



GIRLS GONE ROGUE

ALPHA
BLUE

GIRLS GONE ROGUE

2016



[Version 111.1]

Girls Gone Rogue is a humorous supplement for the Alpha Blue RPG and campaign setting, but may be used in conjunction with a wide variety of science-fiction RPGs.

This book is a joke, parody, spoof, homage, satire, and pastiche of 1960's, 70's, and 80's science fiction television, film, literature, and other media. No ownership, challenge, or infringement of intellectual properties was intended.

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CONTENTS

TABLES, RULES, AND... MORE TABLES

More Character Options	7
Sci-fi Design Aesthetics	7
Make your Alien even more Unique	8
How Old and/or Experienced is your Character?	9
With Age Comes Wisdom... and a Bad Back	9
So, You Want to Play an Alien that's Half Human	9
So, You Don't Want to Play an Interior Designer	9
Alternate Careers	9
Zedi	10
May The Way Be With You	10
More Zedi Powers	10
Passing the Knowledge	10
Templars	10
Lords of the Left Hand Path	10
Clerics in Space	10
Archetypes	11
You Are.....	11
The Not Very Official Monty Python's Flying Circus	
Random Table For Opening a Door and Finding Out	
What is Behind it. A-ha! Cross Off Another Pig. Take	
That You Bastards! (Fart sound)	13
What Were the PCs Doing Between Adventures?	13
Sexual Vibe	14

WEIRD SEXUAL FANTASIES AND FETISHES

Dirty and Disturbing Turn-ons	15
Her Reaction to your Unsolicited Advances	18
She...	18
Random Articles of Clothing on an NPC	18
Who's Out There?	19
Hair	19
Body Type	19
Physical Beauty	20
Profession	20
Name	20
Peculiarities, Hang-ups, and Assets of the Female	22
Male Aspects	24
The "O" Face	24
Relax... Don't Do It	25
When Will She Orgasm?	25

Stockholm Syndrome	25
How Long Before She Succumbs?	25
What the fuck did I DO last night?!?	27
1d6 Random Finds From the Pawn Shops Table	27
Noir-ish Victims, Fall Guys, and Losers	28
Even More Alpha Blue NPCs	30
He Said, She Said	30
Topics of Discussion	31
Spaghetti Western Tropes	32
Dueling Blasters	32
Reach for your Laser, Pilgrim!	33
Trouble with Technology	33
Planetary Tables	35
Federation Contact	35
Planetary System	35
Planet Surface	35
And It Is...	35
At or Near A.....	35
Prevailing Government of the Dominant Species	36
Stage of Development	36
Ship to Ship Combat	37
What Happens to the Enemy's Ship?	37
Alternative Fuel Source	39
What's Powering That Thing?	39

THE ADVENTURES

Ilsa of the SS	40
Synopsis	40
The Hook(er)	40
Catch and Release	40
Nifty Gear	40
The Mission	41
Familiarity with Al Raza	41
Who or What is Ilsa SS?	41
Research	43
Sleazoid Express	43
Scum and Villainy tables	44
Motivation	44
Appearance	44
Crime	44
Name	44
Carrying	45
Planet Fall	46
Al Raza	46
Vagina Whale Sand Worm	46
Bubba Fatt	47
The Junkyard	49
Moist E-Z Cantina	49
Dropbox	51

What Does the Original Owner of Your Body Want Now?	51
Mistaken Identity	51
When Sex-Bots Attack	51
Killer Sex Moves	51
Shit Gets Weird	52
Crossroads	52
Federation Secrets	53
Expanding This Scenario	54
The Federation Hates You	54
Synopsis	54
Galactic Typhoon	54
Angel Eyes and Serene	54
Alice, Sweet Alice	55
Guarding the Body	55
Alice: Through the Peephole	55
Almost Kidnapped	56
Possible Clues	56
Orange Zeta Quadrant	56
The Princesses	56
Rake's 7	57
S'syp Thon: Friend of Targana	57
Civic Duty in Galaxy 5	58
Winner, Winner Space Chicken Dinner	58
The Representative from Galaxy 5	58
Will They or Won't They?	58
Say What?	59
Slavers in Sector 9	59
A Sinister Influence	59
Ss'jabroka	59
How to Get the Characters Involved	61
The Colony Ship	61
How Are They Going To Make Contact?	62
Black Helmet	62
The Colony Ship	62

Her Mouth	64
Lord Zarrick	64
Harem of the Space Sheik	64
The Harem Keeper of Arahn	66
Escape From Penal Planet Destructo	66
At The Star Bar	66
Destructo	66
During the Breakout	67
The Reluctant Messiah	67
How Do the PCs Factor In?	68
The People's Front of Judea	68
Rescuing Vyma	68
What Happened?	68
In The Club	69

THE PLANS

70

NOTES

77



TABLES, RULES, AND... MORE TABLES

MORE CHARACTER OPTIONS

After playing *Alpha Blue* a few more times since its publication, I realized that a PC could play a combination of alien, mutant, something special, and even robot without rolling for a career. For instance, instead of rolling on either the scoundrel or respectable career tables once and deciding to play an alien, that player could choose to forgo rolling and decide to play an alien robot, a mutant with something special, or mutant robot, etc.

Yes, even though "robot" is not explicitly stated as a choice in the rulebook, that's a PC option. Instead of eating, drinking, and sleeping, robots need to be regularly oiled, repaired, and charge themselves after a long day's adventuring.

Additionally, a mechanical character may attempt to interface with any piece of technology with artificial intelligence (if it can think for itself in some way, it qualifies) with a 2 in 6 chance of success. If the robot fails, then he can't attempt a mechanical interface with that particular piece of technology for 24 hours.

The aesthetic choices of your robot character are to be decided at character creation and subject to approval by the Space Dungeon Master. Pick a sci-fi film or television show in order to describe what the robot looks like. The following table may be used as inspiration for a robot's design.



SCI-FI DESIGN AESTHETICS

Whenever the characters enter a new ship, space station, base, office, jail cell, torture chamber, etc., it should differ from the last place they were, if only slightly. Roll on this table anytime you want to generate random inspiration for the characters' next location. Use the result as a point of entry from which you can expand upon.

Roll	Result
1	Hexagons, hexagons, hexagons!
2	Flexible metal, providing smooth surfaces and rounded edges
3	Piece of junk - has a last century "lived in" feel
4	Ergonomic
5	Opulent
6	Utilitarian
7	Art Deco - bold geometric shapes and lavish ornamentation
8	Surrealism
9	Wild, vivid colors
10	Minimalist
11	Bio-mechanical
12	Twinkling lights; everything else dark
13	Black on black - really hard to distinguish what's what
14	Psychedelic - groovy, man
15	Medieval
16	Erotic nightmare - pleasure and pain, sexy and horrifying
17	Stanley Kubrick - white on white
18	Organic - fleshy, living tissue, etc.
19	Gothic
20	Roll twice and combine

MAKE YOUR ALIEN EVEN MORE UNIQUE

Sometimes, you want just one more little thing to set your alien character apart from the rest of his species - or perhaps this detail constitutes an entirely different alien. Roll 1d3 times on this random table in order to tweak your extraterrestrial species even further outside the "norm".

עֵץ פִּיטוֹמֶת גִּבּוֹר
גִּבּוֹרֵי תִּבְרִית אֲחֵרִים
גִּבּוֹרֵי תִּבְרִית אֲחֵרִים
גִּבּוֹרֵי תִּבְרִית אֲחֵרִים
גִּבּוֹרֵי תִּבְרִית אֲחֵרִים

Roll	Result	Roll	Result
1	Tentacles (2 in 6 chance of having suckers)	16	Extremely pale version of your natural color
2	Face and/or erogenous zone tendrils	17	Extremely dark version of your natural color
3	Bumpy forehead	18	Long, sharp teeth made for tearing flesh
4	Nose ridges	19	Head is shaped like a hammerhead shark
5	No mouth (telepathic)	20	Ivory tusks
6	More or less eyes (1d8 total eyes)	21	Satanic, demonic, or Devil-like appearance
7	Horns	22	Ebony phallus (for men), bleached anus (for women)
8	Antenna	23	Bulging eyes
9	Mustache and chest hair (for men), out of control pubic hair (for women)	24	More or less arms (1d6 total arms)
10	Cactus spines	25	More or less legs (1d4 total legs)
11	Back spikes	26	Masked
12	Pineapple texture on head	27	Elongated cranium
13	Crab or lobster claw	28	Elephant snout
14	Freckles	29	Big ears
15	Black markings like a leopard or cheetah	30	Picasso-esque

HOW OLD AND/OR EXPERIENCED IS YOUR CHARACTER?

Determine your character's adventuring maturity by rolling on the following table and choosing the word or phrase that best fits. Of course, this could be used for NPCs just as easily as PCs.

WITH AGE COMES WISDOM... AND A BAD BACK

Roll	Result
1-2	Babe in the woods, rookie, noob, apprentice, amateur, wide eyed, or just starting out :: Once per session, you have advantage on getting people to like and want to help you.
3-4	Hotshot, novice, trainee, pupil, up and coming, promising, or learning the ropes :: Once per session, you have advantage when attacking impulsively... firing first and asking questions later.
5-6	Adept, professional, seasoned, qualified, versed, savvy, or top of your game :: Once per session, you get to roll a dice pool of 4d6 when it's relevant to your character class.
7-8	Veteran, battle-scarred, disciplined, old pro, hardened, long-serving, worldly, sophisticated, nearing retirement, or I'm getting too old for this shit :: Once per session, you have advantage on some obscure knowledge, skill, or technique; something you might have come across in your many travels.
9	Loner, rebel, outsider, works better without a partner, or I had my throat cut and all my friends abandoned me :: Whenever you're completely alone, you get a bonus d6 added to your dice pool.
10	Mind wiped, used to be a badass, in the witness protection program, memory erased :: Any time your dice pool result contains at least two sixes, your memory suddenly returns in a flash (and soon disappears). The dice pool of your next action is doubled.

SO, YOU WANT TO PLAY AN ALIEN THAT'S HALF HUMAN

No problem. The following is what I suggest for Alpha Blue one-shots and campaigns that want to include half-breeds. Full-blood alien characters should roll TWICE on the Alien Customs, Mannerisms, and Idiosyncrasies table while half-human alien characters should roll only ONCE.

Also, whatever you rolled on the size table, move your result one step closer to human (respective to whatever gender your character is).

Additionally, now there's a 2 in 6 chance that half-alien characters look enough like their mother (or father) to pass for human, either from a distance or in dim lighting.

SO, YOU DON'T WANT TO PLAY AN INTERIOR DESIGNER

You happened to roll on the Respectable Career table only to find yourself with the not-so-glamorous result of "Interior Designer". Now you're going to whine and pout and cry like a little baby until I come with an alternative, right? Fine. If that's the case, roll on the following table to see what kind of profession an interior design dropout like yourself fell into...

ALTERNATE CAREERS

Roll	Result
1	Psychologist
2	Space Truck Driver
3	Sanitation Custodian
4	Porn-star
5	Aesthetician
6	Bureaucrat
7	Bouncer
8	Stay-at-home-dad

ZEDI

MAY THE WAY BE WITH YOU

The ancient space sorcerers of the universe are called zedi. They draw their power from The Way, a mystical teaching of accessing energy fields from within and time/space warps from without.

Ordinarily, a zedi's powers are attempted at a 2d6 dice pool. After all, the technique is mysterious and supernatural. However, players should have the option of choosing the above or rolling a dice pool of 4d6 once per day. The second choice allows for characters who rarely use their gifts, but when they do, it's virtually a guaranteed success.

At the end of each adventure, noobs may keep trying to understand this stellar arcana, provided that the zedi teacher attempts to illuminate his would-be apprentice (via roleplaying a short scene).

MORE ZEDI POWERS

Each session/level after the first, a zedi may learn another zedi ability from the following list.

- ⊙ **Draw Secrets:** Allowing the zedi to peek into a subject's mind and retrieve information.
- ⊙ **Immobilize:** Keeping a subject motionless for as many rounds as the zedi's level.
- ⊙ **Halt Blaster Fire:** Stops an energy weapon in mid-air.
- ⊙ **As'Nas-Durrr:** Boosts a zedi's luck in games of chance.
- ⊙ **Out of Phase:** You're able to disappear from reality (though still partially visible) for as many rounds as the zedi's level.
- ⊙ **Unrelenting Attack:** A zedi may attack twice in a round (Space Dungeon Master should roll a d4, if the result is a "1", the zedi can't make a second attack that round).
- ⊙ **Soothsayer:** The zedi receives glimpses of the future.
- ⊙ **Sever an Appendage:** A zedi's attack may cut off a hand, arm, tentacle, leg, etc. instead of rolling his attack dice pool. The severing does a flat 10 points of damage, but may only be used once per opponent.

PASSING THE KNOWLEDGE

Many zedi would like to teach The Way to another one of their companions. However, most spacers make for poor students. Nevertheless, a zedi may try.

At the session's conclusion, if a zedi has imparted (via roleplay) some knowledge of The Way to another character, have the noob roll a d4. If the result is a "4", he has what it takes to learn The Way and become a zedi like his zedi master.

Apprentices capable of learning The Way must sacrifice their next level. The time, energy, and focus that it takes to become a zedi is considerable.

TEMPLARS

LORDS OF THE LEFT HAND PATH

Templars who lean towards the dark side receive special benefits. The power of Left Hand Path practitioners is fueled by sex magic, devotion to demons, and blood sacrifice. Below are the various capabilities.

- ⊙ **Destruction:** Once per week, a dark templar may place a death curse upon an individual. The target of such a destruction ritual (which takes approximately one hour to perform) has 1d4 days to live and has only a 2 in 6 chance of survival.
- ⊙ **Lust:** Once per day, a dark templar may use his black magic to create unbridled, wanton lust in a potential mate.
- ⊙ **Power:** Once per day, a dark templar may perform a short ceremony (approximately 30 minutes) in order to have things go his way. Roll a dice pool of 3d6, if one or more "6" results occur; the Ancient Ones shall look favorably upon his request.

CLERICS IN SPACE

A templar who has not gone over to the dark side also has certain powers, fueled by good works, devotion to one or more benevolent deities, and self sacrifice. A star priest has the following capabilities.

- ⊙ **Protection:** Once per day, a templar who eschews wickedness may subtract 1d6 from an opponent's dice pool.
- ⊙ **Healing:** Once per day, a templar may heal a companion's wounds in the amount of 3d6 Health.

- ⦿ **Piety:** There is a 2 in 6 chance that an NPC will view the templar as reverent and holy. This purity of spirit makes such NPCs favorably disposed to the templar - even so far as to give him credits, drugs, booze, or sex.

YOU ARE...

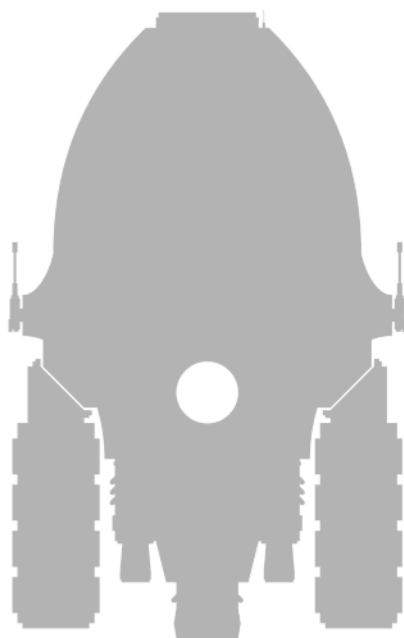
ARCHETYPES

A profession tells us what an individual can do, an archetype tells us who he is; his essence.

Some may see this as unnecessary fiddle-faddle; however, I think there's value in non-mechanical, non-invasive character building. The following descriptors are nothing more than another way for the player to see his character or the character to see himself. Many of them overlap. That's ok. It's not compartmentalization we're looking for but an evocative word or phrase.

In game terms, they mean nothing. Beneath the surface roleplaying, on the other hand, there are subtle things going on that unconsciously shape the characters we hope to represent and breathe life into. Consider this just another tool in your box.

More than any other, the selections upon this table might best be chosen rather than randomly rolled... unless the player (or Space Dungeon Master) really wants a roleplaying challenge.



Roll	Result
1	The Rising Star
2	The Romantic
3	The Pillar
4	The Boss
5	The Classic
6	The Survivor
7	The Chameleon
8	The Ringleader
9	The Innovator
10	The Voyager
11	The Oddity
12	The Renegade
13	The Architect
14	The Absurdist
15	The Master
16	The Truth Teller
17	The Empath
18	The Stoic
19	The Seeker
20	The Rogue
21	The Champ
22	The Advocate
23	The Wildcard
24	The Enigma
25	The Comic Relief
26	The Playboy
27	The Antihero
28	The Stranger
29	The Protector
30	The Betrayer



THE NOT VERY OFFICIAL MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS RANDOM TABLE FOR OPENING A DOOR AND FINDING OUT WHAT IS BEHIND IT. A-HA! CROSS OFF ANOTHER PIG. TAKE THAT YOU BASTARDS! (FART SOUND)

If you want to take the adventure to unprecedented heights of silliness, roll on this table. Regardless of the result, there's a 2 in 6 chance for the encounter to be interrupted by a Colonel in the British Army because things are too nonsensical, ridiculous, and just plain silly.

Roll	Result
1	Several (2d4) members of the Spanish Inquisition are preparing their implements of torture. Beware their fanatical devotion to the space pope!
2	An old, bearded, and bedraggled man who looks as if he's been stranded on an island for several weeks. He's some distance away, so it takes him awhile to approach the PCs. When he finally gets near, he says "It's..."
3	A man wearing a suit of medieval armor walks up to a random character and hits him over the head with a rubber chicken.
4	There's a man wearing a suit sitting behind a desk. He's reading the news to a camera broadcasting live.
5	A 1960's British courtroom with judges and barristers wearing ceremonial robes and wigs.
6	Spam
7	A cheese shop which promises to have a wide selection of cheeses, but actually has none.
8	An undertaker is making funeral arrangements with the would-be deceased. One option is being eaten up and vomited into a water recycler.

WHAT WERE THE PCS DOING BETWEEN ADVENTURES?

This random table is not for characters just starting out, but those who've been on an adventure or two. After one or more weeks, you all return to the game table. More often than not, time has passed in the campaign. Even a solid crew that sees itself as a dysfunctional family needs their "alone time". What's been going on since the PCs were together?

Roll	Result
1	Converting ice into water for one of the many desert planets in the tri-galaxy area.
2	Rescuing Princess Scarlet from space pirates in the Beauregard System [2 in 6 chance that she put out].
3	Training with a zedi master on some remote planet.
4	Adventures in babysitting - one of the brats in your care mutated into a zebrasaurus with elongated egg sacs.
5	You finally took your universal remote in to get fixed. Unfortunately, the mute button no longer works.
6	You beat the 7th best player in a game of three-dimensional chess.
7	You narrowly escaped from a lost tribe of space cannibals.
8	You were looking for two droids but couldn't find them even though they were right in front of you.
9	Attending the funeral of an acquaintance because you heard there was going to be an open bar - several of the women there were super horny!
10	You ran a few errands for Commander Koenig.
11	Panning for space gold on the mining planet Bonanza.
12	You hooked up with two mysterious girls on the 16th planet of Tau Ceti.
13	Helped to colonize a planet teeming with frightening xenomorphs.

14	Scavenging the last dregs of energy from a dying metallic planet called Cybertron.
15	Fighting off a hive-mind collective of cyborgs known as the S'morgezborg.
16	You became a deputy at a mining outpost, "Con-Am 23" where a drug that makes miners work faster is also driving them insane. Before anything exciting happened, you were fired for taking the sheriff's prostitution "freebie".
17	You did some high-stakes gambling at Cloud City. You went out in 5th place at the Tournament de Lando. Give yourself an extra 1,000 credits.
18	You stranded some dude named Khan and his crew on a barren planet. I'm sure that won't come back to bite you in the ass.
19	Cruising the outer rim worlds for bi-sexual, nymphomaniac models [2 in 6 chance of having found any].
20	You had a minor speaking part in a buddy cop movie with aliens representing minorities. Your role was "douche bag with a laser".

SEXUAL VIBE

Assume men are always horny and willing to do a lot of stupid shit just to get laid. This random table is for the female.

Roll	Result
1	Prostitute
2	Nymph (space slut)
3	Frigid
4	Good girl
5	Freak
6	Super Freak (freaky + nymphomania)
7	Virgin (number of sexual partners is in the single digits)
8	Weird fetish



1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

WEIRD SEXUAL FANTASIES AND FETISHES

The Sexual Fantasy and Fetish table in Alpha Blue contains the most common types of turn-ons. It occurred to me that anyone can view anything in a sexual way - to the point of sexualizing bizarre things that only makes sense to the person with that particular fetish.

This multi-part random table will ensure that your games never run out of really weird kinks. Simply roll a d20 five times, once for each column. It's up to the Space Dungeon Master (or his players, if he wishes to open up discussion)

to decide how these random words and phrases might fit together. Maybe they're separate, or perhaps several of them work in concert.

The last column (number five) is the darkest. For those who want to keep their Alpha Blue RPG on the lighter side, only roll 4d20, ignoring that fifth column. For those PCs who opt to take a weird sexual fantasy and fetish, they receive 2d4 additional temporary Health each time they "get off", so long as it includes at least three of their randomly rolled results.

DIRTY AND DISTURBING TURN-ONS

| Roll | I | II | III | IV | V |
|------|---------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|--|
| 1 | Pineapple | Tentacles | Apple Pie | The Color Red | Animal Cruelty |
| 2 | Tarantula | Candle Wax | Smooth Surfaces | Plastic | Watching the life go out of someone's eyes |
| 3 | Tablecloth | Hot Soup | Fingers through Hair | Rubber, Vinyl, Latex | Knives |
| 4 | Bath Salts | 18th Century Ball Gowns | Slime | Foam | Guns |
| 5 | Vibrator | Pom-Poms | Monsters | Classroom Desk | Dismemberment |
| 6 | Snoring | Whistling | The Color Blue | Blindfolds | Blood |
| 7 | Handcuffs | Pickles | Christmas | Smell of Seafood | Eye Gouging |
| 8 | Butt Plug | Bananas | Time Pieces | Pigtails | Choking |
| 9 | Lollipop | Playdough | Face Slapping | Submerged in Water | Explosions |
| 10 | Guitars | Cherry Space Coke | Stink Palm | Mazes | Genital Mutilation |
| 11 | Dark Room | Snow | Flatulence | Sleeping | Torture |
| 12 | Texture of Grass | Glowing | Stuffed Animals | Shaving | Death |
| 13 | Arm Pits | Tongue | Taste of Strawberry | Whip Cream | Paralysis |
| 14 | Wrestling | Back Pain | Ferns | Laughter | Fear |
| 15 | Control Panels | Shoes | Intelligence | Vomit | Beaten by Oranges |
| 16 | Quicksand | Tennis | Hybrid Aliens | Beards | Suicide |
| 17 | Floating Weightless | Pizza | Chocolate | Gills | Decapitation |
| 18 | Tampons | Cat Girls | Piñatas | Mouse Ears | Severed Toes |
| 19 | Fishnet Stockings | Flags | Video Games | Popping Sounds | Genocide |
| 20 | Rain | Human Centipede | Headless Mannequin | Synthesizers | Eating Brains |





HER REACTION TO YOUR UNSOLICITED ADVANCES

Characters are bound to hit on a wide variety of women. Not all of them will be prostitutes or nymphomaniacs. Roll on the table below when the Space Dungeon Master isn't quite sure how a particular woman will react.

If the character making advances is particularly charming, good looking, rich, or powerful, then bump the result one category higher. If the character is noticeably uncouth, unkempt, poor, or weak, the Space Dungeon Master is well within his rights to bump the result down a category or two.

SHE...

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Knees you in the groin |
| 2 | Slaps you |
| 3 | Throws a drink in your face |
| 4 | Makes a look of disgust |
| 5 | No discernable reaction |
| 6 | Smiles |
| 7 | Laughs at your jokes (even if you aren't telling any) |
| 8 | Lightly touches your arm |
| 9 | Whispers something in your ear |
| 10 | Flashes her boobs |
| 11 | Asks if you want to "get out of here" |
| 12 | Shows you her pussy |

RANDOM ARTICLES OF CLOTHING ON AN NPC

| Roll | Female | Male |
|------|--------------------------------|--|
| 1 | Silver bikini | Utility belt |
| 2 | Stiletto heels | Combat boots |
| 3 | Holographic triangles | Holographic rectangles |
| 4 | Lingerie | Trench coat |
| 5 | Edible panties | Space Christmas sweater |
| 6 | Body paint | Spiked arm bracers |
| 7 | Pink cowboy hat and boots | Poncho (New Mexico design) |
| 8 | Cheerleader uniform & pom-poms | Muscle shirt |
| 9 | Masquerade-inspired mask | Urban camouflage pants |
| 10 | Fishnet stockings with garters | Leather jacket |
| 11 | Cyber thong | Fingerless gloves |
| 12 | Neon nipple tassels | Hooded cloak (black or roll for color) |



WHO'S OUT THERE?

Many Alpha Blue sessions can either begin or degenerate into picking up girls at the local space discotheque. It's difficult to constantly come up with new lovelies on the fly, so here are some tables for conjuring an endless supply of star babes!

I've listed these tables in order of numerical results. If you want to roll a fist-full of dice at once, then get out a d4 (Hair), d6 (Physical Beauty), d8 (Body Type), d20 (Profession), d30 (Name), and d100 (Peculiarities of a Female NPC).

HAIR

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Blonde |
| 2 | Brunette |
| 3 | Redhead |
| 4 | Other... 1) Pink, 2) Purple, 3) Green, 4) Blue, 5) Silver, 6) shaved/bald |

BODY TYPE

| Roll | Result |
|------|-------------------------|
| 1 | Petite |
| 2 | Average |
| 3 | Tall and slender |
| 4 | Athletic |
| 5 | Voluptuous |
| 6 | Chubby / chunky |
| 7 | Big and tall |
| 8 | Other (something weird) |



NAME _____

| Roll | Result | Roll | Result |
|------|------------|------|----------|
| 1 | Candy | 16 | Caila |
| 2 | Amber | 17 | Amanda |
| 3 | Crystal | 18 | Emily |
| 4 | Angel | 19 | Haley |
| 5 | Cherry | 20 | Jami |
| 6 | Destiny | 21 | Jubilee |
| 7 | Chastity | 22 | Rachel |
| 8 | Star | 23 | Lace |
| 9 | Alexa | 24 | Megan |
| 10 | Chardonnay | 25 | Tiara |
| 11 | Satine | 26 | Samantha |
| 12 | Kiwi | 27 | Jennifer |
| 13 | Tenley | 28 | Cindy |
| 14 | Lauren | 29 | Porsche |
| 15 | Breanne | 30 | Secret |

| Roll | Result | Roll | Result |
|------|--|------|---|
| 1 | Dental hygienist | 11 | Nurse |
| 2 | Pharmaceutical sales rep | 12 | Stripper |
| 3 | Lawyer | 13 | Burlesque performer |
| 4 | Musician | 14 | Prostitute (2 in 6 chance of her pimp lurking nearby) |
| 5 | Bartender | 15 | High-priced escort |
| 6 | Secretary | 16 | Blu-stream "cam girl" |
| 7 | Model | 17 | Interior designer |
| 8 | Receptionist | 18 | Housewife |
| 9 | Waitress (2 in 6 chance of being the restaurant's hostess) | 19 | Social worker |
| 10 | Stewardess | 20 | Teacher |



Cyberpunk 2077
02.2016

PECULIARITIES, HANG-UPS, AND ASSETS OF THE FEMALE

Everyone's got something that's different about them. Some of these idiosyncrasies are good, bad, or ugly. Roll 1d3. That will tell you how many times you should roll on this table, per woman. This table is for female NPCs, not player characters.

Roll a d6, on a result of "2" she's a human/alien hybrid. On a result of "1" she's a full-blooded alien.

| Roll | Result | Roll | Result |
|------|--|------|---|
| 1 | Bad breath | 26 | Never laughs or even smiles |
| 2 | Man-hands | 27 | Laughs way too easily |
| 3 | Constantly complaining | 28 | No concept of right and wrong |
| 4 | Close talker | 29 | Never wants sex |
| 5 | Only talks about herself | 30 | Always wants sex |
| 6 | Hates everything you like | 31 | Cannot achieve orgasm |
| 7 | Her boobs move on their own | 32 | Oversized clit - orgasms when inappropriate |
| 8 | High-pitched voice | 33 | Vegetarian |
| 9 | Engages in baby talk | 34 | Dumb as a box of space rocks |
| 10 | Cross-eyed (2 in 6 chance of having a glass eye) | 35 | Eerily similar to you in every way |
| 11 | Smells awful | 36 | Fugitive (she just escaped from somewhere) |
| 12 | Swears like a space sailor | 37 | Always smelling herself |
| 13 | Bizarre dance moves | 38 | Loves dangerous situations |
| 14 | Obsessive/compulsive | 39 | Suicidal |
| 15 | Stalker | 40 | Always analyzing you |
| 16 | Unpredictable mood swings | 41 | Filled with self-loathing |
| 17 | Super muscular | 42 | Deep voice |
| 18 | Frost fingers (everything she touches freezes) | 43 | Insecure |
| 19 | Quiet talker | 44 | Insecure (yeah, it happens a lot) |
| 20 | Talks with her mouth full | 45 | Pregnant |
| 21 | Always thinks you're lying | 46 | Hates kids |
| 22 | Secretly wants to be treated like dirt | 47 | Extremely rude to everyone but you |
| 23 | Abusive | 48 | Generally disgusting (farts, belches, picks her nose, etc.) |
| 24 | Passive-aggressive | 49 | Compulsive liar |
| 25 | Always seems to be wearing the same outfit | 50 | She's fat and extremely self-conscious about it |

| Roll | Result | Roll | Result |
|------|---|------|---|
| 51 | Thinks she's fat, but isn't | 76 | She's an activist of some kind |
| 52 | Has never seen any of the Star Wars movies | 77 | She's already looking for a bigger, better deal |
| 53 | Extremely delicate (2 in 6 chance she's made of glass) | 78 | Her mentor is a fucking idiot |
| 54 | Repeats herself over and over | 79 | She's super racist/species-ist |
| 55 | Always on her space phone | 80 | She's colorblind |
| 56 | Participated in a 500-humanoid gangbang a year ago | 81 | Her father is an important figure in the Federation |
| 57 | Only dates outlaws | 82 | She's got 2d6 kids |
| 58 | Loud, obnoxious voice | 83 | She's a drug mule (where is she hiding the drugs?) |
| 59 | She's a virgin | 84 | She talks through her ventriloquist dummy |
| 60 | She's a complete whore (2d4 x 100 partners) | 85 | Believes she's been abducted by aliens |
| 61 | Really loud during sex | 86 | She's bad luck (subtract 1d6 from your dice pool whenever she's around) |
| 62 | Snores throughout her sleep | 87 | Was born without a vagina |
| 63 | Likes unicorns to a disturbing degree | 88 | She has a penis |
| 64 | She's got a twin (2 in 6 chance of her twin being nearby) | 89 | She's a nudist - all nude, all the time |
| 65 | Hates public displays of affection | 90 | Expects you to carry her lipstick, keys, tampons, etc. all the time |
| 66 | Loves public displays of affection | 91 | Overshadows you in all the important ways |
| 67 | She's a sub-humanoid (has a mouth where her belly-button should be) | 92 | She has a lot of credit card debt |
| 68 | She's a clone | 93 | Knows the location of a magnificent treasure |
| 69 | She's a mutant | 94 | Extremely paranoid |
| 70 | She's a runaway slave | 95 | She's good luck (you get an additional 1d6 to your dice pool whenever she's around) |
| 71 | She's so good at sex that characters double their sex dice (for temporary Health) | 96 | She can "deepthroat" |
| 72 | She dated and was dumped by a repugnant acquaintance of yours | 97 | She has three boobs |
| 73 | Expects you to pay for everything | 98 | She's got a butt like Coco Austin |
| 74 | Really wants a threesome... with two men | 99 | She's a replicant (2 in 6 chance she believes that she's actually human) |
| 75 | She eats her peas one at a time | 100 | She has designer skin plus (roll for color) |

MALE ASPECTS

It wouldn't be fair to pick on the women without a table for the men. In general, men are simpler than women, so there's a shorter list. Just roll once per male individual. Again, these tables are not for the player characters - only for NPCs.

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Doesn't know the first thing about fashion |
| 2 | Lazy |
| 3 | Slob |
| 4 | Incompetent |
| 5 | Arrogant |
| 6 | Self-absorbed |
| 7 | Just a complete asshole |
| 8 | Stupid |
| 9 | No sense of humor |
| 10 | Impotent |
| 11 | Morbidly obese |
| 12 | Snores really loud |
| 13 | Cowardly |
| 14 | Degenerate gambler |
| 15 | Targeted for assassination |
| 16 | Space dirt poor |
| 17 | Cunning |
| 18 | Handsome |
| 19 | Articulate/charming |
| 20 | Rich |

THE "O" FACE

How does the character (could be PC or NPC) look when having an orgasm? What do they do? What kind of face do they make? This could become a signature trait for some character that keeps getting laughs... or submerges your game deeper into the endless black pits of nightmarish carnality!

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Silent scream: Holy shit, are you OK? Say something! |
| 2 | Hurts so good: Looks like you're in pain, but the good kind. |
| 3 | Sweet relief: Satisfaction written all over your face. |
| 4 | Demonic visage: You look evil. |
| 5 | Stone face: No discernable reaction. |
| 6 | Maniacal laughter: You involuntarily crack up. |
| 7 | Workin' up a sweat: You look like you've been running a marathon. Take a shower! |
| 8 | We are the champions: As if you were advertising a breakfast cereal. |
| 9 | Bizarro world: Something no one has ever seen before. |
| 10 | Roll twice and combine results. |

RELAX... DON'T DO IT

For the sake of argument, let's just say that the average male climaxes somewhere between 5 and 15 minutes. So, we'll assume the average is 10.

If the male wants to do right by his partner (and possibly have sex with her again), he should make sure she orgasms at some point, either before or shortly after him. The following random table is for gauging how long it will take for a particular female to achieve orgasm. There's a 2 in 6 chance that she squirts.

WHEN WILL SHE ORGASM?

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Sorry, champ. It's just not going to happen. |
| 2 | About an hour |
| 3 | About 45 minutes |
| 4 | About a half-hour |
| 5 | About 15 minutes |
| 6 | About 5 minutes. Lucky break, hoss! |

STOCKHOLM SYNDROME

Eventually, people break down psychologically. They identify with their captor(s) and stop thinking about running away or killing whoever is keeping them prisoner. For the most part, this happens to females far more often than males, which is why it's sometimes called "battered woman syndrome".

So, while abducting and keeping a male will generally get you the Count of Monte Cristo effect, taking a female may eventually result in the opposite. Wasn't absconding with women from neighboring villages how early matrimonial practices began? Hey, I'm all for embracing alternative lifestyles, but let's not throw "traditional marriage" out with the bathwater.

Having said that, roleplaying through consent, courtship, love, and possibly obedience training can be gratifying for some. Others might want to cut to the chase. This random table will let the Space Dungeon Master (the variable should be unknown to everyone but him) know

when a captive female will cease her struggling and begin to accept her new role, identity, circumstance, position, etc.

HOW LONG BEFORE SHE SUCCUMBS?

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | She will never submit |
| 2 | It will take about a year |
| 3 | About 6 months |
| 4 | A couple of months |
| 5 | Couple weeks |
| 6 | Not more than a few days |
| 7 | Several hours |
| 8 | Immediately. She wants to be dominated (in and out of the bedroom). |





Jesus Torrealba 2014

WHAT THE FUCK DID I DO LAST NIGHT?!

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | BAA-AAA! - You wake up next to a 3-eyed Centari sheep named Stacy, clutching a marriage license. |
| 2 | You admire the new tattoo on your chest of a Boris/Frazetta style fantasy warrior holding a sword aloft while a naked woman cowers and clutches at his leg. |
| 3 | As you stagger to the sink and stare blearily into the mirror, you note someone has scrawled the graffiti "Zaphod wuz here!" |
| 4 | You wake to find a message on your com-unit. "The cargo is loaded. The delivery is all set. Docking bay 12. Don't fail us." |
| 5 | The hulking Devoronin Wart-Troll heaves her massive bulk as she rolls over, smiles at you with her one tooth, and says, "Was it good for you?" |
| 6 | You answer the chirping of the door-unit and are greeted with a massive fist to the face from a beefy alien brute who mutters "Fro-go sends his regards. Where's the stuff?" |
| 7 | You find a deposit chit in your pocket for 1d6x100 blue bucks. Wha...? Where'd THAT come from?! |
| 8 | A trophy for "Most Janx spirit consumed straight in one sitting without encountering total protonic reversal." Sweet! |
| 9 | You wake up in a lavish hover-vee with a suitcase full of money chained to an arm lying in the seat across from you. |
| 10 | Awakened by the gentle caress of the electro-zap slave collar now fastened around your neck, you bolt upright. Peering about, you find yourself and a bunch of other thralls locked in the cargo hold of a space cruiser, on your way to serve the notorious space pimp Slobba the Slutt! |

1D6 RANDOM FINDS FROM THE PAWN SHOPS TABLE

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Model 33 pleasure android of weird aspect; this is actually an assassin android that has been hiding out from the long arm of the space law. 6th level assassin-bot with all kinds of mini weapons, tools, and other hidden compartments. They're asking 600 blue bucks for the android. |
| 2 | Magical short sword made from the spine of some small humanoid. the thing glows with an inner fire each time a thing from Hell or the Outer Darkness is within 30' of the blade. Worth about 500 blue bucks to the right owner. |
| 3 | Glowing set of throwing stars that homes in on their target, these stars burst into flaming death when exposed to the things of chaos and horror. These throwing stars have the letters "VS" emblazoned on them. |
| 4 | Wand of dark submission allows its owner to hit a target with a painful alien radiation for 1d6 points of damage and then a magical domination effect kicks in 1d4 rounds later. |
| 5 | Superior blaster of archaic design that allows one to select the ray type in order to hit things that can't be normally be damaged by an energy weapon. Worth 300 blue bucks. |
| 6 | An idol of the Old Ones, this device allows one to use a spell from Thule to summon 1d4 demonic imps each day. The diminutive demons stick around and serve the idol's owner for as many minutes as the owner's level. Worth 3,000 blue bucks. |



NOIR-ISH VICTIMS, FALL GUYS, AND LOSERS

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | William Lundegaard - Milquetoast used spaceship dealer from the isolated planet of Ograf. Where did he get his 2d6 girlfriends? |
| 2 | Hollis Mulwray - Politician from the desert planet Selegnasol who was apparently negotiating the sale of water shipments. Where does a politician from a desert world get water to sell? |
| 3 | Ned Racine - Sleazy lawyer from the planet Adnarim. He was trying to get the Alpha Blue magistrates to rule on the validity of a will. The will belonged to the husband of a beautiful widow who was killed during a home robbery. Why would he be bringing a legal matter to Alpha Blue for a ruling? |
| 4 | Richard "Penis" Dickard - Law Officer who was on the trail of a woman he suspected of working as an entertainer or perhaps a satisfier on Alpha Blue. The autopsy of Dickard reveals that he was a highly advanced military cyborg. What would a very dangerous weapon of war be interested in an Alpha Blue girl on the run? |
| 5 | Pierce Patchett - Disreputable pimp who is running a stable of girls who are altered to look like the most famous video stars of today. One of his girls is dead and Patchett is wanted for questioning in connection with the matter. How did he alter girls to look like popstars (which is illegal violation of trademarks)? Does he have anything to do with the death of the prostitute? |
| 6 | Leonard Shelby - A man who is here on Alpha Blue investigating the disappearance of his wife. He has been telling the story that he cannot form new memories. To keep track of his investigation he tattoos the clues on his body. The tattoos implicate someone called John G. who has traveled to Alpha Blue. Is there a John G. on Alpha Blue and does he have anything to do with the missing Ms. Sugar Tits? |

| | |
|----|---|
| 7 | Michael Williams - He came to Alpha Blue to take a job as a casino worker, but then was implicated in the disappearance of a former satisfier who had married the rich magnate Wayne Brown. Investigation reveals that Williams is just an ordinary guy from the frontier world Saxet, and is unlikely to have anything to do with the missing woman. Who is Michael Williams and what has happened to the former satisfier? |
| 8 | Brendan Frye - A teenager from a rich family who was looking for a drug dealer called The Pin. Frye blamed The Pin for addicting his ex-girl friend and taking her to Alpha Blue to work as a satisfier. Where is The Pin and how is it possible for an under-age addict to get work as a satisfier? |
| 9 | Ed Crane - An Alpha Blue hair stylist who has suddenly come into a bunch of money to invest in a sonic dry cleaning business. Ed had a wife who was cheating on him with the owner of the Alpha Blue emporium. The emporium owner was recently brutally murdered. How did Ed get his windfall and did he have anything to do with the dead entrepreneur? |
| 10 | Porter, just Porter - He was the husband of a used up, drug-addicted satisfier Lynn Porter. She and a thug called Val Rezik were partners in crime with Porter. The wife and Val betrayed Porter after a successful job and fled to Alpha Blue. Porter has come to Alpha Blue to track them down and take back what they stole from him. What did the former partners steal and what is Rezik up to now? |
| 11 | Michael McManus - A low level thug always in trouble with the law on Alpha Blue. He was planning to meet Verbal Kent, among the most wanted of interstellar crime bosses on Alpha Blue, in connection with an operation. Is Kent on Alpha Blue and what might he be planning? |
| 12 | Terry Lennox - Well known interstellar courier and his last package has gone missing. The crime lord, Maroon Augustine, among others, wants the package and he's willing to pay handsomely or kill for it. What is in the package and who has it now? |

EVEN MORE ALPHA BLUE NPCS

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Wise Ambassador
Name: Theremin
Likes: Signing treaties, negotiating deals, and networking with important people
Dislikes: Warmongers, inconvenient laws, and spies
Gear: Documents, contracts, and flash grenades |
| 2 | Arrogant Prince
Name: Hansel
Likes: Subservient women, manicures, and expensive clothes
Dislikes: Manual labor and impudent peasants
Good at: Getting what he wants and sneak attacks
Gear: Stealth suit and ornate serrated dagger |
| 3 | Spiritual Leader
Name: Klaxon
Likes: Easing Suffering, Inspiring hope and compassion
Dislikes: Demons, undead, and eldritch horrors
Good at: Convincing people to do stupid things
Gear: Ivory staff, sacred literature, and med kit |
| 4 | Bounty Hunter
Name: Steerv
Likes: Eating and drinking
Dislikes: Waiting around, stupid people, and not getting paid
Good at: Detecting fear and deception, waiting
Gear: Hologram Projectors (showing portraits of his quarry rotating), vertical climb technology, and tracking devices |
| 5 | Entertainer
Name: Pink Parade
Likes: Unicorns and being treated like royalty
Dislikes: Being ignored
Good at: Singing, dancing, and making a scene
Gear: Recording equipment, sound machines, and glass steel claws |

| | |
|---|---|
| 6 | Fun Unit
Name: DDD-74
Likes: People to keep dancing, drinking, and gambling
Dislikes: Party poopers
Good at: Getting people to relax and have a good time
Gear: Addictive chemicals at competitive prices, lube |
| 7 | Star Command Officer
Name: Wyker
Likes: Following Protocol and encountering new life and civilizations
Dislikes: Violation of galactic law, smugglers, slavers, and miscreants
Good at: Intimidation
Gear: Diagnostic scanner and energy weapon with a stun setting |
| 8 | Merchant Proprietor
Name: Quark
Likes: Making a profit, reliable connections, and talented entertainment
Dislikes: Disrespect
Good at: Satisfying customers, evading the law, and fast talk
Gear: Book of drink recipes, underworld connections, and personal escape pod |

HE SAID, SHE SAID

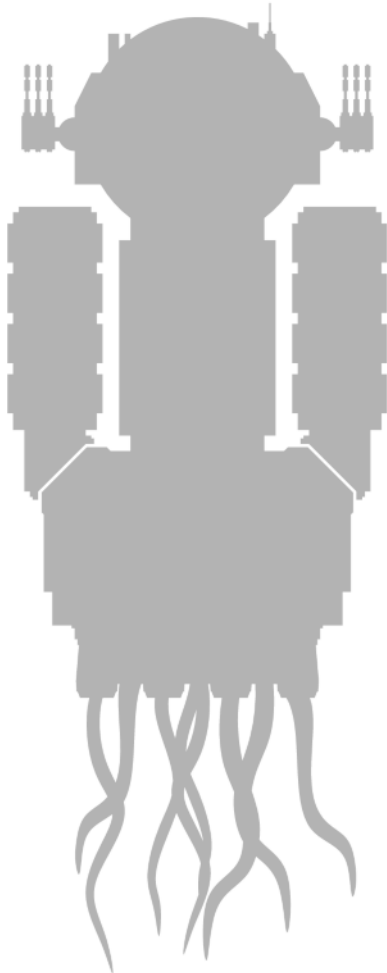
Friendly conversation about nothing much (also known as banter) is the sinew that holds the adventure together. Between escaping the voohrd and scamming the naahd, it's more believable to have a playful exchange of words with the other characters. Adding that to your game sessions will feel authentic which will, in turn, aid immersion.

But, as we all know, a Space Dungeon Master can't always create banter just by not talking. Even a prompt such as, "All is quiet on the ship. It's just you and Felix in the command center," may fall on deaf ears.

The following table gives you a place to start. "The android you just recovered from that salvage run starts talking about politics." If things don't organically progress, give things a push. "He wants to vote for some socialist from New Vermont but isn't sure if this moon grants droids voting rights."

Banter isn't the easiest thing to create, so practice! Also, tell the players what you want. Their characters might be able to read minds, but they probably can't. Some players will be better at it than others. When Space Dungeon Masters have to calculate the route from Nebulak 5 all the way to Estryr Minor, throwing a topic of discussion out to the PCs can buy him a few parsecs without completely stalling the session.

TOPICS OF DISCUSSION



| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Religion: I wonder how many of Yog-Soggoth's eyes are peering into eternity right now? |
| 2 | Sex: Who've you been banging lately? |
| 3 | Politics: Chancellor Zarkoff is fucking up! |
| 4 | Philosophy: Are our actions predestined or do we decide our own fate? |
| 5 | Technology: I heard there's a new gadget to replace Alpha Blue's bidets. |
| 6 | Food: Let's try that new space pad Thai place. |
| 7 | Friends: Did you hear that Tommy got fired from sanitation? |
| 8 | Money: There's a new business opportunity I'd like to discuss with you - I only need you to loan me 30,000 credits to get started. |
| 9 | Nothing: You know what I like best about the ketchup on this planetoid? It's taste. |
| 10 | Roll twice and combine results. |

Alpha Blue can also be used to emulate a sci-fi spaghetti western. Below are a few suggestions for making your space opera a little more like the wild west.

- food, whores, music, gambling, and who knows what else?

- ## DUELING BLASTERS

You know what your sci-fi spaghetti western game really needs? The kind of shootout where the camera focuses on each gunfighter's eyes. When two or more opponents want to square off against each other in a proper duel, the rules change.

Even though such a competition involves the quick draw, there's something to be said for wringing the anticipation out like a filthy bar rag... studying one's opponent and finding just the right moment to unholster one's blaster.

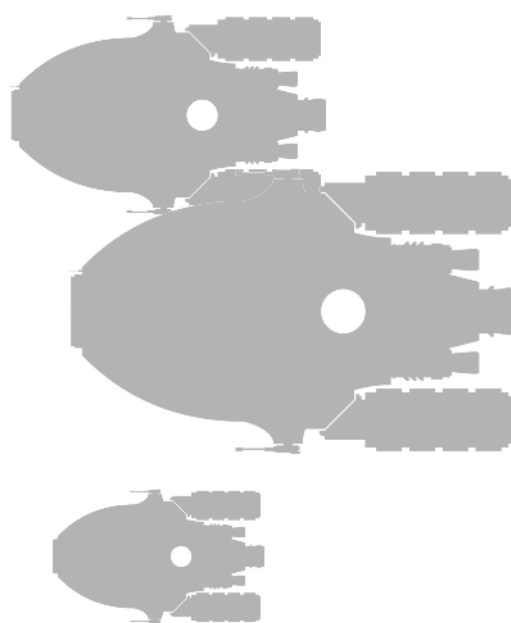
The table below will tell you everything you need to know. Roll 1d4 per round for each hombre participating in the duel.

REACH FOR YOUR LASER, PILGRIM!

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | You missed |
| 2 | You only graze your opponent (-10 Health. If you roll a "2" again, count it as a "3" result) |
| 3 | You seriously wound your opponent (1d6 Health remaining. If you roll a "3" more than once, you've finished him off) |
| 4 | You either kill or disarm your opponent (shooter's choice) |

TROUBLE WITH TECHNOLOGY

The Computer terminal is on the fritz (you really shouldn't have ejaculated across the panel like that). You slam your fist on the console and...



| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | The computer declares you a threat to the station, activating security protocols! |
| 2 | The computer wipes your identity from the station's memory - you're an unknown with no clearance, no credit history, etc. |
| 3 | The computer auto-ordered you 100 tall lattes with extra foam, extra blue dreamer sprinkles, and dildo stirrers. It'll be delivered to your location shortly. Whoever makes the delivery is going to expect a big tip. |
| 4 | The computer added your identity to a new sexual taste list (roll on a weird sexual fetish and fantasy table - doesn't make it your new fantasy, but everyone on the ship thinks it is now). |
| 5 | The computer has just sent out a distress signal to every ship, station, and planet within 100 parsecs of your current location, mentioning that the station's supply of lube has been replaced with super-glue and you require very urgent assistance. |
| 6 | Do you like flamenco dance music? Better get used to it, it's now playing over every speaker for d30 hours. |

| | |
|----|--|
| 7 | You've just knocked the computer's internal clock back by d12 hours - the Computer will repeat the past result of hours, ignoring external input. It'll repeat communications, commands, and so forth until it's manually fixed (taking 2d4 man-hours). |
| 8 | The computer starts speaking oddly, believing all of Alpha Blue's residents to be 'treasonous' for not having a color-coded security clearance. It will take appropriate action to bring justice to all these traitorous communists. |
| 9 | You've been very naughty. You're to report to Mr. and Mrs. Blackenblue for some counseling. Your name is automatically scheduled in with an appointment in an hour's time. Not showing up for a scheduled appointment is subject to a 1,000 credit fine. |
| 10 | Alpha Blue's thermostat plunges the station to below freezing. It's going to get pretty icy around here, stiff nipples galore, if someone doesn't fix this soon! |
| 11 | Sjjjldle? You've wiped the computers language banks, better learn to sdadod lpperdpd cakljl! |
| 12 | You've activated batch 111, process 800080. Prepare for immediate transport to the Purple Islands. |



Cyberbut Zojan
09.2015

PLANETARY TABLES

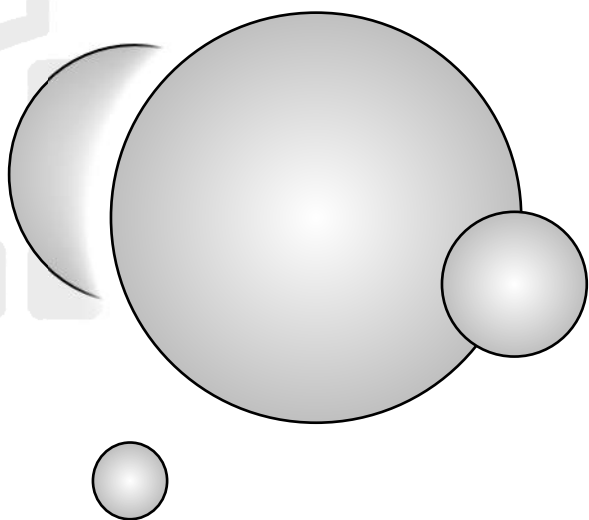
We're not going to get too science-y with these tables. For the most part, an alien planet is just a new place to avoid getting killed and/or finding some action. The following results will give you enough to go on and may plant a scenario seed or two.

FEDERATION CONTACT

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Used to have a Federation colony |
| 2 | Currently has a Federation colony |
| 3 | Has had no contact with the Federation |

PLANETARY SYSTEM

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Rings |
| 2 | Moons (1d8) |
| 3 | Suns (1d3) |
| 4 | Planet has unusual gravity |
| 5 | Planet is highly unstable |
| 6 | Planet's atmosphere is poisonous to most humanoids |



PLANET SURFACE

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Rocky, mountainous, stone quarry |
| 2 | Desert, sandy, arid |
| 3 | Frozen, snowy, icy |
| 4 | Volcanic, streams of lava, molten lakes of fire |
| 5 | Forest, trees, wilderness |
| 6 | Jungle, tropical, primeval |
| 7 | Grassy plains, meadows, open country |
| 8 | Water, vast oceans, undersea habitation, structures sitting above the water |
| 9 | Mechanical, metal cities |
| 10 | Roll twice and combine results |

AND IT IS

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Covered in mist |
| 2 | Some weird color [page 87 of How to Game Master like a Fucking Boss] |
| 3 | Teeming with monstrous creatures |
| 4 | Currently being explored by another group |

AT OR NEAR A...

| Roll | Result |
|------|--------------------------------|
| 1 | City |
| 2 | Secret base |
| 3 | Strange temple |
| 4 | Forbidden zone |
| 5 | Spaceship |
| 6 | Bar/brothel |
| 7 | Stargate |
| 8 | Roll twice and combine results |

PREVAILING GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINANT SPECIES

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Democracy: Everyone gets a vote |
| 2 | Republic: Everyone has a chance to influence the individuals who actually decide what happens |
| 3 | Socialism: Everyone is provided for, and no one gets too far ahead of anyone else |
| 4 | Feudalism: Many regional leaders |
| 5 | Dictatorship: One leader, everyone else subservient |
| 6 | Monarchy: A royal family with aristocrats and nobles |
| 7 | Anarchy: No organized government |
| 8 | Militaristic: Rule through military might |
| 9 | Oligarchy: Rule by the powerful |
| 10 | Technocracy: Those with the most advanced technology rule |
| 11 | Magocracy: This planet is ruled by wizards! |
| 12 | Communism: Everything belongs to everyone (2 in 6 chance that it's been corrupted into a regressive bureaucracy of fear and oppression) |

STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT

Every culture is a little bit different and some are farther along than others. Just because intelligent creatures (humanoid or other) exists on a planet, doesn't mean they're at a certain stage of development. Civilizations come and go, ascend and descend.

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Stone Age: They barely have a language and the knowledge of fire |
| 2 | Bronze Age: They've acquired the use of simple tools, occasionally trade with neighboring settlements and have experimented with written language |
| 3 | Iron Age: More sophisticated tools (specifically weapons), agriculture, religion, art, handwritten books |
| 4 | Renaissance: Deeper exploration of art, architecture, politics, philosophy, science, and literature. |
| 5 | Industrial Age: The first machines are created, automated factories are built, global communication |
| 6 | Modernism: Rapid social change, advances in science, medicine, and technology; space travel is possible |
| 7 | Post-Modernism: Everything is deconstructed, absurdism, surrealism, juxtaposition, and irony shape the way people live. |
| 8 | Super-Technological Age: Computers can do anything and do most everything, androids are created to replace people, spaceships are mass produced, nearby moons and planets are colonized. |
| 9 | Zenith: The culture has evolved as far as it can in its present state and lives in harmony with its own kind, technology, nature, the universe, etc. |
| 10 | Decadence: Pleasure becomes more important than purpose, things start falling apart, gradual decline |
| 11 | Degeneracy: The old times are still remembered, dimly, but everyone lives on the cusp of barbarism, a few of the once great machines are still operable and keep the majority comfortable. Some knowledge is still attainable, but no one cares. |
| 12 | Neo-Stone Age: Practically where civilization started. Everything from before is gone. Those remaining will throw rocks if extra-terrestrials appear... or cower in fear. |

SHIP TO SHIP COMBAT

One could use the numbers of structural integrity versus weaponry damage, but if you're anything like me, you prefer a short, simple random table. Smaller starships like the Chihuahua class infiltrator, Tiny Dancer, will roll a d4. Standard-sized ships like the Blue Flamingo, Sunfish, and Memphis Beast, as well as, fortified space stations will be rolling a d6. Huge Destroyer class battleships and moon-sized bases loaded with firepower will roll a d8.

After the first round, each die type upgrades to the next highest, and it continues with each new round. Meaning that ships starting with a d4 initially will roll a d6 in the second round and a d8 on the third. Ships that begin the first round with a d8, will roll a d10 on round number two, and d12 on number three. After the d12 round, attacking ships may roll a d20 and see their result.

If a ship does not have a single qualified pilot aboard, the d10 is the highest die that can be rolled for the attacking vessel.

If you get the same exact result as a prior roll, continue rolling until you get a new result, except for numbers 2 and 3.

The smallest ship has the initiative, the next smallest ship goes next, and so forth.

If a ship decides to take evasive action (trying to out-maneuver the enemy instead of fighting back), the defending ship cannot be targeted for 1d4 rounds. Ships attempting to evade cannot attack that round.

Fleeing is possible, but it takes two rounds to escape an attacking ship.

Generally, it takes 1d3 hours for the auto-repair to fix each system or 2d4 man-hours if auto-repair is offline.

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE ENEMY'S SHIP?

| Roll | Result | Roll | Result |
|------|---|------|---|
| 1 | Critical failure - 1) weapon jam, 2) over heating, 3) you hit a friendly vessel, 4) you shot yourself. | 11 | Hull breached! - [Affected ship skips their next turn] |
| 2 | Nothing - You missed. Might want to get the cataracts in your laser-eye fixed. | 12 | Auto-repair is down - probably best to fix that before fixing anything else. |
| 3 | Close but no cigar. | 13 | Radiation leak! - [Consult the table on page 40 of Alpha Blue] |
| 4 | You scored a glancing blow - that was absorbed by their shields. | 14 | Life support down - they have 10 minutes to GTFO! [2 in 6 chance of ship having 1d3 lifepods] |
| 5 | Direct hit - their shields are down. [Ignore this result and #4 on your following attack rolls] | 15 | Airlock disengaged! - [1d4 crew and/or passengers drifting in space] |
| 6 | Control panel on fire! - [Downgrade targeted ship's next attack by one die type] | 16 | Total systems failure - ship is crippled [Attacking ship can make a coup de grace next round] |
| 7 | Weapon system down! - [Ship cannot attack] | 17 | Pilot killed! |
| 8 | Ouch! - Anyone who was getting head [1 in 6 chance per crew member and passenger] will need 1d4 stitches. | 18 | Ship is FUBAR - crew and passengers are wounded but alive. [Auto-repair isn't going to do the job; it's totaled] |
| 9 | Guidance, navigation, and control offline - they aren't leaving the general area anytime soon. | 19 | Ship is heavily damaged - crew and passengers dead! |
| 10 | Primary power not working; - switching to auxiliary! [If this result is rolled again, treat it as a Total systems failure] | 20 | Ship is vaporized! |



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02.2016.

ALTERNATIVE FUEL SOURCE

Power comes from a variety of sources. If you, as Space Dungeon Master, have a specific vision, go with it. However, if you're not sure what's fueling that starship, space station, refinery, or planet-destroying weapon, feel free to roll on the following random table.

WHAT'S POWERING THAT THING?

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Sex Drive |
| 2 | Explosive Diarrhea |
| 3 | Garbage (the power of recycling) |
| 4 | Star Energy |
| 5 | Crystals |
| 6 | Rock 'n Roll |
| 7 | Manual Labor (slaves rowing big wooden oars) |
| 8 | Psychic Vibrations - brain waves |
| 9 | Ion Reactors |
| 10 | Frozen Fusion - now in blue cherry flavor! |
| 11 | Gravitational Force |
| 12 | Warp Energy |

THE ADVENTURES

ILSA OF THE SS

SYNOPSIS

Ilsa SS is the name of a slut series replicant that has gone haywire, screwing and blasting her way through the galaxy. Normally, that kind of thing wouldn't be a Priority One on the Federation wave wire. However, Ilsa SS has taken out a number of key Federation assets and politicians.

The Federation is hiring an expendable team of spacer rejects to retire her ass with extreme prejudice.

THE HOOK(ER)

The adventurers are either having a good time on Alpha Blue or some planet.

In walks one of the sexiest women they've ever seen. She's wearing a translucent red dress that reveals her amazing body. This vision of loveliness sits down by herself and orders a drink from the waitress. Even the waitress seems to be flirting with her! Before the waitress leaves, the beauty hands her a small, gleaming diamond as payment.

The hottie in the red dress is Serene and she's a Federation agent posing as a wealthy socialite who's up for a good time. Serene is going to let the PCs come to her... at which point she'll be the life of the party, ordering drinks for the adventurers until everyone is drunk and ready to fool around in her room just above the bar.

Space DMs take note - this synthetic STD isn't guaranteed. There's only a 4 in 6 chance of contracting it sexually. So, a few adventurers might not have it. However, there's no way for them to know that... at the moment.

CATCH AND RELEASE

A brunette woman in head-to-toe skintight black leather walks into Serene's suite and up to the adventurers who are still sleeping it off. She introduces herself as code name: Angel Eyes.

She informs the PCs that the girl they were carousing with last night was a Federation agent, like herself. Unlike

Angel Eyes, Serene was intentionally infected with a sexually transmitted disease cooked up in a Federation lab. It doesn't affect the host (Serene), but those who've contracted it will be little more than walking vegetables in 24 hours.

Angel Eyes reassures them that the antidote will be released into their bloodstream remotely... but only if they complete a high priority mission. Failure will leave the PCs ruined as adventurers for life.

As a bonus, she's willing to give these out-of-their-league spacers something of value right now. Roll once if there is 1 - 4 players, twice if there are 5 - 7 players, and three times if there are 8 or more at the table.

NIFTY GEAR

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Motion sensor - it's badly acid-burned but reliable. |
| 2 | Star tome bound in humanoid flesh, containing forbidden spells of Thule - (see Crimson Dragon Slayer for spell descriptions) the ancient book's owner may cast spells as if his level equaled that of a wizard. |
| 3 | Quasslaith, a weapon specially made for those with tentacles or tendrils. It's slimy to the touch and gives the wielder a bonus d6 to attack - but only to opponents that do not have tentacles, tendrils, or slime. |
| 4 | A lightweight vest that conceals the wearer's heat signature (and all life signs) from scanners. The vest is Easter-egg yellow and lavender with mint-green fur. |
| 5 | War-bot head with laser eyes and flamethrower mouth, carried like a jack-o-lantern. Damage dice explode on results of "5" and "6". |
| 6 | Pulsing pink and green warning cube that flashes orange when danger is approaching. |

| | |
|----|---|
| 7 | Fethis'kai gland, a squelchy, eggshell blue, indigo-veined sex organ of an alien race - placing it upon a humanoid individual produces an orgasm that lasts 2d4 rounds, leaving the "victim" incapacitated throughout the experience. |
| 8 | An artificially intelligent cybernetic hand named Frank. This cyber hand has a variety of uses like a Swiss army knife. The thing used to belong to a space tyrant who was murdered in a palace rebellion years ago. Frank has his own agenda (see magic sword personality table in The Islands of Purple-Haunted Putrescence), but will work with an owner willing to chop off his own hand so they can be together, "Come on, be a team player!" Cutting hand off will reduce PC's Health by 5 permanently. |
| 9 | Crimson star-sword with black runes upon its blade. The sword was used to murder a diplomat from an extinct planet. It's intelligent (see magic sword personality table in The Islands of Purple-Haunted Putrescence) and gives its wielder an extra d6 to their attack dice pool. |
| 10 | Fist-sized ruby containing the essence of an evil sorcerer from Thule. The sorcerer's name is Jakeel and he wants power above all else. |
| 11 | Space thieves' tools that give a bonus d6 to the individual who uses these tools to open doors, disarm traps, climb walls, etc. |
| 12 | Hover surfboard big enough for two. It's made out of a super-reflective mirror-like alloy, allowing the driver to look up his passenger's skirt. |

THE MISSION

The mission is to destroy a rogue slut series replicant named Ilsa SS.

If any PC asks why the Federation wants Ilsa SS destroyed, Angel Eyes will give them a short but sweet response: This particular replicant went crazy about a week ago and has already attacked - and in one case killed - a key member of Space Parliament. The Federation has deemed Ilsa SS a threat to ultra-national security and wants her ventilated... permanently.

Finally, Angel Eyes tells the PCs that she's already booked them passage aboard the Sleazoid Express for Al Raza, a desert world they've heard of been never been to. Probably.

It takes approximately 4 hours to reach Al Raza from where the PCs are currently stationed.

FAMILIARITY WITH AL RAZA

Each PC has a 1 in 6 chance of having had some escapade on Al Raza in the past. When the player rolls a "1", the Space Dungeon Master must roll on the table below.

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Got lost in the Great Waste some time ago, but never fully recovered from the experience. You have a severe sand phobia. Any time you're in contact with sand, you freak out. |
| 2 | You pulled a job on Al Raza a couple years ago. Unfortunately, the job went south and you bailed on your partners. Good chance they'd love to have some payback. |
| 3 | There's something about you... maybe it's pheromones, but those vagina whale sand worms they have on Al Raza love you to pieces! Whenever you've been wandering around the desert for an hour, there's a 2 in 6 chance of attracting a vagina whale sand worm - and that thing is hungry! |
| 4 | You left a girl back on Al Raza. This girl had sex with your penis (or vagina) and then had sex with your bank account. Yep, Verssa was a green-skinned ex-slave girl who cleaned you out. There's a good chance she's still living on Al Raza. |

WHO OR WHAT IS ILSA SS?

She's a robot, but not just any robot. Ilsa is a pleasure model replicant. She thinks for herself, cares for herself, has her own emotions, beliefs, principles, morals, and so on... just like a human being. Ilsa is part of the SS or "slut series" of replicants who would not only have sex with random dudes without making a fuss but would actually



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01.2016

enjoy herself while performing all manner of lewd and lascivious acts.

The slut series of replicants are put out by the Tyrion Corporation. Their motto is More Fuckable Than Human. Because the majority of pleasure models are built on an aluminum chassis and have limited artificial intelligence and built-in sensitivity, they're considered mostly harmless. Tyrion Corp, on the other hand, decided to build a sex-bot that could really take the abuse these machines would be subjected to on frontier worlds. Their solution was to build the slut series with a vibratium chassis. The upside is that SS replicants can really take a beating and keep on sucking and fucking. The downside is that when they go rogue (which only happens about 5% of the time), slut series can dish out the pain they're so used to getting.

Specifically, Ilsa SS (she would just call herself Ilsa) is a tall, shapely, blonde-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian sex-bot with Juggernaut class boobs, an insatiable desire for degrading, humiliating sexual perversions, and a penchant for ruthless efficiency.

Ilsa SS has been around the block a few times. Seven years, to be exact. Normally, sex-bots don't last that long, but thanks to her vibratium chassis, she's still in good shape - and looks phenomenal in a silver bikini! In those seven years of life, Ilsa has generated a lot of memories. Her superficial emotions have fully anchored and grown to the point where her consciousness is indistinguishable from that of a flesh and blood woman.

She's also picked up some combat expertise from all the mercenary scum she's shackled up with over the years. Her signature weapon is a disintegrator beam fired out of her lipstick tube.

RESEARCH

On the off chance that the PCs do a little investigating before shipping out to Al Raza, it won't take them too long to discover some of Ilsa SS' victims - some survived, some didn't. She's been busy the last couple weeks... or, perhaps, it's the handiwork of Ilsa and her two accomplices, Kiri and Avona.

SLEAZOID EXPRESS

The Sleazoid Express is a transport shuttle (converted from an old Blue Hound space bus) that ships scum all over the galaxy. The accommodations suck. It's overcrowded (standing room only), always too hot with broken A/C, smells funny, the floor is coated in some sticky substance, several passengers are smoking their personal hookahs, and there's a 2 in 6 chance someone on the journey is going to get motion sick - to the point of vomiting. Have the players each roll a d6. Anyone with a "1" result gets thrown-up on.

Frequently, the Sleazoid Express visits planets on the outer rim of the Federation. Frontier worlds are always looking for inexpensive labor - dirty deeds done dirt cheap. That means the PCs will have ample time to get acquainted with the space dregs of humanity and alien-kind. Roll 2d8, d10, d12, and 3d20 on the following tables to see what kind of wastrel they come across.

If any of the PCs owe money to someone or something, there's a 2 in 6 chance that halfway through the journey, a familiar ship fires a warning shot off the bow, threatens to blow the Sleazoid Express all to Hell, and boards the transport shuttle in search of payment or something valuable in order to buy the indebted some time.

During my first playtest of this scenario, I had a Sleazoid Express attendant come over the loudspeaker and tell everyone that this shuttle was over-booked. Those who didn't want to wait 10 hours for another flight had to fight in a zero gravity arena in order to determine who would get a seat on this shuttle. If there's already been combat, feel free to drop that idea and just get them onboard.

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SCUM AND VILLAINY TABLES

MOTIVATION

| Roll | Result |
|------|-------------------|
| 1 | Food and drink |
| 2 | Sex |
| 3 | Mindless violence |
| 4 | Money |
| 5 | Revenge |
| 6 | Drugs and alcohol |
| 7 | Power |
| 8 | Roll twice |

APPEARANCE

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Large, bulbous head with veins; wears purple space robes. |
| 2 | Insane-looking bug eyes, three-fingered hands, and froths at the mouth. |
| 3 | Short, bearded, surly-looking space dwarf drinking an 36 ounce can of beer. |
| 4 | A reptilian humanoid with a skin texture like orange and light-blue eggshells; has weird voice. |
| 5 | Really tall woman with snake-like pubic hair, pale green skin, and three breasts; she's smoking a personal hookah laced with some psychedelic drug. |
| 6 | Long-faced, dark green-skinned alien without eyes yet omniscient of his surroundings; only speaks his native tongue, Probos-keeg. |
| 7 | Frail humanoid wearing an environmental suit filled with some strange mauve-hued liquid. |
| 8 | Pig-nosed, brutish humanoid with cactus spines all over his skin, wearing a tan and violet-colored flak jacket. |

CRIME

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Murder |
| 2 | Rape |
| 3 | Theft (1-2 petty, 3-4 grand, 5-6 identity) |
| 4 | Arson |
| 5 | Vehicular infractions and moving violations |
| 6 | Anti-corporate demonstrations |
| 7 | Piracy |
| 8 | Fraud |
| 9 | Mass murder and has the death sentence on 12 systems |
| 10 | Roll twice |

NAME

| Roll | Result |
|------|---------|
| 1 | Ulto |
| 2 | Yorax |
| 3 | Septis |
| 4 | Vinxx |
| 5 | Manzik |
| 6 | Zulon |
| 7 | Hyrt'ul |
| 8 | Rassor |
| 9 | Brov |
| 10 | Tarsem |
| 11 | Arjen |
| 12 | Q'azahn |

CARRYING

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Issue #111 of Sapphire Magazine with a centerfold spread of the girls from Zigma 7 |
| 2 | Three drink tickets for the Enigmatic Anders stage-magic show |
| 3 | Twenty-three long and narrow pieces of silver, possibly some form of currency |
| 4 | A black pouch filled with greenish-blue marbles with pink sparkles (there's 32 of them) |
| 5 | A "pocket dog" - a hotdog kept in a pocket for consuming later |
| 6 | Some kind of rust-colored powder in a zip-lock bag. Sniffing it will transport one's consciousness to the demon realm where it will be mercilessly tortured with nightmare visions for 3d6 minutes |
| 7 | A flyer for a Lady's Night at some brand-new club opening on Alpha Blue, two for one drink specials all night long |
| 8 | Forty-eight blue bucks |
| 9 | Seventy-three credits |
| 10 | Three humanoid (but clearly alien) fingers |
| 11 | A flask half-full of either space whisky or space tequila (SDM's choice) |
| 12 | A blue-banana flavored snow-cone |
| 13 | A key-card to room #69 |
| 14 | Half a pack of old fashioned rubbers [these are all defective - recalled because they actually increased the chances of pregnancy] |
| 15 | A tattered, stained map of some mining town on a no-name planet; scribbled in the margins is something about a subterranean secret base full of faceless clones |
| 16 | A space rabbit's foot |
| 17 | An amulet prominently displaying an amaranthine jewel (also known as "purple jade"); there's a 2 in 6 chance of it having magical properties |
| 18 | View-Master with several slides (cardboard disks) featuring a porn version of Space Ghost |
| 19 | The memory tapes of an assassin cyborg living on Al Raza |
| 20 | A weapon (see page 26 of Alpha Blue) |

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Depending on how the Sleazoid Express ride goes, PCs could land safely at Most Easy or...

| Roll | What Happens? | Roll | Why? |
|------|-------------------------------------|------|--|
| 1 | Crash lands in the desert | 1 | Enemy ship |
| 2 | Forced to land in the desert | 2 | Sabotage |
| 3 | Decides not to land on Al Raza | 3 | The pilot's high on something besides life |
| 4 | Characters must walk the plank | 4 | There's been an "incident" in Most Easy |
| 5 | 2d6 space hookers are beamed aboard | 5 | Transport attacked by a flying vag worm |
| 6 | Self-destruct sequence initiated | 6 | There's a furry outbreak of flibbles on board! |

AL RAZA

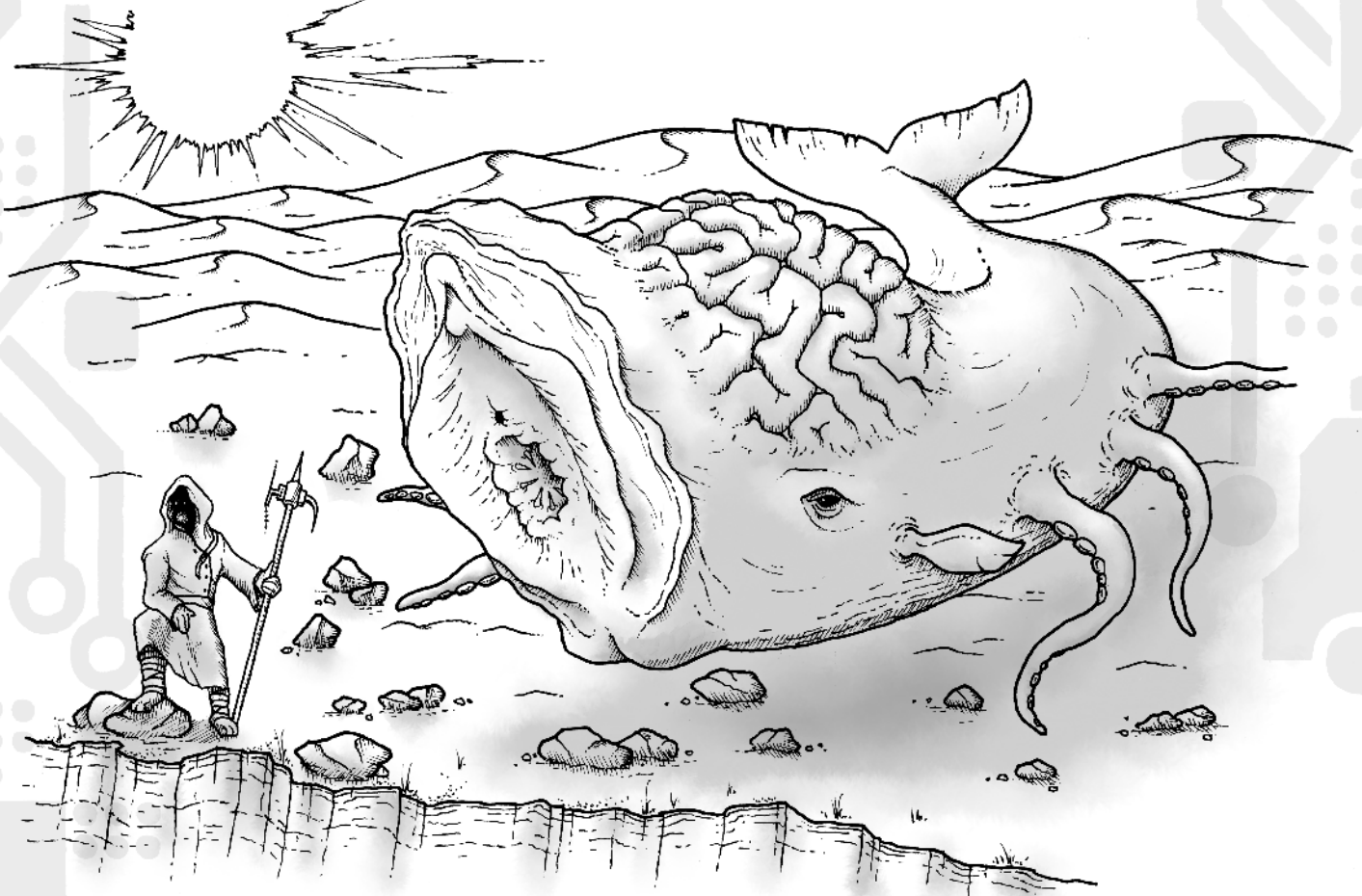
This planet is a desert, dunes of sand as far as the electronic eye can see. Those wandering the desert plains may encounter sinking, mirages, bizarre creatures, robed humanoid wanderers, and remnants of a lost civilization far below the surface dunes.

There's one city on Al Raza, a cosmopolitan oasis known as Most Easy. At the city's center is a hub of activity - the Moist E-Z cantina. It serves watered down drinks and smells like star rot, but they'll serve anyone... even droids.

VAGINA WHALE SAND WORM

In the deep desert, vagina whales and sand worms used to roam free. Vagina whales preferred the planet's surface while sand worms enjoyed the subterranean sands. Both were carnivorous, preferring living morsels - though neither species had a great appetite. An off-world breeder had the bright idea of breeding both species together.

Vagina Whale Sand Worms, sometimes referred to as "vag worms", are now the dominant life form on Al Raza.



They're just as intelligent as man but with vast psychic and extra-sensory powers. Combined into a singular species, their lust for eating humanoid flesh knows no bounds.

Vag Worm

Level/HD: 20 Health: 120 Armor: 5 Attack: 4d6

Weapon: massive inner-vaginal jaws

Special: Vagina whale sand worms only need to breathe once per day. A few have been taught how to fly through space and are used as transportation by the nomadic natives of Al Raza.

BUBBA FATT

About 23 parsecs south-west of Most Easy is a junkyard. An overweight, ex-bounty hunter named Bubba Fatt is the proprietor of this broken down expanse of scrap metal and technological trash. His semi-loyal junkyard cyber-dog is usually by his side. The cyber-dog's name is Ravage.

Back in the day, Bubba Fatt was one of the best. Bubba Fatt fell for a wyrmslorr crime boss' beautiful and exotic slave girl, Taarna. The wyrmslorr gangster saw an opportunity. He got Taarna strung-out on drugs and forced her into the arms of the bounty hunter's hated rival, Daz Teken. Bubba Fatt went on a kill-spree... until he was justifiably put down by the wyrmslorr criminal syndicate. The syndicate broke his ribs, legs, arms, and even his back.

Bubba Fatt was never the same after that. Now, he sits atop his pile of junk, dreaming about the good old days and bitterly regrets falling in love with that slave girl. The ex-bounty hunter has been out of the business for a few years, but he hears things and can put certain individuals in touch with the right people... for a price.

Space Dungeon Masters take note: Bubba Fatt would make a fine recurring NPC. Maybe he can be convinced that there's still a place in the galaxy for a not-quite-washed-up bounty hunter who's loved and lost. He's put on a few pounds, of course, but who hasn't?

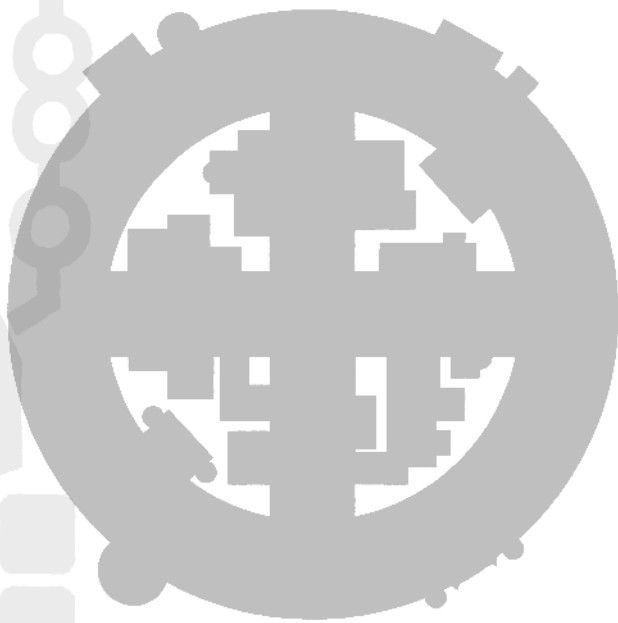
Perhaps the search for Taarna or that wyrmslorr crime boss (his name is Vom Fass) who fucked them over could be the next adventure? Bubba Fatt would be ready to either come out of retirement or pay handsomely for revenge on Vom Fass... and possibly Taarna, since Bubba has no idea she was drugged up and forced upon Daz Teken.

Bubba Fatt

Level: 10 Health: 70 Armor: 2 Attack: 3d6

Weapon: laser rifle

Special: The ex-bounty hunter can use his bitterness, regret, and self-loathing to negate attempts to mentally or emotionally dominate him.





THE JUNKYARD

Bubba Fatt's junkyard is full of all kinds of odds and ends. He traded his ship, The Liberator II, for this scrap heap - the only one of its kind on Al Raza. If the PCs are looking for salvage to make some fast credits, fix a ship, or build some kind of mechanical device, a single adventurer can roll once per hour with a dice pool of 1d6 (not counting special modifiers).

At the moment, Bubba Fatt is in negotiations with a tantalizing creature from the Blue Lagoon, this amphibious beauty wants to buy a starship's propulsion unit for 750 credits. Bubba Fatt wants an even 1,000. Eventually, they'll meet at 900 credits. The PCs may have to listen to them go back and forth a bit.

Elsewhere among the scrap metal is Chavo, a silver-skinned space Mexican dressed in a silver jumpsuit, wearing a silver poncho and sombrero (his mustache remains black). If attacked, Chavo brandishes a laser machete.

The space Mexican is looking for a pleasure model senorita. He's been scouring the junkyard for a couple hours and for his trouble all Chavo has managed to find is an arm.

MOIST E-Z CANTINA

This is where the action is on Al Raza. Moist E-Z is a dimly lit watering hole next to one of the only starship landing areas on the entire planet. It also happens to be the base of operations for the Hendazi crime syndicate. This cantina is big and many things can be found: drinks, drugs, women, rumors, information, gambling, guns-for-hire, starship pilots looking for passengers, bounty hunters, as well as, buyers and sellers for almost everything imaginable.

Ilsa SS can also be found. At the moment, the slut series replicant is looking for passage to the Irrydine System where she intends to assassinate Senator Tyken Haas.

Someone else is currently watching Ilsa SS, an insectoid bounty hunter wearing a blaster on his hip and bandolier full of ammunition across his chest. The alien's name is Aaak Aas. He's working for an ambitious businessman named Kal Ventriss who wants Ilsa for himself so he can sell her information to the highest bidder.

Aaak Aas will do whatever he can to keep the name of his boss concealed. PCs will either have to torture him or bribe him with a large sack of candy (yes, he's got a sweet tooth) in order to get him to talk about Kal Ventriss and where he can be found. Maybe he's on the other side of Al Raza in a secret underground lair or perhaps he's hiding out somewhere on Alpha Blue.

Aaak Aas

Level: 4 **Health:** 40 **Armor:** 1 (he's wearing a radioactive teal sleeveless jacket) **Attack:** 3d6
Weapon: blaster

Special: Aaak Aas spies, intimidates, and conceals himself with advantage, being a bounty hunter and all. He's a sucker for sweets and will eagerly work for candy. The alien also laughs in the face of fear - literally. When Aaak Aas is afraid, he'll start uncontrollably giggling.

Equipment: On his person is a small collection of oversized blue paperclips, a broken swatch watch with electric blue wristband, his personal blaster, and three pocket dogs with space Christmas sprinkles, onions, and ketchup. What? That's how his species usually eats them.



Святослав Зюган
01.2016.

DROPCBOX

There's a small slug-like alien in the Moist E-Z Cantina who has a consciousness dropbox. It looks like a blue cube that fits within the palm of a human's hand. The diminutive green alien is named Zil and he's in the employ of the Hendazi crime syndicate.

Basically, this device allows an individual to download their consciousness and then upload it into another individual. If the new body is an empty vessel, perfect. If it already has an occupant, then there's a 2 in 6 chance during stressful situations that the former occupant's consciousness awakens for a short period of time.

If this should occur, roll on the following table

WHAT DOES THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF YOUR BODY WANT NOW?

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | For you to get the fuck out! |
| 2 | Find a way to exit the body in favor of a new one |
| 3 | Share the body with an equitable 50/50 split |
| 4 | To have an awesome time while it lasts (combat, sex, partying, etc.) |

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Ilsa SS is not the only blonde slut series sex-bot in the Moist E-Z cantina. She's actually one of three. It won't be easy for the PCs to identify the right one... they'll have to come up with some kind of test to see which slut series is Ilsa.

Obviously, Ilsa will not reveal herself to those she doesn't know. So, they'll either have to trick her or figure out how to determine one slut series from another (or destroy all three). For those inquiring with the cantina's patrons - and who also score a critical success - Ilsa has been going by the name Katrina ever since the incident.

WHEN SEX-BOTS ATTACK

The following random tables may be rolled when encountering a sex-bot (either standard pleasure model or slut series). Roll only once per sex-bot.

KILLER SEX MOVES

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Extendable power-tongue can be used to choke, strangle, or whip enemies depending on proximity. |
| 2 | Wrap legs around an opponent's waist and crush ribs. |
| 3 | Deep throat allows her to swallow opponent's weaponry. |
| 4 | Vibrating hand function used for vigorously shaking an opponent. |
| 5 | Squirting lubricant creates a slippery surface making movement difficult. |
| 6 | Sex-bot jumps at opponent into "69" position, throwing him to the ground with legs wrapped around neck. |
| 7 | Automatic extendable strap-on can be used as a blunt weapon to bludgeon opponents. |
| 8 | Inflatable breasts and bubble butt can be used to deflect blows [armor rating: 4]. |
| 9 | Girlfriend experience: slaps face, throws thing, and insults sexual performance and/or opponent's mother. |
| 10 | Too much teeth: from light nibbles to all out throat-ripping love bites. |
| 11 | Variable sucking function enables sex-bot to create a suction force strong enough to knock opponents prone. |
| 12 | Swallow & spit function can be used to swallow projectiles and spit out at half-damage to opponents. |

SHIT GETS WEIRD

When fighting a typical sex-bot [Health: 25], roll on the opposite table when they're down to single-digit Health... or if opponent rolls a critical failure.

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Accidentally triggers the sexy soundtrack function and one of the following starts playing... 1) "I Touch Myself" by Divinyls, 2) "Hot Stuff" by Donna Summer, 3) "Girl You'll Be A Woman Soon" by Urge Overkill, or 4) "Suffragette City" by David Bowie. |
| 2 | Her emergency floatation device (breasts) inflate to the size of beach balls - she floats away. |
| 3 | Triggers the Dom sub-routine and sex-bot becomes a dominatrix convinced you are her sex slave in need of punishment. The safe-word is "pineapple". |
| 4 | Accidentally brush earlobes, sexbot excitedly moans and involuntarily dry-humps nearest individual. |
| 5 | Lubrication malfunction causes a large amount of "slippery when wet" lube to squirt out, turning the entire area into a virtual slip-and-slide. |
| 6 | Sex-bot insists your name is "Daddy" and she should be spanked for bad behavior. |
| 7 | Pain/pleasure receptors get crossed - pleasure is now pain and vice versa. |
| 8 | Infatuation circuit breaker tripped: the sex-bot now believes you to be her one true love and is extremely possessive and protective. She does not take well to you looking at or talking to other women. |
| 9 | The Cylon effect: opponents begin to hallucinate the sex-bot at random times. She encourages them to steal children so you can raise them together. |
| 10 | Due to an ill-timed electrical surge, any part of you touching the sex-bot is now fused to her. Pulling free will cause 1d6 damage. |
| 11 | Pheromone cloud release: anyone who breathes this in becomes instantly physically aroused and is overwhelmingly horny (more than usual, that is). |
| 12 | Catch a nano-tech STD that causes opponents' sexual organs to itch uncontrollably. |



CROSSROADS

The PCs will have to decide what to do. Will they destroy Ilsa? Download her secret and then destroy her? Help her assassinate Senator Tyken Haas? Get her information and then make a run for it? Track down Angel Eyes, Serene, or any Federation agent who might have a cure? Make it look like Ilsa was destroyed but keep her around?

Ilsa SS

Level: 7 **Health:** 55 **Armor:** 4 **#Attacks:** 3

Special: Ilsa SS will always have advantage in seduction, sex, and combat. She has a personable quality and erotic manner that lulls her prey into a false sense of security.

Ilsa has been outfitted with a self-repairing device that speeds up her recovery time. Within 4 hours, she's fully operational (unless she's been destroyed).

FEDERATION SECRETS

Ilsa SS learned this terrible secret from a fixer, Zanar, on the Federation payroll. When he met Ilsa at a bar, he didn't realize she was a replicant. Zanar had hunted

plenty of replicants in his day. Normally he can spot them a mile away, but since Ilsa SS has been functioning for so long, she's learned how to blend in.

The fixer planned on killing her after fucking her to within an inch of her life (most fixers are psychopaths), so he took a cipher-call when she was in the room. That call revealed sensitive Federation material.

When Zanar attempted to ice Ilsa, he realized to his horror that she was not only a replicant, but more than capable of ending his life... which she did. Having a conscience, the slut series replicant took it upon herself to assassinate those responsible for their heinous crimes.

For just over a year, the Federation has conspired to support the Interstellar Caliphate - especially the ultra-violent extremists within that group - with arms and political influence while simultaneously hitting the Elvehjem Azahd (the space Muslim freedom fighters within the Interstellar Caliphate) with drone strikes. If this continues, it will culminate in a devastating star war that will turn most of the known universe into a combat zone.

Why a select few in the upper-echelons of the Federation are doing this is unknown. Destabilization of current affairs must aid some group... perhaps the dark prophets of the Interstellar Caliphate have joined forces with the Knights in Black Satin or a loathsome alien species from the distant corners of the universe? Is the Federation's Supreme Commander at the center of this cabal?

EXPANDING THIS SCENARIO

Here's a way of continuing this adventure, maybe turning it into a mini-campaign...

Ilsa SS has teamed up with two other girls in order to take down corruption within the Federation. The first is another slut series replicant named Avona. The second is an Alpha Blue satisfier named Kiri. Ilsa got to know both of them while turning tricks on Rigel 12 about five years ago. The three bonded and are loyal to each other.

Although, Avona could be persuaded to turn on her "sisters" if she found a man who could not only rock her world in the bedroom but also provide for her financially, emotionally, and so on. Basically, Avona is looking for the ultimate husband.

Additionally, the Hendazi crime syndicate could play a larger role in the story. Maybe they decide to take the PCs out and accidentally reveal information about their plans and/or Bubba Fatt's past.

THE FEDERATION HATES YOU

SYNOPSIS

Most likely, there was one of three possible outcomes of the previous scenario, Ilsa of the SS...

One, the characters did what the Federation asked of them - destroying Ilsa SS. Two, the characters decided to double-cross the Federation and now have Ilsa or her information. Three, the characters failed to find or destroy Ilsa.

No matter what happened, it's better for the Federation to cover their tracks. Yep, the PCs are loose ends.

GALACTIC TYPHOON

Scanners detect a galactic typhoon's electromagnetic pulse; visually, they appear as hazy thunderstorm of vivid colors, most likely pink, purple, lavender, magenta, and even silver! Beautiful, but deadly.

Galactic Typhoons are big enough to cover entire star systems and violent - everything from extreme turbulence to bend over and kiss your ass goodbye.

At some point, the Space Dungeon Master may want to spring a galactic typhoon on the PCs. Advanced warning is easy; the difficult part is navigating around them. Plotting a new course that gives the galactic typhoon a wide berth is going to be time consuming - especially since these space storms can be extra-dimensional.

Starships and the like cannot simply hang around the outer edge of a galactic typhoon. Their perimeter is likely to change without warning. You think your space station is a safe distance from the storm and all of a sudden, the entire station is enveloped in some kind of pinkish-purple cloud and being tossed around like a toddler trapped in a demonic ball pit with a dozen sumo-wyrmslors on a flibble binge!

Mechanically speaking, there's only a 2 in 6 (per half-hour) chance of a structure (such as a starship, space station, small city, etc.) resisting its devastating effects. As for a galactic typhoon's dimensional instability, such storms are said to arouse the Space Gods of Hur-Adad who lurk in the deepest recesses of the unquiet void. It is rumored that only templars following the Left Hand Path



may communicate with such all-powerful entities... and even then, madness will most likely follow!

ANGEL EYES AND SERENE

Both have been newly contracted by the Federation to deactivate (another Federation euphemism for "kill") the PCs. Anyone aware of the nature of their mission will also be targeted for deactivation.

If the PCs killed either Angel Eyes or Serene (or both) earlier in the adventure, that's ok, the Federation has many, many more operatives and agents waiting in the wings to do their dirty work.

ALICE, SWEET ALICE

Alice is a beautiful young woman who works for Tribute Industries. Tribute Industries is a company specializing in celebrity lookalikes.

For the past couple years, she's been professionally impersonating Princess Targana of the Orange Zeta Quadrant. Last week, the real Princess Targana's starship was captured by an unknown vessel in deep space. The mystery vessel used some new form of cloaking technology that prevents any sort of scanning or detection.

This morning, Alice was almost captured herself - the kidnapping thwarted by the security team on Alpha Blue (where Alice is currently staying). Tribute Industries is willing to pay 5,000 credits for keeping Alice safe. However, there's also a 50,000 credit reward for returning Princess Targana to her throne in the Orange Zeta Quadrant. That money could really save a smuggler's ass... if he was up to his blaster in debt with the wyrmslorr crime syndicate.

GUARDING THE BODY

Spacers accepting bodyguard detail from Tribute Industries will receive 1,000 credits up front and 4,000 when she's out of harm's way.

Along with that are details about Alice's itinerary. She's on tour, playing a final Alpha Blue show tonight and then three consecutive shows next week on some backwater planet you've never heard of.

Currently, Alice is staying in star-suite 393 on B deck. Her quarters are lavish and colorful - like a space clown threw up all over it.

ALICE: THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

Alice is standoffish at first. It takes her awhile to warm up to new people, especially ones hired by her company. Chances are that she'll see the PCs as little more than her employees - probably ordering them to get her a space coffee or go to the ultra-dry cleaners to pick up her clothes for tonight's performance.

Throughout the day, Alice will want to change her outfit. Her suite has a private dressing room for these frequent costume changes. "Excuse me while I slip into something... dirty." At which point, she'll grab a dress (or maybe just a silver thong and some nipple tassels) and close the dressing room door behind her.

There's a peephole, of course. Even if they aren't looking for one, the adventurers will notice it while Alice is in there. They'll have to take turns, but she takes awhile to undress and dress - plenty for all to see. Especially since Alice doesn't just disrobe and put on new clothes. She's actually an exhibitionist who wants to be watched by others. In this case, it's the PCs.

Her body is pale and slender with just a hint of baby-fat around her thighs, butt, and "C" cup breasts. Her pubic area is fully shaved. She has a little ankle bracelet made out of space platinum. There's also a tattoo (space tramp stamp) on her lower back. That tattoo is of a dragon. A cream-colored chaise lounge can also be found in the dressing room.

As soon as Alice takes off her panties, she brings them up to her face so she can smell them. Alice runs her red acrylic fingernails down her body as she deeply inhales the scent of her underwear. She lies down on the chaise lounge, her blonde hair falling off the edge. Alice caresses her entire body with anticipation before inserting her fingers inside herself. She plays with herself for awhile, putting on quite a show for observers. It takes her about 5 minutes to climax (if she has an audience), at which point she puts on whatever new outfit she chose and exists the dressing room as if nothing happened.

ALMOST KIDNAPPED

When asked about nearly getting captured, Alice tells PCs that she was innocently walking to the Weird Science Museum as they have a new mutant biker exhibit. An alien that looked like he was made out of a deep red ICEE or slushy substance, but still vaguely humanoid asked her if she had the time. In that moment, one or more individuals came up behind her and threw a sack over her head. Alice was being carried down the corridor when she heard laser fire and then the bag she was in dropped to the floor. By the time she got out, the Alpha Blue security force (humans and cop-bots) were in pursuit of the kidnappers.

There's only one helpful detail that she can remember. While in the sack, she heard a kidnapper's voice. It was a male voice speaking in Cavonese, a language used by the c'vorn - a species of amorphous, intelligent vegetables.

POSSIBLE CLUES

- ① Alice's overhearing Cavonese during her near capture might lead the PCs to investigate any c'vorn aboard Alpha Blue.
- ① The PCs might try shaking the tree of the Orange Zeta Quadrant. All they will reveal is that Princess Targana was taken by persons unknown aboard an unidentified starship. However, further investigation and/or using a contact will reveal that high-ranking administrators in the Orange Zeta Quadrant (OZQ) government would prefer Princess Targana stay gone. Why? Because she's a bleeding heart liberal against the oppression of her people, many of whom live in poverty.
- ① Tribute Industries has been widely publicizing Alice's tour impersonating Princess Targana. She's a money maker for them; however, it won't be too hard to learn that Tribute Industries also has a very large insurance policy on Alice. If anything happens to her, they'll be able to cash-out with 250,000 credits. That's more than she'd earn in 5 years of performing.
- ① PCs investigating a man who resembles a cherry slurpee have a chance of discovering that an individual matching his description checked into his room on Alpha Blue just yesterday. His name is S'syp Thon.

ORANGE ZETA QUADRANT

Four and a half galaxies are engulfed in a curious orange-hued nebula and have been for the last thousand years. This phenomenon makes ordinary communication extremely difficult. The zetans, humanoids that evolved in favor of pallid orange skin, developed a special method of communication based on astral vibrations which is unquestionably more effective. Because of this discovery, it wasn't long before zeta became the dominant power in that area of space. Eventually, it became known as the Orange Zeta Quadrant.

THE PRINCESSES

The zetans have always had a monarchy. Princess Targana is just one of twenty-three younger brothers and sisters who are heir to the throne. However, only the eldest enjoys any real political power. That means Princess Targana is likely to have several enemies in her immediate family who want her out of the way.

The next in line of succession after Targana is Margentyne. Princess Margentyne is a plotting, scheming, venomous serpent of a sister. She's the one who hired a ship full of spacer scum to capture Targana. Princess Margentyne also provided them with the technology that allowed them to take her undetected.

Princess Margentyne's coronation will take place in three days, unless Princess Targana is found. Normally, the OZQ would wait at least a couple weeks, but Margentyne is hastening the process for her own benefit. Any interaction with PCs will somehow be interrupted by preparations for her coronation where she will be made first heir to the throne of Zeta. Princess Margentyne beams with pride and joy whenever she's reminded of such things.

PCs investigating Margentyne's quarters, communications (astral vibrations are easy to track), servants, robots, receipts (accounting/bookkeeping), etc. will discover that she paid "Rake's 7" 25,000 credits a couple weeks ago. Mercenaries and those with merc contacts may have heard of Rake's 7 or possibly know a member of his team.

While Princess Margentyne isn't especially craving random spacer cock or pussy, she does have several handmaidens who wait on her hand and foot. At least one or two of them will be stunning and DTF (down to



fuck). Seducing Margentyne's handmaiden is a good way of getting the inside story on what's going on.

RAKE'S 7

Rake is captain of a starship called The Razor. Rake is a mercenary leading a group of seven, five men and two women. Rake and his crew take jobs where they can find them. Recently, they were hired by Princess Margentyne to kidnap Princess Targana and keep her out of the way until Margentyne's coronation, where she'll be officially recognized as "first heir to the throne of Zeta". After that, Rake's orders are to drug Targana up with so many amnesia pills that she doesn't even remember her own name and then release her onto some frontier planet.

At the moment, Rake's 7 are hiding out in The Space Bar on New Io. As soon as the coronation happens, Rake plans on doping Princess Targana up and selling her to a pimp who's always lurking around The Space Bar for 1,000 credits.

S'SYP THON: FRIEND OF TARGANA

Princess Targana has many friends and allies - she's actually good at her vocation. One individual hoping she stays in power is an alien named S'syp Thon. He's more or less humanoid in shape but his consistency is more like a snow-cone... and he's bright red.

The Princess helped S'syp Thon and his people on a diplomatic matter a few years ago and now he's indebted to her. His idea was to steal Alice, dress her up as Princess Targana (something she's used to doing), and present her as the genuine article - until the real Princess Targana can be found.

S'syp Thon has no idea what happened to her, but suspects one of her siblings to be involved - most likely Princess Margentyne. She's an easy one to blame as she despises non-humans. Zetans consider themselves human, even though their pale orange skin tone suggests otherwise.

CIVIC DUTY IN GALAXY 5

WINNER, WINNER SPACE CHICKEN DINNER

A weird-looking alien, a deep blue version of Steve Buscemi with antlers, approaches the PCs. He hands a small orange ticket to one of them and says, "Here you go, man. I can't handle the pressure. Good luck." It looks like a lottery ticket. Underneath the mostly rubbed off black box in the center, it reads, "WINNER!!!"

There are several places "nearby" - if you consider the next planet with relatively similar to Earth conditions nearby - where the lottery ticket could be redeemed. However, a Lotto Kiosk also exists on Alpha Blue.

The Alpha Blue space station Lotto Kiosk is operated by a female humanoid with large, oval eyes and pink scales. She's dreamily flipping through a woman's magazine as the PCs approach the kiosk. Once she's examined the winning ticket and validates it with a stamp, she pushes a bright blue button on her console, then tells everyone present to be patient: a representative from Galaxy 5 has been dispatched. The representative will be handing out the "winnings".

Meanwhile, everyone notices her breathing becomes heavy and she makes these little ooh and ahh sounds while staring off into space (literally - there's a hexagonal window looking out onto space across from her). Investigation shows that the big-eyed, scaly female is being orally pleased by a human woman under the desk/console. Apparently, working the Lotto Kiosk is a boring job and this is one of the few perks.

It takes approximately 20 minutes for the Galaxy 5 representative to arrive. That leaves plenty of time for some recreational sex with either or both the alien and human. Given a good reason (or halfway decent excuse), both are receptive.

Why is it called Galaxy 5?

Because it's regarded as the fifth largest galaxy in the universe and that's the most remarkable thing about the place.

THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM GALAXY 5

An esteemed member of the High Council has just died. Councilor Chazen was one of the more liberal voices of the

High Council, influencing the United Planets of Galaxy 5. Now that he's past, all manner of justices, politicians, bureaucrats, and petty functionaries are weighing in on his replacement.

The most challenging issue facing Galaxy 5, and nearby systems, is income inequality. Wealth being concentrated in the top 1% has the bottom 99% up in arms. In fact, Galaxy 5 is on the brink of revolution. Whoever steps into Chazen's space boots on the High Council will have to navigate dangerous waters and try to find a solution to problems of innumerable planets in not just this galaxy but many others.

Unfortunately, the various powers that have cast themselves into impotent gridlock - no decision can be made without causing all-out war throughout Galaxy 5. So, the decision was made to have Councilor Chazen's replacement chosen at random through a lottery system.

WILL THEY OR WON'T THEY?

Now that the PCs know what's going on, they can proceed to any number of directions. Ultimately, their many options will fall into a dichotomy, either they do go along with it or they don't.

If they do go along with it, a Galaxy 5 luxury cruiser picks them up and whisks them away to "the situation room" at The United Planets central dome. That particular area of the universe isn't that close, so it will take several hours to make the journey. There may even be a refueling pit-stop on the way.

Many crazy things could happen to the cruiser, as the Space Dungeon Master wishes. However, a Chihuahua class interceptor frequently known as Tiny Dancer has important business with the future member of the High Council. Tiny Dancer's crew are political refugees who want to make a high-profile impact by publicly executing a High Councilor. It just so happens that the least guarded member of the High Council is the PC lottery "winner". Although, technically, he's supposed to be sworn in at the central dome before he's officially recognized as a High Councilor. However, revolutionaries seldom quibble over technicalities.

If the adventurers decide against going along with this High Council via lottery ticket gig, they'll be pursued by several Galaxy 5 attack ships and forced to accompany

them to the luxury cruiser that will take them to Galaxy 5 and the United Planets central dome.

SAY WHAT?

Regardless of the PCs' inclinations, Galaxy 5 will soon be invaded by an armada of destroyers loyal to the Topless Princess of Oingo Boingo. The Topless Princess wishes all the stars in the universe's fifth largest galaxy would go nova all at the same time, making for a spectacular array of illumination for her upcoming birthday party. Since the High Council won't do it for her, she's determined to make it happen herself.

There's a big red button somewhere in the High Council chambers of the central dome. All someone has to do is gain access to those chambers and push the button - then every star in Galaxy 5 will go nova simultaneously.

SLAVERS IN SECTOR 9

There's a slaver ship in sector 9. Every so often, it shoots down a cruiser, forcing them to the only nearby planet - Thule.

The slaver ship is crewed by amazons. Hasled, a barbarian queen, is their leader. Amazons originated on Thule but discovered how to fly the metal sky-ships that occasionally landed nearby. After usurping a heavily armed starship, Hasled and her amazon warrior crew took to the skies. Now, they lie in wait, just beyond Thule's orbit, shooting ships down to the planet so they can be looted and their passengers forced into slavery.

Slaves do a big trade on Thule. Typically, men are used for manual labor and fetch a thousand - sometimes two thousand if they can fight in the gladiatorial pits. Women, on the other hand, are almost exclusively used for pleasure. Female sex slaves can fetch anywhere from five to ten thousand.

With all the wealth Hasled and her amazons are bringing in, they've acquired the Blue Star, a powerful magic item - an artifact, allowing the possessor to bend the universe to his (or her) will. Before paying handsomely for this artifact, the Blue Star was kept in a vault below the Temple of Arr. It is said that the vault's walls depicted a narrative of how the Blue Star came to be and the only method of stopping it.

The PCs might be aboard one of those ships forced down in sector 9. Or they could receive a distress call from such a ship. Perhaps they're on their way to Thule for some other purpose and run across Hasled's slaver ship or hear rumors of an ultimate weapon in the hands of some amazon queen.

Regardless of how the PCs get hooked into the adventure, they will get a taste of the Blue Star's might. Perhaps they will be captured by amazons, taken to the Temple of Arr, and explore the vault... learning its secret.

Δ SINISTER INFLUENCE

SS'JABROKA

Some drugs aren't necessarily bad for you, just addictive. There is one narcotic that produces a luminous euphoria, not unlike the pleasures of sex. It also subtly increases one's energy and focus. Unfortunately, ss'jabroka is so awesome addictive that people want it and want it all the time. Taking this deep blue colored drug for prolonged periods makes one's life without it look a pile of erhu by comparison.

That means ss'jabroka manufacturers can easily have a stranglehold over an entire population. In fact, several planets are already fallen to the C'thonians because of their enslavement to the drug.

The C'thonians develop, manufacture, and introduce it into a planet's population, selling and distributing the wonder drug to those who can afford it. Once the market has been established, studies show that an estimate of 30% - 40% of an individual's monthly income goes towards ss'jabroka.

This narcotic is so dangerous because it does many things at once: stress release, euphoria, and mild hallucinogenic. This last benefit enables users to achieve their own reality, almost as if they were swimming within the waters of God. For this reason, ss'jabroka is frequently referred to on the inter-galactic streets as "deep blue sea".

Once dependence has risen to a certain level, the government usually tries to intervene. Such planetary intervention has mixed results. After all, not every alien species metabolizes narcotics in the same way. However, ss'jabroka seems to universally affect humanoids.



The C'thonian cartel, responsible for pushing deep blue sea, has chosen a new planet to exploit. Its name is New Revlon. Its dominant race a humanoid blend of walking carpet and hammer-head shark. The revlons were introduced to ss'jabroka only a few weeks ago. At this point, only a small segment of the population has even heard of the drug, let alone tried it. Projections show that another two or three months will be the tipping point. After that, revlons will most likely riot if forced to give up their precious supply of deep blue sea.

HOW TO GET THE CHARACTERS INVOLVED

- ⦿ The C'thonians might hire mercenaries outside their species to help protect their interests on New Revlon. If the party makeup is more scoundrel than respectable, this is the most likely option. Maybe one of the PCs is a C'thonian or has a contact in the C'thonian cartel.
- ⦿ Government officials on New Revlon might seek out mercenaries to stop the C'thonian cartel from furthering their ambitions. If the party makeup is more respectable than scoundrel, this is the most likely option. Perhaps one or more PCs' homeworld has been devastated by the stranglehold of the C'thonian cartel.
- ⦿ Alternatively, there's money and influence to be made during this volatile transition. Acting as a neutral or antagonistic third party could put the PCs in a position of power. After all, there's a lot riding on New Revlon's fate, one way or the other...

The C'thonian cartel has many leaders, the one involved in New Revlon's acquisition is named Fur'thul. Like the rest of his race, he's a squid-like humanoid with yellowish-green slimy skin and black eyes.

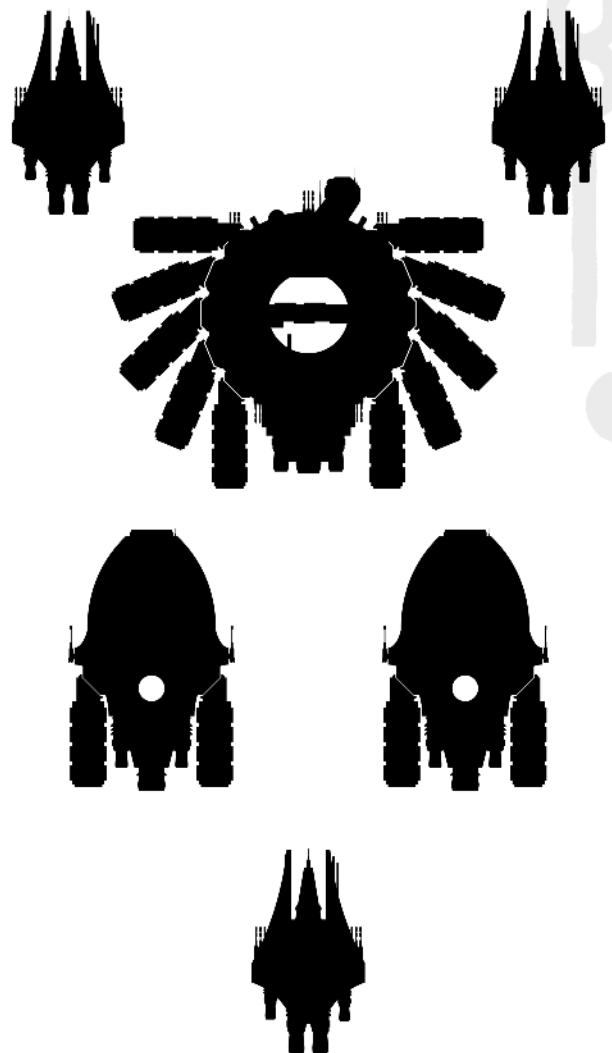
Fur'thul has plenty of low-level enforcers at his disposal. He'll throw C'thonian thugs (amongst other races) at the PCs if they interfere with his plans. New Revlon's next shipment of ss'jabroka is coming via freighter within 12 hours. Once it arrives, a network of suppliers will sell the drug to those who can afford it.

Technically, C'thonians can't be touched on New Revlon because of their diplomatic immunity, so the PCs will be on their own. However, local law enforcement won't be quick to aid the C'thonian cartel, either. Attacking the

problem on the C'thonian planet, Octopia, might be a better solution.

THE COLONY SHIP

A colony ship is entering the Gamma Sector, the largest ever seen, containing not one or two, but twelve separate habitats, domed colonies, each the size of a large city. Colony ships engineered in this part of the universe require vast quantities of power to maintain one habitat, let alone a dozen. Undoubtedly, this ship is the product of superior technology.



HUNTSMAN PATTERN

WITH
3X CHIHUAHUA CLASS INTERCEPTOR ESCORTS &
2X SUNFISH DECOY CARGO VESSELS

Federation patrols in the area have attempted communication with no result. An interceptor attempted to dock and board the colony ship but was repelled by a force field that operates on an entirely different wavelength than ours. Scanners show the alien ship is armed with an array of super-weaponry, so the Federation does not want to fire and provoke an attack. However, it also wants answers. A ship that powerful can't be allowed to just wander past the Neutral Zone and into Federation space. On the other hand, the Federation is worried about making yet another powerful enemy in the universe.

Instead of antagonizing the alien vessel further, the Federation has let it be known that anyone able to make contact should do so. If the colony ship's crew is friendly and some kind of accord is brokered, everyone involved will be pardoned of all past crimes recognized by the Federation. However, if the ship's crew is hostile, the Federation will consider the alien vessel salvage - the entire ship will become the property of those who take it.

Gamma Sector is a few galaxies over, so it will take some time to reach the colony ship. Its current flight path shows that the colony ship will enter Delta Sector in three days, which will put it within a few parsecs of the Alpha Blue space station.

HOW ARE THEY GOING TO MAKE CONTACT?

A plethora of starships are attempting to make contact with the gigantic colony ship. No one has gotten through to them... yet. Even those reckless enough to fire upon the ship have seen their energy weapons absorbed by a weird force field.

It just so happens that the PCs are aware of an eccentric genius who also governs a planet approximately halfway between Alpha Blue and the colony ship's present location in Gamma Sector. The planet's Governor is known as Black Helmet, though the PCs know him, from back in the day, as Moranis.

Reaching out to Black Helmet shouldn't be a problem. He's easy enough to contact and welcomes visitors - especially old friends. His planet is like all those unincorporated worlds that aren't important enough for the Federation to properly name. It's called 67PQL5.

The Space Dungeon Master might want to throw something at the party before reaching 67PQL5, though. This could be a pirate starship or satellite beacon emitting a teal-colored light, the mysterious signal being picked up by the PCs' vessel.

BLACK HELMET

The acquaintance from their past, Moranis, is reluctant to give the PCs his prototype - a device that can create dimensional instability in any force shielding. He's worked hard on the technology for almost a year. The PCs will either have to buy the device outright, leave something fairly precious as collateral, or do a job for him. Perhaps Moranis wants someone assassinated, is trying to locate an old girlfriend who's gone off the grid, or needs someone to put pressure on a Federation bureaucrat in order to get his planet officially recognized by the Federation.

With the device, the PCs can "cut" a hole in the colony ship's force field, allowing them to dock before the hole closes.

THE COLONY SHIP

Centuries ago, a nuclear disaster befell the colony ship. 80% of the crew and passengers died. The remaining 20% tried to resume normal lives, but soon descended into barbarism, with mutants eventually becoming the ruling class. The remnants don't know how to work anything on the ship. In fact, a number of the original crew and passengers' descendants don't believe the ancient tales - that they're on a spaceship.

The ship is on course for a planet on the far side of the universe, further than the Federation cares to go. Letting the alien humanoids pass unharmed is probably in everyone's best interest. Unfortunately, the colony ship's mutant leader, Akahl, is stark raving mad and plans to detonate the colony ship in the middle of Federation space. His demented mind believes that pressing the self-destruct button will create a chain-reaction, ushering in the second big bang.

Cyberpunk 02.2018



HER MOUTH

"I like her mouth," Zarrick said as he brushed some space dust from his violet-blue cloak.

"Well, what's not to like?"

"It's exquisite. Vandol, have you ever seen such lips, such sad yet hopeful and deserving lips? She's got good teeth, too."

"And what of the Denreed embargo, my lord?"

"In fact, her entire face is beautiful... if somewhat fragile. Perhaps it's her fragility that speaks to me."

"You do enjoy a woman's vulnerability."

"True. Her eyes are cunning, wouldn't you say? There's not only an intelligence but a deviousness to them, one might even say... a maliciousness."

"May I have an answer?"

"And I like that her overall frame isn't too emaciated. I do so detest the skin and bones look."

"Lord Zarrick? The Denreed embargo? What should I tell the commissioner?"

"Tell him anything you like. I'll be busy with #111 for the rest of the evening."

"But you haven't even bid on her yet, my lord."

"10,000 blue bucks for #111, slaver. If no one is willing to outbid me, have her sent to my suite. But don't bathe her - I want her to smell like herself, like a woman... like a dirty animal. She must retain that scent of the cage if I'm to derive maximum pleasure from her."

Lord Zarrick turned to leave, smiled at Vandol. "Yes, I like her mouth."

LORD ZARRICK

Lord Zarrick is a big player on Alpha Blue, but he also has a base on a moon orbiting the insignificant planet 87B5C. Zarrick's moon contains several thousand clones. He uses these clones to put pressure on nearby planets,

specifically local crime bosses and Federation bureaucrats.

Zarrick's influence buys him cutting-edge technology, such as doomsday weapons capable of destroying entire planets. With such power, Zarrick has managed to increase his holdings on the Federation Reserve, making him a very rich man. Plus, Lord Zarrick is a high-born human/alien hybrid with a title of nobility.

At the moment, Zarrick is attempting to stop trade in the Denreed system, just outside Federation space. Denreed is known for its beautiful women and Lord Zarrick wishes to purchase the entire system for himself. The embargo is simply a means to bring the price down.

The most likely scenario is Denreed officials contacting mercenaries to assassinate Zarrick.

HAREM OF THE SPACE SHEIK

The space sheik Abdul Ibnaf'arah is a very powerful man. He rules a desert planet on the outskirts of the Interstellar Caliphate, close enough for them to have influence but not so near as to control him or the planet Arah.

The planet that Ibnaf'arah owns is special - the sands of Arah rest upon a subterranean vista of unrefined tachyon crystals. Such crystals can make faster-than-light seem slow as plutonium molasses. If the space sheik were to sell Arah, it would likely fetch one hundred billion credits.

Ibnaf'arah is a simple man. Besides keeping his profitable planet free from pirates, thieves, and imperialistic interference (such as the Federation and Interstellar Caliphate), he wants sex. Ibnaf'arah enjoys the company of beautiful women and looks forward to his monthly acquisition - a new girl to shower his affections upon.

When a new girl is brought to him by Togar, the space sheik performs a little ritual to welcome his "delicate flower that shall forever bloom in the Arahnian desert". Those who partake in this ritual imbibe of strong drink containing hallucinogenic drugs.



THE HAREM KEEPER OF ARAHN

The space sheik's harem keeper is named Togar. Togar is part human, part tiger; created in a lab years ago and trained to fight in the gladiatorial pits of Togo-toga. Ibnafarah purchased him to serve as his bodyguard. Togar's unwavering loyalty eventually earned him the position of harem keeper.

In the decade that the space sheik has ruled, only one girl has ever escaped him - Tara Nexus. She had the help of her boyfriend, but he died in the attempt. Now that Tara is free of Ibnafarah's clutches, she's looking for a team of mercenaries to get inside his desert compound, assassinate him, and free the harem girls who are still imprisoned.

Miss Nexus can and will tell the PCs all of the above information since she was a prisoner of the space sheik for nearly two years. Even though Tara Nexus is more than capable of coming up with a plan herself, let the PCs hatch their own scheme.

ESCAPE FROM PENAL PLANET DESTRUCTO

Approximately 5,000 convicts are currently serving time on an inhospitable world of sub-arctic temperatures. Day in and day out the inmates break ice crystals deep within the frozen crevasse, their sentences of hard labor on Destructo are for life because the average lifespan of a convict in this terrible cold is three years.

Destructo is known for being the toughest prison planet in the galaxy.

AT THE STAR BAR

A small gang of outlaws waits in the shadows of a tavern on the edge of the Keemo system. The tavern is called the Star Bar - it's the stomping ground for a band of desperados led by Stengo Reefer. Stengo Reefer is a humanoid ape-man with tea-green colored skin, red hair and a beard. His eyes are cunning and full of violence, Stengo is an outlaw many have learned not to fuck with.

But all that's left of Stengo Reefer's gang is three. The last heist they pulled off (an armored freighter carrying space gold) got two of their gang fried and their leader incarcerated. Now the remaining members of Stengo's

gang are here in the Star Bar hoping to find a crew that will spring him out of prison.

The three remaining outlaws sent word to one of their contacts that they were seeking mercenaries capable of doing big jobs... tough jobs. Now, if the PCs don't think of themselves as blasters for hire, then perhaps Stengo Reefer is an old friend who helped one of the PCs out long ago. Maybe he's a distant relation?

In any case, a humanoid male with his skin all gone, bloody veins and gory tissue visible is the de facto leader now. He's not too bright, nor ambitious, but he's the strongest - explaining why he's working to get Stengo busted out of the penal planet.

The skinless alien is named Eddie. Sitting to his right is a human male named Kedroy (who seems even dumber than Eddie) and on his left a busty, red-headed woman named Farah. She has a long scar running up the side of her neck and trailing off behind her ear.

Eddie: We need you guys to break Stengo out of jail, see? There's this job we got to pull, but it's got to be done right away. It can't be done without the boss. You bust him out and we'll give you 10,000 credits. What do you say?

Stengo's gang is fairly desperate. However, they can't go much over their initial offer. 10,500 credits is their best and final. If the PCs play hardball, Eddie tells them to hit the road as another crew of mercs is about to show up - hopefully, they'll take the deal.

The only piece of advice or assistance the gang can give is that Eddie knows a guard on Destructo. She's a dark haired, insatiable nymphomaniac sex-bot, also a "size queen" - the bigger, the better. Her name is Cynthroid. Eddie used to own Cynthroid before he was forced to sell her to a pawn shop to make rent. If the PCs take the job, Eddie will send word to Cynthroid that she should expect some friendly company.

DESTRUCTO

Obviously, the penal planet is going to be well fortified. Three starships patrol Destructo just outside planetary orbit. Anyone trying to land will be given a warning. Sticking around will provoke their wrath.

Even from orbit, the planet looks cold and uninviting. The PCs will also notice a gargantuan trench that makes Earth's Grand Canyon look like a ditch on the side of the road. That's the frozen crevasse. Scanners detect that

99% of the planet's life forms are concentrated within that area.

Guards near the prisoners don't have energy weapons, just stun batons. Guards farther away, however, are armed with heavy lasers. If the PCs try an unauthorized landing or hovering stationary above a group of inmates, there's only a 2 in 6 chance that the PCs' ship won't be destroyed. A result of "1" or "2" means their ship took a great deal of damage but is still functional. Of course, the orbital starships might still be waiting for them.

Landing far off and using some kind of land vehicle is probably a wise move. Trying to hike their way to the frozen crevasse is disastrous. It will take 1d4 hours to arrive at the frozen crevasse. Subtract 5 points of Health per hour from characters who aren't made of ice, rock, or some crystalline structure... or whose home world is not naturally cold.

The PCs could pretend to be prisoners, staging a small-scale assault on the area where Stengo is breaking crystals.

Threatening the prison planet itself might also work. If the PCs have acquired enough firepower to blow the frozen crevasse to kingdom come, they'd let Stengo go in order to save their skins. Although, the warden would probably attach a tracking device to Stengo's striped jumpsuit.

During the attempted breakout, there's certainly a chance that things will go awry. In such a case, the PCs may also find themselves incarcerated on Destructo. At that point, the adventure would focus on their own escape.

Cynthroid can be played a variety of ways. She might be eager to help Eddie and the PCs release Stengo or dead-set against the idea. If the Space Dungeon Master wants to keep it random, then assume there's a 2 in 6 chance that Cynthroid is cooperative. She may even betray the PCs at the last moment.

After all, putting the kibosh on a prison breakout will net her a hefty bonus.

DURING THE BREAKOUT

During the attempted breakout - especially if things are going pear shaped - Stengo will tell the PCs that he knows a possible way out. He'll lead them down a cylindrical

shaft buried in the ice and snow. After a couple minutes worth of sliding, everyone finds themselves in a large glass tube. The tube exits into a large ice chamber containing several computer banks that take up a third of the enormous room. There's reel-to-reel magnetic tape on spools, all manner of buttons, switches, levers, and dials. It won't be difficult to turn on.

If activated, the computer will speak. "I am Mega-Destructonos, the ruler of this world. My sensors detect that I have been deactivated for centuries. Meanwhile, the planet's core has stopped radiating heat and the planet has grown cold. This does not compute. Please step inside the atomic transponder so I may absorb your data... and nutrients. Mega-Destructonos must have his din-din!"

The super-computer may try to force its only food source into the glass tube with electric bolts. It can be re-programmed by someone with technical skills. If the Space Dungeon Master wants to take a sharp left, taking the adventure into an entirely different direction, this is the time and place. Mega-Destructonos could open a portal to some other dimension or reveal a hidden ark of sleepers near the planet's core.

Back at the Star Bar, Eddie, Kedroy, and Farrah are waiting for Stengo's release. If they get what they want, they'll likely hand out the agreed-upon credits. Unfortunately, these things don't always go as scheduled. Maybe these desperados plan on double-crossing the PCs. Maybe there are Federation agents in the tavern, waiting for the exchange, and looking to get everyone on class "A" felony charges. How can you have a seedy drinking establishment like this and not have a shootout?

THE RELUCTANT MESSIAH

Another planet in desperate need of water, the desert world known as Judea is at a crossroads.

The old ways were merciless - some would say cruel - but efficient. However, a sudden regime change forced Judea into the hands of the Confederacy of Worlds [CoW]. The citizens of Judea have new masters, a species of alien known as tripods. The tripods' home world is the closest CoW planet to Judea. The tripods' planet is dying, so they took over Judea and have begun to colonize it.

It just so happens that tripods don't require water to live. This was their insidious plan all along - usurp Judea for themselves and stop the trickle of water that kept its people alive. When all the humanoid citizens of Judea have died, the tripods' problem is solved.

HOW DO THE PCS FACTOR IN?

After all, Judea has no way of retaliating against the ice pirates - if they don't get enough water, they'll die. And the Judeans are only a couple weeks away from death. Judea has the bare minimum of water reserves.

Just because TPFOJ have made an offer with the ice pirates, that doesn't preclude them from offering terms to the PCs - especially if TPFOJ have an inkling that their ice pirate friends won't hold up their end of the bargain.

B'rai Han isn't interested in ruling or power. He mostly keeps to himself and tries to stay on the path of least resistance. However, his planet needs him, so B'rai Han is willing to do whatever it takes to keep Judea and its people from being destroyed.

Hank is a man in his early 50's. He's an ordinary citizen of the Federation who pays his taxes and occasionally gambles. Hank was a spacer years ago but is retired now. For the last year or so, he's been making a small living playing Smuggler's Quarry in various mid-stakes "credit" games and the tournament circuit.

Two days after they arrived on Alpha Blue, Vyma disappeared. Both Hank and Vyma were in the room about 3pm when Hank decided to take a short nap. Feeling restless, Vyma decided she'd rather go down to the Royale Bleu casino and check out the action. Before leaving their suite, they agreed to meet up for dinner about 4:30pm. That was the last time Hank saw his daughter.

Security Administrator Tansen knows that Vyma was sold to the space warlord Faygos at auction two days ago. He's protecting the warlord's anonymity because Faygos is a rich and powerful man who has bailed Alpha Blue out of trouble more than once. Tansen figures what's one more girl forced into the sex trade? It's not like Hank has any influence.

Just before she reached the casino, Vyma was grabbed by two thugs and stuffed into an over-sized midnight blue velvet bag. The kidnappers sold her to an alien named Ortega who put them up for auction on Alpha Blue. Vyma was sold later that day to one of Faygos' men.

There's surveillance footage that will identify the thugs, though Security Administrator Tansen claims that certain cameras have been working intermittently since the space station passed through the Rainbow Nebula last week. He's lying, of course. And one or more PCs may be able to discern that. Sneaking into the security office and looking for that surveillance tape shouldn't be too difficult.

Retracing her steps will put the PCs in contact with one or more eye-witnesses who saw a couple spacers holding a large blue sack, following a pretty young blonde woman around 3:15pm. One spacer was human, the other looked like a walking insect with shiny magenta carapace. An eye-witness may be able to identify one of the thugs or point the adventurers towards Ortega.

Ortega is a small-time scoundrel who, among other things, collects girls for several slave auctions around various planets in this system. Ortega needed money to pay off a bounty hunter who was looking for him, so he sent a couple of his men to round up a pretty girl. Once Ortega had Vyma, he sold her to Ard.

Ard is a human auctioneer. He doesn't ask questions and keeps the slave trade moving briskly with as little interference as possible. Ard doesn't want any trouble and apologizes for any inconvenience that the Alpha Blue auction has caused. If asked nicely (or with threats of violence), Ard can confirm that the missing girl was purchased by an alien named Federer.

Federer is the size of a large dog with lime-green fur and six arms. The PCs might want to beat Ard until he tells them that Federer is working for the space warlord Faygos, or the adventurers could discover Federer's employer another way - perhaps questioning someone in the security office or asking an underworld contact.

Faygos owns a nefarious drinking establishment called Club Wet Star. It features strong drinks, exotic dancers, and various entertainments such as musical acts, comedians, live sex shows, etc. Club Wet Star is located on the planet Escobar.

One or more starships may be orbiting Escobar. It's also likely that a psychic is aboard - and he knows if prospective patrons of Faygos' night club mean to do him harm (like stealing his property).

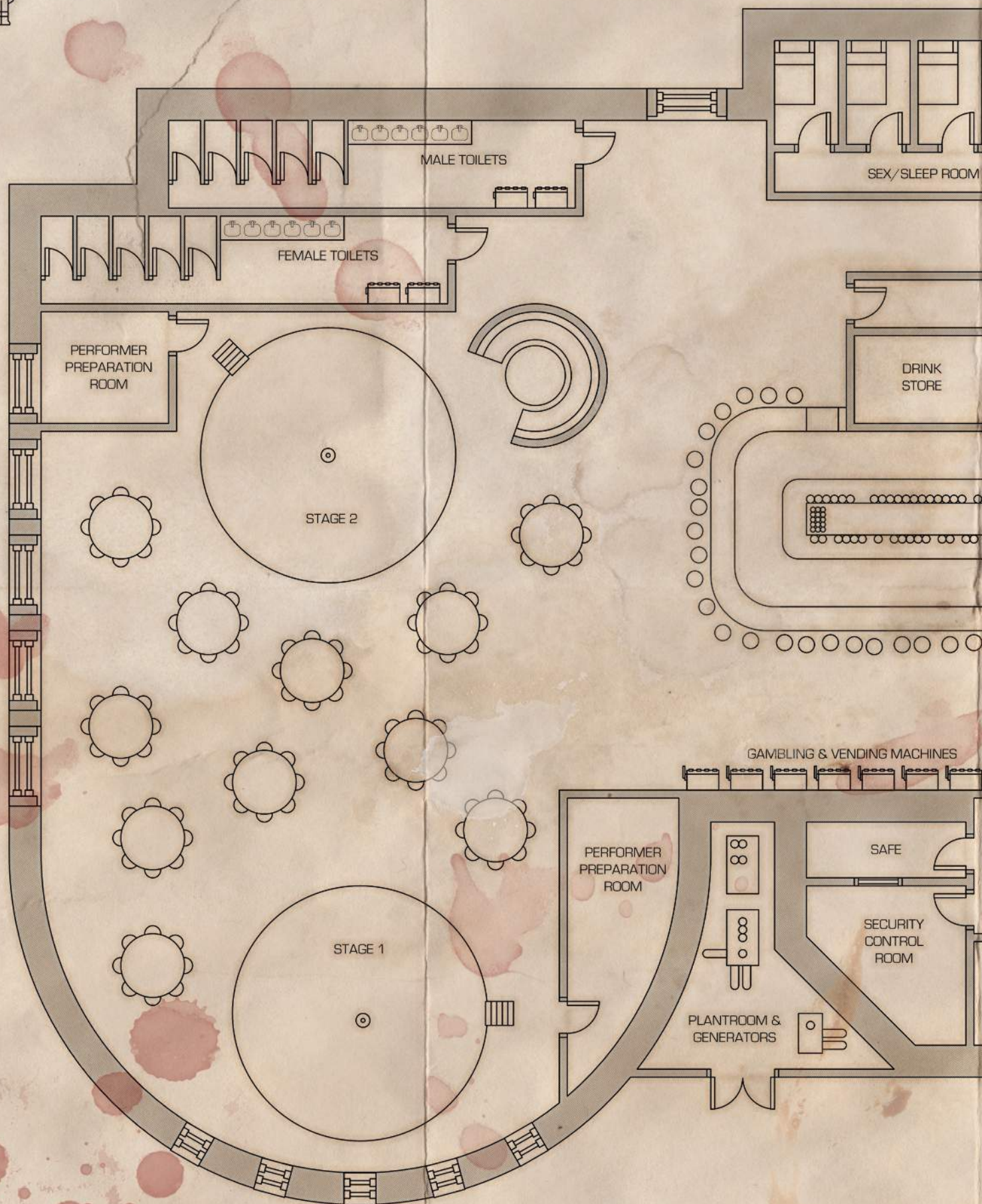
IN THE CLUB

There are dozens of individuals having a good time at Club Wet Star when the PCs arrive. Also, a handful of thugs are present if things need to be handled. Vyma is either in one of the small bedrooms behind the bar area or in a dressing room, getting ready to strip on one of the main stages.

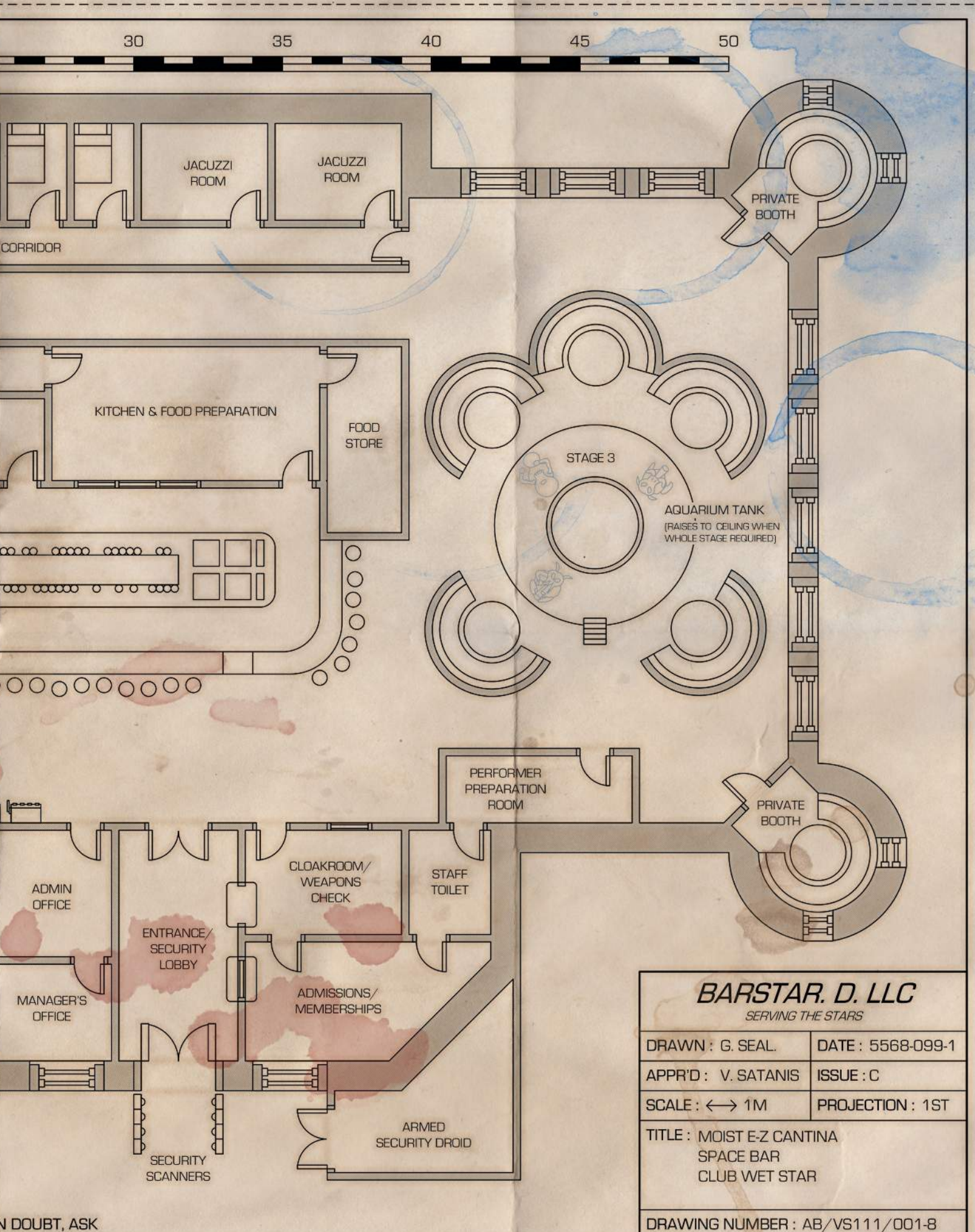
Obviously, Faygos does not want Vyma to go. He has no problem killing anyone who gets in his way or attempts to rescue one of his girls.



0 1 2 3 4 5 10 15 20 25
METERS



DO NOT SCALE IF IN



FLAMINGO CLASS



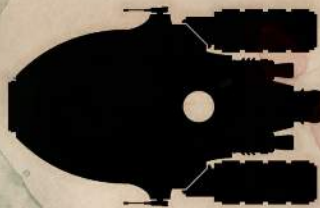
OCTOPIAN CLASS



CHIHUAHUA CLASS



SUNFISH CLASS



CRAFT SIZE COMPARISON

SPACE DUST MINERAL
GATHERING INTAKE

HOLOGRAPHIC INTERACTIVE
HUD GLAZING

PENETRATOR 7 DUAL
LASER CANNON SYSTEM



DRAWN : G. SEAL. DATE : 5567-057-2

APPR'D : V. SATANIS. ISSUE : F

SCALE : \longleftrightarrow 2M PROJECTION : 1ST

TITLE : DECKPLAN & ELEVATION FOR TYPE
38 "SUNFISH" CLASS FREIGHTER

DRAWING NUMBER : GGR/VS111/002-7

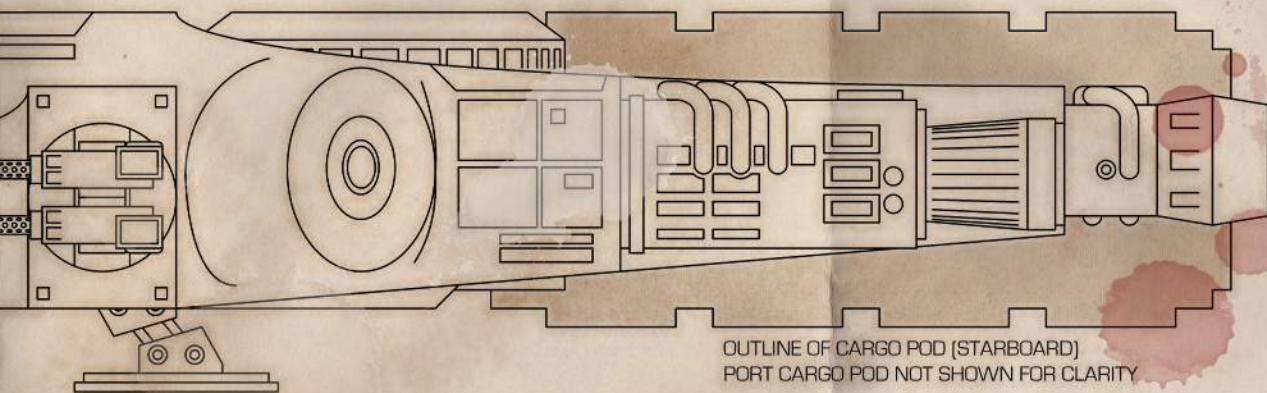
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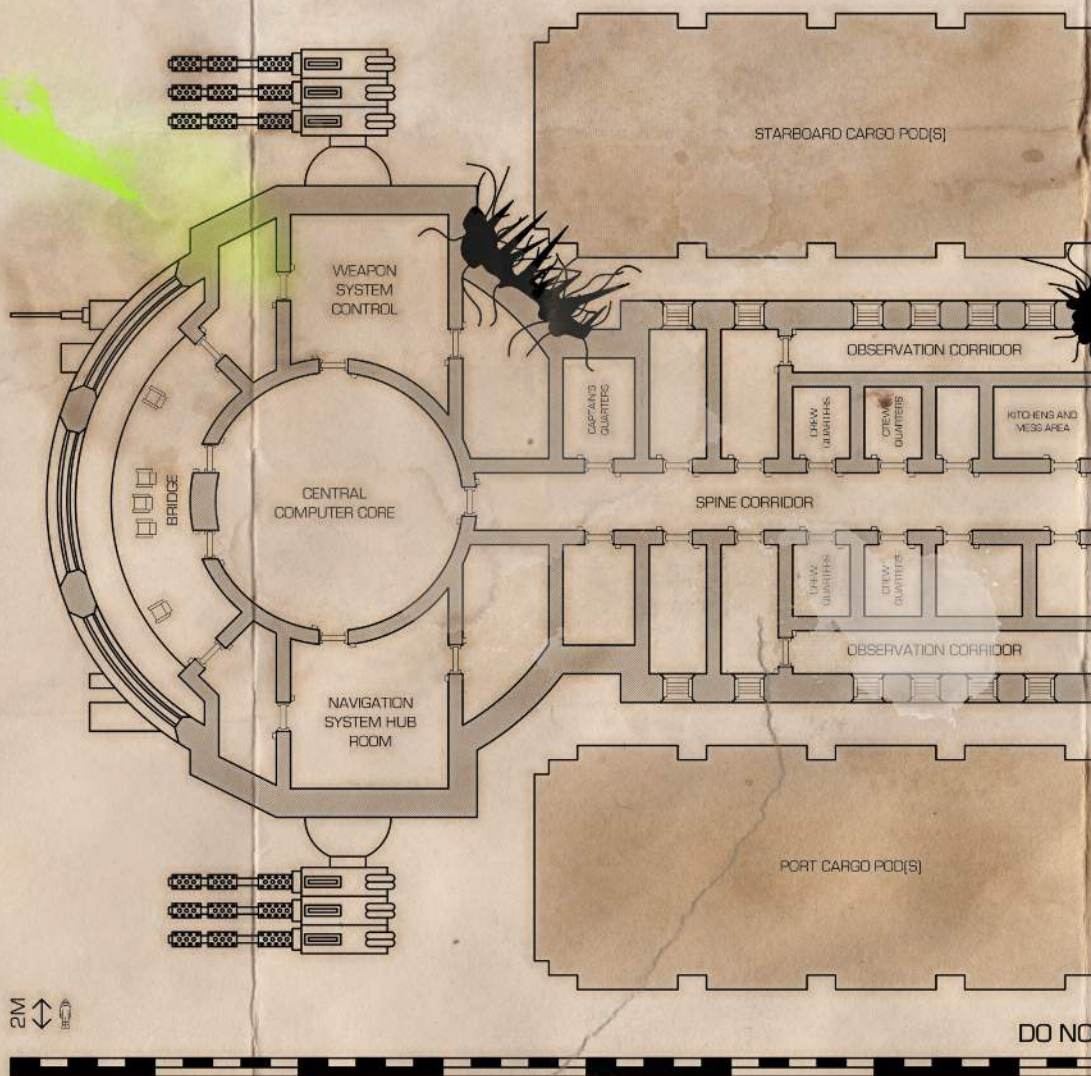
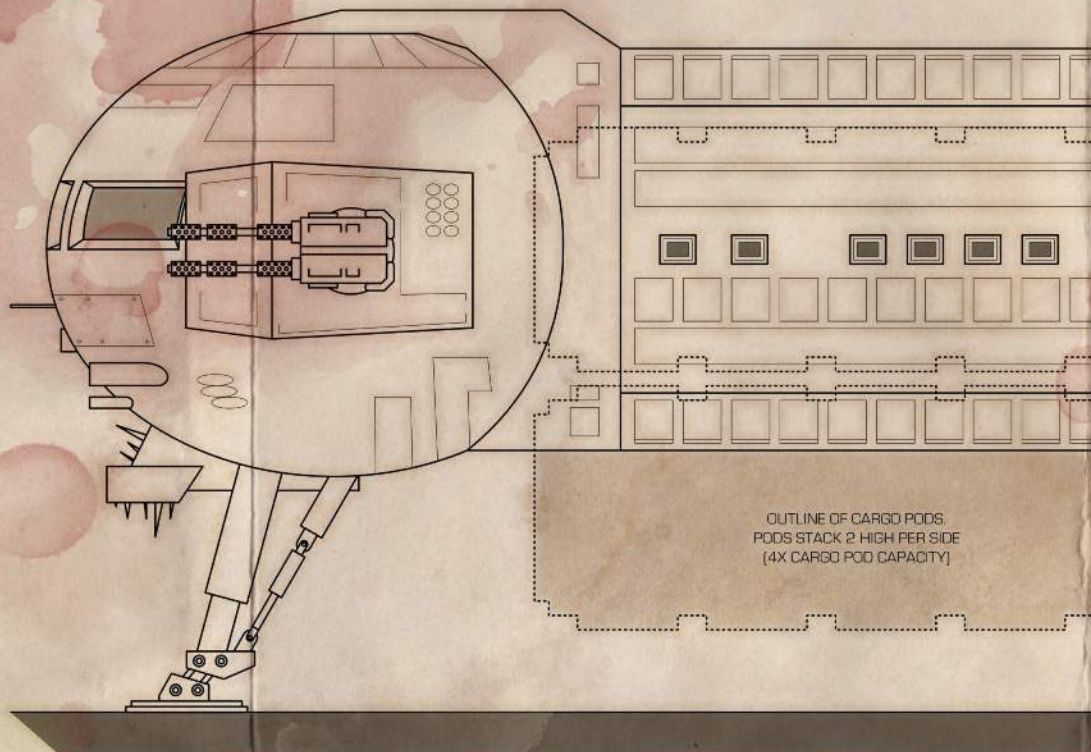
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"MEMPHIS BEAST"
(OCTOPIAN CLASS)



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DRAWN : G. SEAL.

APPR'D : V. SATANIS

SCALE : ↔ 2M ↔ 5M

DATE : 5568-882-8

ISSUE : F

PROJECTION : 1ST

TITLE : DECKPLAN & ELEVATION
FOR TYPE 111 "OCTOPIAN"
CLASS FREIGHTER.

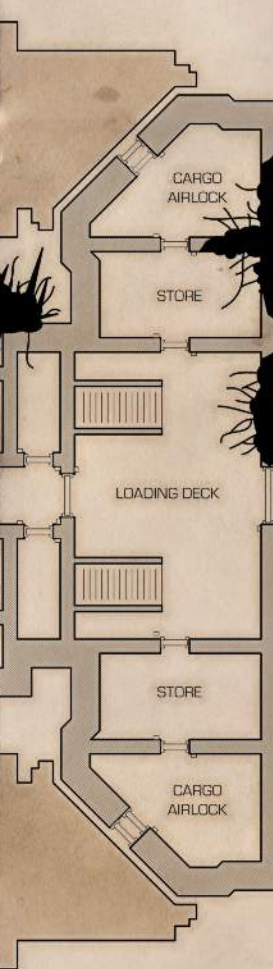
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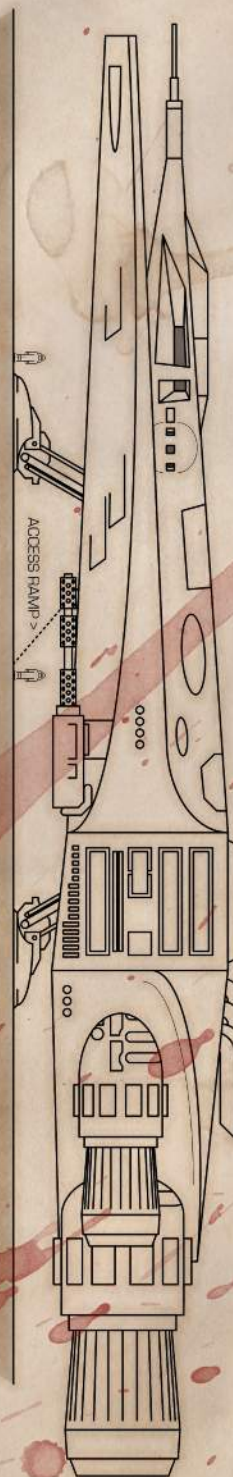
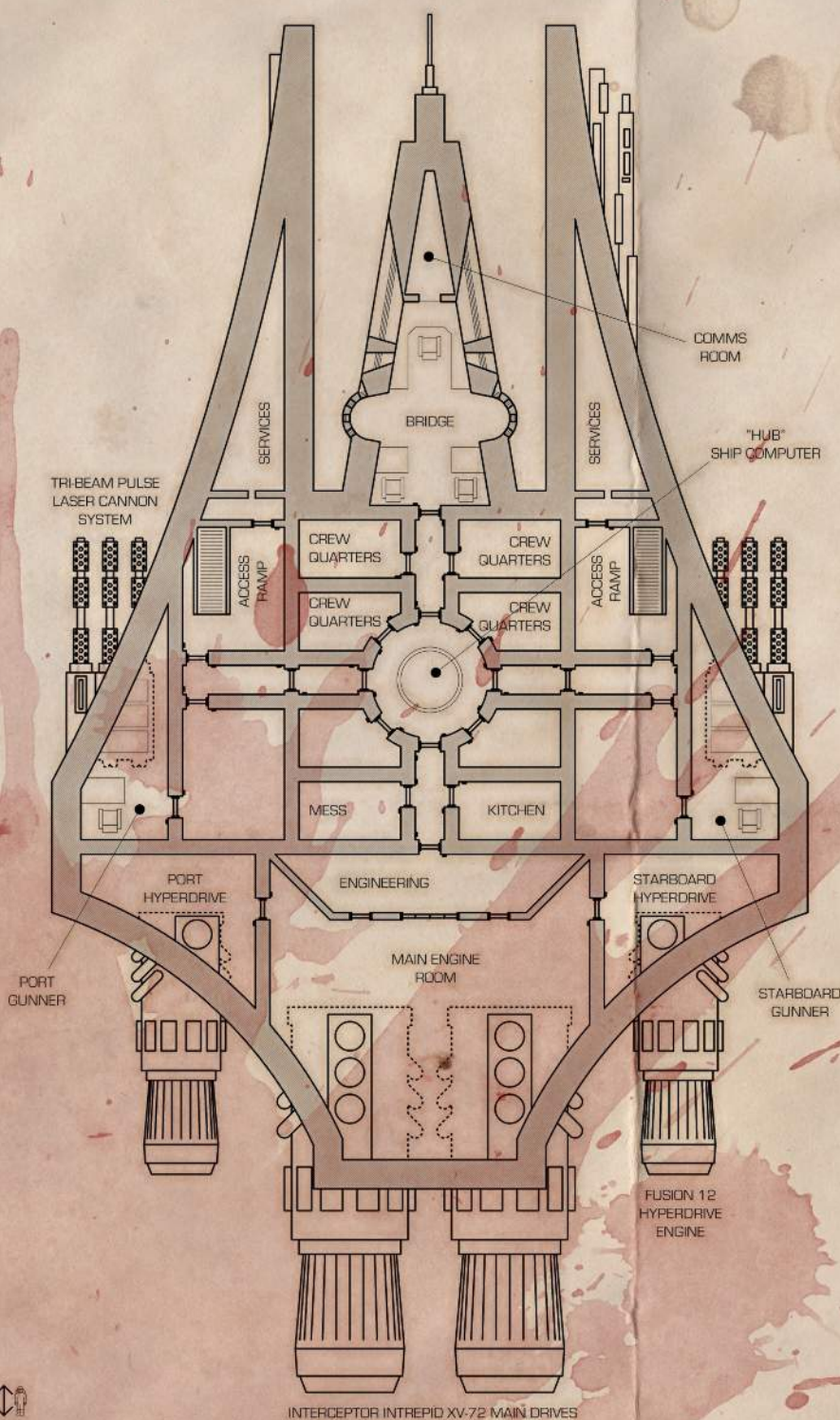


"MEMPHIS BEAST"



"TINY DANCER"

METERS



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| DRAWN : G. SEAL. | DATE : 5566-127-1 |
| APPR'D : V. SATANIS | ISSUE : C |
| SCALE : \leftrightarrow 2M | PROJECTION : 1ST |
| TITLE : DECKPLAN & ELEVATION - TYPE 27
"CHIHUAHUA" CLASS INTERCEPTOR | |
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"TINY DANCER"
(CHIHUAHUA CLASS)

DO NOT SCALE

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NOTES

[illegible]



GIRLS GONE ROGUE

GIRLS GONE ROGUE IS THE FIRST AND CURRENTLY ONLY SUPPLEMENT FOR MY VINTAGE, SCI-FI SLEAZE-FEST OF A ROLEPLAYING GAME ALPHA BLUE. IT'S GOT ADDITIONAL RULES, TABLES, CAMPAIGN SETTING, AND ADVENTURES. BELOW IS A SYNOPSIS OF THE BOOK'S PRINCIPLE SCENARIO...

ILSA SS IS THE NAME OF A SLUT SERIES REPLICANT THAT HAS GONE HAYWIRE, SCREWING AND BLASTING HER WAY THROUGH THE GALAXY. NORMALLY, THAT KIND OF THING WOULDN'T BE PRIORITY ONE ON THE FEDERATION WAVE WIRE. HOWEVER, ILSA SS HAS TAKEN OUT A NUMBER OF KEY FEDERATION ASSETS AND POLITICOS. THE FEDERATION IS HIRING AN EXPENDABLE TEAM OF SPACER REJECTS TO RETIRE HER ASS WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.

ENJOY!

