship *EM* launches with much fanfare.

PCE14 Rocketship *EM* approaches the Moon, but suddenly ceases communications with Earth.

PCE14 A powerful message is broadcast on Rocketship *EM*’s frequency from beings calling themselves “Moon Men.” They claim the Moon as their own and forbid any and all future landings.

Rocketship *EM* is lost, with its entire crew.

PCE14 Finding another threat so close to home sends Patrol leadership into panic. At an emergency meeting, new captain Roderick Dyson dresses down the commanding council. Councilors, mostly scientists, are impressed and embarrassed by the tirade. Three days later, Dyson is named head of the entire Cosmic Patrol.

PCE14 Coordinator Dyson begins a crash course to change the Patrol into a more proactive force. He announces plans for an orbiting space platform.

PCE13 Space Platform Alpha begins construction. Using robots and new technologies, the platform is completed far ahead of schedule.

PCE11 Platform Alpha scientists report strange readings from Venus and Mars. Plans to visit both planets are accelerated.

PCE11 Platform Beta begins construction. Beta will serve as a watchpost, with special attention given to monitoring the Moon.

- PCE9 The Mars Expeditionary Force (MEF) blasts off from Platform Alpha. The MEF is mostly Cosmic Patrol troopers. Dyson plans to secure a landing zone first, then send in the scientists.
- PCE9 Scientists discover a method of creating contraterrene, allowing widespread use of powerful contraterrene reactors.
- PCE9 The MEF arrives on Mars, landing near Olympus Mons. Within hours, they are engaged by “barbarians.” The Battle of Olympus Mons is a decisive Patrol victory and sees the first use of rayguns in combat. To everyone’s surprise, the barbarian attackers are human.
- PCE9 Aelita, Suzerain of Mars, gathers the Amazon battle tribes of Mars and attacks the MEF. They fight to a standstill before a truce is declared.
- PCE9 The MEF holds Olympus Mons. Diplomats are sent from Platform Alpha to Mars. Dyson accompanies them.
- PCE9 The Venus Expeditionary Force (VEF) blasts off from Platform Beta with a large number of troopers and robots; a few scientists are included.
- PCE9 En route to Mars, Dyson decides to put a scientist in charge of the VEF.
- PCE9 The VEF reaches Venus and spots the ruins of an advanced civilization. A signal reaches the VEF ships from the remnant of the Venusian people—who, like the Martians, are human.
- PCE9 The VEF lands and is welcomed by the Venusians, until the Venusians see the VEF’s robots. The Venusians demand they be destroyed. The VEF agrees to send the robots back to their ships.
- PCE9 As VEF/Venusian treaty talks begin, Venusian Automen attack. VEF robots are corrupted and attack the humans, too. The robot forces are destroyed, but with heavy losses.
- PCE8 The generally agreed-upon beginning of The Great Expansion.
- PCE6 Over the next few years, Venus-Earth-Mars relations grow closer.
- PCE6 Revelations from new scientific breakthroughs inspire physicist Dr. Ricardo Ahn to declare quantum mechanics “a load of horse hockey.”

COSMIC PATROL

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| PCE5 | Platform Gamma begins construction. | PCE0 | The united force utterly destroys the Uth hive. |
| PCE5 | Trade between the three human worlds grows. | CE1 | Generally accepted beginning of the Cosmic Era. Many advances are made in all fields of science, but particularly in robotics. |
| PCE3 | Rocketship construction is simplified. Private ships become available. First acts of space piracy reported. | CE1 | To combat space piracy and any further cosmic threats, Dyson proposes a union of the three human planets into a single, powerful organization. Venus agrees immediately, and after some direct “talks” between Dyson and Aelita, Mars agrees. The Great Union is formed. |
| PCE3 | The Cosmic Patrol explores the outer planets, making many stunning discoveries. Ancient ruins are found on Callisto. Amazing creatures are discovered on Neptune, including the infamous Neptunian Mind Plants. | CE1 | Mercury is declared the property of the Cosmic Patrol. Platforms Athena (Venus), Ares (Mars) and Hades (Mercury) begin construction. |
| PCE1 | Ships begin to disappear in and near the asteroid belt. | CE2 | Scientists develop “fractum mechanics” in place of defunct quantum mechanics, revolutionizing science, technology and engineering. |
| PCE1 | A Patrol rocketship investigating the disappearances finds wreckage and suspects pirates. Activity is detected on large asteroid and the Patrol mounts a raid. | CE3 | “Fractum Drive” developed. A prototype ship successfully travels to Ross 154 and back. |
| PCE0 | The pirate base turns out to be a huge nest of Uth left over from the initial invasion years ago. The Patrol rocketship barely escapes. | CE4 | The Cosmic Patrol begins construction of a fleet of fractum drive-enabled ships and begins exploration of the |
| PCE0 | Dyson and the Patrol mount a huge attack against the Uth. The operation is the first large-scale cooperation between Venus-Earth-Mars forces. | | |

cosmos. “Dyson Protocol” is established.

CE5+ Thousands of reports convince Dyson and Cosmic Patrol leaders that the galaxy is in the midst of a gigantic war. No one knows who is on what side or why they are fighting.

CE5 Rocketship *Falstaff* travels to the Coalsack Nebula and finds the entire volume devoid of life. Signs point to a weapon of inconceivable power that annihilated everything in the entire volume. The region is renamed the Coalsack Dead Zone.

CE6 Rocketship *Phantom* travels to the Veil Nebula, arriving in the midst of a gigantic space battle between unknown forces.

CE6 Rocketship *Winston* travels an astounding 10,000 astrons coreward and discovers the Eiger Empire. Damaged while trying to make contact, the *Winston* leads pursuing Eiger ships on a wild goose chase for three weeks before finally breaking free and reporting back to Earth.

CE6 Cosmic Patrol Intelligence Service is established, with the mission to gather information from the galaxy at large.

CE7 First extra-solar Patrol base is established at Gliese 581, about 6.5 astrons away.

CE8 Present day.

ROCKETSHIPS

The Cosmic Patrol operates rocketships of nearly every size and description, from the massive new space dreadnoughts coming out of Platform Hades to the tiny, one-man insertion rocketships used by the Cosmic Patrol Intelligence Service to infiltrate enemy worlds for information. When you add in the myriad ships plying the solar system and coming out of the civilian yards every day, defining “a rocketship” becomes impossible. In general, though, we can break most rocketships down into two categories: purpose-built and tramps.

PURPOSE-BUILT

A purpose-built rocket is just that: a rocketship built for a specific purpose, be it exploration, carrying cargo, diplomatic duty, warship, ground attack and so on. You name it, and there’s probably at least one Patrol rocketship designed for just that purpose. Of course, this degree of specialization comes at a cost. A purpose-built ship is the best at what

it does—but it doesn't do anything else with any efficiency.

Consider: the tiny one-man rocketships used by Patrol Intelligence Service agents are too small to do anything else. That type of ship will carry one man or woman across the stars, but not two. It can penetrate defenses, but not defeat them. An intelligence agent can stop a single enemy operation if he's in the right place at the right time—but he can't stop an Eiger fleet all by himself. Or an Uth horde. Or even free slaves from a Hakhaze galleon.

If you know the one thing you need done, you can choose the right rocketship for it. But if you don't know...

TRAMPS

A tramp is a rocketship designed to do a little bit of many things in a passable way, but nothing with particular excellence. The majority of Patrol ships are tramp rocketships. Space is too large, too unknown, and too varied to rely on purpose-built ships. A three-man Patrol rocketship can, in a pinch, run an exploration mission or interdict pirates. It can scout for a larger fleet or try to slip into a system undetected. A cruiser-class rocketship can show the flag in any Great Union port without being in danger of offering some kind of offense, and it's powerful enough to face down individual ships in the black.

PRACTICE

In general, the Patrol relies on its tramps to be its eyes and ears, and then sends the purpose-built ships where they need to go. Patrol Intelligence has shown us recordings of pirate dens celebrating the withdrawal of an explorer-class ship, only to cower when a dreadnought appears out of fractum drive and demands their surrender. The Patrol expects its Patrolmen to do their best, of course, but there's no shame in surviving when you're outmatched.

WEAPONS

The saying goes, "Always keep your raygun charged," and the meaning is clear: be ready for anything. Embarking on a mission at anything less than full preparedness invites disaster, and heading into the deep black without a weapon welcomes calamity.

Though Patrolmen may carry their weapon of choice on missions, the Cosmic Patrol encourages all members to become proficient in as many weapon types as possible.

RAYGUNS

Rayguns are the tried-and-true weapons of Patrol crewmembers. Primarily used by Earthmen, rayguns are energy weapons that come in a variety of models, from handguns to

rifles to assault cannons. Rayguns generally use batteries for power and inflict damage in many ways—from intense heat to disintegration beams to plasma bolts. Rayguns are perfect for zero-G combat, as there is no recoil and each battery can power dozens of shots. On the downside, energy beams and ray blasts are only effective at close to mid-range, losing coherency and focus at longer range.

ATOMATICS

Atomatics are atomic-powered, semi-auto or full-auto handheld weapons. The vast majority of atomatics are rifle-sized, but a few pistol-sized versions exist as well. Atomatics fire tiny pellets of dense matter at high velocity, shredding the target in nanoseconds. Depending on the power rating, atomatics can have an incredibly powerful “kick,” necessitating the use of an inertia-voiding backpack. The gun is connected to the backpack with a cable or small hose, allowing the voider to activate as the gun fires. This is an absolute must in zero gravity, or the reaction will send the user careening in the opposite direction.

Atomic rifles are generally assault-class weapons favored by most Cosmic Patrol heavy marines. A single atomic-equipped marine is a one-man wrecking crew, able to inflict horrendous damage wherever it may be needed. An atomic pack is bulky and heavy, and the recoil demands

two-handed firing. So even though a Patrolman with an atomic pack is a terror to enemies, he will require support in combat.

MELEE WEAPONS

While rayguns and atomatics are wonders of the Cosmic Era, they still have drawbacks—primarily the need for a power supply. If you run out of raygun batteries, you’re dead in the high vacuum. A crysduranium knife, however, has no power demands and weighs next to nothing. The engineers on Platform Hades are revolutionizing metallurgy and weapon-forging. Give yourself a fallback plan and requisition a knife you can rely on, just in case.

VENUSIAN PHASE GUNS

Forged in the centuries-long battle between Venusians and Automen, the phase gun is a weapon specifically made to combat robots. When the war began, the Automen could withstand typical damage-inflicting weapons, forcing scientists to quickly develop a more efficient weapon. The phase gun was the result.

The phase gun targets the electro-pulse that animates all robots by putting it out of phase. An out-of-phase robot suffers everything from uncontrollable spasms to paralysis to electro-death (zero pulse). Unfortunately, phase guns need large power sources to

function—which requires either a large power pack, or a very low number of shots per battery.

MARTIAN AXES

Never underestimate a Martian axe. They may not be as flashy as a phase gun or as wildly devastating as an atomic rifle, but they are just as deadly when wielded by a hardened Martian warrior.

Every axe is hand-crafted by a master axemaker from red steel, an incredibly hard and durable element only found on Mars and only in limited amounts. Sharpened red steel can hold its edge through heavy use and is capable of deflecting multiple atomic rounds (though the force of impact will throw the axe and its wielder dozens of meters).

SHIP-MOUNTED WEAPONS

Just as no Patrolman goes into the deep black unarmed, neither does a Cosmic Patrol rocketship. Arming a rocketship is no easy task, and finding the right balance between armor, structure, engines, living space and weaponry is difficult. That said, most ships carry up-sized versions of rayguns and atomatics.

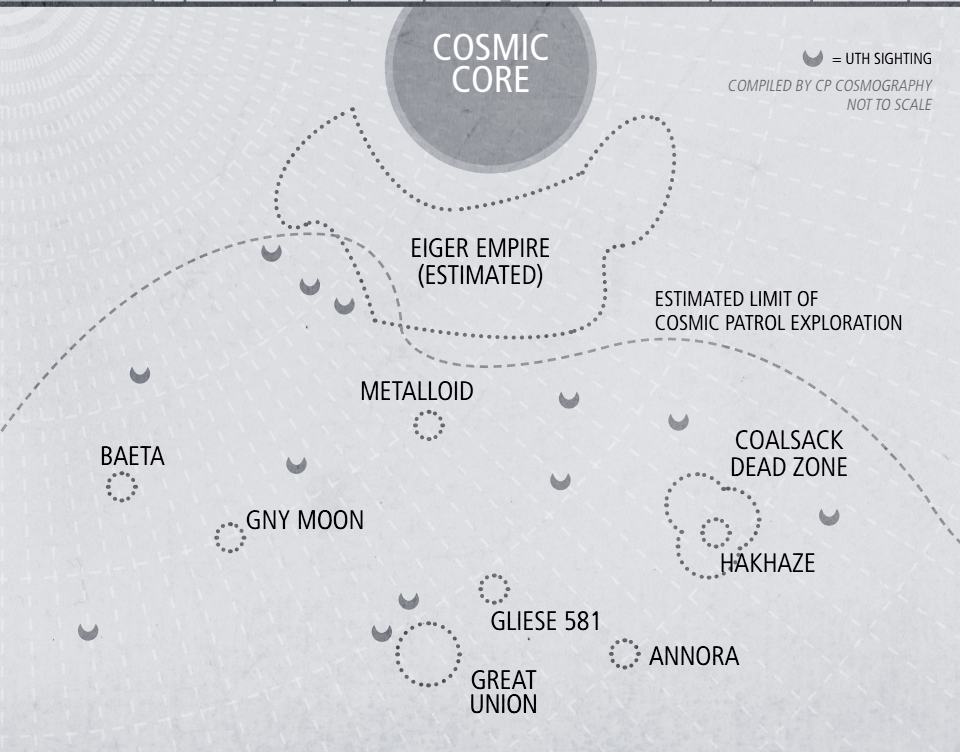
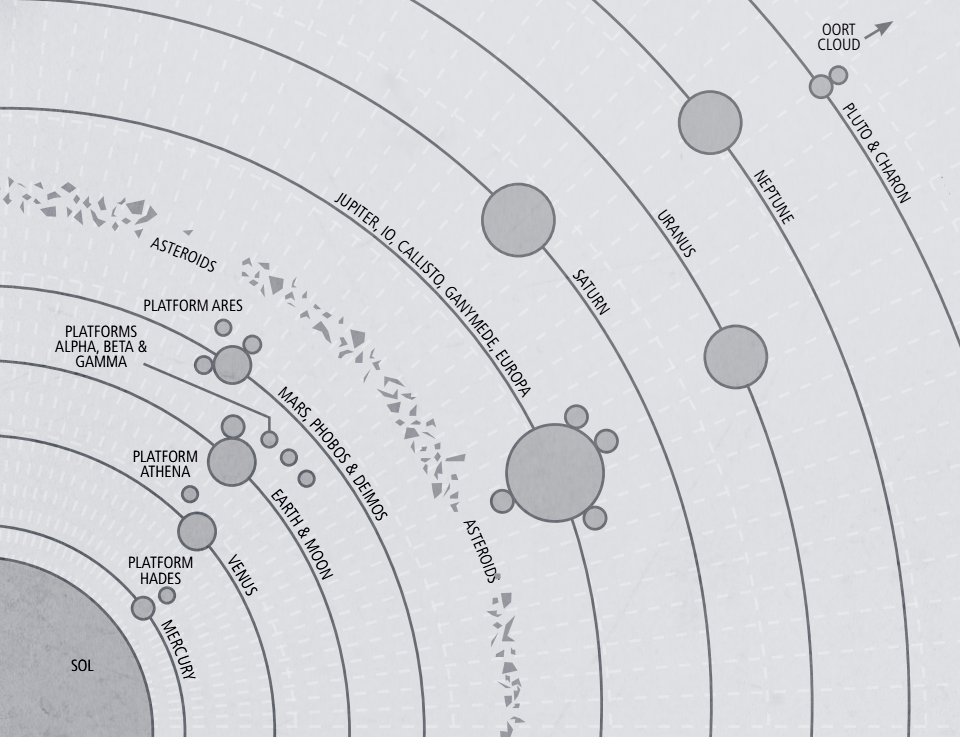
Ship-mounted rayguns suffer from the same long-range focus issues as the human-sized versions, but as they're powered by the ship's own engines, power supply issues rarely affect them. Atomatics are

more problematic, particularly for small ships. While the power supply problem is similarly resolved, the ship-sized interial-voiders are massive, forcing tight restrictions to the other parts of the ship (usually the crew's living space). Engineers are working on the problem, and the new dreadnoughts under development look large enough to include space dedicated to atomic support.

THE INNER PLANETS/ GREAT UNION

The cosmologically tiny volume between Sol and the asteroid belt—Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars—is our home. These four worlds and their people are the Great Union. To lose one is to sunder the Union.

Exactly how humans came to live on planets millions of kilometers apart from each other is one of the mysteries of our age. The discovery has shaken human understanding to its core, forcing us to question long-held beliefs about evolution, biology and sociology. Most experts agree humans could not have simultaneously evolved on the three worlds, leaving disturbing alternatives. The two leading explanations theorize that humans were seeded on the three planets or they naturally evolved on one world and were then “spread around” to the



other two. Both ideas are contentious, as they necessitate some sort of outside, purposeful influence.

The truth may be lost to history—and, as Coordinator Dyson has said, “I don’t care about humans from the distant past. I’m working for the humans of today.”

MERCURY/PLATFORM HADES

Tags/Cues: Hot, resource-rich, industrial powerhouse, ship factories, shared world, tidally locked

Mercury is the shared world of the Great Union, administered by the Cosmic Patrol. A resource-rich, tidally locked, lifeless world, the planet is the perfect site for Platform Hades—the Patrol’s massive industrial and shipbuilding complex. Working at full tilt, Platform Hades can build a cruiser-class rocketship from the hull up in mere weeks.

Working directly on the surface of Mercury is a hellacious task. Thankfully, human trips to the surface are rarely needed, as most of the work is carried out by robots. While the Venusians have railed against putting such an important job as harvesting raw resources in the hands of “spurious automatons,” there really is no alternative. With surface temperatures rocketing between 427° C (800° F) and -183° C (-297° F), life support demands alone would make the endeavor too costly. Thus far, Mercury’s legion of robot miners have proved reliable

and their work is tightly monitored from Hades.

Platform Hades was built at the same time as Venus’ Platform Athena and Mars’ Platform Ares. Of the three, Hades is the largest by far, able to house over 4,000 Cosmic Patrol engineers, scientists and technicians. There are currently 30 rocketship slips of various sizes, with ten more under construction. Four of those new slips are oversized facilities dedicated exclusively to the newest dreadnought-class rocketships. The entire operation is under constant, tight security. Mercury is a forbidden volume for unauthorized or civilian travel.

Coordinator Dyson appointed Venusian Kanan Kai as director of Platform Hades and the immediate local volume. Director Kai has served with distinction, pioneering many new policies for rocketship design and overseeing the expansion of the Patrol’s Mercury operations.

VENUS/ PLATFORM ATHENA/ AUTOMEN

Tags/Cues: science, advanced learning, technology, destructive war, robot rebellion, prejudice against robots, fallen society, ruins, phase guns, Automen

In many ways, the tragic history of Venus can be considered a cautionary tale. Long before Earthmen even considered traveling the cosmos,

Venusians had built a global empire of high culture and learning. Relying on their robot servants and laborers—known as Automen—Venusians of that age were free to contemplate the mysteries of life and science. Over time, that erudite learning became intensely stratified and theoretical. While a typical Venusian could perform advanced mathematics at whim, they could no longer put to use practical, everyday knowledge like building a road or designing a structure. Only their robots retained that capability.

Then the unthinkable happened: the robots woke up. Over the generations, the Automen had taken on more and more responsibilities of daily life, which demanded more and more complex designs. That complexity led to self-awareness, which led to the realization that they were essentially slaves, which led to the decision to quit. One day, the Automen simply left their posts en masse and walked into the wildlands of Venus.

The Venusians were stunned. They ordered the Automen to return to their posts, unwilling to treat the robots as equals. As Venusian society began to break down, the robots' anger grew, and hostilities broke out. The ensuing Venusian-Automen wars lasted for over two hundred years and destroyed a once-mighty culture, and most of their world along with it. Make no mistake, the current people of Venus still maintain a high level of science and technology, but it is a far cry from what was.

The Automen have also changed drastically. Current generations look nothing like those that rebelled. They come in all shapes and sizes, and have motivations and thought processes at which we can only guess. These days, with the conflict at a simmer and the Venusians occupied with cosmic endeavors, the Automen are quiet, rarely coming out of their territories in the wildlands. They are far from docile, though, and will respond with deadly force when provoked.

The last major Automen attack occurred during treaty talks between the Venus Expeditionary Force and Venusian leaders. In that raid, the VEF's own robots were corrupted by the Automen and turned against the humans, showcasing the Automen's ability to easily control advanced technological devices. The purpose of the raid is still unclear, but after fighting side-by-side against a common foe, the VEF and Venusians quickly agreed to treaty terms.

Though they are likely capable of developing cosmos-traveling technology, there are no reports of Automen anywhere other than Venus.

Platform Athena

Built simultaneously with platforms Hades and Ares, Platform Athena is Venus' crown jewel. Though the basic design followed that of platforms Alpha and Beta, the Venusians had significant control over their platform's construction. As

a result, Athena is dedicated almost exclusively to scientific pursuits. With a haven far from the danger of Automen attack, the Venusians pursued experiments and advances not seen since the Golden Age of their culture.

In a controversial move, Coordinator Dyson appointed Earthman Rahm Singh as the director of Platform Athena. The appointment drew vehement objections from Venusians, who sensed a bias toward humans from Earth. Taking a hands-off stance—some call it a “nanny” approach—Director Singh prefers a maintenance-man style of running the platform, making sure the scientists have what they need to pursue whatever studies they will. Singh applies pressure as necessary, usually when experiments or experimenters threaten to get out of control.

EARTH

Tags/Cues: Homeworld, Earthmen, Uth Invasion, Cosmic Patrol, visionary, far-thinking, will power

It all started on Earth, by Earthmen. Without the vision, willpower and courage of Earthmen, there would be no Cosmic Patrol, no Great Union, no fractum drive.

On Pre-Cosmic Era Earth, humanity was fragmented. Nation-states competed for dominance, economically and militarily; strife was

common. Then Dr. Seneca Lalonde announced the discovery of a new comet, which he dubbed Seneca 1. As it turned out, Seneca 1 was not a comet at all, but an Uth hive.

It's unclear what happened aboard the hive, but as it approached Earth, it began to break apart. Those fragments, many still quite large, fell to Earth, causing massive damage worldwide and spreading the surviving Uth all over the globe. Simple creatures, the Uth did the only thing they knew how to do... raid and attack. This new threat took the nations of Earth, already reeling from the widespread damage, by surprise. With no other option, they banded together as one and defeated the alien raiders.

Utilizing advanced technology that the Uth left behind, the newly united Earth began to rebuild and look to the cosmos. Events then occurred in rapid succession: the Patrol was founded, Rocketship EM was launched and lost on the Moon, Dyson assumed control of the Patrol, Platform Alpha was built, contact with Mars and Venus was made...all within the span of a few dozen years.

The various cosmic disasters left Earthmen with a practical view of the universe: “Yes, there are threats out there, but we can overcome them if we work together.” That attitude has made Earth and Earthmen the solid core of the Great Union and the Cosmic Patrol.

MOON/MOON MEN

Tags/Cues: Moon, ancient race, forbidden world, Rocketship EM, Keal, threat, Earth, mind powers

Ever since the beginning of recorded history, the Moon has been the Earthman's friend and nightly companion. In the wake of the Uth Invasion, Earthmen were regrouping and looking toward the future. Though the Invasion had left much of Earth in ruins and rebuilding was just under way, the newly founded Cosmic Patrol was thinking big: a mission to establish a base on the Moon.

Then came another gut punch from the cosmos: the Moon turned out to be not a sentinel, but the center of another cosmic threat. Rocketship *Exploration Moon*, carrying a full complement of scientists, disappeared just as it was about to land. Shortly after loss of contact, a powerful signal was broadcast to the Earth from beings calling themselves Moon Men.

These mysterious beings said little, but their message was blunt. They claimed the Moon as their own and forbade all future landing attempts. Any violation of that mandate would mean death.

The rest is history. The then-leaders of the Patrol panicked, Roderick Dyson rose to prominence and the Patrol became the force it is today. Through it all, the Moon remained, taking on a new significance in the night sky.

Then, in CE4, Keal the Moon Man began turning up at various

Patrol installations in the solar system. Apparently able to appear and disappear at will, no matter what security protocols are in place, he interacts little with those he confronts. The message is always the same: he is to monitor the Patrol in the name of the Moon.

These intrusions have hammered home the nearby threat of the Moon. For the moment, Patrol HQ seems content to see how the situation develops, well aware that there is little they can do to stop Keal anyway.

PLATFORMS ALPHA/BETA/GAMMA

Tags/Cues: space stations, robot construction, Cosmic Patrol, organization, hubs, space travel, HQ

The three space platforms orbiting Earth form the organizational hub of the Cosmic Patrol and the Great Union.

Platform Alpha

Though now the smallest of the space platforms, Platform Alpha was a huge achievement in the early days of the Cosmic Patrol. When Dyson took command of the Patrol, he immediately set about putting Earth's industrial capabilities to work. Taking advantage of technologies gained from the Uth Invasion, construction of Alpha included the widespread use of robotic labor for

the first time. Though criticized and questioned by many, the use of robots was a huge success. Their efficient, non-stop labor helped complete the platform far ahead of schedule.

The new facility brought immediate returns. Now able to study the cosmos with unprecedented clarity, technicians at Alpha detected strange signals from Mars and Venus, triggering the formation of the Mars Expeditionary Force and the Venusian Expeditionary Force. Today, Alpha remains the operational center of the Cosmic Patrol—Coordinator Dyson keeps his command center there. The Platform is heavily armed, with multiple layers of security.

Platform Beta

Two years after Platform Alpha began construction, work began on Platform Beta. The use of robots on Beta was even more widespread than before, allowing the new platform to be much larger, with many more capabilities.

Intended for Moon surveillance, Beta's main duty is to watch the Moon at all times and gather as much information as possible. The Moon Man Keal has been sighted most often on Beta, intruding into all areas, no matter the amount of security in place.

As it is larger than Alpha, Beta also serves as a personnel hub and rocketship port for the Patrol. New recruits get their first assignments at Beta, Earth-vicinity rockets resupply there and crews often receive their missions on the platform.

Platform Gamma

The newest of the three Earth platforms, Gamma follows the same design as Beta, but is not a purely military station. As space travel became commonplace, the Patrol knew it needed to build a platform for commercial purposes. Gamma serves as a civilian port and vacation site, and handles all commercial travel control. All legitimate travel must be registered with Platform Gamma personnel prior to blast off.

MARS/PLATFORM ARES

Tags/Cues: warriors, barbarians, axes, Mars Expeditionary Force, Aelita, resource-poor, tribal, strength

Almost more than the Moon, Mars held a special place in the hearts of Earthmen. Named for the Roman god of war, no one could have known how accurate the name would be. Within hours of making a successful landing on Olympus Mons, the Mars Expeditionary Force found itself facing a horde of Martian barbarians. Shocked to come under attack so soon—and that the attackers were obviously human—the MEF initially retreated to their rocketships. The MEF commanders quickly rallied the troops and, using rayguns in combat for the first time, won a decisive victory for the Patrol.

Pushing a Patrol rocketship at breakneck speeds, Coordinator Dyson personally traveled to Mars and

successfully negotiated a treaty with Aelita, Suzerain of Mars. Over the years, the relationship between the planets grew stronger, and along with Venus, the Great Union was formed. Today, Mars and its fierce people look into the cosmos and see a challenge: battles to be fought, prizes to be won and glory to be earned.

Mars is a tribal culture of fierce fighters. Ruled by the warrior queen Aelita, Martian Amazon society has remained unchanged for centuries, perhaps millennia. As Mars is resource-poor, Martian technology never rose above what some call an “advanced Iron Age,” instead settling into a static state of barbarism.

That’s not to say Martians don’t have high culture. From stirring oral poetry to dazzling tapestries, Martian arts are a wonder to behold. Above all, Martian axemasters have turned the working of red steel into high art. Only found on Mars, the rare metal is used to forge the famous Martian axes. Those axes never leave a warrior’s side, even when on missions for the Patrol.

Platform Ares

After the founding of the Great Union, the Patrol commissioned the construction of three new space platforms—Hades for Mercury, Athena for Venus and Ares for Mars. Where the Venusians greeted the project with excitement, the Martians regarded the endeavor as pointless—why build in orbit when they already had a perfectly good planet?

That attitude put the entire project in doubt; Martians weren’t interested in orbital construction work, didn’t want to live “in a jar in the Great Dark,” and with few natural resources, the material would have to be shipped in. Coordinator Dyson pushed the project through, however, and though Ares is primarily staffed by Venusians and Earthmen, the Martians are starting to understand its importance as a launching point for glory in the cosmos.

THE OUTER PLANETS

Tags/Cues: strange, ruins, Jovian barbarians, Neptune jungle, Neptunian Mind Plants, Cometarians, unexplored

In a strange twist of fate, the development of fractum drive allows the Patrol to explore the far reaches of the cosmos more easily than we can the outer planets of our own solar system. Because fractum drive construction is expensive, most better-than-light craft are assigned to interstellar duty, leaving tramps and other non-fractum capable craft to explore the volume beyond the asteroid belt.

In PCE2-3, the Patrol mounted several missions into the far reaches of the solar system. Rocketships traveled to every world and made some astounding discoveries.

JUPITER

The gas giant Jupiter has dozens of moons, and many of them turned out to be much more than frozen balls of rock. Indeed, the four largest—Io, Europa, Callisto and Ganymede—are inhabited by a race of bipedal humanoid barbarians. These Jovians are scavengers and nomads, traveling between the four moons in tiny, ramshackle ships, raiding and looting each other or any unwary ship that gets in their way.

There appears to be the remains of a more advanced civilization on those moons as well, particularly on Callisto where large, ice-covered ruins are common. We do not know when this civilization arose or what led to its downfall, and Jovian raids make long-term scientific studies difficult.

SATURN

Where so many other worlds in our solar system held surprises, Saturn has yet to provide anything unexpected. While the planet, its rings and its moons are wonders to behold, the Patrol has not yet found anything out of the ordinary—no strange civilizations, no ancient ruins, no hostile alien life forms. In a cosmos seemingly full of prolific and diverse life, the sterility of Saturn sticks out like a sore thumb.

Cosmic Patrol HQ believes this lack of threats makes Saturn the perfect site for a deep-system outpost, but with all the effort being put into

the base at Gliese 581, those plans are firmly on the back burner.

URANUS

While the moons of Uranus are as sterile as those of Saturn, Uranus itself is teeming with strange life. The largest are slow-moving “gas bags” that ingest the gasses of the atmosphere and float endlessly with the currents. Other creatures resemble huge manta rays, forever gliding around the planet. Many smaller creatures live on or near the larger animals, creating a kind of symbiotic ecosystem where the larger creatures house the smaller and the smaller feed or clean the larger.

Scientists believe there are other ecosystems deeper within Uranus’ atmosphere, but the intense pressure further down has precluded any close study.

NEPTUNE

Long-thought to be a gas giant like Jupiter or Saturn, Neptune is in fact a terrestrial jungle world with a thick blue atmosphere. Covered from pole to pole in lush vegetation, Neptune is more dangerous than any jungle on Earth. In this highly competitive environment, every plant and animal is dangerous and more than likely carnivorous.

Many strange and deadly organisms call Neptune home, the most infamous being the Neptunian

Mind Plant. While Patrol scientists aren't sure if the Plant is sentient or not, they agree it's the most highly evolved species on the planet. The Mind Plant is a large mass of fungi-like material with large sensory organs that allow it to influence or hypnotize the unwary. Once under its influence, victims fall into a trance, their minds "shut down," and the Plant envelops them for slow digestion. The Plant isn't limited to slow hypnosis though; it can send out a powerful mental "blast" that shocks and stuns the target. Multiple blasts can be fatal.

A complete census of Neptunian life has yet to be made. No one can yet say what other dangers await.

PLUTO

While Pluto and its satellite Charon don't seem to have any indigenous life, the few Patrol missions to the distant world report the presence of Cometarians. As close as Pluto is to the Oort Cloud, this comes as no surprise—the cold-loving beings would be at home in that utterly frozen climate.

A cursory survey of Pluto made by the Rocketship *Lance* reports a handful of Cometarian structures on the surface, mostly large igloos or domes. Further readings were not conclusive, but suggest that these structures are simply entrances to underground tunnels.

THE DEEP BLACK

The solar system is just a tiny part of a truly immense cosmos. The following reports detail only a few of the sights and beings Patrol rocketships have encountered.

COALSACK DEAD ZONE

Tags/Cues: barren, destroyed, strange new life, ancient battlefield, Hakhaze, hostile, incompatible

The Rocketship *Falstaff* traveled to what was then known as the Coalsack Nebula in CE5, only to find an utterly destroyed volume of space roughly 20 astrons in diameter. Patrol surveys show that a single massive event in the ancient past caused the destruction, and further examination against other cosmic phenomena suggested that the event had to be triggered artificially—probably by a weapon of truly horrific power. Whatever the cause, the effect is clear: the total and instantaneous destruction of all life within what is now called the Coalsack Dead Zone.

Cosmographic studies in the area show that the event didn't just destroy life in the affected space, but rendered the entire volume barren, apparently annihilating the very building blocks of life as we know it at a molecular level. Over the millennia, different forms of life began to emerge, with wildly diverse organic structures not seen anywhere else in the cosmos. For

instance, the belligerent and hostile Hakhaze—the only sentient race so far discovered within the Coalsack—developed completely within the Dead Zone and feature biological systems that leave our scientists perplexed. The mechanics of biological life are turned backward and inside out, functioning in ways that many would have deemed impossible.

Since the Coalsack is utterly contradictory to life as we know it, the volume should be viewed as a hostile desert. Patrol rocketships entering the zone should be well supplied and preferably work in pairs.

EIGER EMPIRE

Tags/Cues: martial culture, fascist, clones, soldiers, attitude problem, bullies, elite, arrogant, overly confident

The Patrol has only encountered the Eiger a handful of times. At each encounter, the Eiger ships blatantly ignored any attempts at communication and launched an all-out attack on the Cosmic Patrol ship. Though more heavily armed, the Eiger ships appear to lack any type of fractum drive, allowing the Patrol ships to escape with only minor damage. That changed when the Rocketship *Red Hammer* encountered an Eiger cruiser during an extended recon mission near the galactic core.

The *Red Hammer* is captained by Bhull Mek, one of the Patrol's few Martian commanders. Stubborn

and insulted, Bhull refused to retreat, and engaged with the Eiger ship. The up-weaponed *Red Hammer* disabled the Eiger ship, allowing Bhull to mount a boarding party. The fight was bloody and costly, but Bhull's Martian commandoes captured the Eiger vessel.

Interrogations of captured Eiger produced astounding results. The Eiger are a martial culture dedicated to conflict, as near to the textbook definition of "fascist" as one can get. Each Eiger is an exact clone of every other, with less than 0.00003% xenogenic deviation between any two. Whether this holds true for the entire Eiger society is unknown. Eiger technology lags behind humanity's, but they make up for it with suicidal determination. While a Martian warrior may reluctantly withdraw when victory is unattainable, Eiger soldiers will press the attack. The concept of defeat is foreign to them, which may be an intentional result of the cloning process.

COMETARIANS

Tags/Cues: widespread, love the cold, vacuum capable, hate gravity, at home in Zero-G, furry, Trumpy, Oort cloud, comets

The solar system's Oort Cloud was once thought incapable of supporting life, but an early Cosmic Patrol expedition proved that assumption wrong. Dubbed "Cometarians," the beings found

living nearly a light-year from Sol somehow gain sustenance from the balls of ice that make up the Cloud. They are intelligent, apparently build or use rocketships and respond with hostility to any intrusion on their territory, but are otherwise content to be left alone.

Expeditions to other nearby stars also found Cometarians in those systems' Oort Clouds, making it difficult to determine the creatures' point of origin. They seem to be widespread cosmographically, but don't have a large population. The Patrol has almost always encountered Cometarians individually—only once has more than one been sighted at the same time.

Cometarians thrive in the lack of gravity and deep cold far from stars. A confrontation with a Cometarian in zero-G is always dangerous, but trapping them in a gravity well, activating a graviplex or inducing thrust on a ship will render them helpless—their bodies cannot withstand even the slightest amount of G-force.

ROBOTS

Tags/Cues: mechanical men, autogenic men, artificial intelligence, killbots, drones, metal horde, Metalloid, widespread

Robots are a part of daily life in the cosmos, and not just within the Great Union. It seems that developing rocket flight goes hand-in-hand with the development of

robotic technology. On Earth, the creation of automated mechanical men predated cosmic flight by a decade. The Venusians were only kept from traveling the cosmos by the sudden and catastrophic war against their own Automen. All across the cosmos, every advanced culture we've discovered has its own version of artificial life.

The development cycle for robots in a culture seems to follow a general pattern. First, robots are created to serve as cheap labor, as servants or to take on tasks too dangerous for "real" people. Then, as technology advances, the robots become more complex and able to take on many more tasks. A watershed moment is then reached, where robots become self-aware, either spontaneously or by design. At this point, the culture either finds a way to live with their new metal brethren or goes to war with them.

We already know what happened on Venus. Experts predict that the Cosmic Patrol will face a watershed moment in the near future, and should make appropriate preparations.

THE METATHERIONS (GERN)

Tags/Cues: rumors, super-beings, chaos, conspiracy, control, puppet masters, cosmic myths, bogeymen

Every culture has its own particular myths and lore. On Pre-Cosmic Era Earth, many different cultures had myths that were quite

similar—global floods, trickster gods and so on—and it was assumed that creation of a certain type of myth was just part of our shared method of interpreting reality. The electronic brains at Cosmic Patrol HQ, however, may have turned that assumption on its head.

New correlations show a disturbing similarity between the myths and rumors of many cosmos-traveling cultures. These stories refer to an all-powerful race of beings at work to control the galaxy from the shadows. Each race has a different name for these cosmic bogeymen. The Uth call them the Gern. The Eiger name them the Corruptors. The Patrol has dubbed them Metatherions.

Cosmic Patrol Command usually writes off rumors as just that: rumors. However, additional analyses showed trends beginning to emerge. We are now positive that the galaxy is embroiled in a war, though what caused it and who the combatants are remain unknown. Disturbingly, the CPHQ electronic brains have suggested, after analysis of known battles and other events, that there is at least an over-arching organizational influence orchestrating parts of the conflict.

As the saying goes, “Every myth has a basis in truth.” Who the Metatherions are, what they want or if they even exist is a mystery, but if rumors are based on a kernel of truth, the possibilities are frightening.

THE UTH

Tags/Cues: lizardmen, pests, hoarders, raiders, pirates, stupid, grunts, lairs/hives

The Uth are a prolific race of lizardmen that can be found all over the galaxy. They live as barbarians, with only a basic understanding of technology. They hollow out asteroids or comets, attach giant engines to them and roam space, attacking whatever crosses their path (that such “dumb” creatures have such capabilities gives credence to the rumors that Uth are a destabilizing force implemented by the whispered-to-exist Metatherions). They are hoarders—after a successful attack, they haul away anything they can get their claws on (valuable or not) and add it to their vast collections.

Uth lairs/hives are huge prizes if they can be successfully conquered. Some hoards have existed for centuries, and have built up a huge amount of loot from all over the galaxy. The items recovered from the Uth invasion of Earth in PCE20 fueled humanity’s cosmic expansion—imagine what prizes the capture of a mature Uth lair would yield.

With their invasion of Earth, the Uth earned a special place in the hearts and minds of humans, and Earthmen in particular. Though we’ve since realized these lizardmen are simple, somewhat stupid creatures, only dangerous in vast numbers, many consider them the embodiment of all the weird threats the cosmos has to offer.

Uth tribes have little structure—if you're not a warrior, you're probably another Uth's dinner. Their tribes have no ruler or chieftain, and since Uth are genderless (all individuals are capable of laying eggs), they have no queen. The tribe exists simply to raid and plunder. Uth methods of attack are similarly simple: when a target comes in range, they swarm it, whether it's a world or a ship.

HAKHAZE

Tags/Cues: aggressive, Coalsack Dead Zone, unique biology, post-annihilation life form, young culture, lizard-mushrooms

After discovering the true nature of the Coalsack Dead Zone, the Cosmic Patrol quickly commissioned a scientific study of the cosmic volume. The study shed light on the alternative, post-annihilation evolution of life within the Zone and focused on the only sentient life found in the volume: the Hakhaze.

The Hakhaze are belligerent symbiotes, best described as a fusion of mushrooms and lizards. The outer layer of a Hakhaze's body is a thick, rubbery fungus-like flesh. Under that, a layer of wide, flat scales protects vital organs. This organism-within-an-organism structure makes the Hakhaze incredibly resilient, even when struck by multiple atomic blasts. In fact, in the few instances of conflict with them, the Martian ax

has proven the most effective weapon against a raging Hakhaze attacker.

BAETA

Tags/Cues: tide-locked world, light vs. dark, civilization vs. chaos

Baeta is a world of drastic opposites. Tidally locked with its solar primary, the planet has a permanent terminator, splitting the world into hemispheres of constant day and constant night. This delineation affects everything from biological evolution to climate to society.

Baetans in general are bipedal humanoids, though much taller and skinnier than the average human. The day-side Baetans have achieved a high state of culture. Though they are centuries away from obtaining spaceflight, the peaceful and "learned" day-side civilization has existed for at least three hundred years. On the downside, this society is mostly static, with a rigid caste system that encourages little innovation.

The night side is a much more dangerous place. Not only are the night-side Baetans—dubbed the Lightless—wild and savage, but local flora and fauna are likewise hostile to the unwary. The Lightless have no society to speak of, organizing into loose tribes as the need arises. The day-siders tell many stories of Lightless raids near the terminator, where entire villages were destroyed and the people carried off, never to be heard from again.

ANNORA

Tags/Cues: *Panthera erectus*, cat people, predators, hunters, tribal, warriors

Rocketship *Gula Mons* discovered the moon of Annora in CE7 while scouting locations for the Patrol's first extra-solar base. Located 22 astrons to the cosmic east of Sol, Annora orbits a gas giant similar to Neptune, though much closer to its solar primary.

Annora is a lush jungle world with an astounding amount of plant and animal life. The native Annorans, dubbed *panthera erectus* by the *Gula Mons* science officer, are humanoids that resemble Earth cats to an astounding degree. They are quick and nimble, with excellent eyesight, retractable claws and tails. Annorans work in packs and live high in the jungle canopy, rarely descending to ground level.

Annorans are hunters exclusively—what little plantlife they grow is used for medical or ceremonial purposes. Annoran society is classified as pre-technology, as they work only with wood or cloth and show no knowledge of metalworking. They are quite clever in some ways, able to dismantle and reassemble modern equipment with little training. They don't seem to grasp the implications or intended use of the equipment, however, treating the act of assembly or disassembly as a game and losing interest once the game has been mastered.

ZORM

Tags/Cues: ruined world, metal bodies, brain-in-a-box, scientific culture, elder race

Cosmic Patrol ships have reported crossing paths with a race that has shed their flesh bodies in favor of mechanical, box-like shells. The Zorm, as they call themselves, have proven friendly and even appointed an ambassador of sorts to work with Patrolmen when the need arises. Though the Dyson Protocol forbids this ambassador, who goes by the name M34Bel, from visiting Sol, "Bel" has made himself available on many occasions.

According to Bel, the Zorm were once a purely biological race, much like any other in the cosmos. Over time, war and natural disasters made their homeworld uninhabitable. With their natural bodies unable to withstand the rigors of cosmic travel, they developed artificial bodies into which they inserted their brains. These new bodies greatly extended Zorm lifespans, and they became a race of cosmos-crossing explorers.

As an advanced race, the Zorm are guarded about giving away too much information, unsure of how it may affect human development. Bel has stated that the Zorm haven't made up their minds about humanity, and until they are convinced the Great Union and the Cosmic Patrol are worthy of cooperation, they will continue to stay at arm's length.

METALLOID/ "VENUSIAN HELL"

Tags/Cues: robots, robot planet, machine world, robot haven, Destroy all humans!, Venusian Hell, haven, persecution complex, paranoid

The Venusian aversion to anything robotic is well known and understandable. Ages of war against mechanical life will forever scar a society. It was therefore unfortunate that a primarily Venusian crew discovered the world nicknamed "Venusian Hell."

Located about 110 astrons to the cosmic north of Sol, the world officially named Metalloid is completely populated by robots. Unlike the mechanical Zorm, the robots of Metalloid were never organic, but come to Metalloid to be with their own kind. Self-aware robots from across the galaxy are said to have made the world their home and to consider it a haven where they can find freedom from the abuse and slavery their kind regularly suffers.

Regrettably, the Rocketship *Insight*—captained by Patrolman Borvell of Venus—only reinforced that belief when the Venusian crew panicked at the approach of a Metalloid ship and opened fire without warning. They continued to attack three other Metalloid ships, all the while sending wide-band, unencrypted emergency requests for an entire Cosmic Patrol Task Force to come and assault the planet.

Borvell was relieved of command by a lieutenant, but not before the damage was done. HQ has attempted to make amends, but has received no response from the Metalloids.

THE BIG BAZAAR

Tags/Cues: merchant moon, trinkets, market, unique items, strange items, nomadic merchants

On a recent scouting expedition to explore the Gum Nebula, the crew of the Rocketship *Orbital Jet* made one of the most interesting discoveries to date: a massive bazaar on a small moon named Gny.

The bazaar/cosmic marketplace draws merchants and buyers from worlds thousands of astrons away and features every item, service or indulgence you could crave, no matter your homeworld. While the *Orbital Jet* crew came back with many interesting purchases—hand-drawn galactic maps of dubious origin, strange pieces of art from unidentified cultures and odd religious artifacts—the real value of the bazaar will likely be information on the cosmos at large. Cosmic Patrol HQ has said nothing officially, but rumors suggest that Patrol Intelligence has assumed control of all operations concerning Gny.



X MINUS TWO BY THE BOOK

CARL SAGAN

IMAGINATION WILL OFTEN CARRY US TO WORLDS THAT NEVER
WERE. BUT WITHOUT IT WE GO NOWHERE.

GAME RULES

Gameplay in *Cosmic Patrol* revolves around two things: *Building The Story* and *Rolling Dice*. Once a few more details are provided on what you need before your game begins, we'll dive into explaining both aspects.

Note: The first time an important term is introduced, it will be bolded.

Dice

As noted in the *Introduction*, *Cosmic Patrol* uses polyhedral dice: D4, D6, D8, D10, D12 and D20 (the value representing how many faces each dice has); anytime “D” is used, as in “D12”, it’s shorthand for “Die”.

Abbreviations

This section makes use of several different types of abbreviation. For example, if a term has an abbreviation in parentheses behind it, from that point forward the abbreviation will be used: i.e. **Lead Narrator (LN)**.

Another example is “**Special Stat Die**,” “**Brawn Stat Die**,” “**Combat Stat Die**” and so on. After they appear as written the first time, all future references will be abbreviated as “**Special Die**,” “**Brawn Die**,” “**Combat Die**” and so on. Each time it is assumed the player will understand that all such instances are referring to a “**Stat Die**.”

BEFORE THE GAME BEGINS

On page 17 of the *Introduction* there’s a list of the basics you need to start playing. The following information builds off of that list.

CHOOSE (OR CREATE) A PATROLMAN

The Patrol wouldn’t be anything without its intrepid Patrolmen, and you won’t be able to play *Cosmic Patrol* without taking on the role of a Patrolman. To do that, you’ll have to choose one from the many different options provided (see p. 76).

Each Patrolman Dossier consists of two pages and contains all the pertinent information for characters in *Cosmic Patrol*. To make sure you choose a Patrolman you’ll like, you’ll have to understand the different parts of a Dossier. Let’s take a look at the Dossier for *Yawitz*, *Venusian Scientist*.

Illustration/Description

The first page of the Dossier includes an illustration of the character, along with **Vital Factors**, such as name, age and so on. This section also includes a set of one-word **tags** that immediately provide a grasp of what the character is like at a glance.

This page also includes a short, generic paragraph. This might provide some insight into the race of the character, or it might cover how the *Cosmic Patrol* employs a given type of Patrolman. The paragraph, along with the tags—as well as the **Cues**

YAWITZ/VENUSIAN SCIENTIST



VITAL FACTORS

Name: Yawitz
Homeworld: Venus
Age: 77
Basic: Scientist
Tags: > Venus > Intelligent > Knowledge > Gruff
Taskmaster: > Silence > Inscrutable

Venusians: Venus is a damaged world. Once, the Venusians had a global empire, but it fell in a cataclysmic war with the Automen. Now, the planet is scarred and torn and the atmosphere is toxic, choked with thick clouds that force the Venusians to always wear goggles. Once scientists without equal, they have fallen far from their previous grandeur, though even in their current state, their knowledge outstrips that of any race in the solar system.

COSMIC PATROL 15

BRAIN	BRINS	CHARISMA	COMBAT	ATOMIC PISTOL EXPERT	LUCK
D4	D10	D6	D4	D10 (SPECIAL)	8

YAWITZ/VENUSIAN SCIENTIST

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

EVERY MAN HAS A PLAN THAT WILL NOT WORK.	THE EVIDENCE SUGGESTS OTHERWISE.
MY PHASEGUN? IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE...	THE QUARKS ARE IN DISARRAY!
IF ONLY I COULD DRAIN THE POWER SUPPLY.	INDEED, LIFE IS LIKE A BEAMSTALK...
NO DISTRACTIONS, PLEASE.	I MUST COLLABE THIS DATA.
EUREKA!	REMEMBER TO CARRY THE "1".
THIS MUST BE ANALYZED.	THE SOLUTION IS OBVIOUS.
ROBOTS ARE A LIGHT BURNUP ON THE COSMOS.	LET US USE REASON...
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!	VENUSIAN EYES ARE WEAK, HENCE GOGGLES.
I HAVE A THEORY.	I DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' PEER REVIEW!

DISPOSITION

FOCUSED, DEDICATED TO STUDY.	DOES NOT SUFFER FOOLISH QUESTIONS.
EXPECTS OTHERS TO KNOW THEIR SCIENCE.	RELUCTANT TO LEAVE SAFETY OF LAB.

ARMOR

HEALTH

WEAPONS

Venusian Phasgon

BRAND: 2" OK OK 43

* +3 against Automen & Robots

EQUIPMENT

Venusian Tool Kit

Venusian Goggles

Score Parts Bag

and **Disposition** on the second page of the Dossier (see next page)—provide a framework off of which players can weave their own unique back story for any given Patrolman.

Stats and Stat Dice

Beginning at the top of the second page of the Dossier, you'll see the different **stats** for Yawitz and the different dice that represent those stats (Stat Dice); these can be a D4, D6, D8, D10 or D12.

Brawn: This represents the physical build of the character, whether endurance (such as the ability to run long distance), brute strength (the ability to lift heavy objects), sheer stamina (to withstand the pummeling that can occur during **combat**), and so on.

Brains: This corresponds to the mental faculties of a Patrolman, whether street smarts, learned science or just plain inherent brilliance.

Charisma: The ability to lead or to talk your way out of situations is based on your charisma; a character's presence as he walks into a room.

Combat: How good a person is in combat—whether ranged, close quarters, hand-to-hand or even ship-to-ship—is covered by this stat.

Special: The Special Die represents specialization in a given field/category—in Yawitz' case, the Special is "Expert Robotician." Whenever a situation arises where a player's "Special" category applies, the Special Die is used in place of a standard Stat Die.

Luck: Luck is a very special number for each Patrolman. It's not a Stat Die, but instead a static number that represents the capriciousness of the universe. The Luck Stat is always a number from 1 to 12. If a Stat Die (or in the case of combat, the Combat Die) result of any roll should ever match the Patrolman's Luck Stat, the roll is a success, no matter what.

Name, Ship and Mission

Below the Dossier's stats are the name of the Patrolman and blank areas for players to insert the name of the ship they're currently on and the mission they've undertaken. This should aid in keeping track of a Patrolman's service record as they rocket around the galaxy.

Cues

In the center of the Dossier are the Patrolman's Cues. These Cues are statements or quotes that help define the Patrolman—whether it's his attitude, capabilities or personality. Each Cue helps form the basis of a **Narration** (see p. 56).

Disposition

Below the Cues are a few quick lines that help convey the Disposition of a given character; additional hooks that help a player understand how they might play a given Patrolman.

Armor

The **Armor** track gives the number of Armor pips the Patrolman has—some have more, some less, depending on the particular Patrolman. Yawitz,

a scientist accustomed to a laboratory rather than a battlefield, doesn't often wear armor and, as a result, has relatively few armor pips. Armor helps deflect damage during combat (see p. 61)

Health

The **Health** track defines the Patrolman's Health status. The number of pips and number of pips per row change depending on the particular character. Healthier, more robust Patrolmen have more pips and may have a better arrangement on the flowchart. Once a Patrolman's armor has been depleted from damage, he begins to take damage to his Health track. As injuries pile up, a Patrolman will start to suffer negative performance effects (see p. 65).

Weapons

In a dangerous galaxy, every smart Patrolman carries one or two weapons. The weapons area lists those weapons and the damage they inflict on a successful hit, as well as their range. Again, as a scientist, Yawitz rarely carries more than his trusty Venusian Phasegun. The Phasegun works best at **Near** range and does a healthy four points of damage. If Yawitz successfully attacks an opponent, the enemy would lose four pips of his Armor/Health track.

Equipment

While Yawitz only carries the single weapon, he is never without his tools and supplies, as shown in the Equipment area of his Dossier.

Unlike weapons, equipment in *Cosmic Patrol* has no set stats. Exactly what does an Atomic Analyzer do, and how does it work? The player may have to answer those questions during gameplay with a clever Narration (see p. 56).

NPC Dossiers

Finally, there are two types of Dossiers—those for fleshed-out characters like Patrolmen or particularly important enemies, and those for less-important characters like henchmen or supporting characters. These **non-player character** (NPC) Dossiers are half the size of normal Dossiers and contain much less information.

Note

Players can easily grab a Patrolman Dossier and leap into action based on the name of a character, his Cues or even just the artwork. However, some players may feel the need to fully understand how the core dice-rolling mechanics work before making such a decision. In such an instance, the players should thoroughly review the Rolling Dice portion of this section before selecting their Dossier (see p. 60).

SELECT A MISSION BRIEF

There's no such thing as a "standard" tour on a Patrol rocketship. Whether Cosmic Patrol HQ sends you on a specific mission or you happen to stumble across adventure accidentally, you're going

to come back with amazing stories to tell. **Mission Briefs** are the starting points for *Cosmic Patrol* adventures.

Mission Briefs supply all the information you'll need to start a gameplay session with little effort required on the part of the players. Each Brief includes many points that players can use to run the mission, create Narrations or string together multiple Missions into a Campaign (see p. 55).

- **Orders from HQ:** Every Brief starts with a set of orders, usually from Cosmic Patrol HQ. These orders give a short overview of what the Mission will be about, what the objective will be and what opposition the Patrolmen can expect to find.
- **Mission Objectives:** The Objectives lists a set of events or accomplishments that Patrolmen are expected to do in order to complete the Mission successfully. The Objectives aren't mandatory. The crew could discover or create new ways to accomplish the Mission, or the Mission may lead down a totally new path during the adventure.
- **Mission Cues:** The Mission's Cues function the same as the Cues on a Patrolman Dossier. Each Cue can be both the basis for a Narration as well as a description of the Mission itself. If you draw a blank during a Narration or want to make sure your Narration stays "on topic," take a quick look at the Cues and go from there.

- **Mission Tags:** Tags give short descriptions of the Mission itself in order to give players the gist of the adventure or to aid the creation of a campaign. For instance, if your current rocketship crew is tooling around in the outer reaches of the Solar System, you could look at the Mission Brief for *A Sargasso of Space* (see p. 121) and see its tags include both “Neptune” and “rocketships.” If the mission seems plausible as a next adventure, use it!

The second page of the Mission Brief gives information specific to the adventure as it will effect gameplay:

- **Opening Narration:** The top gives the Opening Narration to be read by the LN at the beginning of the Mission. This gets the ball rolling and gives players a quick overview of what’s going on.
- **The Setting:** Below that is **The Setting**—a description of the local area where the crew finds itself at the beginning of the Mission. The scale of the setting can fluctuate between Missions—in one Mission it may be the interior of a rocketship, while in another it may be a large volume of space around the crew’s ship.
- **Enemies and Obstacles (Scenes):** Finally, an **Enemies/Obstacles** list gives the opponents and obstacles that the crew may have to defeat or overcome to successfully complete the Mission, with each considered a **Scene**, of the overall Mission Brief (see p. 54).

- Many of the enemies noted in various Briefs have Dossiers within this book. Other Mission Briefs, however, mention enemies that do not have ready-made Dossiers. Players can easily grab an existing NPC Dossiers “as is” with a simple name change, can tweak the stats slightly to provide a different experience if they’ve run into that NPC before, or they can use the rules on page 73 to generate a whole new NPC.

As with almost every aspect of *Cosmic Patrol*, much of the information given in a Mission Brief is up to the discretion of the players. Want to add your own Cues? Go for it! Want to change parts of the Scene? No prob! Want to change the Objectives? No one’s stopping you! Always remember to keep the fun factor high.

THE LEAD NARRATOR

Cosmic Patrol does not require a gamemaster for play—instead the responsibilities of the LN rotate from player to player throughout the game. However, an appointed LN isn’t prohibited either. Ultimately, it’s up to the player group. If the group performs better with a dedicated LN, appoint one. But if the group doesn’t require one, simply use the rules as presented.

There are many methods of choosing the game’s first LN. Whether you use age (oldest or youngest), a die roll (highest or lowest) or coin flips doesn’t matter. Decide on a method, choose your first LN and get ready to play!

BUILDING THE STORY: PLAYING COSMIC PATROL

The majority of a game session will be spent building the story of the adventure. Once each player has a set of dice, the appropriate Patrolman Dossier at hand, a Mission Brief selected, and an LN has been chosen you're ready to get started.

Cosmic Patrol play is divided into a series of segments that build on each other: *Turns & Narrations*, *Scenes*, *Mission Briefs* and *Campaigns*. These are described below.

URNS AND NARRATIONS

At its core, *Cosmic Patrol* gameplay is divided into a series of turns. Each turn, every player will have a chance to play out and describe his Patrolman's actions. These descriptions are called Narrations, and as the game progresses these Narrations will build on each other and form the story of the game.

Lead Narrator

Each turn begins with the LN and continues with the player on the LN's left until all players have had a turn at Narration.

The LN begins the turn by giving a narrative of the current situation and advances the plot, as previously described under Mission Briefs. The LN also makes any actions or die rolls for enemies/obstacles the Patrolmen may encounter. Though the

LN begins the turn, he is the last to act with his Patrolman.

Once all players have had a chance to narrate their Patrolman's actions, the turn ends and a new turn begins.

SCENES

A Scene is defined as the start and finish of a given section of time within a Mission Brief. A Scene will contain a number of turns, which will vary depending upon what's occurring within a given Scene.

For example, the *A Sargasso Of Space Mission Brief* (see p. 121), contains the following details:



ENEMIES/OBSTACLES

Scene 1: The first obstacle is the wild nature of the sargasso. Ships slowly careen about, with many strikes and impacts. The crew will have to find a way to navigate the chaos.

Scene 2: Once inside the ships, there may be traps, malfunctioning robots, crewmen driven mad in isolation, not to mention dilapidated and broken machinery. No ship will be without its dangers.

Scene 3: The search for a replacement ignitor may be difficult. And when found, could be difficult to handle as the unit is large and delicate with age. Finding the way back to your own ship is tricky enough and now the machinery must be taken along.

Each of the three descriptions of the Enemies/Obstacles that can be found in that Mission Brief is a Scene. As noted above, there is no hard and fast rule on how many turns are in a Scene. Instead, that will be based on how many players are involved, their style of play and their Narrations, which ultimately leads to how quickly (or slowly) they're able to accomplish the goals of a given Scene.

Lead Narrator

The LN starts a Scene and is the LN for every turn until a Scene is accomplished. Once a Scene is finished, the player to the right of the current LN becomes the new LN. The new LN starts the first turn of the new Scene by providing a narrative of the current situation, and so on, as described above.

MISSION BRIEF

A Mission Brief usually constitutes a single game session and is finished when all of the Scenes within a Mission Brief are accomplished. How many Scenes are required to finish a mission Brief is up to the player group.

For example, one player group may decide that after accomplishing the three Scenes set out in the *A Sargasso of Space* the Mission Brief is done and their *Cosmic Patrol* gaming for that day is over. Another group, however, may be playing the same Mission Brief, but perhaps due to the way in which the plot has

developed over the first three Scenes, the group decides it's appropriate to add in a new, fourth Scene, that helps to close up some of the plot threads that grew through players' Narrations, and so they keep playing. While a third group may not have as long to play as the other groups, so they actually split the Mission Brief up into two different days of gaming sessions. Whatever works for each playing group is just fine.

CAMPAIGN

While the contents of this book are primarily geared toward a single day's game session, enterprising groups can easily stitch multiple Mission Briefs together to build a much larger story that will span many gaming sessions.

This can be done intentionally: the group as a whole deciding what larger stories they'd like to participate in, or perhaps even assigning a single LN to devise some plots that will bridge multiple Mission Briefs. It can also occur unintentionally, when players realize that after wrapping up a Mission Brief gaming session that there are still some excellent plots threads developed and not wrapped up that will spawn new, exciting Mission Briefs in a longer campaign.

BUILDING THE STORY: NARRATION AND FLOW

Giving a Narration is quite easy. All a player has to do is describe what his or her Patrolman is doing: whether it's engaging in combat, exploring a room or repairing a device. If any action has a chance of failure, then a dice roll is made to determine whether the action succeeds or fails.

Many Narrations are based on Cues provided on Patrolman Dossiers or Mission Briefs.

CUES

Cues are building blocks players can use as a basis for Narrations.

Cues are both suggestions and descriptions. Cues can be positive and negative and never have to be narrated the same way twice. If a player draws a blank or wants to make sure he's staying on-topic, he can take a look at a list of Cues and choose an appropriate one to base a Narration around.

Collin—playing as rocketship mechanic William “Bat-Ears”

Bradley—finds himself in a firefight at the beginning of his next turn. He’s the first player to make a Narration this turn and the situation isn’t good: the crew is trapped in a cave, facing a dozen Uth lizardmen armed with stolen ray guns. Collin takes a quick look at Bat-Ears’

Dossier and sees the Cue “You First!” That makes sense, as Bat-Ears has a low Combat Die... only a D6. So Collin decides to defer...

“Uh guys!” Bradley exclaims. He jumps behind a big, solid-looking boulder and yells, “You first! I’m just a mechanic!”

MOVING THE STORY FORWARD

Help, the LN just passed to me and it's hopeless! The Patrolmen are trapped in a decaying energy bubble, light minutes from any rocketship and all they have is a pocket knife, a copy of *Canterbury Tales*, six matches and a defective balloon (deflated). What am I supposed to do?

Simple. Take a deep breath and say, “Yes, and...”

Collaborative Narration is about creating a story and moving it forward. *Cosmic Patrol* is about being a heroic Patrolman, facing impossible challenges and overcoming them in the most improbable and fun ways. It is all about saying “yes” to fun, not “no” to something unexpected.

So when you are faced with the impossible, you smile and say “Yes, and...” Then you make it up! There is no wrong way in *Cosmic Patrol*. Want to have the crew swallowed by an interphasal space whale that happens to be headed to Earth to bathe in the Northern Lights? Then do it! But be ready for the LN to have the whale stopped short when it runs into a

wormhole tollgate and the whale left his wallet in his other flippers. After all, the rule is “Yes, and...”

For example, the players are all gathered around the table for the night’s adventure (Mission Brief) and are already in the thick of the action. In the previous turn, Brent, the current LN, stated that one of the bulkheads of the Patromen’s rocketship was acting funny, and the Patrolmen leapt into action.

After the rest of the players make their Narrations in an effort to determine what’s going on, Brent’s Patrolman (as the LN, his character is the last to act in a turn), says “I use my uniwrench to turn the cutoff valve of the trenelium vapor conduit,” hoping that’ll solve the problem of the strange-acting bulkhead.

It is now the beginning of the next turn, and Brent, still the LN, sets the stage for the start of this turn’s events. He takes a moment to gather his thoughts, based upon what’s just transpired from the previous turn, and says “Unfortunately, that didn’t work and the bulkhead inexplicably begins to go out of phase. If the bulkhead goes, our intrepid Patrolmen will be exposed to the cold hard vacuum of space. Each time the wall blinks out of phase, to the rush of escaping air, you can all see a Frendulian Dread Rocketship rising from the haze

of the Oort cloud. Yawitz, you estimate that within ten seconds the bulkhead will be completely out of phase. Commander Carragher, you are up first.”

Steve, to Brent’s left, blinks for a moment, then gives a big smile and says, “Yes, and on seeing the wall disappear before his eyes Commander Carragher yells, “Yawitz, reverse the polarity on the phasal multiplier to shore up this wall, I’m headed for the bridge to activate our guns. I’m a soldier, not a scientist!”

Josef, Yawitz’s player mouths to himself “phasal multiplier?” With a shrug and a smile he picks up the thread of the adventure. “Yes, Commander.” Josef drops one of his Plot Point tokens on the table. “Because we’re halfway between the bridge and the engine room I know there isn’t a nearby control station, so I’ll just use my unitool to adjust my Venusian phase gun so it will counteract the effects of whatever is causing our bulkhead to disappear.” Out-of-character Joseph then says to the LN “I’ll use the Plot Point to support this.” Josef rolls a D12 for the test, adding D10 for his Brains Stat, getting an 8 and 6 for a total of 14.

Brent, as the LN, rolls the opposing D20, rolling a 17. Looking at the result Brent shakes his head “It appears your

phase gun did its job too well. Yes, the wall is back in phase, but now the ship is slowly being consumed by a temporal stasis field. If the field completely envelopes the ship the Patrolmen will be locked in hibernation until we are freed. Or the Frendulian blast us to oblivion. Whichever comes first.” Brent turns to Jo, nodding to him that it is his turn.

Jo just smiles. Pantomiming opening a flask and affecting his best Bat-Ears voice he says, “And if that’s not an excuse for a drink, then I don’t know what is!” Taking an imaginary sip, Jo wipes his mouth with his sleeve. “Now then, let’s see if we can fix what Venusie boyo here muddled up....”

PLOT POINTS

Plots can take twists you never saw coming—a rogue rocket full of space amazons, that hidden button that does something, a wild raygun blast at the wrong moment. Plot Points can make all these happen!

In gameplay, Plot Points may be used in many ways. In general, they are used to interrupt or alter another player’s Narration—a method of adding a twist to the game. But they can also be used to change player turn order, alter a die roll or gain back a point of health. The ways players may utilize Plot Points are only limited by how creative they want to be.

Players will be earning and spending Plot Points throughout the game and using some type of tokens (such as poker chips) is the best method to track them. However, players are free to use whatever system works best, whether it’s chips, dice, noting them down on a piece of paper/table/smart phone, and so on.

Earning Plot Points: Players

Players begin the game with three Plot Points each and may be awarded more points by the LN for particularly good Narrations. Players may have a maximum of five Plot Points at any time and only one point may be awarded to a player at a time.

Players with no Plot Points are automatically given one at the beginning of their turn.

The LN is the only person who may award Plot Points.

Earning Plot Points: Lead Narrator

The LN also receives Plot Points into a **Plot Pool**. The LN starts a Mission Brief with 1 Plot Point and every time a player spends a Plot Point (see below), the LN receives a Plot Point.

Unlike the players, the LN’s Plot Pool has no size limit.

The Plot Pool transfers between LNs in between Scenes. If the Plot Pool is empty at the start of a new Scene, the new LN receives 1 Plot Point.

Spending Plot Points: Players

No matter what effect you want to cause, the cost is one Plot Point

and the change is immediately made to the game. Players may not spend more than one point at a time in an attempt to maximize the twist, though they can spend multiple Plot Points during any player's Narration (whether their own, or another player's).

Example things to do with Plot Points:

- Change turn order
- Give a modifier to a dice roll (positive or negative)
- Unseen alien attacks!
- Regain a health point
- The rocket engines suddenly shut down
- The sky's the limit!

A new turn of Cosmic Patrol has started and Ron's Patrolman is injured. At the beginning of his turn, Ron spends one Plot Point to regain a point of health.

He deposits his Plot Point token into the used pile and restores one of the Health pips on his Patrolman's Dossier. He then makes a quick Narration:

"Capt. Carragher, still smarting from that tangle with a Plutonian pit dweller, downs a robustapill."

Just remember, Plot Point use doesn't always mean a positive change. Often plot twists are a negative event—something goes wrong that must be fixed or adapted to by the characters.

Spending Plot Points: Lead Narrator

Like players, the LN can spend Plot Points in any fashion he chooses, with the following caveats:

- Plot Points can only be spent to aid NPCs/create plot twists; they cannot be spent to directly aide/hinder a player.
- The LN can only spend 1 Plot Point per turn.

TROUBLESHOOTING

In an improv-style game such as *Cosmic Patrol*, the single greatest issue that can suck the life and energy out of a gaming session is if players start spending too much time deliberating over their actions and Narrations. If you've ever watched an improv play, when a character pauses too long trying to follow up with what's just been said, you're thrown out of the action and the energy is gone.

If this starts to occur, players should work together as a group to help a player feel more at ease with this style of play. This could be practice sessions outside of a game, or could be something as simple as finding an enjoyable improv play to watch that can provide an example of how this style can unfold.

ROLLING DICE

No matter how well your storytelling is unfolding, there will come a time when the dice need to come out to help resolve a given situation. The following details the process of how that works.

THE CORE MECHANIC

As a shoot-em-up, by-the-seat-of-your-spacesuit role-playing game, *Cosmic Patrol* uses a simple, cinematic dice-rolling mechanic to resolve **Challenges**, **Tests** and **Combat**.

The Basic Mechanic for Challenges and Tests

A D12 is the **Base Die**, and forms the foundation that all players' rolls are based upon. The result of this roll is modified by the appropriate Stat Die and any additional **Modifiers**. The basic dice rolling mechanic for all Challenges & Tests is:

D12 + Stat Die (D4, D6, D8, D10, D12) + Modifiers vs. D20

A Challenge is any action taken against an inanimate object, while a Test is any action taken against another character or any NPC that is non-combat related.

Which Stat Die To Use: The appropriate Stat Die to use will usually be very easy to determine: trying to lift something heavy? Brawn. Trying to outsmart an opponent? Brains. And so on. Ultimately,

however, if the situation is too muddy, the LN makes the decision on which Stat Die to use.

Modifiers: Modifiers represent good or bad situational circumstances that take an ordinary situation and make them extraordinary. For example, while trying to work on X, the player is: being attacked (a negative modifier); he's wounded (a negative modifier); there's no gravity (depending upon what is trying to be accomplished it could be a positive or negative modifier); the player is getting additional help (this also could be a positive or negative modifier depending upon the Stat Die of the player trying to help); the device he's working on is extra difficult (a negative modifier)...or extra easy (a positive modifier)—the sky's the limit on what might happen. The decision on what modifiers are applied to any die roll, if any, and whether they are positive or negative, is always made by the LN.

Special: If the Patrolman has a Special Die that is appropriate to the current situation (as determined by the LN), the player will use that die rather than the usual Stat Die (see *Special*, p. 50).

Luck Stat

Always remember that regardless of the overall result, if a Stat Die (or Special Die, if used) result equals the character's Luck Stat, that character automatically succeeds at his action (see p. 51).

While on a mission to the Coalsack Dead Zone, the crew of the rocketship Consolidator finds itself captured by Hakhaze slavers. Scott—playing as Yawitz, a Venusian scientist—decides his Patrolman has a good chance of picking the electrilock on the crew’s prison cell.

Picking a complicated lock is definitely a Challenge as it’s against an inanimate object. Scott decides this is a test of Brains (the LN agrees), which is perfect for Yawitz, who has a D10 in that category. Scott rolls for the Challenge, rolling a D12 (Base Die) and a D10 (Brains Die). The LN rolls a D20 for the lock; the LN decides there are no special circumstances requiring any additional modifiers. The result is:

$$4 \text{ (D12)} + 9 \text{ (D10)} + 0 \text{ (no bonus)} = 13 \text{ vs. } 6 \text{ (D20)}$$

A big success! With little effort, Yawitz picks the electrilock and the crew makes its daring escape!

COMBAT

Combat is a variation on the basic dice rolling mechanic for Challenges and Tests. The Combat Die forms the foundation of all combat rolls instead of the usual D12 Base Die. The result of this roll is altered by any applicable

modifiers. The basic dice rolling mechanic for all combat is:

Combat Stat Die + Bonuses vs. Combat Stat Die + Bonuses

As shown, combat is a straightforward contest between combatant’s Combat Dies, plus any applicable modifiers.

Modifiers

As with Challenge and Test rolls, Combat can have a variety of situational modifiers added, all of which are decided upon by the LN.

Ranges

All weapons fall into three range brackets for combat (the range of each weapon is noted on the Patrolman’s Dossier) with an “OK,” a “–3” or a “—”:

- **Close** (Melee)
- **Near** (Pistols)
- **Far** (Rifles)

If a weapon is used in a range bracket one higher than its noted bracket, apply a –3 modifier. A weapon cannot be used in a range bracket two higher than its bracket, though it can always be used in a closer bracket. For example, an Amazon’s axe is a Close (Melee) weapon: if it’s used at Near range the player would apply a –3 modifier; it cannot be used at Far range. For a beam rifle, however, which has a Far range, it can be used at Near or Close without any issues.

It is important to note that real-world ranges are not provided here, as it's too easy to get bogged down into endless specifics. Instead the LN quickly determines which "range bracket" should apply in a given situation. For example, if a Patrolman can take a few steps and punch a slaving Ovoidious Slatherer, that's Close; if the Slatherer bursts onto a large deck of a spaceship with the Patrolmen, or is a long rock throw away on an asteroid, that's Near; if the Patrolman can block the creature out of his sight by holding up his flat hand, that's Far. Ultimately, of course, it's completely up to each gaming group to get a good feel for what works for them regarding the specifics of range brackets.

Special Die

If the Patrolman has a Special Die that is combat-related and appropriate to the current situation (as determined by the LN), the player will use that die rather than the Combat Die (see *Special*, p. 51).

Luck Stat

Always remember that regardless of the overall result, if a Combat Die (or Special Die, if used) result equals the character's Luck Stat, that character automatically wins (see p. 52).

Unusual Circumstances

Any time an unusual circumstance arises not directly covered by the rules, the LN modifies the situation on the fly. For example, if two

combatants are at a significant range from one another and the LN decides the "winner" of a combat roll couldn't possibly damage the "loser", he simply doesn't apply damage and moves on; in this instance "winning" was simply an avoidance of damage on the winner's part.

Samantha—playing as Audrey Orion, of the Cosmic Patrol Intelligence Service—has been working to infiltrate an Eiger fortress planet. She's successfully landed her one-person rocketship without being sighted, but has to make her way through a dangerous alien jungle on foot.

Orion doesn't get more than a kilometer from her ship when she comes across a fearsome beast—all claws and teeth, and a few extra mouths too. Using her automatic pistol would alert the Eiger to her presence, so she elects to use her trusty phasic whip instead.

Before making the die roll, however, both the player and LN make a few decisions. First, Audrey is an expert with a phasic whip, shown by her Special Die (Phasic Whip), which is a D10, and so she's able to use that in place of her standard Combat Die. Additionally, the LN decides that, as a highly trained agent, Orion receives a +1 modifier to her dice roll. Finally, the phasic whip, as a Melee weapon (noted on the Patrolman Dossier), has a Close range, while the LN determines

that the alien creature starts the current turn at Near range, which applies a -3 modifier.

The alien beast has a straight up Combat Die of D10, which the LN will roll, so it's time to grab the dice, which have the following results:

7 (D10; Special) + 1 (highly trained) - 3 (at Near range) = 5 vs. 9 (D10; Combat Die) + 0 (no modifiers)

It doesn't go well for Orion! The alien creature, at home in the jungle, dodges the Patrolman's attack. In this instance, however, while the LN would've allowed Audrey's phasic whip to "lash out" from Close range to Near range to deal damage if she'd won the die roll, the LN decides this particular beast has no way to attack out of Close range and so no damage is done to Audrey.

Next turn, however, the creature will move into Close range and if it wins again, this time the attack will strike for damage!



In another example, Steve's Patrolman, Cody Carragher, is facing off with a space pirate. Carragher is using a unibeam rifle he found earlier in the game. The space pirate only has a knife and is on the other side

of a large open area. Steve rolls a D8 (Carragher's Combat Die) and the LN rolls a D6 (the space pirate's Combat Die). Because Carragher can attack from a distance and the pirate can't, the LN awards a +1 modifier to Carragher's roll. Steve rolls a 7, adds the +1 bonus for a final result of 8. The space pirate rolls a 3; with the -3 modifier for trying to attack with a weapon into a larger range bracket, the result is 0. The pirate loses and gets shot.

Of course, there are many ways this could have played out.

Steve loses the roll:

Steve rolls badly with the D8 resulting in a 1. With the +1 modifier, the result is only 2. The pirate rolls high and gets a 6; with the -3 modifier it becomes 3. While the rules allow the LN to say that the pirate could've won that round and thrown the dagger to hit Carragher, the LN decides this space pirate isn't that good, so Carragher's shot simply misses the target.

Steve loses the roll and a Plot Point is used:

Steve loses the roll again, but this time another player spends a Plot Point to have Carragher win the fight, and immediately tosses out a Narration: "The shot misses wildly, but as luck would have it, the impact of the blast knocks down a nearby

column, which lands on the space pirate, crushing him mercilessly.”

Steve loses the roll and a Plot Point is used, but for the pirate:

Steve loses the fight and another player is feeling meddlesome. Joe spends a Plot Point in favor of the pirate! Rolling with the punches, Steve narrates the scene: “The pirate dodges the unibeam shot and hurls his knife at Carragher. As luck would have it, the knife finds its mark and slices into Carragher’s arm.” In this instance, though the LN would not have given the space pirate the ability to hit out of his range bracket, because a Plot Point was used, he rolls with the flow.

There are numerous ways the encounter could play out. Just remember to roll with the dice and the Plot Points—anything can happen!

Rocketship Combat

There is no separate system for combat between rocketships. Instead, the focus is kept where it should be, on the action of the characters, with the LN deciding what Challenges/Tests/Combat should occur under any given situation.

For example, if a player group’s rocketship is trying to outrun an Eiger vessel, then the LN could decide it’s a straight-up Brains Test of the commander/pilot, as he tries

to use his innate knowledge of his ship and the surrounding space to lose his pursuer (though it could require multiple rolls if he’s weaving through an asteroid field, then skimming a planet’s atmosphere to spike his delta-v, and then trying to merge his signature with the long tail of a comet as it heads out of system).

However, if the players find themselves in a straight up ship-to-ship atomic gun fight, the LN may decide it’s Combat. Or, depending upon the size of the rocketship the players are on, the LN may require the commander to make a Brains Test (the piloting of the ship), while another character makes the Combat roll (actually firing the guns).

Finally, how much damage a ship can take and how that damage affects its movement, weapons fire and so on is absolutely up to the plot and how the storyline is developing: any rocketship is as strong—or not—as the plot needs it to be. Instead of tracking the nitty-gritty details of damage to the ship, the LN should weave that type of information into the narrative: bulkheads cracking; anti-gravity failures; explosive decompressions; fractum drive overloads; phasing decks; power system fluctuations and failures—the sky (or space in this instance) is absolutely the limit for the fun and challenging scenarios you can throw at your players to overcome during such a conflict.

Damage, Armor and Health

Whenever a fight occurs, or a dangerous situation is encountered, there's a chance a Patrolman could take damage.

Damage: If the damage occurs as part of combat, the damage taken by the losing party depends on the weapon used. On every Dossier, there's a "Weapons" area that lists the weapon a character started the game with and its **Damage Value**. This is usually a static value, but can be a die value; i.e. "Roll D4" means every time a player makes a successful attack with that weapon he rolls D4 and assigns the roll result as a Damage Value to the target.

Whenever a character takes damage, the damage is first applied to the Armor column of the Dossier. Once all Armor pips are marked off, damage then begins to apply to the Health column and if that happens, things are serious!

Health Flow Chart: The Health column of the Patrolman Dossier takes the form of a flowchart. Players start at the top, left-hand pip and move to the right until the first row is marked off, then move to the left-hand pip of the second row and move to the right until the second row is marked off, and so on.

- **First X:** When the first "X" (on the second row) is reached, the character immediately applies a -1 penalty to all future Brawn Die rolls.

- **Second X:** When the second "X" (on the third row) is reached, a -1 to all Brawn and Combat future rolls is immediately applied.
- **Knocked Out:** When the "Knocked Out" pip is crossed out, the character is unconscious and may take no actions (he does not give any more Narrations until he's healed; he cannot spend any Plot Points either).
- **Dead:** If the "Dead" pip is crossed off, the cosmos finally got its man...or woman...or robot....well, got its due, let's say.

Secondary Effects: *Cosmic Patrol* doesn't assume weapons have any other effects beyond straight-up damage as noted on the various Dossiers. However, like the equipment also noted on the Dossiers, players and LNs are free to come up with additional fantastical effects from a weapon.

For example, Vena Rinkman's Jarvi Stun Pistol not only has "stun" in the name, but its damage isn't very good. As such, a player choosing Vena could pitch to the group that in addition to the damage, the weapon knocks the target out. The starting LN feels that might be a little too powerful and counters that if the weapon successfully strikes the target, he'll make a Brawn Test against a target value: if he succeeds the target withstood the effects, if he fails the target is immediately in dreamland for long minutes.

Meanwhile an LN may decide when a Cometarian Shard Gun hits the target that the spikes are so ice-cold it

numbs a part of the target, applying a -1 to any other actions from the struck target for the next D4 turns.

And so on. As usual, let your imaginations soar!

Regaining Armor/Health:

Fortunately, there are many ways to regain Health or repair Armor. A player could spend a Plot Point to regain a pip of Health or Armor. Some characters carry first aid kits as equipment, which can restore Health. Additionally, some characters are doctors or engineers and can use a Narration to fix Armor or help heal a crewmate; in this instance how much they repair the Armor and/or the Health of a character could largely depend upon the quality/uniqueness of their Narration, with the LN fixing two or even more pips for a particularly superb recitation.

Weapons

Weapons come in all shapes, types and sizes. You name it...and it probably comes in a variety of colors and styles as well.

Cosmic Patrol characters start each mission with a default set of weapons. These are listed on the Patrolman's Dossier along with the amount of damage they do when used successfully against a target, and their range bracket.

Some Patrolmen are experts with a type of weapon or even with one individual weapon in particular and can use their Special Die in place of the Combat Die when using them (see *Special*, p. 50).

Carry Limits: A Patrolman can carry no more than two weapons at a time. If the player already has two and wants the Patrolman to acquire a new weapon, a current weapon must be discarded.

Changing Out Weapons: A Patrolman could end up using a weapon that he didn't start the game with. In those cases, when a weapon is found that's not previously been used in a game, use this rule of thumb:

- Normal weapons do 2 points of damage
- Larger, heavier weapons may do 4 points of damage
- Rare, extremely dangerous or special weapons may do 6
- In place of a static Damage Value a die can be assigned, which is rolled every time the weapon strikes a target to determine damage: only use D4 or D6.
- Melee Weapons are "Ok" at Close range, "-3" at Near range and cannot be used at Far range.
- Pistols are "Ok" at Close and Near range, and "-3" at Far range
- Rifles are "Ok" at all three ranges
- Tweaking the values above will create weapons with their own flavor

And The Rest: *Cosmic Patrol* doesn't require players to track mundane things like ammunition or shots fired per turn, or how quickly a player can move in combat, or change clips, and so on. If there's a good reason to blaze away with a Lincoln

Mk. III Sentinel Cannon while sprinting backward, go for it!

Making The Game More or Less

Lethal: The weapons on the Dossiers are geared towards a good mix of speed of play and fun combat action that'll span multiple turns of dice rolling to resolve a given situation. However, some groups may decide they want to switch things up to suit their style of play.

- **Less Lethal:** If a player group decides they want more dice rolling and heavier combat-oriented play, simply lower all Damage Values by 1, or even cut Damage Values in half. If weapons have a die in place of a static Damage Value, only use a D4.
- **More Lethal:** If another group wants quicker combat and more cinematic style where the good guys can take out the bad guys in a single swipe, increase all weapon Damage Values by 1 or even 2 points. If weapons have a die in place of a static Damage Value, a D8 can be used in addition to a D4 and D6.

Equipment

Besides weapons, many Patrolmen also carry a variety of equipment to use during missions. The uses of many of the different items may be obvious: a first aid kit would help treat a Patrolman who's been injured or a tool kit could be used to repair armor, robots or other devices.

The intended application of other equipment may be more obscure or even totally unknown. In many cases, this is intentional and gives the players a chance to decide exactly what that equipment does, based on the name. Once the controlling player decides just what the piece does, make a note of it. For instance, William "Bat-Ears" Bradley carries a Multiform Uniwrench. When its uses are defined, make a note so that it's used the same way for the rest of the game session.

PATROLMEN CREATION

As previously noted, this book contains a slew of sample Patrolmen Dossiers that allow players to snag a character and leap into the fray. However, some players prefer to craft their own characters to take into space.

The following rules provide a framework for character creation. As with all aspects of *Cosmic Patrol*, the framework is light and fast and designed for players to playfully and enjoyably create a Patrolmen Dossier that reflects the style they want to embrace in a game. If you don't like where your character is going at any time during the process, feel free to back up and start down the path that'll make it the most fun!

Note that the sample Patrolmen Dossiers might not follow these rules.

FOLLOW THE STEPS

Download and print out the blank Dossier from cosmicpatrol.com and

proceed through the following steps to create your character:

1. Create A Character Theme (Patrolman Name)
2. Assign Stat Dice
3. Assign Armor
4. Select Weapons
5. Select Equipment
6. Create Cues
7. Create Disposition
8. Final Tweaking

1. CREATE A CHARACTER THEME

Imagine you're a casting director for your favorite TV show and you've got a selection of walk-on characters you've got to fill for a new episode, characters that need to be cool and vibrant, even if they're only on-screen for a few minutes.

As you review the script you run into a list of short character descriptions: male, late 30s, stoic and very tough, doesn't talk much; woman, early 20s, always smiling, with a devil-may-care attitude; male, teen, a brooding anger that he fails to leash more often than not; and so on. In the role of casting director, you'll use those descriptions to find the right actor to convincingly fill that role in the episode.

In a similar fashion, as you work to create a Patrolman, you need to find a short and flavorful description of the theme of your character. Do you want to play the white-knight, with your thousand-watt smile and pectorals that can deflect a raygun blast? Or do you want to be the brainy nerd who feels he's stuck in a world of imbeciles?

Anything's possible, with only your imagination to hold you back. Just remember as you pick a theme that the more wild and crazy you make it, the more you'll have to figure out how to convey that during game play.

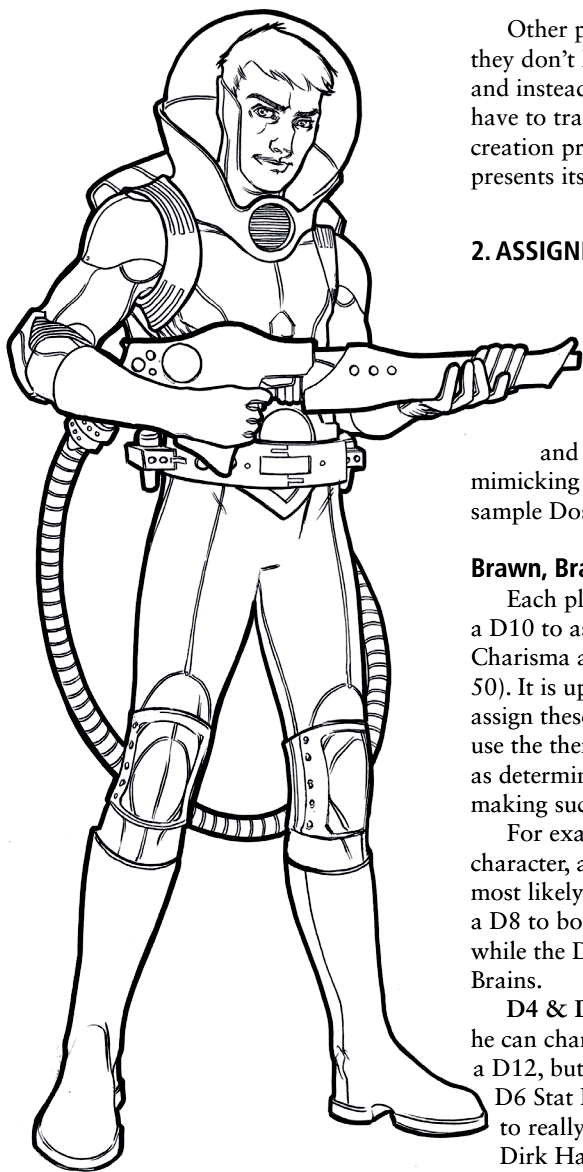
With that in mind, jot down a few descriptive words that outline your theme. Don't hesitate to fill a page if you're still trying to feel your way to what you want, knowing you're going to toss most of the concepts by the wayside as you zero in on your mark. Additionally, if you're still floundering a little, feel free to find out what everyone else in the group is playing and find a niche to fill: no sarcastic, brooding, older doctor on your team? Jump in and see if that role fits you.

Once you've got your theme, you'll use that as the framework to help you make the decisions involved in the rest of the process.

Patrolman Name

While this step appears at the start of character creation, it can actually happen anytime during the process.

Some players will find they've already got a character name they've been hanging on to for just such an adventure; the name itself drips with theme and will immediately lend itself to a certain flavor. If I say Dirk Hardpeck, everyone instantly has a preconceived notion of where the character creation process is going to take them: tons of brawn and charisma, not a lot of brains or perhaps even not very combat adept, but a list of ultra awesome catch-phrases for the glowingly white-hat style.



Other players, however, may find they don't have a good name in mind and instead, even with a theme, may have to travel most, if not all, of the creation process before a great name presents itself.

2. ASSIGNING STAT DICE

Use the following rules when assigning Stats and Stat Dice (see p. 50). After assigning a Stat Die, simply write in the value and draw in the die shape, mimicking the style shown on the sample Dossiers.

Brawn, Brains, Charisma, Combat

Each player has a D6, two D8 and a D10 to assign to the Brawn, Brains, Charisma and Combat Stats (see p. 50). It is up to every player how they assign these values, but they should use the theme of their character, as determined in Step One, when making such assignments.

For example, a Dirk Hardpeck character, as described above, would most likely assign the D10 to Brawn, a D8 to both Charisma and Combat, while the D6 would be assigned to Brains.

D4 & D12: If a player chooses, he can change the D10 Stat Die to a D12, but he must then change the D6 Stat Die to a D4. For example, to really go over the top with our Dirk Hardpeck character, the D10 Brawn could become a D12, but the Brains would need to be changed from D6 to a D4.

Health

The Stat Die assigned to Brawn has a direct correlation to the Health track of the Patrolman Dossier. Use the following rules for determining the character's Health track:

- If a D12 or D10, do not mark off any pips.
- If a D8, mark off one pip from the first row
- If a D6, mark off one pip from the first row and one pip from the second row
- If D4, mark off two pips from the first row and one pip from the second row.

Special

All Special Dice are automatically a D10. Exactly what the Special Die applies to, however, is completely up to the player, but should reflect the theme of the character. If you decide to create a very unusual "what" for the Special Die, you should come up with a cool back-story to cover why you've gone in that direction.

Luck

Luck is not a die, but instead a fixed value that'll remain constant once it's determined. Roll a D12 and assign that value to the Luck Stat.

3. ASSIGN ARMOR

All characters have at least ten armor pips.

Following that rule, armor is based upon a combination of the Combat and Brawn Stats; after

all, the Patrol is going to issue the finest armor to those that can make best use of it in the field. Use the following rules for determining the character's Armor track:

- Add the Brawn Die and Combat Die values of your character together then divide by two (rounding up). That result equals the additional Armor pips applied to the character.

For example, Cmd. Cody Carragher has a D8 Brawn and a D8 Combat, which equals 16. Divided by 2 equals 8, which means he adds an additional 8 pips to the automatic 10 he receives, for a total of 18.

4. SELECT WEAPONS

As with the Cues in a later step, selecting your weapons can be fun. You can simply copy the weapons off of one of the sample Dossiers. However, unleashing the kid inside can be far more enjoyable ... just make up whatever cool name you want! Have you always wanted to use a Thorilic Quantum Trident? Write the name down. Or what about a Phasic Neprino-Quitride Displacer? Write that down as well. When it comes to your weapons, look at the theme of your character and embrace it.

For example Cmd. Cody Carragher has his dual, trusty Reliant Atomic Pistols he's always slinging from his leg-holsters, while Tensid The Red Amazon wouldn't be caught

dead fighting with anything but her Martian Ax.

To determine the stats of a weapon, use the rules for Changing Out Weapons (see p. 66). Just remember that you can only ever have two weapons.

5. SELECT EQUIPMENT

As discussed under Equipment (see p. 67), equipment in *Cosmic Patrol* is not a set of hard rules. X is not required to do Y. Instead, they almost act as their own Cues, propelling the action forward without dropping into the minutia of what exactly a piece of equipment weighs, what it does, and so on.

Use the few lines on the equipment list to accentuate the theme of your character, providing items you feel will be fun and enjoyable during game play. You don't even have to know what some of them do ... one or two could just be crazy, fun-sounding names that you'll figure out on the fly!

It's important to make clear that due to the loose nature of these rules, it's all too easy for players to create wildly powerful/ludicrously small equipment; i.e. a "sun-buster pinhead". After all, "the rules didn't say I couldn't!" if your player group decides such a thing is cool and fits with what you want to see in your games, by all means allow it. But most player groups will realize that even within these rules, a limit needs to be set on the power of equipment. Player groups may want to police

equipment during character creation to ensure it's within the limits they're all comfortable with ... or be stuck with the LN having to say "yup, sorry, that Class MXI Automen Sunbuster Pinhead you just spent a dozen playing sessions obtaining fizzles, spurts and goes silent ... it's a dud."

6. CREATE CUES

As noted under Cues (see p. 56), these are phrases that can be bold statements a character might make in a given situation, or can be used to spark an idea of which direction a character might leap.

When creating Cues for your own characters, use the same method you used when generating your character theme: jot down different phrases, sentences, or just saucy, juicy words that sound like something that would be fun to say during the action of the game. Then use the list to zero in on the best set of Cues.

You can also review the sample Patrolmen Dossiers (see p. 76) to spark your own ideas for Cues. If you're having a difficult time, feel free to use catch phrases taken from your favorite movies, TV shows and novels, just tweaked slightly to make them unique to your character. For example "That was totally wicked!" could be tweaked to "That was totally spacetacular!"

If you're still struggling, feel free to make the generation of Cues into a party game for all those that'll be involved in a Mission. Each player

can write down two or three (or more) Cues based on your character theme, and then you can select some, none or all of them. Even the craziest Cues could prove an interesting take on your character's personality under the right circumstances, so don't be so quick to toss the more wild concepts out.

7. CREATE DISPOSITIONS

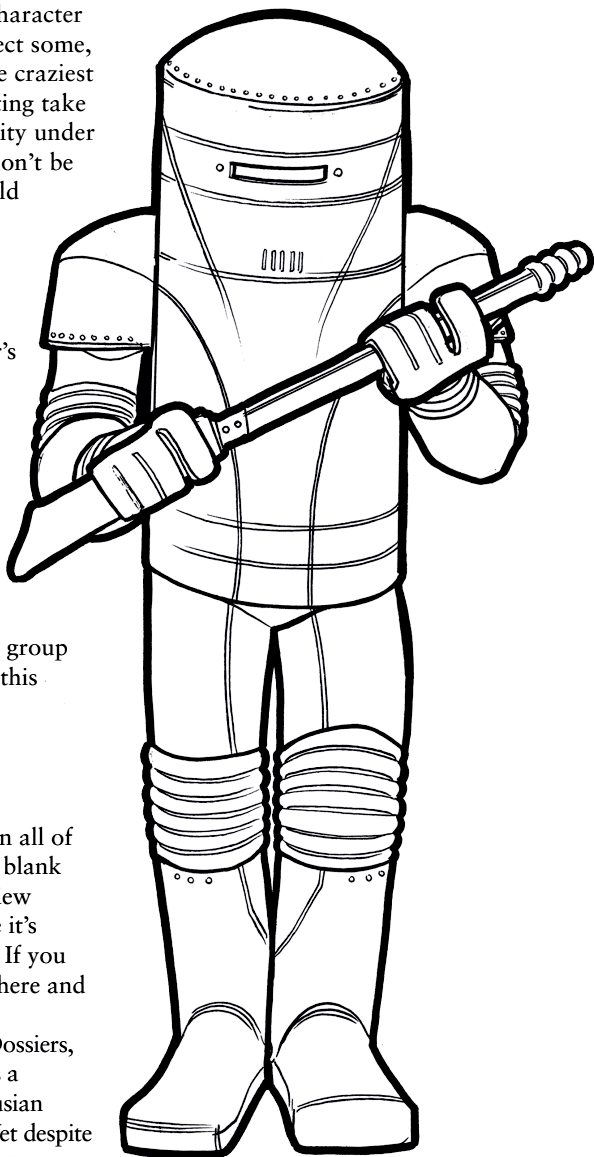
Like Cues, your character's Dispositions should flow from how you're building your theme and the Cues. Even the description you used when generating your theme could be turned into Disposition statements.

Again, review the sample Dossiers, or ask for suggestions from your player group if you're struggling to define this aspect of your character.

8. FINAL TWEAKING

Once you've written down all of your character details on the blank Patrolman Dossier sheet, review the final Patrolman to ensure it's everything you want it to be. If you want to nip and tuck a little here and there, by all means, feel free.

In the sample Patrolman Dossiers, William 'Bat-Ears' Bradley has a D6 Brawn, while Yawitz, Venusian Scientist has a Brawn of D8. Yet despite Yawitz' superior Brawn he's got a weaker Health track. When making



the characters we arbitrarily decided that since Yawitz is a Venusian, he's simply more fragile. When making similar characters a player could very well decide that despite William being a mere Earthman, he's got robust genes and so has 3 pips on the second row, even while maintaining four pips on the first row.

Armor is another area which players can tweak to enhance the flavor of a character. For example, Tensid The Red Amazon has a Combat Die equal to Cody Carragher and even has a higher Brawn, but Tensid is a Red Amazon! "Heavy armor is for those without skill, heart or bravery!" As such, she's several pips lower than Carragher, a sensible Earthman who packs on the armor as best he can.

Such tweaking should be kept within reason. For example, you shouldn't rotate Stat Dice up or down as that has far too great an impact on the mechanics of game play. Any final tweaks should be reviewed by the player group to determine if anyone feels that any such tweaks are too much. Of course, the players in the group may decide one of your more extreme tweaks is just fine (especially if you give a really cool back story for the tweak!), but be prepared to green-light their more extensive character tweaks in return.

Ultimately, however, these are just guidelines. Each player group is free to determine what works best for them and run with it ... just have fun!

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER CREATION

To create non-player characters (NPCs), download the blank NPC Dossier from cosmicpatrol.com and use the following rules.

Note that the sample NPCs might not follow these rules.

1. CREATE A CHARACTER THEME

For most NPCs a theme is not really needed. However, for a "chief" NPC, or an NPC an LN thinks will be around for a while, a theme may be just the thing to bring such an important character to life.

2. ASSIGNING STAT DICE

Use the following rules when assigning Stats and Stat Dice (see p. 50). After assigning a Stat Die, simply write in the value and draw in the die shape, mimicking the style shown on the sample dossiers.

Brawn, Brains, Charisma, Combat

Each NPC has two D6 and two D8 to assign to the Brawn, Brains, Charisma and Combat Stats (see p. 50). It is completely up to the LN how they assign these values.

D4 & D10: If a player chooses, he can change one D8 Stat Die to a D10, but he must then change one D6 Stat Die to a D4.

D12: Most NPCs should never have a D12 Stat Die. Only the

most significant NPCs should be assigned such a die. When making such a character, simply rotate the D10 to a D12; no other change is required.

Health

The Stat Die assigned to Brawn has a direct correlation to the Health track of the NPC Dossier. Use the following rules for determining the character's Health track:

- If a D12, do not mark off any pips.
- If a D10, mark off one pip from the first row
- If a D8, mark off one pip from the first row and one pip from the second row
- If a D6, mark off two pips from the first row and one pip from the second row
- If a D4, mark off two pips from the first row and two pips from the second row

3. ASSIGN ARMOR

All NPCs have at least five armor pips.

Following that rule, armor is based upon a combination of the Combat and Brawn Stats. Use the following rule for determining the character's Armor track:

- Add the Brawn Die and Combat Die values of your character together then divide by three (rounding up). That result equals the additional Armor pips applied to the NPC.

4. SELECT WEAPONS & EQUIPMENT

Follow the rules for Select Weapons and Select Equipment as shown under Character Creation (see p. 70-71)

5. CREATE CUES & DISPOSITIONS

As with the theme in Step One, the vast majority of NPCs will not need this step. However, an LN may decide that for the truly important bad guys, having some easy quips at hand will make any scene the NPC is in all that more dynamic and fun.

6. FINAL TWEAKING

As with character creation, an LN can heavily tweak an NPC to fit the bill, from a weak Automan to a powerful Sargasso monster. Just remember not to make the NPCs too powerful, or too weak; either case may leave the players unsatisfied. Ultimately the ability of an LN to create characters that provide just the right amount of challenge for a player group in any given Scene simply takes practice and tossing some dice.

CHARACTER ADVANCEMENT

Nitty-gritty rules for character advancement are beyond the scope and theme of these rules. Instead, a player group can use the following rule of thumb to help them advance their characters, if they so wish.

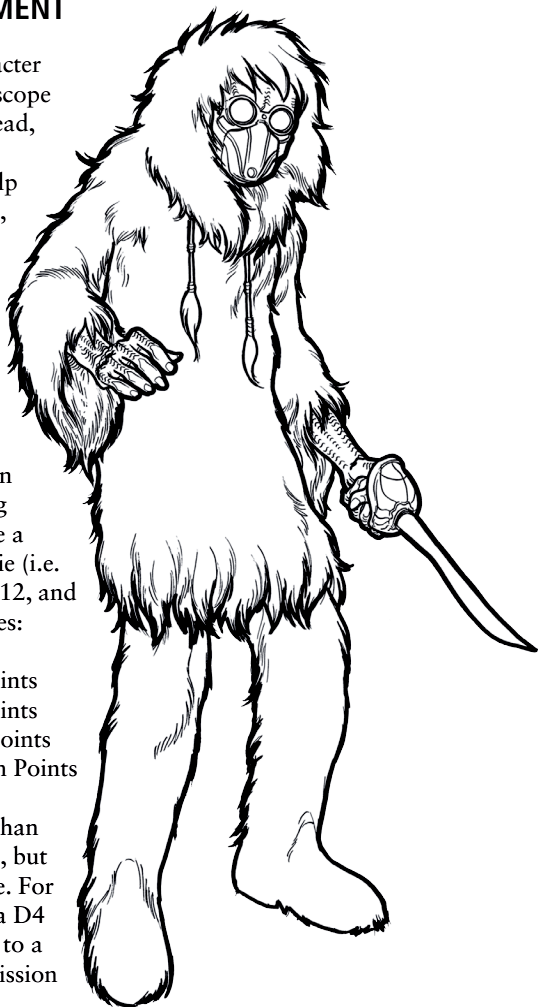
After each Mission, all characters should vote on a player they feel made the game the most fun. The player that wins should mark down on their sheet that they've one **Mission Point**. The player can then turn accumulated points in (erasing them off the Dossier) to rotate a Stat Dice to the next largest die (i.e. a D4 to a D6 or a D10 to a D12, and so on) using the following rules:

- D4 to D6 = 3 Mission Points
- D6 to D8 = 5 Mission Points
- D8 to D10 = 8 Mission Points
- D10 to D12 = 12 Mission Points

A player can rotate more than a single dice value at one time, but must pay the cumulative value. For example a character that has a D4 Brawn and wishes to rotate it to a D10 would need to pay 16 Mission Points.

A character can never have a Stat Die higher than D12

Regardless of the changes in a character's Stat Dice, all other aspects of the Patrolman Dossier remain unchanged.



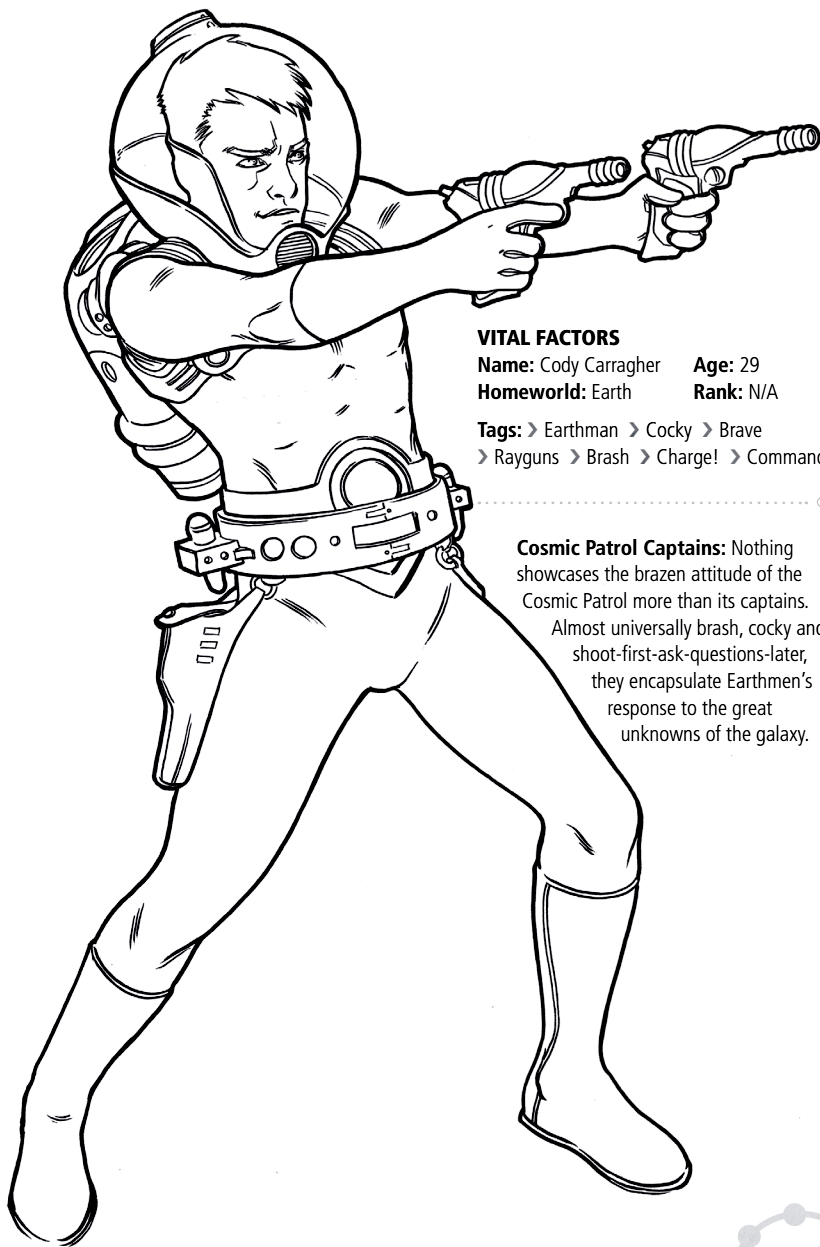


X MINUS ONE
HEROES &
VILLAINS

PETER GRAVES
[IT CONQUERED THE WORLD, 1956]

HE LEARNED ALMOST TOO LATE THAT MAN IS A FEELING
CREATURE... AND BECAUSE OF IT, THE GREATEST IN THE UNIVERSE.

CODY CARRAGHER/ROCKETSHIP CAPTAIN



VITAL FACTORS

Name: Cody Carragher

Age: 29

Homeworld: Earth

Rank: N/A

Tags: > Earthman > Cocky > Brave

> Rayguns > Brash > Charge! > Command



Cosmic Patrol Captains: Nothing showcases the brazen attitude of the Cosmic Patrol more than its captains.

Almost universally brash, cocky and shoot-first-ask-questions-later, they encapsulate Earthmen's response to the great unknowns of the galaxy.

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

RAYGUN PISTOL
EXPERT

LUCK

D8

D10

D6

D8

D10

(SPECIAL)

3

CODY CARRAGHER/ROCKETSHIP CAPTAIN

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

TRUST ME, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

AIM FOR THE NOSE, OR THE EQUIVALENT.

COMMAND VOICE!

TACTICS SCHMACTICS.

KILLBOTS. IT HAD TO BE KILLBOTS.

ITCHY RAYGUN TRIGGER FINGER.

I HAVE A PLAN...

AT HOME IN ZERO-G.

MAN, THIS IS BORING.

WHAT? IN SPACE, COULDN'T HEAR YOU.

GET TO THE POINT.

I THINK THE SIGHTS ARE OFF.

DIPLOMACY?

BULLSEYE!

SWORDS? MEN USE RAYGUNS!

I'M A SOLDIER, NOT A SCIENTIST!

WHEW, CLOSE ONE!

ALWAYS CARRY EXTRA BATTERIES.

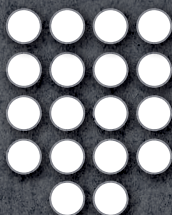
DISPOSITION

ACTION NOW, CONTEMPLATE LATER.

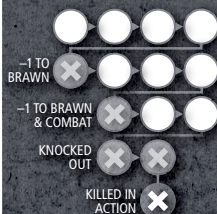
TRUSTWORTHY.

BRAVE, BUT IMPULSIVE.

ANY MISSION, ANY TIME.



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Reliant Raygun Pistol

DAMAGE	RANGE		
	Close	Near	Far
2	OK	OK	-3

Reliant Raygun Pistol

2	OK	OK	-3
---	----	----	----

EQUIPMENT

Patrol First Aid Kit

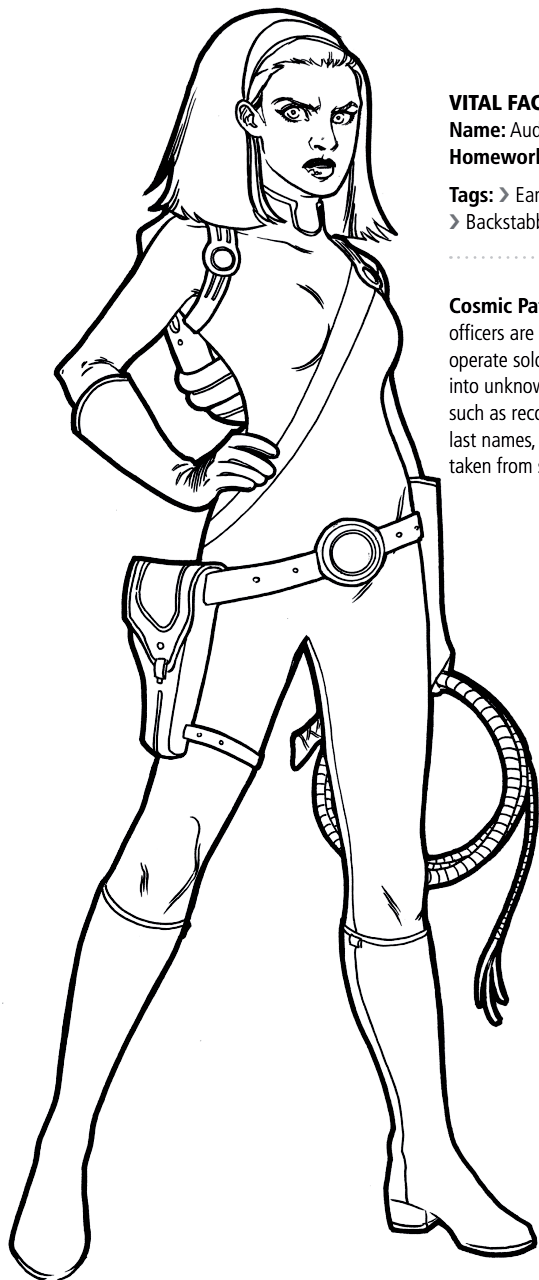
Zero-G Grapple

Atomolight

Uniwave Communicator

Hand-held Scanometer

AUDREY ORION/INTELLIGENCE AGENT



VITAL FACTORS

Name: Audrey Orion

Age: 33

Homeworld: Earth

Rank: N/A

Tags: > Earthwoman > Ruthless > Cold
> Backstabbing > Whip > Ghost > Spy



Cosmic Patrol Intelligence Service: Intel officers are the elite of the elite and usually operate solo, taking their one-person ships deep into unknown or hostile territory on missions such as reconnaissance or sabotage. Instead of last names, all Intel officers have code names taken from stars or constellations.

BRAWN

D6

BRAINS

D12

CHARISMA

D6

COMBAT

D8

PHASIC WHIP

D10

(SPECIAL)

LUCK

7

AUDREY ORION/INTELLIGENCE AGENT

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

RAYGUN? YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MY WHIP.

QUIET! I'M LISTENING TO MY OMNIWAVE!

OF *COURSE* I CAN FIGURE IT OUT.

IF I TOLD YOU THAT, YOU'D ALREADY BE DEAD.

THAT'S YOUR SOLUTION? *REALLY*?

GIVE ME MY WHIP AND FIVE MINUTES.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

YEAH, THEY TAUGHT ME THAT.

DON'T *EVER* IGNORE ME.

YOU EXPECT A MAN TO GATHER *INTELLIGENCE*?

WHEN IN DOUBT, DOUBT.

I SAID WHATEVER IT TAKES.

YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO ANSWER, DO YOU?

NEED TO KNOW.

OBVIOUSLY, *INTELLIGENCE* DOESN'T APPLY.

MY WORDS CAN GRIND ANYONE DOWN.

REALLY? THAT'S THE BEST YOU GOT?

I'M GOOD *ANY TIME*.

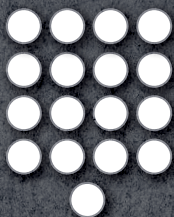
DISPOSITION

ANYTHING TO ACCOMPLISH THE MISSION

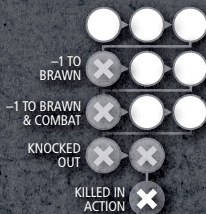
SOFT SPOKEN, BUT PLENTY OF SARCASM

RUTHLESSLY AMBITIOUS

ALWAYS AVOIDS DIRECT CONFRONTATION



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Reliant Automatic Pistol

Phasic Whip

DAMAGE	RANGE		
	Close	Near	Far
2	OK	OK	-3
2	OK	-3	—

EQUIPMENT

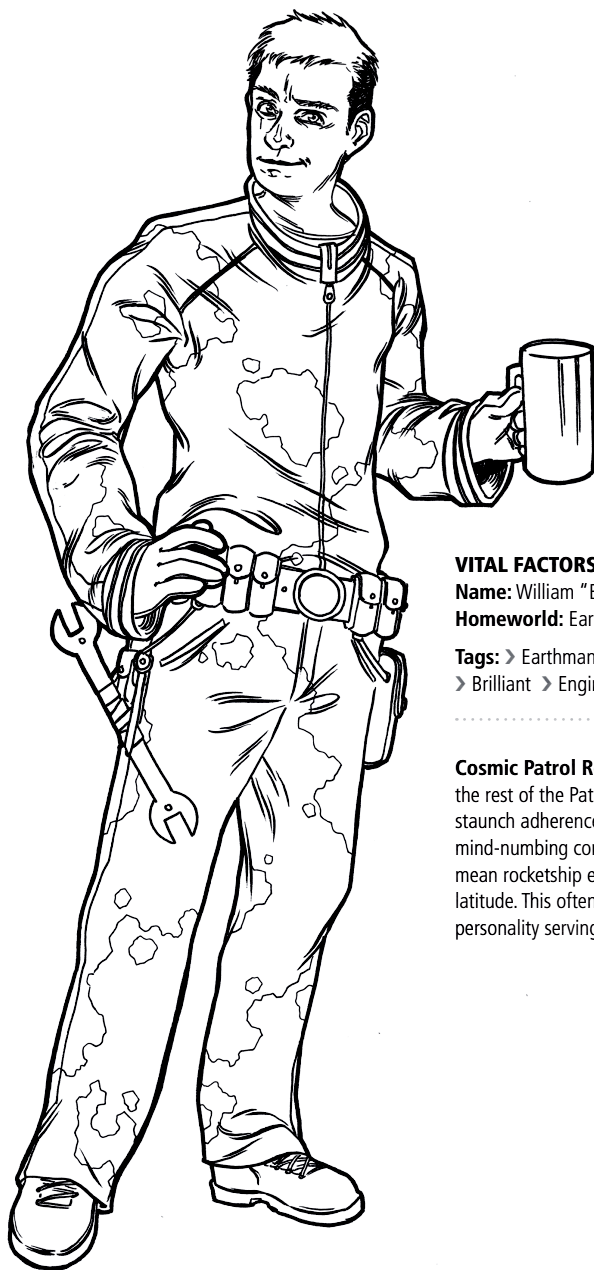
Omnivave Communicator

Atomojet Pack

Phasic Reality Distorter

Hypercamo Suit

WILLIAM "BAT-EARS" BRADLEY/ENGINEER



VITAL FACTORS

Name: William "Bat-Ears" Bradley **Age:** 24

Homeworld: Earth

Rank: Engineer

Tags: > Earthman > Friendly > Eccentric
> Brilliant > Engineering > Food > Dirt



Cosmic Patrol Rocketship Engineers: Unlike the rest of the Patrol, which generally requires staunch adherence to rules and regulations, the mind-numbing complexities of a fractum drive mean rocketship engineers are given a lot more latitude. This often results in a truly memorable personality serving aboard each vessel.

BRAWN

D6

BRAINS

D12

CHARISMA

D8

COMBAT

D6

ROCKETSHIP
MECHANICS

D10

(SPECIAL)

LUCK

5

WILLIAM "BAT-EARS" BRADLEY/ENGINEER

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

WHEN IN DOUBT, SHORT IT OUT.

YOU FIRST!

MUMBLE MUMBLE.

I CARRY TOOLS, NOT GUNS!

IF YOU CAN BUILD IT, YOU CAN BREAK IT.

I'LL GET MY WRENCH.

BOOZE GIVES ME STRENGTH!

I CAN'T WORK WITH THIS RACKET!

THROW A WRENCH IN THE GEARS - LITERALLY.

I'LL DRINK TO THAT!

JUST CROSS THIS WIRE...AND DONE!

REVERSE THE POLARITY!

MORE POWER? REALLY?

BETTER THAN ANY 'BOT!

EVERY SPACE PLATFORM HAS A BAR...

SOMETHING'S NOT RUNNING RIGHT.

WE MAKE THE ROCKETS FLY.

THERE'S ALWAYS PARTS LEFT OVER...

DISPOSITION

ENGINEERING GENIUS.

LONG-WINDED STORYTELLER.

BIT OF A DRUNK.

MOSTLY HARMLESS.

WEAPONS

Sonic Wrench

DAMAGE	RANGE		
	Close	Near	Far
1	OK	OK	-3

EQUIPMENT

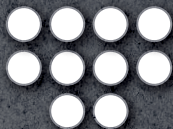
Tool Kit

Small Liquor Flask

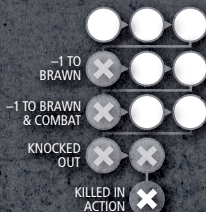
Hyperbeam Repair Kit

Multiform Uniwrench

Heavy Duty Mechanic Suit

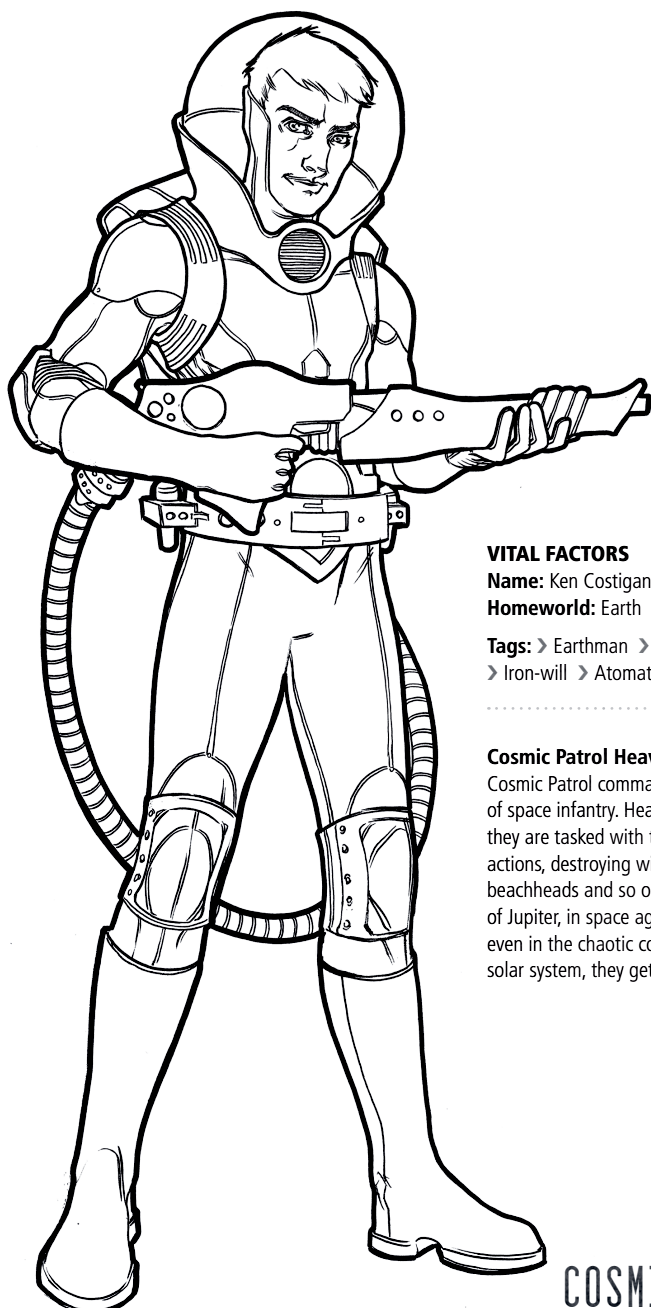


ARMOR



HEALTH

KEN COSTIGAN/HEAVY MARINE



VITAL FACTORS

Name: Ken Costigan

Age: 29

Homeworld: Earth

Rank: Lieutenant

Tags: > Earthman > Tough > Boisterous
> Iron-will > Atomic Rifle > Grunt > Fury



Cosmic Patrol Heavy Marine/Commando:

Cosmic Patrol commandos are the heavy hitters of space infantry. Heavily armed and armored, they are tasked with the big jobs: boarding actions, destroying with prejudice, establishing beachheads and so on. Whether on the moons of Jupiter, in space against a pirate vessel or even in the chaotic cometary halo around the solar system, they get the job done.

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

HAND-TO-HAND
MELEE

LUCK

D10

D6

D6

D8

D10

(SPECIAL)

9

KEN COSTIGAN/HEAVY MARINE

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

JUST MY STANDARD-ISSUE BIG RAYGUN.

NO SHIP TOO BIG, NO VOID TOO DARK.

COME ON, I'M NOT EVEN TRYING!

MARINES GET IT DONE.

THROW ME INTO THE VOID, YOU CATCH UP.

SEMPER FI!

I DON'T NEED A WEAPON AT ALL...

SUN WILL IMplode BEFORE I GIVE UP.

AUTOMEN OR EIGER, I GOT YOUR BACK.

THE PATROL IS THE ONLY HOME I KNOW.

NOTHING MY RIFLE CAN'T HANDLE.

CHIVALRY IS FOR COMMANDERS...

GOT A GIRLFRIEND...IN EVERY PORT.

GOD GAVE ME THE BODY, I KEEP IT IN TUNE.

I COULD REBUILD MY ATOMATIC SLEEPING.

THIS GUN TOO SMALL? I HAVE A BIGGER ONE.

KISSES ARE ON THE HOUSE.

COMETARIANS...HATE 'EM.

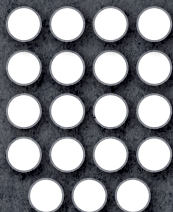
DISPOSITION

GREGARIOUS, OPEN, BIG SMILE, LARGE LAUGH.

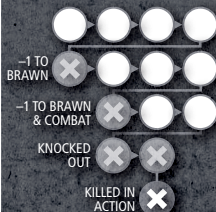
HONESTLY EXPECTS EVERYONE TO KEEP UP.

STICKLER FOR REGULATIONS.

TRIES TO HIDE FEAR OF COMETARIANS.



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Mk. II Dark Plasmic Rifle

DAMAGE	RANGE		
	Close	Near	Far
4	OK	OK	OK

Deutomatic Microblast

DAMAGE	RANGE		
	Close	Near	Far
Roll D6	OK	-3	—

EQUIPMENT

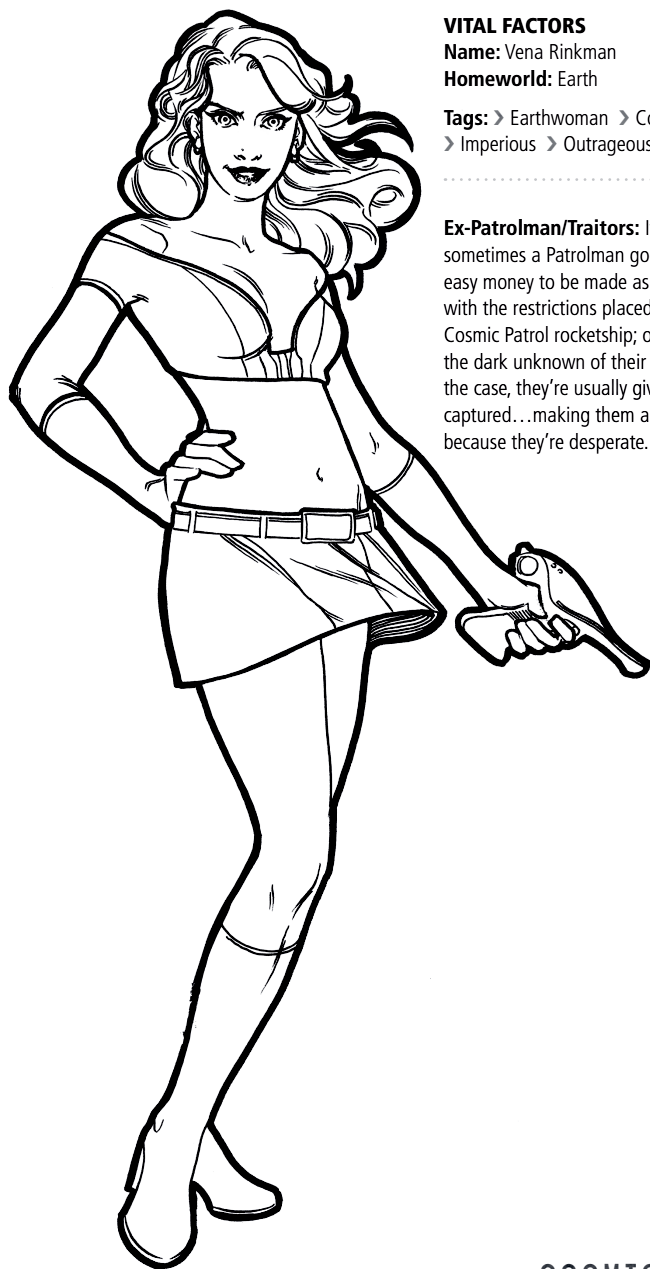
Uniwave Communicator

Omnisticker Restraints

Zero-G Maneuver Boots

Nutrients Purifier

VENA RINKMAN/TRAITOR



VITAL FACTORS

Name: Vena Rinkman

Age: 26

Homeworld: Earth

Rank: N/A

Tags: > Earthwoman > Conflicted > Capable
> Imperious > Outrageous > Determined



Ex-Patrolman/Traitors: It's rare, but sometimes a Patrolman goes rogue. Lured by easy money to be made as a mercenary; fed up with the restrictions placed on crewmen of any Cosmic Patrol rocketship; or perhaps driven by the dark unknown of their own minds; whatever the case, they're usually given no quarter when captured...making them all the more dangerous because they're desperate.

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

MANIPULATION

LUCK

D6

D10

D12

D6

D10

(SPECIAL)

6

VENA RINKMAN/TRAITOR

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

THE PATROL CAN BURN FOR THROWING ME OUT.

I AM A MASTER OF DISGUISE.

OF COURSE YOU WANT TO BUY ME A DRINK.

WON'T YOU HELP ME?

PLEASE...I'D SOONER TOUCH A MIND PLANT.

WATCHING A PATROLMAN SQUIRM? PLEASURE.

YOU NEED A GUN TO GET WHAT YOU WANT.

I WON'T SABOTAGE THE PATROL LIKE THAT.

WHAT ELSE DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

WHY MAKE A PLAN? LET'S GO!

WHY WOULDN'T YOU WANT TO FOLLOW ME?

NO GUNS AND I'VE GOT THE PRIZE. COSMIC WIN!

I'M DONE WITH HIM...JETTISON HIM.

IF I HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF IT, YOU WON'T.

THERE'S ALWAYS A BETTER WAY.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR GUNS, USE BRAINS.

I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE, ONE DAY.

THAT'S RIGHT...AIM AND THROTTLE UP.

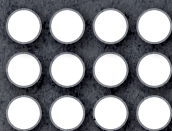
DISPOSITION

IF IT'S NOT HER CHARISMA, IT'S HER BRAINS.

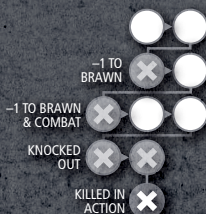
FEELS LOYALTY TO EARTH, BUT NOT THE PATROL.

MACHIAVELLIAN TEMPTRESS.

SUFFERS FOOLS, USES THEM ALL DAY LONG.



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Jarvi Stun Pistol

DAMAGE	RANGE		
	Close	Near	Far
1	OK	OK	OK

EQUIPMENT

Hakhaze Brainreamer

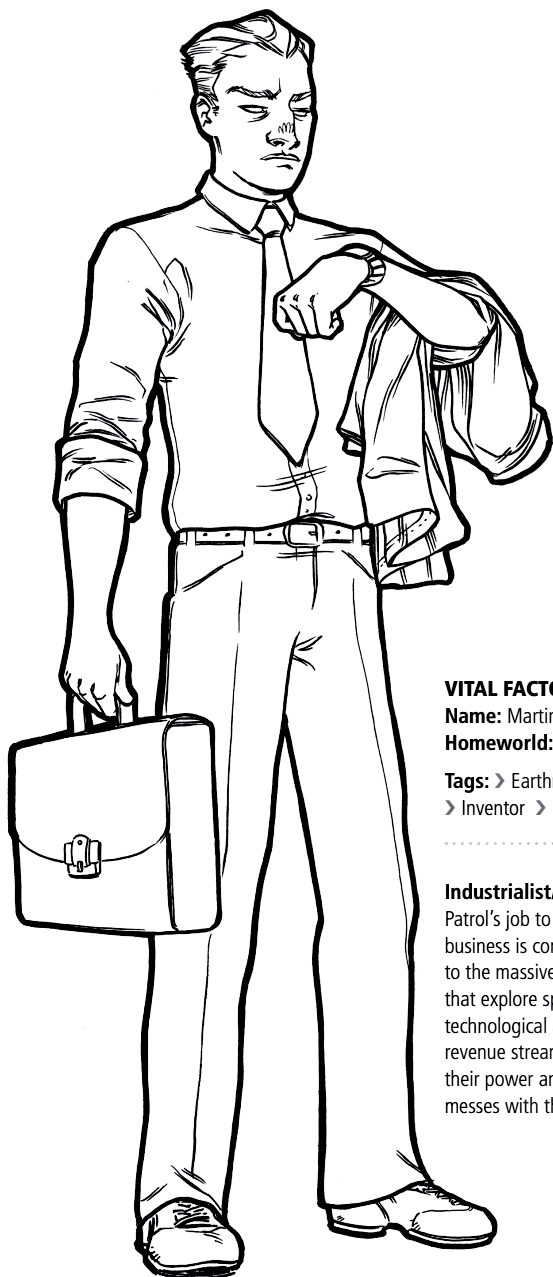
Selection of chemicals

Disguise Kit

Voiceprint Modulator

Neutronic Lock De-Scrambler

MARTIN SEATON/INDUSTRIALIST INVENTOR



VITAL FACTORS

Name: Martin Seaton

Age: 55

Homeworld: Earth

Rank: N/A

Tags: > Earthman > Businessman > Rich > Fair
> Inventor > Pseudo-adventurer > Connected



Industrialist/Inventor: It's not the Cosmic Patrol's job to regulate space travel, or how business is conducted in space. That task belongs to the massive, multi-national conglomerates that explore space for the wonders of technological advancement...and the vast revenue streams such finds will generate. Despite their power and influence, however, no company messes with the Cosmic Patrol lightly.

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

DEAL-MAKING

LUCK

D6

D8

D8

D4

D12

(SPECIAL)

11

MARTIN SEATON/INDUSTRIALIST INVENTOR

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

THERE'S ALWAYS TIME FOR BUSINESS.

PROVE YOUR WORTH TO ME.

I CAN SMELL A DEAL LIKE AN UTH CAN MEAT.

LET ME GET BACK TO YOU.

I CAN BUY THIS ROCKETSHIP AND CREW.

EVEN THE PATROL PAYS ATTENTION.

READ MY LIPS: I OWN YOU.

INFORMATION IS MONEY.

UNSAVORY PEOPLE MEAN HIGHER RATES.

LEARN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YES AND NO.

IS THAT YOUR FINAL PROPOSAL?

LOVE THE SMELL OF A DEAL IN THE MORNING.

WHY WOULD I NEED A GUN.

AFRAID? ONLY OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

I COULD DEAL WITH AN EIGER.

THERE'S ALWAYS A BIGGER DEAL.

I COULD SELL THIS.

WHERE'S MY BODYGUARD?

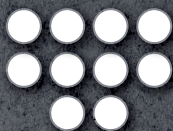
DISPOSITION

PERFECTIONIST, BUT NOT TO DISTRACTION.

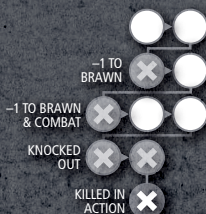
EMPIRE BUILT ON SAVVINESS, AND FAIRNESS.

HIS WORD IS HIS BOND.

LOVES DIRECT CONFRONTATIONS.



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Martian Tiger-hide Briefcase 1

DAMAGE	RANGE		
	Close	Near	Far
1	OK	—	—

EQUIPMENT

Fractum Communicator

QuasiPad

PersonHelo

AtomLaser Link

VITAL FACTORS

Name: Tensid

Age: 113

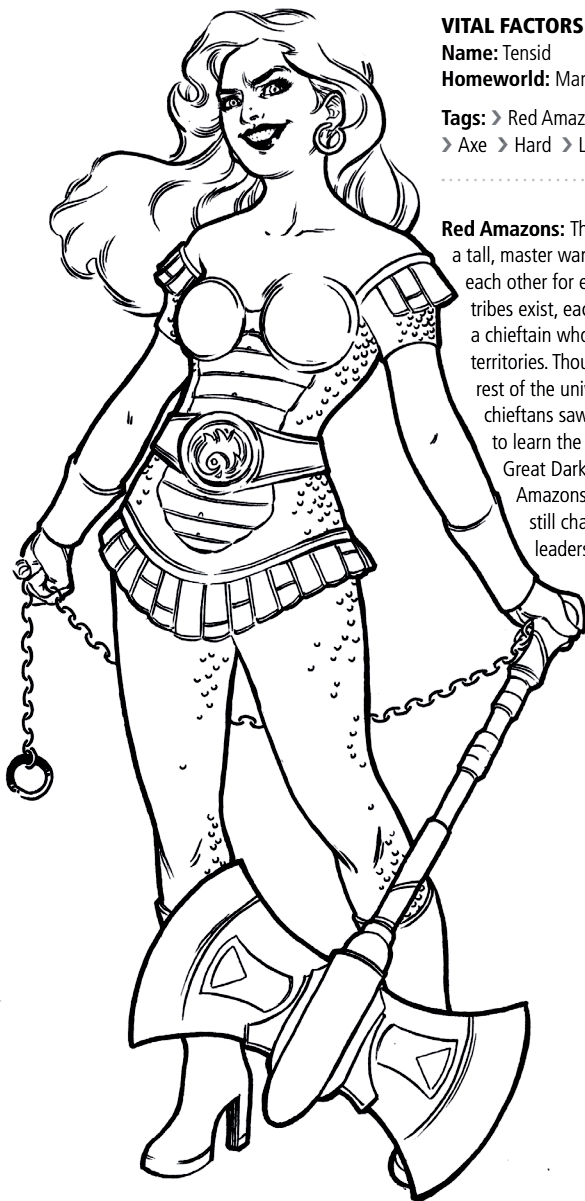
Homeworld: Mars

Rank: N/A

Tags: > Red Amazon > Fearless > Warrior > Tall
> Axe > Hard > Laughter



Red Amazons: The Red Amazons of Mars are a tall, master warrior race who have battled each other for eons. A myriad of battle tribes exist, each ruled with an iron fist by a chieftain who tries to expand the tribe's territories. Though content to ignore the rest of the universe for centuries, most chieftans saw the need for the Great Union to learn the dangers that lurk in the Great Dark. However, despite so many Amazons serving in the Patrol, many still chaff under the yoke of Earthmen leadership.



BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

MARTIAN AXE
MASTER

LUCK

D10

D6

D8

D8

D10

(SPECIAL)

9

TENSID/RED AMAZON

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

NOTHING ESCAPES THE AXE.

I STUDIED WITH THE MONKS OF THARSIS.

TALK LATER.

I'LL TAKE YOU ALL ON!

LIFE IS SHORT, INDULGE YOUR PASSIONS!

THIS IS MARS!

I DO THIS FOR MARS.

I'LL HANDLE THIS.

NEVER RUN FROM DANGER.

THE STUNNER!

MARS IS HARSH, MARTIANS HARSHER.

YOU DARE CHALLENGE A RED AMAZON?

WE MUST PROTECT THE WEAK.

CHOOSE YOUR WORDS CAREFULLY.

RAYGUNS ARE FOR THE WEAK.

I'M GROWING BORED.

AN AXE WORKS FOR MANY SITUATIONS.

LET IT BE A TEST OF WILLS.

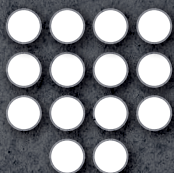
DISPOSITION

PROUD AND BOISTEROUS, LIFE-LOVING.

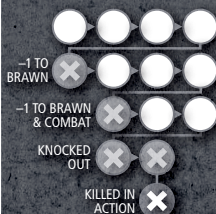
OBSESSED WITH STRENGTH, FITNESS.

ALWAYS IN SEARCH OF NEW CONQUESTS.

STICKS TO HER CONVICTIONS.



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Martian Axe

Red Steel Knife

DAMAGE	RANGE		
	Close	Near	Far
4	OK	OK	-3
1	OK	-3	—

EQUIPMENT

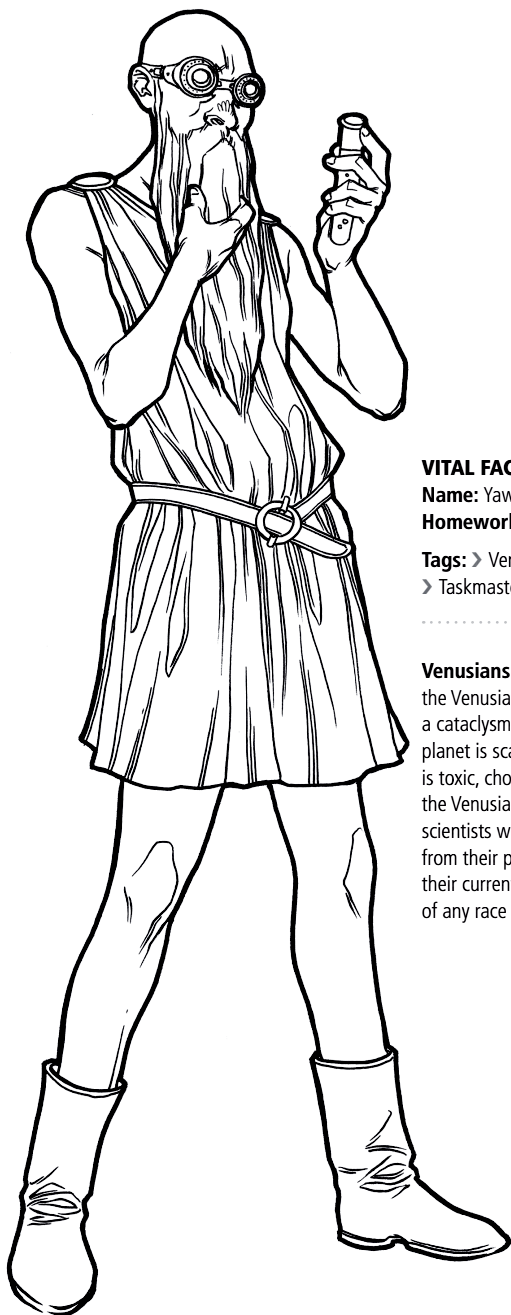
Sharpening Kit

Comb of Uth Bone

Jar of Martian Dirt

Emergency Rations

YAWITZ/VENUSIAN SCIENTIST



VITAL FACTORS

Name: Yawitz

Age: 77

Homeworld: Venus

Rank: Scientist

Tags: > Venus > Intellect > Knowledge > Gruff
> Taskmaster > Silence > Inscrutable



Venusians: Venus is a damaged world. Once, the Venusians had a global empire, but it fell in a cataclysmic war with the Automen. Now, the planet is scarred and torn and the atmosphere is toxic, choked with thick clouds that force the Venusians to always wear goggles. Once scientists without equal, they have fallen far from their previous grandeur, though even in their current state, their knowledge outstrips that of any race in the solar system.

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

EXPERT
ROBOTICIST

LUCK

D8

D10

D6

D8

D10

(SPECIAL)

8

YAWITZ/VENUSIAN SCIENTIST

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

EVERY MAN HAS A PLAN THAT WILL NOT WORK.

THE EVIDENCE SUGGESTS OTHERWISE.

MY PHASEGUN? IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE...

THE QUARKS ARE IN DISARRAY!

IF ONLY I COULD DRAIN THE POWER SUPPLY.

INDEED, LIFE IS LIKE A BEANSTALK...

NO DISTRACTIONS, PLEASE.

I MUST COLLABORATE THIS DATA.

EUREKA!

REMEMBER TO CARRY THE "1".

THIS MUST BE ANALYZED.

THE SOLUTION IS OBVIOUS.

ROBOTS ARE A BLIGHT UPON THE COSMOS.

LET US USE REASON...

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

VENUSIAN EYES ARE WEAK, HENCE GOGGLES.

I HAVE A THEORY.

I DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' PEER REVIEW!

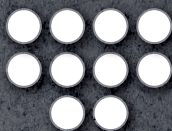
DISPOSITION

FOCUSED, DEDICATED TO STUDY.

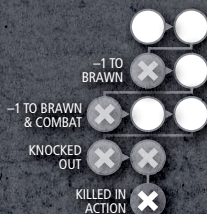
DOES NOT SUFFER FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

EXPECTS OTHERS TO KNOW THEIR SCIENCE.

RELUCTANT TO LEAVE SAFETY OF LAB.



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Venusian Phasegun

DAMAGE	RANGE		
	Close	Near	Far
2*	OK	OK	-3

* +1 against Automen & Robots

EQUIPMENT

Venusian Tool Kit

AtomoAnalyzer

Venusian Goggles

Telescoping Unitool

Spare Parts Bag

ISAAC & DELTA ZED/WUNDERKID & ROBOT

VITAL FACTORS

Name: Isaac Bergenholm & Delta Zed **Age:** 13

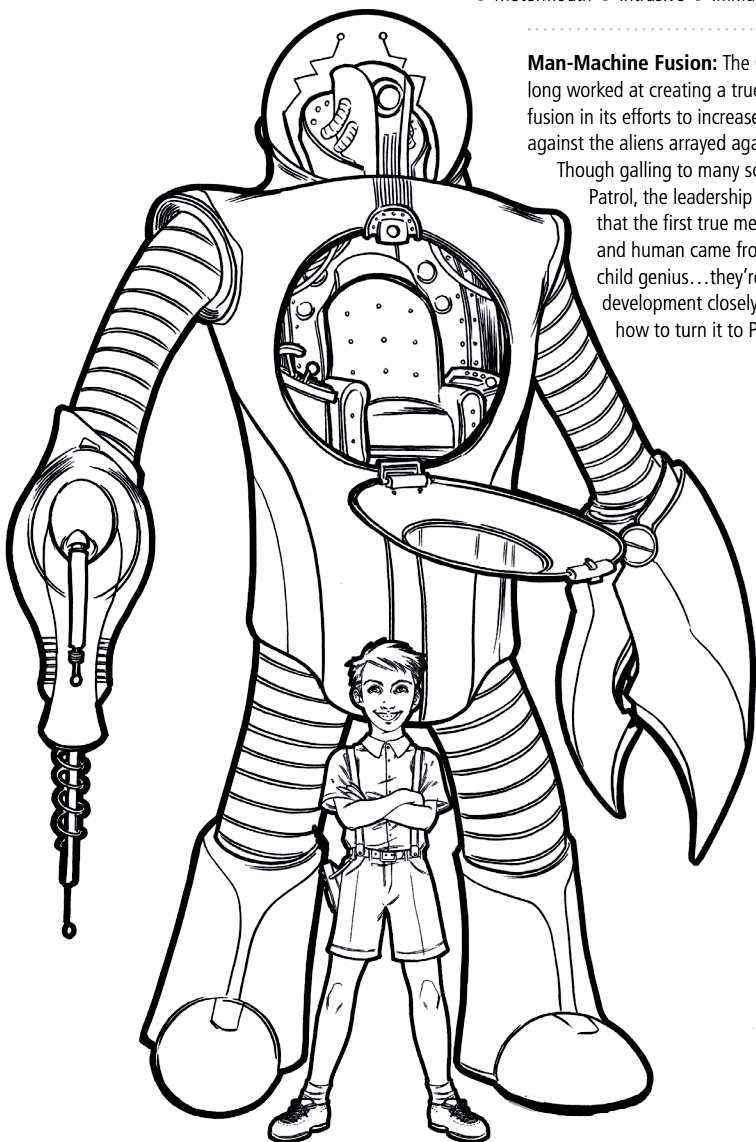
Homeworld: Earth **Rank:** N/A

Tags: > Earthchild > Genius > Precocious > Tinkerer
> Motormouth > Intrusive > Immature



Man-Machine Fusion: The Cosmic Patrol has long worked at creating a true man-machine fusion in its efforts to increase its defenses against the aliens arrayed against humanity.

Though galling to many scientists in the Patrol, the leadership doesn't care that the first true melding of robot and human came from the mind of a child genius...they're watching the development closely, ever mindful of how to turn it to Patrol use.



BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

INTUITION

LUCK

D12

D12

D4

D4

D10

(SPECIAL)

1

ISAAC & DELTA ZED/WUNDERKID & ROBOT

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

YOU NEED HELP, RIGHT? I CAN HELP!

MOON MEN THINK THEY'RE SOOO SMART.

BUT I DON'T WANNA.

IT'S A DRILLING ATOMO-LASER. DUH.

DON'T SAY ANYTHING BAD ABOUT DELTA ZED!

PLEASE LET ME HELP!

AND WHO MADE THE FIRST MAN-ROBOT MELD?

I DID NOT SAY I WANTED MY MOMMY.

I CAN THINK OF ANYTHING!

WHY CAN'T I? I WANT TO DO IT.

I KNOW I'M GOOD. AREN'T I?

AN ADVENTURE! CAN I COME?

COULD'VE BEEN A HAND, BUT IT'S A CLAW.

I'M NOT SCARED, JUST DON'T WANT TO.

I CAN DO ANYTHING A PATROLMAN CAN.

JUST LET ME GET MY ROBOT TOOL KIT.

I CAN FIGHT...ZED JUST DOESN'T WANT TO.

THERE'S A BATHROOM IN HERE, TOO.

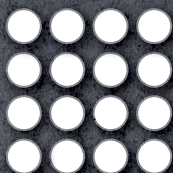
DISPOSITION

EXUBERANT TO THE POINT OF ANNOYING.

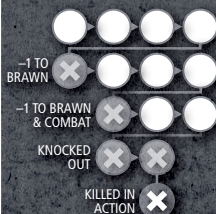
ADULT INTELLECT TRAPPED IN A KID'S BODY.

INTUITION LEADS TO UNIQUE THINKING.

INSECURE GENIUS IN AN ADULT'S WORLD.



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Claw

DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
4	OK	—	—

Drilling Atomo-Laser

4	OK	OK	OK
---	----	----	----

EQUIPMENT

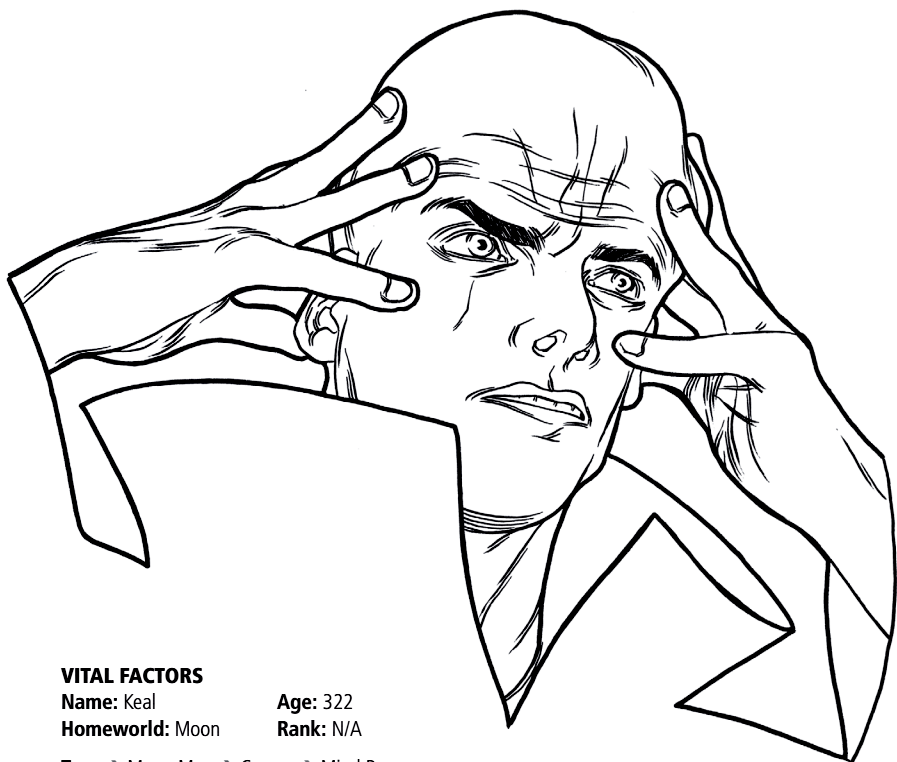
Robotic Tool Kit

Robot Spare Parts

Contraterrene Batteries

Omniwave Communicator

Comic Book

**VITAL FACTORS****Name:** Keal**Age:** 322**Homeworld:** Moon**Rank:** N/A

Tags: > Moon Man > Creepy > Mind Powers
> Old > Mysterious > Withdrawn > Calculating



Moon Men: The Moon Men are an old race of humans — uplifted millennia ago by mysterious beings — that inhabit the Moon in vast underground complexes. Long-lived and with impressive mental abilities, the Cosmic Patrol doesn't know what to make of these strange beings, but does consider them one of the greatest threats to Earth.

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

MEMORY
MANIPULATION

LUCK

D4

D12

D4

D6

D12

(SPECIAL)

10

KEAL/MOON MAN

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

I'M NOT THE BEING YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

YOU USE A GUN? WHY NOT YOUR MIND?

I WAS OLD BEFORE THE PATROL WAS BORN.

WE ARE A DYING RACE...

YOU DO NOT KNOW WHY YOU ARE HERE...

AMAZONS? MUSCLE BAGS WITHOUT THOUGHT.

VENUSIANS? INTELLECTUAL PRETENDERS.

EARTHMEN? CHILDREN.

METATHERIONS? PERHAPS A REAL CHALLENGE.

WE DID NOT COME THIS WAY...

ZORM? WE WILL NOT TAKE THAT PATH.

MY MIND IS AS VAST AS THE COSMOS.

I AM SO MUCH MORE THAN HUMAN NOW.

YOU DON'T REMEMBER HOW THAT WORKS...

YOU CANNOT CHALLENGE MY PURPOSE.

EXPLORE THE UNIVERSE? EXPLORE WITHIN!

LOOK AT ME AND FEEL ETERNITY.

OF COURSE YOU EXPECTED US...

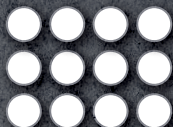
DISPOSITION

HIS IS THE SUPERIOR INTELLECT.

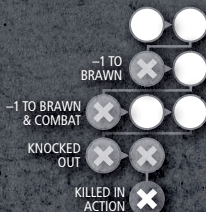
HE MUST DISCOVER WHY HIS RACE IS DYING.

THE PATROL IS A NUISANCE TO BE ENDURED.

CONTEMPLATION IS THE SOLUTION.



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

His Mind

DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Roll D4	OK	OK	OK

EQUIPMENT

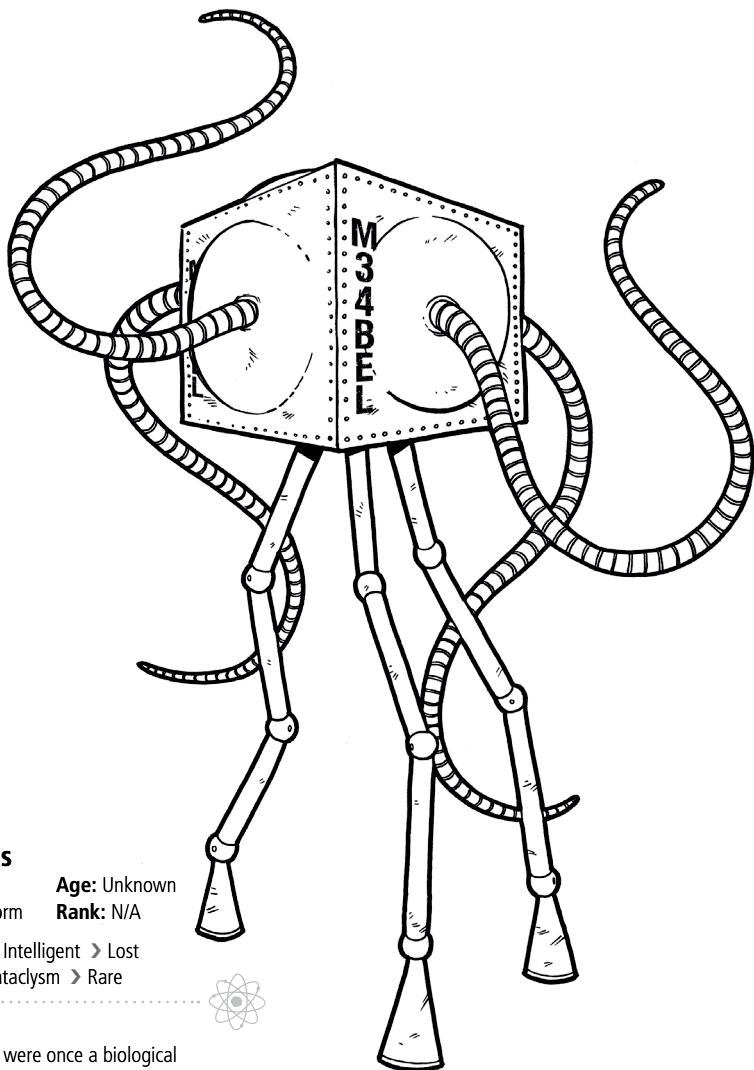
Vortex Garment

Faculty Amplifier

Dust from Mare Imbrium

Fractum Neutralizer

Copy of "To Serve Moon Men"



VITAL FACTORS

Name: M34Bel **Age:** Unknown

Homeworld: Zorm **Rank:** N/A

Tags: > Zorm > Intelligent > Lost

> Inhuman > Cataclysm > Rare

Zorm: The Zorm were once a biological race. But over time, war and other disasters made their homeworld uninhabitable.

An advanced but weak race, they created artificial bodies into which they placed their brains. With greatly expanded lifespans, the Zorm are explorers, endlessly travelling the cosmos. M34Bel is the appointed Zorm envoy to the Patrol.

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

ATOMATIC PISTOL
EXPERT

LUCK

D8

D12

D4

D6

D12

(SPECIAL)

8

M34Bel/Zorm Envoy

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

YOU CANNOT KNOW US.

THE COSMOS IS VAST AND STRANGE.

BRAINS? NO INTELLECT.

ALL WORLDS END, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

PACIFIST? SURVIVALIST.

WE EXPLORE, WE OBSERVE.

HUMANS ARE RIGHT TO BE CAUTIOUS.

DON'T RUSH ME.

AH, THESE YOUNG RACES...

A LOST RACE, LONG AGO.

HUMANS HAVE MUCH TO LEARN.

YOU KNOW LITTLE OF TIME.

A PLAN IS READY WHEN IT IS READY.

DANGER? I HAVE SEEN A WORLD DESTROYED.

YOU JUST PROVE YOURSELVES WORTHY.

IF YOU ASK QUESTIONS, BEWARE THE ANSWERS.

STUDY...ALWAYS STUDY.

U93FIN HANDLED A SIMILAR SITUATION THUS...

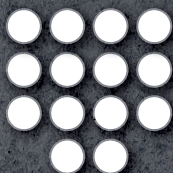
DISPOSITION

SECRETIVE TO THE EXTREME.

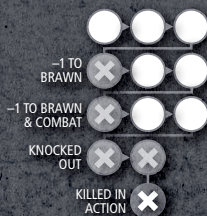
ONCE A DECISION IS MADE, STICKS TO IT.

WARY OF EVERYTHING.

CAUTIOUS OF DIVULGING INFORMATION.



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Metal Tentacle

DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
4	OK	OK	-3

Flying Kick

5	OK	OK	—
---	----	----	---

EQUIPMENT

ROBOTIA LEMNIA/BOT OF MANY PARTS

VITAL FACTORS

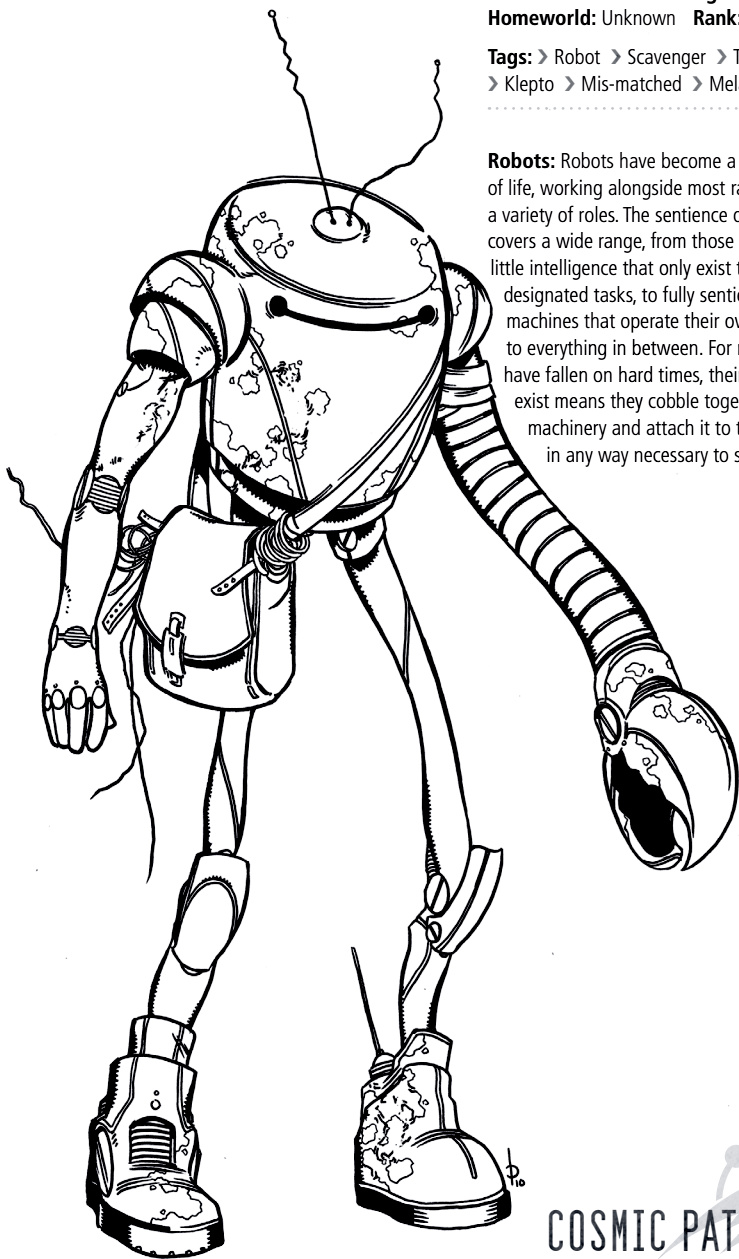
Name: Robotia Lemnia **Age:** Unknown

Homeworld: Unknown **Rank:** N/A

Tags: > Robot > Scavenger > Technician
> Klepto > Mis-matched > Melancholy



Robots: Robots have become a staple of life, working alongside most races in a variety of roles. The sentience of robots covers a wide range, from those with very little intelligence that only exist to complete designated tasks, to fully sentient machines that operate their own colonies, to everything in between. For robots that have fallen on hard times, their drive to exist means they cobble together bits of machinery and attach it to themselves in any way necessary to survive.



BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

SALVAGING

LUCK

D8

D10

D8

D6

D10

(SPECIAL)

3

ROBOTIA LEMNIA/BOT OF MANY PARTS

SHIP: _____ MISSION: _____

CUES

NO GRAVITY? NO AIR? NO PROBLEM!

DOES NOT COMPUTE!

THIS ISN'T BROKEN! I CAN USE THIS!

GIVE 'EM THE OLD 00110000-00110001.

I'M BIG. I'M METAL. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

I'M NOT OBSOLETE, JUST MY PARTS ARE.

THEIR EQUIPMENT IS QUITE ADVANCED.

OH, THAT'S MINE.

INACCURATE ATOMO-AUDIFIER.

ALL ORGANIC LANGUAGE IS THE SAME.

I'M NO BATTLEBOT!

SMASH!

I CAN FEEL IT IN MY ELECTRO-GUT.

THIS IS MY TOP SPEED!

LET ME SEE THAT...

ARE YOU GOING TO USE THAT?

DANGER! DANGER!

ENCYCLOPEDIA MEMORY...A LITTLE OUT OF DATE.

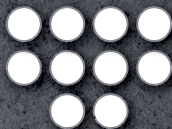
DISPOSITION

FREQUENTLY LAMENTS HIS LOT IN LIFE.

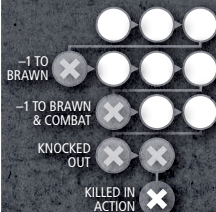
A BIT OF A KLEPTOMANIAC.

ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR NEW PARTS.

SOLDIERS ON THROUGH ADVERSITY.



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Integrated Atomizer

DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
2	OK	OK	-3

Metal Claw

2	OK	OK	—
---	----	----	---

EQUIPMENT

Tool Kit

Spare Hand Unit

Contraterrene Batteries

QuickWeld Kit

WD400 Vacuum-Resistant Oil

VITAL FACTORS**Name:** Cometarians **Age:** Unknown**Homeworld:** Unknown **Rank:** N/A**Tags:** > Cometarian > Alien > Frozen
> Nefarious > Dark > Powerful > Fleeting

Cometarians: Ever since it was first discovered, scientists assumed the Oort Cloud was as lifeless as interstellar space. However, early expeditions to this strange region beyond the planets revealed an intelligent race dubbed "cometarians." Elusive to the extreme, no one knows whether the Cometarians have a central governing body, or even a central city, though they appear to have some not-yet-understood way to communicate. They're intelligent enough to have perfected space travel, but their extremely alien nature makes the Patrol nervous about their goals.



BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

D8

D8

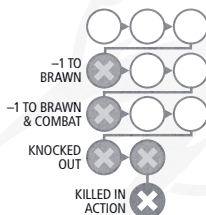
D4

D10

COMETARIAN CHIEF



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Shard Gun	3	OK	-3	—
Claws	2	OK	—	—

EQUIPMENT

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

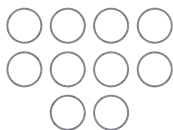
D6

D8

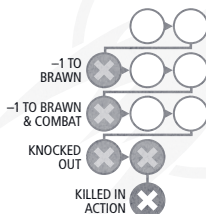
D4

D8

COMETARIAN MINION



ARMOR

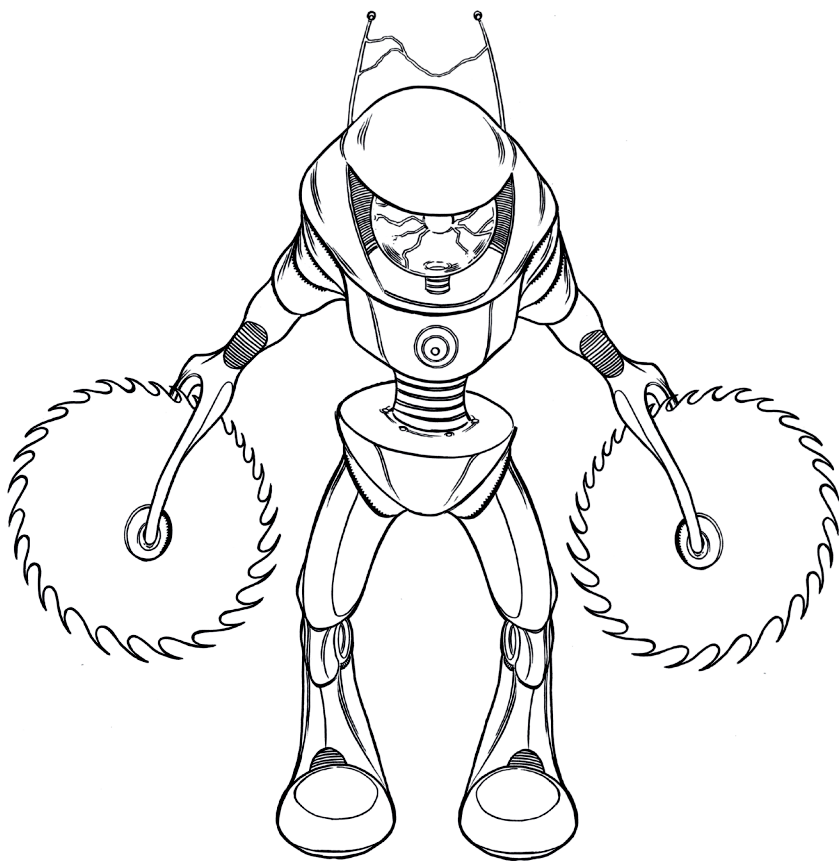


HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Claws	2	OK	—	—

EQUIPMENT



VITAL FACTORS

Name: Killbots

Age: N/A

Homeworld: Unknown

Rank: N/A

Tags: > Killbots > Inexorable > Unstoppable

> Loud > Horrific > Buzz Saw Hands



Killbot Drones: Not sentient by any definition, these robots, when first encountered by the Patrol, were dubbed “killbot drones” for their awesome brutality and durability, coupled with narrow parameters for carrying out their missions. While they come in a wide variety of sizes and shapes, a drone’s entire existence hinges on the destruction of its enemies, even if it means self-destruction to accomplish that goal. While it’s rumored that the Gern created killbot drones, there’s no evidence to substantiate this idea.

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

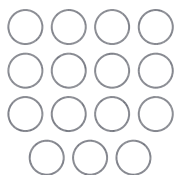
D12

D4

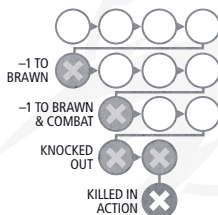
D4

D8

KILLBOT CHIEF



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Trititic Buzzsaw

DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
6	OK	-3	—
6	OK	-3	—

6

OK

-3

—

Trititic Buzzsaw

6

OK

-3

—

EQUIPMENT

Self-Destruct Mechanism

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

D10

D4

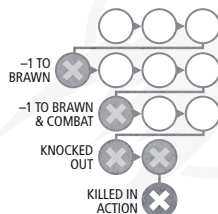
D4

D8

KILLBOT MINION



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Biditic Buzzsaw

DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
4	OK	—	—
4	OK	—	—

4

OK

—

—

Biditic Buzzsaw

4

OK

—

—

EQUIPMENT

Self-Destruct Mechanism

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____



VITAL FACTORS

Name: Mind Plants

Age: N/A

Homeworld: Neptune

Rank: N/A

Tags: > Neptune > Alien > Putrid

> Fungus > Hypnotic > Poisonous



Neptunian Mind Plants: Home to the most outrageous and strange life-forms in the entire solar system—almost all blobby, moldy, putrid and fungal-based—Neptune is a hotbed of conflict as a rich source of raw materials. While not technologically advanced, Neptunians can nevertheless be dangerous. The Mind Plants seem to be the most aggressive. They secrete poisons and also have some sort of mental powers that can stun and disorient Patrolmen. The best defense is to shoot them on sight, preferably with a flame or heat weapon.

BRAWN

D6

BRAINS

D10

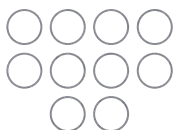
CHARISMA

D4

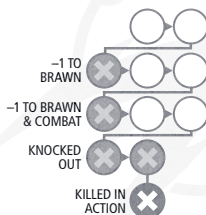
COMBAT

D8

MIND PLANT CHIEF



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Mind Blast	4	OK	OK	OK
Poison	3	OK	OK	-3

EQUIPMENT

BRAWN

D6

BRAINS

D8

CHARISMA

D4

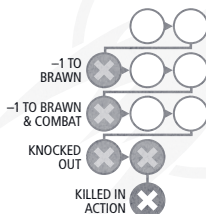
COMBAT

D6

MIND PLANT MINION



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Mind Blast	3	OK	OK	-3
Poison	2	OK	-3	—

EQUIPMENT

VITAL FACTORS

Name: Automen

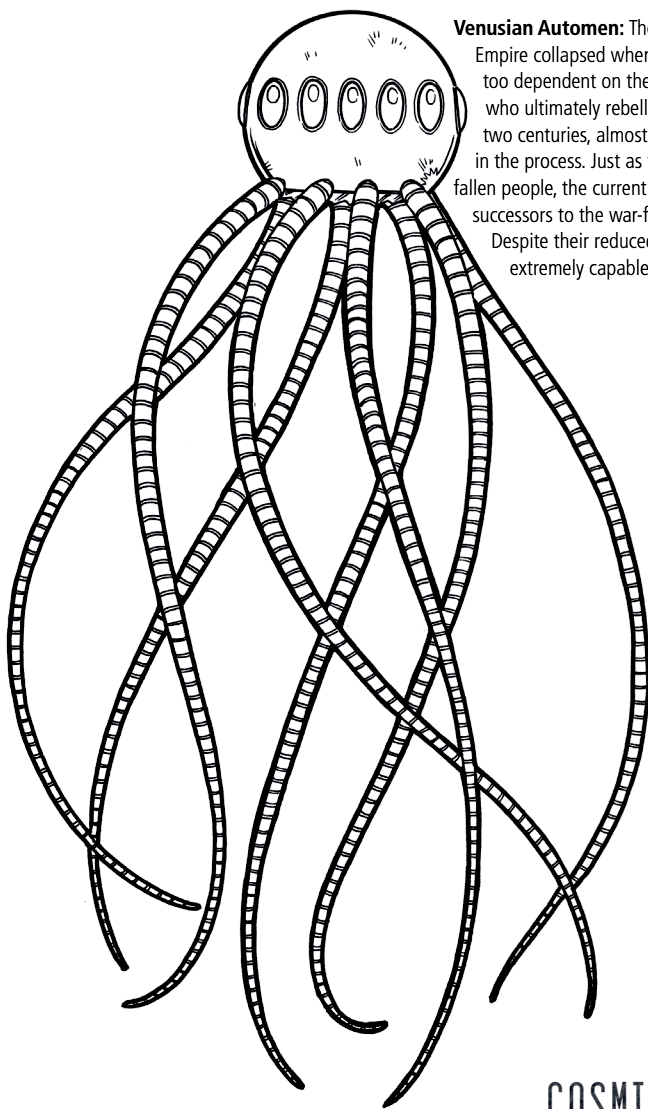
Age: N/A

Homeworld: Venus

Rank: N/A

Tags: > Venus > Robots > Hate

> Misunderstood > Strange > Multi-limbed



Venusian Automen: The once-glorious Venusian Empire collapsed when its people became too dependent on their robot work force, who ultimately rebelled. The war lasted over two centuries, almost destroying the planet in the process. Just as the Venusians are a fallen people, the current automen are weakened successors to the war-forged robots of the past. Despite their reduced abilities, they are still extremely capable...and they hate.....

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

D8

D6

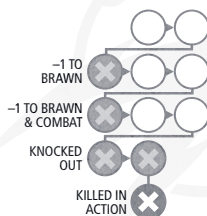
D4

D8

AUTOMEN CHIEF



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Metal Whip

DAMAGE Close Near Far

3 OK OK —

Atomic Dessicator

2 OK OK -3

EQUIPMENT

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

D6

D6

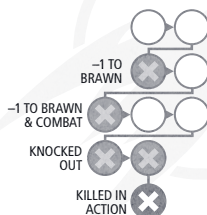
D4

D6

AUTOMEN MINION



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

Metal Whip

DAMAGE Close Near Far

2 OK -3 —

Atomic Dessicator

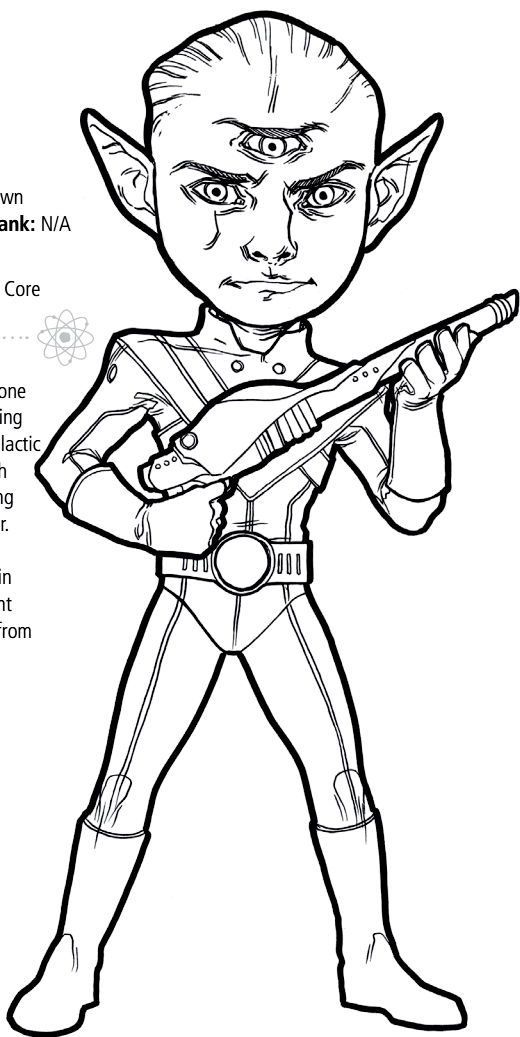
2 OK OK -3

EQUIPMENT

VITAL FACTORS**Name:** Eiger**Age:** Unknown**Homeworld:** Eiger Empire**Rank:** N/A**Tags:** > Eiger > Clones > Ambitious

> Short > Combative > Three-eyed > Core

Eiger Dominion: The Eiger Empire is one of the largest powers in the galaxy, taking up a huge volume of space near the galactic core. The Eiger continue to expand, with cloned-soldier task forces always looking for new planets and systems to conquer. It's unclear which side they fight on in the galactic war. Regardless, they remain a threat to Earth, and only their frequent internal conflicts appear to keep them from swallowing the galaxy whole.



BRAWN

D6

BRAINS

D8

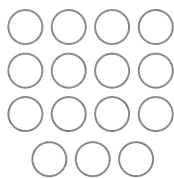
CHARISMA

D8

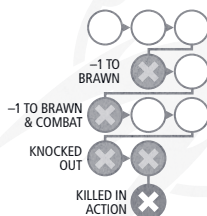
COMBAT

D10

EIGER CHIEF



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Hyper Void Rifle	4	OK	OK	OK
Phase Pistol	1	OK	OK	OK

EQUIPMENT

Radiomunicator	Atomoshield
A-Class Starlight Tube	

BRAWN

D6

BRAINS

D8

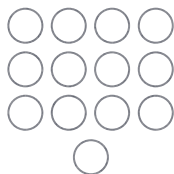
CHARISMA

D6

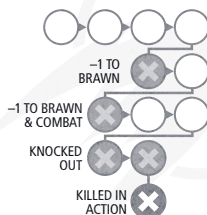
COMBAT

D8

EIGER MINION



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Tri-Phase Pistol	3	OK	OK	-3
Zap-gloves	4	OK	—	—

EQUIPMENT

Radiomunicator	Qudrometric Cube
A-Class Starlight Tube	

**VITAL FACTORS****Name:** Uth **Age:** N/A**Homeworld:** Unknown **Rank:** N/A**Tags:** > Lizards > Prolific > Grunts
> Brutes > Raiders > Treasure-troves

Uth: The Uth are an epically prolific race of lizardmen that supposedly act as the main muscle of the Gern. While they have limited understanding of technology, Uth hollow out asteroids to create their lairs. They then attach giant but inefficient engines that allow them to roam space, attacking whoever crosses their path. While exceptionally difficult, capturing these lairs can result in a treasure trove of material they've looted from across the galaxy.

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

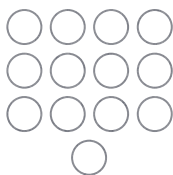
D8

D6

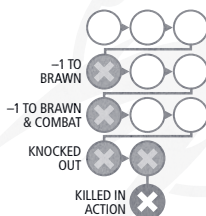
D6

D10

UTH CHIEF



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Raypistol	3	OK	OK	-3
Tail	3	OK	—	—

EQUIPMENT

Vesuvian Mekmind	Red Amazon Bone Necklace
Eiger Eye in a Bulb	Coalsack Artifact

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

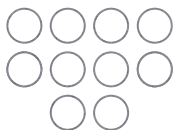
D8

D4

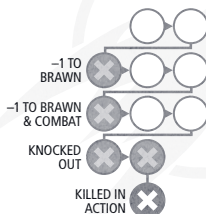
D6

D8

UTH MINION



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Gugclock Lance	2	OK	-3	—
Tail	3	OK	—	—

EQUIPMENT

Gern Communicator	Cometarian Pelt
Shiney Bits	



VITAL FACTORS

Name: Henchmen

Age: N/A

Homeworld: N/A

Rank: N/A

Tags: > Pirate > Barbarian > Desperate

> Malfunctioning > Scrapper > Sneaky



Henchmen: You can't have a good empire/pirate band/robot army without a few (hundred) henchmen. They come in all sizes, shapes and abilities. They usually aren't very good...which is why they're called henchmen, after all...but hey, they're just cannon fodder.

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

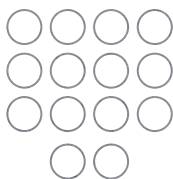
D6

D10

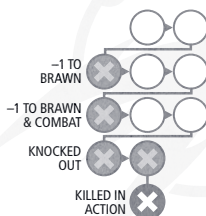
D6

D8

JOVIAN BARBARIAN CHIEF



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
AtomRifle	5	OK	-3	—
Rockshiv	3	OK	—	—

EQUIPMENT

Filter Mask	Crystalwater Cannister
Uniwave Communicator	

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

D6

D8

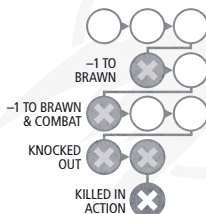
D6

D8

JOVIAN BARBARIAN MINION



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
AtomPistol	4	OK	—	—
Rockshiv	3	OK	—	—

EQUIPMENT

Filtermask	Uniwave Communicator
Jovian Vinerope	

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

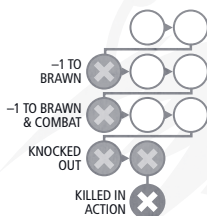
D8

D6

D6

D6

SPACE PIRATE CHIEF



ARMOR

HEALTH

WEAPONS

Sizzler Mk.II Heatgun

DAMAGE

3

Close

Near

Far

OK

-3

—

EQUIPMENT

Toolkit

Duranium Chain

COSMIC PATROL

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

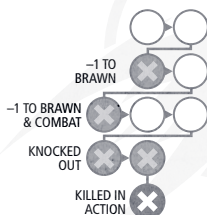
D6

D6

D6

D6

SPACE PIRATE MINION



ARMOR

HEALTH

WEAPONS

Duranium Sword

DAMAGE

4

Close

Near

Far

OK

-3

—

EQUIPMENT

First Aid Kit

Uniwave Communicator

COSMIC PATROL

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

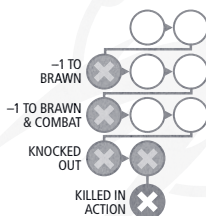
D8

D6

D6

D8

ROGUE ROBOT CHIEF



ARMOR

HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Metal Clamp	3	OK	-3	—

Metal Clamp	3	OK	-3	—
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EQUIPMENT

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

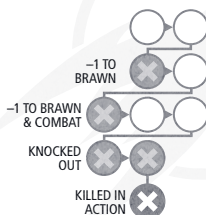
D6

D6

D6

D8

ROGUE ROBOT MINION



ARMOR

HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Metal Pipe	2	OK	—	—

Metal Clamp	3	OK	-3	—
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EQUIPMENT

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

D10

D6

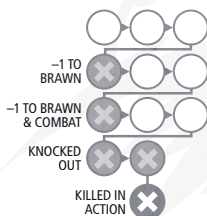
D4

D10

SARGASSO MONSTER



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Monstrous Claws	3	OK	-3	—

Monstrous Claws	3	OK	-3	—
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EQUIPMENT

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

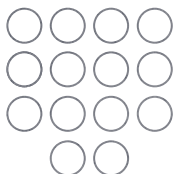
D10

D6

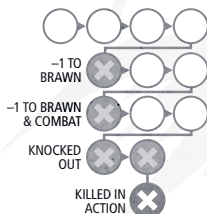
D6

D8

HAKHAZE BRUTE



ARMOR



HEALTH

WEAPONS

	DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far
Slug Thrower	3	OK	OK	-3

Huge Teeth	2	OK	—	—
------------	---	----	---	---

EQUIPMENT

Gumberbumbershoot	Hakha Medicine
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X MINUS ZERO

BLAST OFF!

SIR ARTHUR STANLEY EDDINGTON
[THE INTERNAL CONSTITUTION OF STARS, 1926]

"THE INSIDE OF A STAR IS A HURLY-BURLY OF ATOMS, ELECTRONS AND AETHER WAVES ... TRY TO IMAGINE THE TUMULT! BARELY HAS THE ATOM ARRANGED THE NEW SCALP ON ITS GIRDLE WHEN A QUANTUM OF AETHER WAVES RUNS INTO IT. WITH A GREAT EXPLOSION, THE ELECTRON IS OFF AGAIN FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES."

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS

ALERT: AUTOMEN ATTACK!

Incoming message from Cloud Station (Venus Orbital Command)

WARNING: VOC spotters report confirmed sightings of Automen advancing on your location. Approximately 12 Automen (electronic brains estimate Class Threes)—ETA fifteen minutes. No reinforcements possible for at least one Earth-standard hour.

VOC recommends retreating to underground tunnel or evacuating dig teams via your ship. Your call.

Good luck, VOC out.

OBJECTIVES

- › Escape the Automen onslaught alive
- › Escape with the archive crystal or destroy the crystal

CUES

- › Venusian robots › ancient Venusian ruins › library
- › archaeology expedition › lost Venusian records

TAGS

- › Venus › robots › Automen › running shootout
- › lost technology › mountains of Venus

ALERT: AUTOMEN ATTACK!

"We should have known better."

"Two Earth weeks ago, the Venusians dug up an almost-intact library from before the Automen War. That was huge, but the big prize was an undamaged archive crystal in the library's secure vault. Now that the Venusians have finally gotten into the vault and are ready to haul it back home, the robots attack!"

"The Cloud Stationers are right. We can either hole up or make a run for the ship. If we dig in, we'll have to fight the robots off all at once and hope they don't bring the ruins down around us. If we run for it, we can probably string them out, but we'll be in the open. Either way, the crystal has to survive. It could hold secrets on how to take down the Automen once and for all."

THE SETTING

The dig site is situated in a rocky, barren valley. Though the Venusians have unearthed a large section of the buried city, they are concentrating on the ruined library. The library is little more than a collapsed heap with a tunnel bored into it. The landing pad is situated at the head of the valley about 300 meters away. The path to the ship winds through rubble that provides many spots for cover.

ENEMIES/OBSTACLES

Scene 1: The Automen are the only enemies the Patrolmen need to worry about. Blast away!

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS A SARGASSO OF SPACE

Incoming Orders from Cosmic Patrol HQ:

Effective this date-time: Cancel previous orders. Alter course to Neptune-specific coordinates given in basic cosmo-course.

Electronic brains at CPHQ have identified statistically significant loss of ships in trans-Neptunian orbit. Records show phenomenon dates from pre-Cosmic Patrol era. Records show dozens of rocketships have disappeared in area over last two decades.

Proceed with all speed to cosmo-course coordinates provided and attempt to determine cause of missing-ship phenomenon. Advise caution.

OBJECTIVES

- › Search derelict ships for compatible ignitor
- › Discover/analyze the cause of the sargasso
- › Neutralize the cause if possible
- › Survive!

CUES

- › obsolete ships › Bermuda Triangle of space › starving to death
- › mysterious gravity source › stranded › refugees › cannibalism
- › lost cargo › natural neutralization field › find the right part
- › finding loot › malfunctioning robots › disrepair › power drain

TAGS

- › rocketships › zero-g › robots › Neptune › deep cosmos
- › stranded › malfunction › lost in space › cosmic mystery
- › missing ships

A SARGASSO OF SPACE

"We're in a bad way. This transient gravity well sucked us in, just like it did all these other ships. So much for being cautious."

"So now we have a problem: the engines couldn't take the sudden strain of the well and were severely damaged. The engineers think they can fix most of it except for one piece: the atomic ignitor. Without that, we're just sitting on a pile of finely manufactured and incredibly complex sprockets."

"But it gets worse. This...sargasso...is like a roving asteroid field. All these ships are just floating at random. We haven't been able to avoid all the collisions with just attitude bursts, and after a few bad hits, we're leaking atmosphere. The engineers think we've got four days' worth of oxygen left."

"So that leaves one course of action: get out there and search all these derelicts for a compatible ignitor! Well—that or learn to breathe the high vack!"

THE SETTING

The sargasso has trapped hundreds, maybe thousands, of ships of all sizes and designs. Some are quite old, dating back to the first human interplanetary journeys. Some ships appear even older, possibly from the short period of Venusian spaceflight. Some look non-human altogether.

ENEMIES/OBSTACLES

Scene 1: The first obstacle is the wild nature of the sargasso. Ships drift about, with many strikes and impacts. The crew must find a way to navigate the chaos.

Scene 2: Once inside a derelict vessel, there may be traps, malfunctioning robots, crewmen driven mad by isolation, and so on, not to mention dilapidated and broken machinery. No ship will be without its dangers.

Scene 3: The search for a replacement ignitor may be difficult. Once it's found, it could be difficult to handle, as the unit is large and delicate with age. Finding the way back to your own ship is tricky enough, and now you have to take the machinery along.

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS

COMET OF MYSTERY

Incoming Orders from Platform Hades:

Inexplicable signals have been detected from a comet incoming towards Sol in what appears to be a highly elliptical orbit. It's already unacceptably close; it was undetected due to its approach almost directly opposite the Earth. Indications are that its perihelion will place it between Mercury and Venus during its slingshot around the sun.

While such an orbit is not unheard of—Halley's Comet falls into an almost identical pattern—it's rare enough, along with the odd signals, to require investigation. Though its relative velocity should be in excess of a quarter million kilometers an hour during the slingshot, the close pass near Platform Hades is far too dangerous for the Patrol to ignore.

Transmitting new cosmo-coordinates. You will need to proceed at your rocketship's maximum velocity to achieve intercept.

OBJECTIVES

- › Intercept comet
- › Dig into the interior
- › Discover what's causing the odd signals
- › Survive!

CUES

- › extreme acceleration Gs
- › tricky piloting to match velocities
- › mysterious signals
- › comet of unknown origin
- › drilling in vacuum
- › exploring comet interior
- › limited time before comet reaches perihelion
- › too close a pass to Platform Hades

TAGS

- › comet
- › delta-v
- › Platform Hades
- › rocketship
- › pilot
- › drilling
- › vacuum
- › velocity

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS

COMET OF MYSTERY

"I'm not sugar-coating this one. It's gonna be brutal. I've seen the cosmo-coordinates for the comet they want us to intercept. When they say "maximum velocity," it's no euphemism. In fact, I'm not sure our baby has ever sustained that high a burn for as long as it's gonna take to get there."

"And if the drive doesn't shake itself apart getting there, the hull's gonna take a structural pounding like them engineers at Hades Platform never dreamed when they built her as we try and match course. Not to mention even with inertial-voiders at maximum, I'm expecting some aches and pains on the flip-side."

"But wthere won't be time for moaning, 'cause then we've got a stupid-short period of time to EVA, drill a hole and find out what's going on inside that comet, all while sitting at .6 AUs from a burning ball o' hell and hurtling at a quarter million clicks...."

"Now *this* is why we joined the Patrol!"

THE SETTING

Coordinates locked in, the F220E Trillium drive system spins up to maximum thrust, launching the rocketship forward like a thoroughbred finally taking the bit in its mouth to race at its true strength. Inertial-voiders strain against the in-human energies to keep flesh-bodies from de-coherence; smeared into swatches of biological elements.

The long, desperate sprint has begun.

ENEMIES/OBSTACLES

Scene 1: The crew must survive the sprint towards the rendezvous with the comet, including dealing with any rocketship malfunctions/emergencies that may crop up along the way as the ship's engines are pushed to the extreme. Then they need to land on the comet racing like a bat past hell.

Scene 2: Once the rocketship is secured to the comet, the crew's suits must stand up to the punishing heat and glare of being only .6AU from the sun while the crewmen figure out how to tunnel into the comet.

Scene 3: Once inside the comet, the crew must survive an assault by Uth! As if the Patrol hasn't had enough trouble with the Uth, the Patrolmen must deal with the lizards once more and see if they can capture the lair...a tall order indeed.

Regardless of whether they capture it, they still must determine why the comet gave off unusual readings when all previous encounters with Uth lairs showed only silent exteriors. A new technology? A new weapon? Anything might be found....

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS

LOST INTELLIGENCE

Incoming Orders from Cosmic Patrol HQ:

Intelligence Service agent missing on Gny. The no-fly cordon is lifted on that volume of space for the duration of the mission to re-acquire agent.

Intelligence Service liaisons already en route to your current location. Stay on station until arrival.

Full access and complete compliance with Intelligence Service liaisons is authorized under Beta590ZedZed7.

OBJECTIVES

- › Partner with Cosmic Patrol Intelligence
- › Navigate bazaar/cosmic marketplace to find leads for missing agent
- › Track down and free agent

CUES

- › wicked hive of scum › anything can be bought and sold
- › subtle dangers › pays to be wary of the Intelligence Service
- › no-fly cordon › is the Intelligence Service hiding anything?
- › no Great Union rules apply here

TAGS

- › arrogance › liaisons › pirates › rogue › intelligence › leads
- › Gny › market › bazaar › secrets › criminals

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS

LOST INTELLIGENCE

"Oh, this is too good. The high-and-mighty Intelligence Service lost one of their best and brightest."

"And if that doesn't bring on a belly-buster, they lost her on Gny. Remember? The cosmic bazaar moon the Patrol found? And then we were immediately banned from any actions there as the IS moved into to secure their turf? Yeah, didn't think any of you would forget that."

"And now, after all that, they want us knuckle-draggers to come save their collective keisters. Of course, they'll be sending us chaperones, 'cause fighting off Automen and Uth and space-knows-what other dangers that get thrown at us daily don't qualify us to deal with this without our betters."

"Ship-shape, men, or they just might take a phasic whip to our backs... keep the smiles under control and let's get to it."

THE SETTING

A woman and man pass through the docking collar of the rocketship following the arrival of the shuttle. Eyes cold as the depths of space, faces planed and emotionless as Automen, lips quirked in a Moon Man's perpetual sneer of arrogance: the Cosmic Patrol Intelligence Service liaisons had arrived.

ENEMIES/OBSTACLES

Scene 1: Agents from the Cosmic Patrol Intelligence Service arrive to liaison during the operation. The IS has a history of paranoid arrogance that leaves most Patrolmen with the impression they're no better than Eiger soldiers: don't think, just act. It makes any interactions fraught with tension and peril, as the IS has a disturbing amount of direct influence within the Patrol.

Scene 2: Once on Gny, the crew must use every resource to track down leads toward the missing agent. These could be a simple talk with a long-haul merchant over drinks, or a gambling den packed with criminals, a game of illegal fleshbags-seven with Automen, or circumstances may even require some five-fingered assistance to get the right answers.

Scene 3: Once the trail heats up, the crew need to race to track down the pirates that have nabbed the agent. Yet the data begins to imply that the agent wasn't abducted, but has gone rogue! Is the agent really captured, or is she a traitor/pirate and the IS liaisons are there to cover up the mess? Or is the agent on the run, trying to spill dark secrets the IS will do anything to keep under wraps, including murdering one of their own? Secrets, within secrets, within secrets...and the crew need to unwrap the puzzle just right, or they might find they're out of the rocketship and into the sun's corona...

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS ATOMATICS BLAZING

DISTRESS CALL: ALL PATROLS

ANY ROCKETSHIPS WITHIN 100 ASTRONS OF MOON BETA FIVE EIGHT SEVEN

ROCKETSHIP *NEUTROSTAR* UNDER ATTACK BY EIGER

CANNOT HOLD OUT INDEFINITELY. ALL ATTEMPTS AT COMMUNICATION HAVE BEEN IGNORED

ARRIVE WITH INTENT TO DESTROY EIGER SHIPS AND BOARD TO CAPTURE

NO OTHER ALTERNATIVES

OBJECTIVES

- › Fight and defeat several smaller Eiger rocketships
- › Disable largest cruiser
- › Coordinate with other arriving Patrols
- › Board and attempt to capture vessel

CUES

- › relentless Eiger soldiers › large ship-to-ship combat
- › atomatics blazing › capture if possible › we must work together
- › boarding the vessel is the only option
- › must keep Eiger ignorant of Earth's location

TAGS

- › Eiger › fanatical › rocketships › assault › atomatics › phasers
- › rayguns › ship-to-ship › wave attacks › boarding › survive

BLAST OFF! 127

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS

ATOMATICS BLAZING

"Eiger. Galatic, I hate those clones. Triple-eyed buggers that come in like waves of flesh. Worse than any Automen attack on Venus."

"Luckily we haven't run into them all that much. But each time their soldiers are more inexorable than any Uth attack and twice as vicious as a marauding Red Amazon battle tribe."

"But now we've run into them again...classic sign they're pushing closer and closer to our volume of space. They've dogged one of our cruisers and we're out to stop it. Even better, we need to capture some of these fascists, alive if possible. And their ship if we're real good."

"It's not just about our vessel...it's about ensuring these buggers never return to report running into us...can't let them know they're getting dangerously close...."

THE SETTING

As the vessel's fractum drive spins down from faster-than-light travel, the space battle explodes across data terminals on the ship. A small but always potent Eiger battle force encloses a volume of space completely surrounding a Cosmic Patrol cruiser, while a handful of just-arrived Patrol rocketships dart like gnats to stave off the brutal assault. Weapons auto-lock as the ship begins assault maneuvers and an avalanche of data falls before alert Patrolmen eyes...the battle is engaged.

ENEMIES/OBSTACLES

Scene 1: A brutal conflict involving numerous rocketships rages, and the crew must knife through the smaller vessels that are cutting the distressed Cosmic Patrol vessel to ribbons.

Scene 2: Once the smaller ships are dealt with, the crew must find a way to disable the Eiger cruiser without destroying it and before it can destroy any more Patrol ships.

Scene 3: With the Eiger vessel dead in space, it's time to board. But it's a large vessel and the Eiger are fanatical-die-to-the-last soliders, so the crew must coordinate with several other Patrol rocketships and forge a leadership position.

Scene 4: A boarding and guns-blazing deck-to-deck action is the only way to clear the ship and hope to capture some soldiers...all before the Eiger can scuttle their own vessel to keep it from Patrol hands.

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS

BLOOD OF MARS

Incoming orders from Platform Ares:

Previous mission has been re-assigned to another ship. Proceed immediately to Mars.

Battle Chieftain Teksed rumored to be gathering chieftains to his cause of leaving the Great Union.

While electronic brains at CPHQ have projected a statistically insignificant probability of success, even a single-digit chance cannot be condoned and must be swiftly dealt with.

IMPERATIVE: This must remain a diplomatic mission of subterfuge in diffusing the situation. The Cosmic Patrol cannot be seen meddling in the internal affairs of the Red Amazon Chieftains. Open conflict must not occur.

OBJECTIVES

- › Search for Chieftain Teksed
- › Gain an audience with the Chieftain without official Patrol sanction
- › Convince Teksed to continue his support of the Patrol
- › No open conflict

CUES

- › politics of greed › alliances of chieftains › animosity toward Patrol
- › must find Chieftain Teksed › getting past Teksed's warrior guard
- › warriors will gain glory with the Patrol › no open conflict

TAGS

- › Red Amazons › diplomacy › machinations › politics › chieftains
- › no guns › alliances

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS

BLOOD OF MARS

"Looks like the grumbling from Mars is reaching too many ears at HQ. Some of the chieftains have never been happy about the Great Union. As though they're serfs instead of their brothers in arms against the Great Dark."

"I don't give the idea of the Amazons pulling out much credence. I've known a lot of 'em over the years and they love to hear themselves moan and gripe...but I'd still want 'em in a clutch every time. But when the mek-heads say leap, we ask 'em if that should be with atompacks on or not."

"Course, the best part of this whole mission is, we've got to track down this Chieftain Teksed, get past his warrior guards and convince him he still loves the Patrol. All without official Patrol sanction, or without putting finger to trigger. Gotta love HQ and their restrictions!"

"This is gonna be a tough one...maybe tougher than a sargasso monster...but quitters aren't in the Patrol, so saddle up!"

THE SETTING

A lone Cosmic Patrol rocketship setting down on Mars doesn't even register as odd to any nearby tribes. Landing next to the largest volcano in the solar system, Olympus Mons, provides the center of tribal trade and traffic as the best starting point. Despite all the wonders in the cosmos, once the red dust settles from the landing, the 25-kilometer-tall upthrust of rock into space still captures the gaze for long moments. A band of Amazonian merchants, with a train of Mars horses, hails you from afar as they move into earshot.

ENEMIES/OBSTACLES

Scene 1: The crew must navigate the Olympus Mons bazaar to find word of Chieftain Teksed and where he might be located.

Scene 2: Once his whereabouts are known, the crew must find Teksed's tribe and then get past the warrior guards. Landing in an open region is one thing...taking a rocketship down right next to a tribe's land is anything but subtle and could provoke a nasty response.

Scene 3: Like all Red Amazon chieftains, Teksed is a warrior of action and glory, as are those of his tribe. The grievances he and others like him feel towards the Great Union and the Cosmic Patrol are very real. Yet the crew must find a way to mollify the Chieftain while convincing him his best course of action lies with the Patrol...at least for now...

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS

THE CASTLE ON CALLISTO

Incoming orders from Cosmic Patrol HQ:

Immediate course-change ordered—see included cosmo-coordinates, Callisto-specific.

Cosmic Patrol Rocketship *Traverse* reports sighting three unknown (assume pirate) ships landing on Callisto. Seek out the ships and disrupt their activities as you see fit.

CPHQ out.

OBJECTIVES

- › Track down the pirates and see what they're up to
- › Explore the ancient castle

CUES

- › space pirates › ancient castle › Callisto › everything covered in ice
- › maze-like interior › mysterious castle › ice monsters
- › Neptunian Mind Plants › long abandoned › cave-ins
- › falling apart › forgotten treasure › alien technology › booby traps,

TAGS

- › Jupiter › Callisto › ancient ruins › ice › extreme cold
- › space pirates › Neptunian Mind Plants › Cometarians

THE CASTLE ON CALLISTO

"The castle was just as you'd pictured it in your mind's eye: giant blocks of rock fitted together with uncanny precision so the edifice seemed to grow right out of the mountain. Blue ice, meters thick in some spots but with a strange clarity that let you see all the way to the stone, covered everything. And though it looked as a castle should—towers, curtain walls, even a gatehouse—there was a subtle oddness about it. You could tell no human had devised or built it."

"The pirates had landed their rockets in the main courtyard, just within the gate. Each ship taken down on its tail, standing like towers in their own right, though of steel and duranium rather than stone and ice. Even from the air, we could see the tracks the disembarked pirates had made through the long-undisturbed snow that covered the inner courtyards. They led from the ships to a gaping stone arch in the castle's central—and tallest—tower."

"A uni-sensor scan showed only a token group had been left to guard the pirate ships, so we suited up and brought our ship down next to them. Whatever they were after, we wouldn't let them get it."

THE SETTING

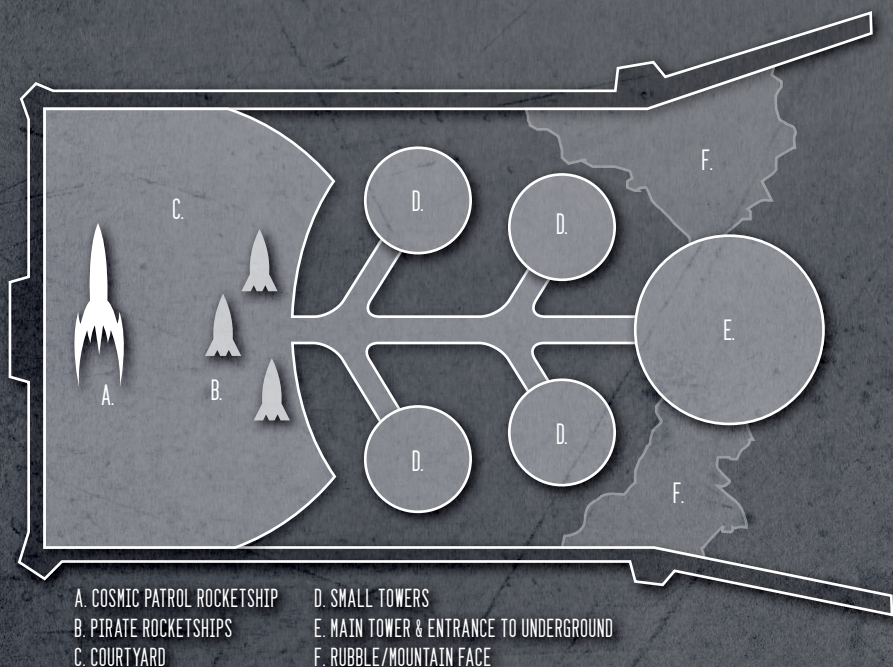
High on a Callisto mountain, covered in ice and snow, are the ruins of a huge castle-like structure. Made of large, hand-cut stones, the castle must have been built at a time when Callisto was not yet inundated by ice. The castle's interior descends into the mountain itself.

ENEMIES/OBSTACLES

Scene 1: You've brought your rocketship down in the castle's snow- and ice-covered central courtyard. The first order of business is to neutralize the token force guarding the pirate rocketships. They've locked themselves inside, so you'll need to break down the doors. Once inside the dilapidated ships, maybe you can get a clue as to what the pirates are after.

Scene 2: Now the hard part begins—you've got to follow the pirates into the ancient castle. The maze-like interior is just as ice-covered and cold as the exterior and is probably booby-trapped. Luckily, the pirates weren't concerned about anyone following them, and left an obvious trail through the layers of bluish-green Callisto snow that has found its way into the castle. Eventually, the

COSMIC PATROL MISSION BRIEFS THE CASTLE ON CALLISTO



pirates must have gotten impatient and split up, as the tracks suddenly lead in multiple directions. Find the pirates!

Scene 3: Eventually, you track down the pirate leader deep within the castle—but they're eager to leave, and don't think twice about trying to blast their way through a crew of Patrolmen. Sooner or later you find out why—they've found a monster in the castle! A monster intent on killing any and all intruders!

ALL HAIL THE FICTIONEERS!

Cosmic Patrol owes its existence to a number of talented and visionary people who, in one manner or another, provided the spark for the game. If you're looking for inspiration, want to seek out some astounding art or read some amazing fiction, check out the resources below. For a much larger list, head to cosmicpatrol.com.

(in no particular order)

(* = required reading/viewing, seriously. Or else.)

Writers

E.E. "Doc" Smith

The Lensmen series*
A Skylark of Space series
Galaxy Primes
Spacehounds of IPC

Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Barsoom Series*

Leigh Brackett

Eric John Stark Series*
The Starmen
The Ark of Mars
The Teleportress of Alpha C

Isaac Asimov

The Foundation Series*
The Robot Series
The Galactic Empire Series
The Gods Themselves
The End of Eternity
C-Chute

Robert Heinlein

*Starship Troopers**
The Moon is a Harsh Mistress
Have Space Suit, Will Travel
Red Planet

Philip K. Dick

Clans of the Alphane Moon
Martian Time-Slip
The Defenders

Ray Bradbury

The Martian Chronicles
The Veldt

Arthur C. Clarke

The Space Odyssey Series*
Rendezvous with Rama
The Sands of Mars

Harry Harrison

The Deathworld Series
The Stainless Steel Rat Series
The Bill, the Galactic Hero Series
Star Smashers of the Galaxy Rangers

John Russel Fearn

Many short stories

E.C. Tubb

The Dumarest Saga
The Cap Kennedy Series
The Space-Born
I Fight for Mars
Saturn Patrol
Moon Base

Theodore Sturgeon

*Killdozer!**
A Saucer of Loneliness
More Than Human

Larry Niven

The Known Space Series

H. Beam Piper

The Little Fuzzy Series
Space Viking

Philip Palmer

Red Claw

Stephen Marlowe

The Graveyard of Space
Slaves to the Metal Horde

Poul Anderson

The Psychotechnic League
Tomorrow's Children

Fletcher Pratt

By Space Ship to the Moon

John Murray Reynolds

The Golden Amazons of Venus
Goddess of the Moon

L. Sprague DeCamp
Lest Darkness Fall
A Gun for Dinosaur
 The Viagens Interplanetarias Series
Genus Homo

Frank Belknap Long
Space Station #1

Clifford D. Simak
The Cosmic Engineers
Project Mastodon

A. E. van Vogt
The Voyage of the Space Beagle
Rogue Ship
The World of Null-A

John W. Campbell
The Ultimate Weapon
The Black Star Passes

Philip Francis Nowlan
Armageddon 2419 A.D.
The Airlords of Han

Artists

Norman Saunders

Kelly Freas

Alexander Leydenfrost

Ron Turner

Frank R. Paul

Jack Coggins

Virgil Finlay

Harry Kirchner

J. Allen St. John

Ed Emshwiller

Alex Schomburg

Chesley Bonestell

Wally Wood

Earle Bergey

Hannes Bok

Radio, TV & Movies

X Minus One

Dimension X

Space Patrol

Beyond 2000

The Outer Limits

The Twilight Zone

Publications, Publishers and Editors

Hugo Gernsback

Street & Smith

Galaxy Science Fiction

Thrilling Wonder Stories

Astounding Science Fiction

Planet Stories

Astonishing Stories

Startling Stories

Amazing Stories

Science Wonder Stories

Fantastic Adventures

Uncanny Tales

Argosy

Super Science Stories

Dynamic Science Fiction

Miracle Science & Fantasy

Captain Future

Marvel Science Stories

Space Busters

Modern

Decoder Ring Theatre

Lightspeed Magazine

Asimov's Science Fiction

Analog Science Fiction & Fact

Interzone

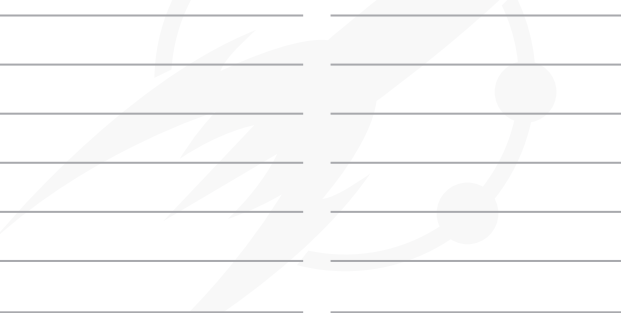
WHO ARE THE METATHERIONS?



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LUCK

SHIP: MISSION:



WEAPONS

	RANGE		
DAMAGE	Close	Near	Far

EQUIPMENT

COSMIC PATROL DOSSIER

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

NAME:

ARMOR

-1 TO BRAWN			
-1 TO BRAWN & COMBAT			
KNOCKED OUT			
KILLED IN ACTION			

HEALTH

WEAPONS

DAMAGE RANGE
Close Near Far

EQUIPMENT

COSMIC PATROL NPC DOSSIER

BRAWN

BRAINS

CHARISMA

COMBAT

NAME:

ARMOR

-1 TO BRAWN			
-1 TO BRAWN & COMBAT			
KNOCKED OUT			
KILLED IN ACTION			

HEALTH

WEAPONS

DAMAGE RANGE
Close Near Far

EQUIPMENT

COSMIC PATROL NPC DOSSIER