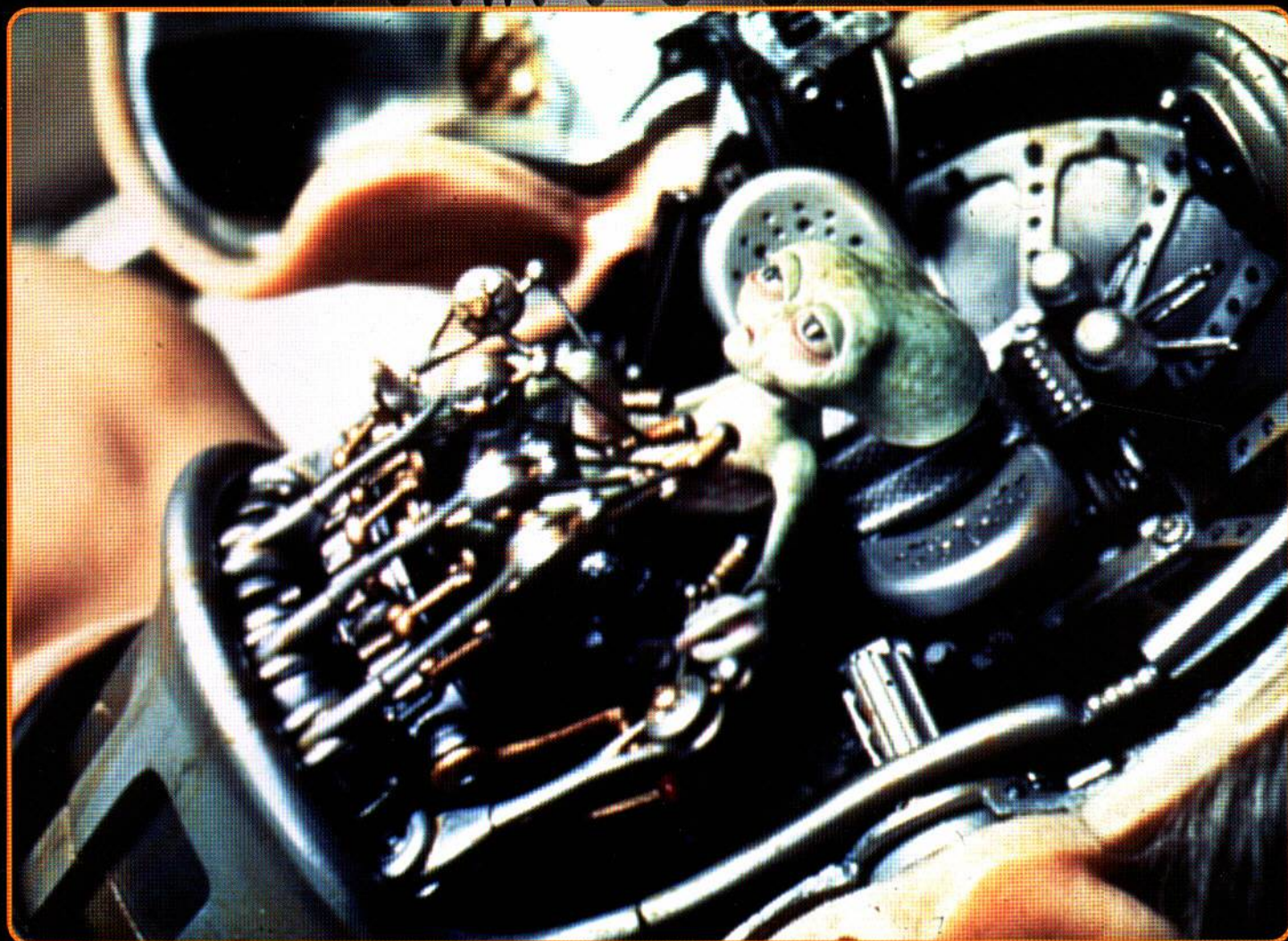


MIB

MEN IN BLACK™
THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

ALIENS RECOGNITION GUIDE: VOLUME ONE



MIB

MEN IN BLACK™



Know What You're Up Against

It's 490 light years to Beta Centauri.

**You have a full tank of rocket fuel.
Half a charge in your
Proto-cyclotron Blaster.**

It's dark.

**And you're wearing your
sunglasses.**

Hit it.



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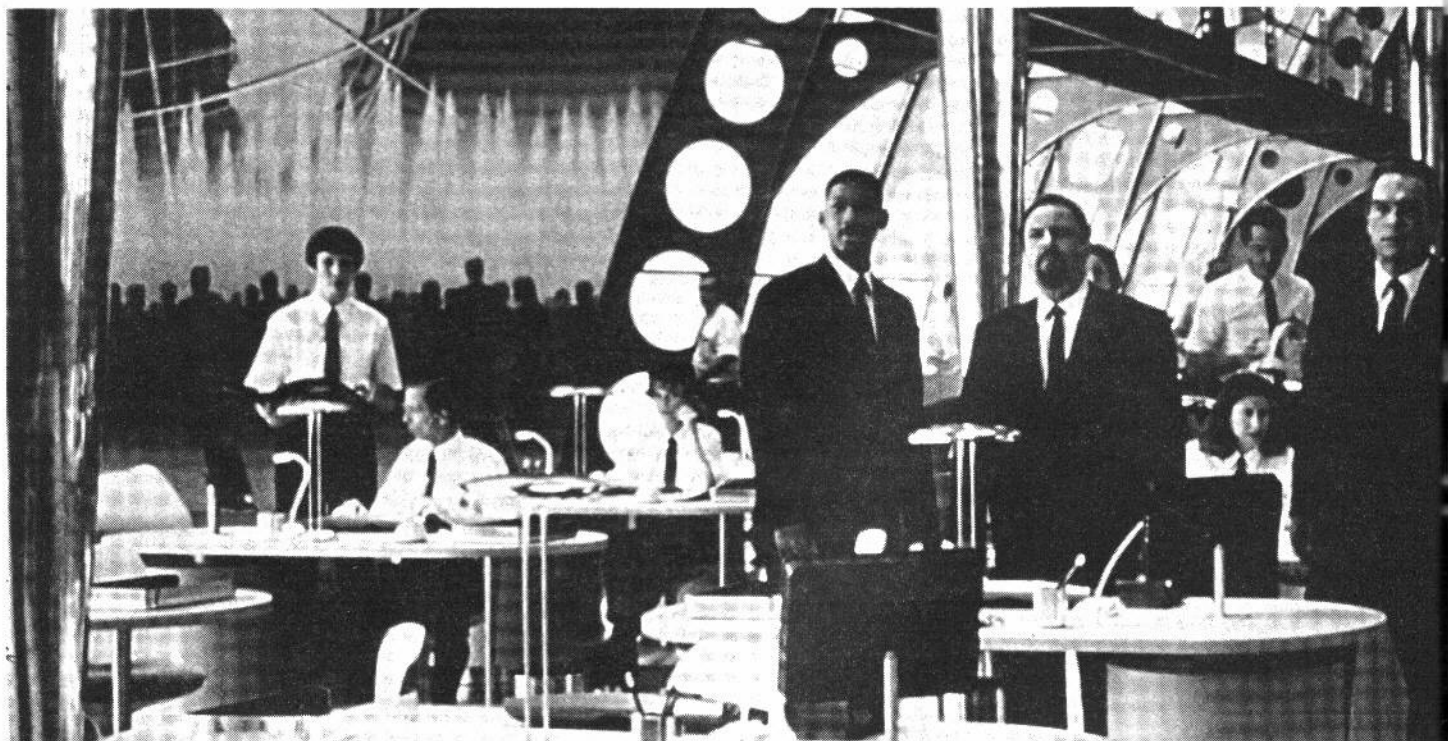
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Sure your suspicion that the clerk at Burger Barn (who was actually friendly) really was a Findoran skimmer did pan out, but new aliens arrive on our planet everyday. (Well except on Arbor Day when we shut down the HQ for the holiday.) Everyone knows Morrison, Elvis, and even Stan Lee are aliens, but more aliens are around than you can shake a Nostryia Walking Stick at.

To make your lives easier, we here at MiB headquarters have created two folders full of alien information for you to study. These folders will self-destruct in five seconds. Ha. Ha. Only kidding. Oops, there goes Agent R. I knew there was something wrong with using ulturnium bonded plastique weave paper for these. Anyway, never mind what happened to Agent R. The folders you have are the new...UPDATED versions of this material. It will not explode upon contact with skin, we hope.

The first folder contains a list of aliens that the MiB has recognized as repeat visitors (skimmers) to our beautiful planet and faithful followers (transgressors) of the Tycho Accord. The MiB has declassified this material because it has decided that it is better for you

All right people. This is it, your first, last, and only look at some newly declassified files straight from MiB HQ. You may think you know all of the aliens out there...

BUT YOU DON'T !

(and us) to know what you are shooting at...I mean what you are dealing with.

The second folder contains all of the information gathered on several alien races virtually unknown to the MiB. This information is restricted to **Director's Eyes Only**, but for those nosy ones among you (we know who you are), you may take a look. Of course non-Director personnel who look at this material will be neutralized as soon as they finish reading, to protect the contents.

The folders list the different alien races alphabetically. Each race's description is broken up by these categories:

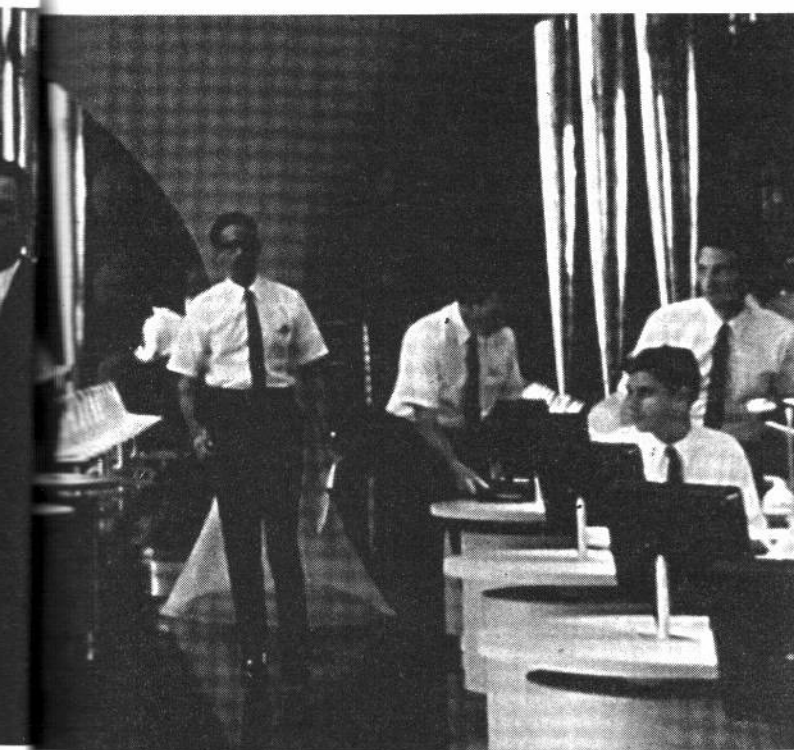
Name: This is the known name of the race and the pronunciation of that name.

How They View Earth: This is an excerpt from a transcript, video tape, scrawled note, etc., which shows the aliens' point of view regarding Earth and the MiB in general.

Standard (Alien): This is a listing of the maximum and minimum statistics for a normal representative of the alien race.

Common Skills: This is a list of the skills that the alien race is commonly known to use or have used.

Folder 1
Introduction



Special Abilities: These are special physical and/or mental abilities that the alien race possesses, if any.

Special Skills: As with the abilities above, these are extraordinary skills that the race may possess.

Weaknesses: Any type of negative trait the race possesses that is detrimental to it.

Speed: The average walking and running rates of the alien race. A second rating is usually given for other types of movement (flying, swimming, etc.).

Size: The maximum and minimum length or height of the alien race. The measurement is in the standard MiB usage of inches & feet.

MiB Case File: The name of the case wherein the alien race was first encountered.

Compiled By: The name of the agent who compiled the case file on the alien race.

MiB Classification: The standard classification of alien races given in Annelid form (You try and figure it out. We sure as hell can't!).

But You Can Call Them: Common name given to the alien race by MiB agents. Often used for name of the case files. (Think, "We've got a [BLANK] on our hands.")

Also Known As: Another name used by MiB agents when referring to this race. Usually tends to be derogatory (Think, "Listen here you little [BLANK]").

Disposition: This is the alien races general attitude towards the universe around them. (Surly bunch aren't they.)

Hangs Mostly In: The place where you will most likely find a member of this alien race.

Often Disguised As: The type of human that this race is most known for impersonating.

Earth Thing They'd Love to Bring Home: An Earth item that this alien race would love to have (although most will deny it).

They Brought Us: A material, product, or idea that this alien race is known to have brought to Earth. (Usually it's junk, but if it isn't, we slap a patent on it quicker than an Altoidian holodisc jockey can blink.)

Description: The general appearance of this alien race in its native form. (Kind of wish you hadn't found out about that used car salesman now don't ya!)

Physiological Quirks: Physical and mental quirks that this alien race is prone to exhibit.

Profile: As much of the true history of the aliens that we know. Usually the name of its homeworld and a brief description of its history.

(Aliens) in Disguise: The disguise agents can look for when trying to spot this type of alien.

MiB Encounters With (Aliens): A description of a previous encounter with this alien race, or as much info as the MiB has on it.

What to Expect in an Encounter: The type of actions this alien race is prone to exhibit when met. Sometimes this may include new information on the race.

Alien Technology: Any technology that the alien race is known to carry. This maybe from standard blasters to specialized equipment only used by this race. In the categories above, the word alien in parentheses will be the common or proper name of the alien race. Some of these categories may not be included in each alien race listing, as some of the races do not possess skills or abilities needed for every category.

Along with the folders, we at MiB HQ have outfitted you with twelve Alien ID Cards. The first eleven cards are facsimiles of the actual cards carried by the aliens pictured. Each card contains valuable information that our agents can use in identifying these individuals. On the back of each card is listed the general statistics of the pictured alien for easy reference during the game. Also included is a blank Alien ID Card to create your own aliens with.

Remember that all of this material is **Classified**. If any of this gets out you'll end up like Agent Q, he's been neuralized to think he's a weather specialist monitoring the ozone layer over the South Pole. (I told him not to play poker with the Annelids.)

Correction: On page three of the *Men in Black: Director's Guide* we incorrectly stated that the *Men in Black* comic books were by Valiant. These comics, written by Lowell Cunningham, were originally produced by Malibu Comics and later by Marvel Comics. We apologize for the mistake.

FOLDER 01

**RECENTLY
DECLASSIFIED
ALIENS**

CT-6039

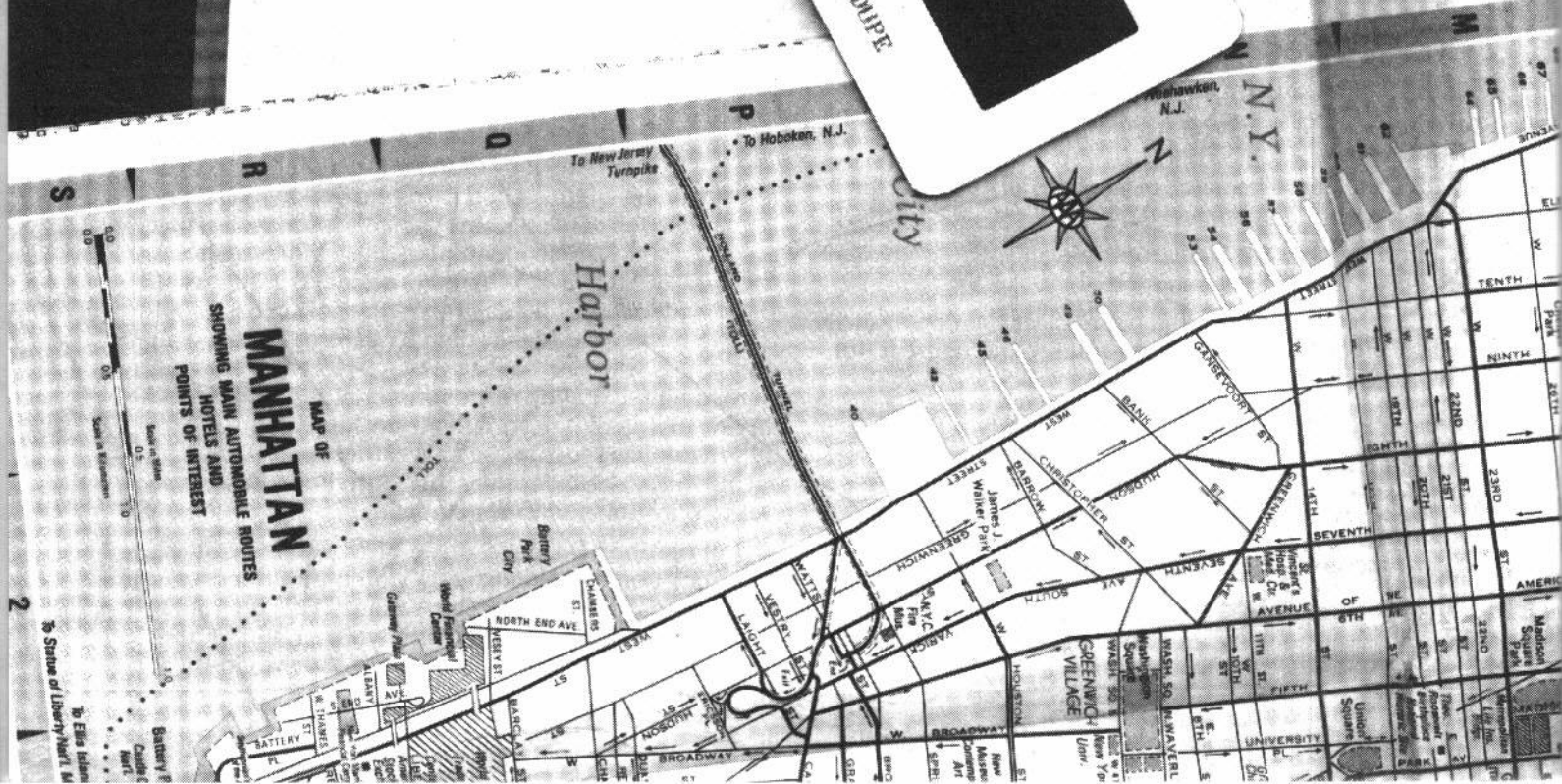
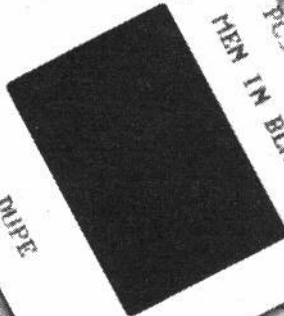
MEN IN BLACK



DUPE

PC9 X156
MEN IN BLACK

DUPE



Aranouk
(Ara-nuke)

MIB
MEN IN BLACK™

Aranouk (Ara-nuke)

How Aranouk View Earth

This is a partial transcript of a taped debriefing with Slal, a male Aranouk who was brought in after being caught planting strange seeds in Yellowstone National Park.

Slal: No like dark place! Mean hu-mans! Want to leave! Why you take my stuff?!

MiB: It's alright Slal. We're from the government, and we're here to help you. No one is going to hurt you. We just want to ask you some questions.

Slal: O.K., then I go?

MiB: Yes, but only if you go home.

Slal: No like home! Here better. Want to stay!

MiB: Why?

Slal: My world dying. Star has gone bad. Plants won't grow no more. Here much better. Even flowers grow good!

MiB: What do your plants do?

Slal: They make you happy! Would make dark place nice. Can I plant more now?

MiB: No Slal, you can't.

Slal starts crying and shouting in his native language. After a short time, he becomes calm.

MiB: Now Slal, I want you to speak into this microphone. Tell us about your race and your home.

Standard Aranouk

REFLEXES 3D/4D
COORDINATION 2D+1/4D
STRENGTH 4D/6D
ENDURANCE 2D+2/4D+1
KNOWLEDGE 1D+2/3D+1
PERCEPTION 2D/4D
CONFIDENCE 1D/2D+2
CHARISMA 2D/4D+1

Common Skills

Stealth, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Dodge, Piloting: (Ground Vehicles), Climbing, Jumping, Computer Ops, First Aid,

Language: English, Con, Disguise, Scholar: Agriculture (Earth), Ecology(Earth), Vehicle Repair, Alien Species(Human), Alien Cultures(Human)

Special Abilities

The nature of the eyes of the Aranouk give it a +1D to any sight based *Perception* roll.

Speed: 30/60 ft./rnd.

Size: 5ft. 6in./6ft. 6in. tall

MiB Case File: Gardeners

Compiled By: **CLASSIFIED**

MiB Classification: Pahokee. Nitrogen-based life form. Exomorphic humanoid. Class Sigma.

But You Can Call Them: Gardeners.

Also Known As: Pollen Heads.

Disposition: Peaceful. Want to become "one with nature", or in drug induced trance. We'll let you decide.

Hangs Mostly In: Forests and other natural areas. Do not seem to like either desert or Tundra regions.

Often Disguised As: New ager, hippie.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Miracle Grow.

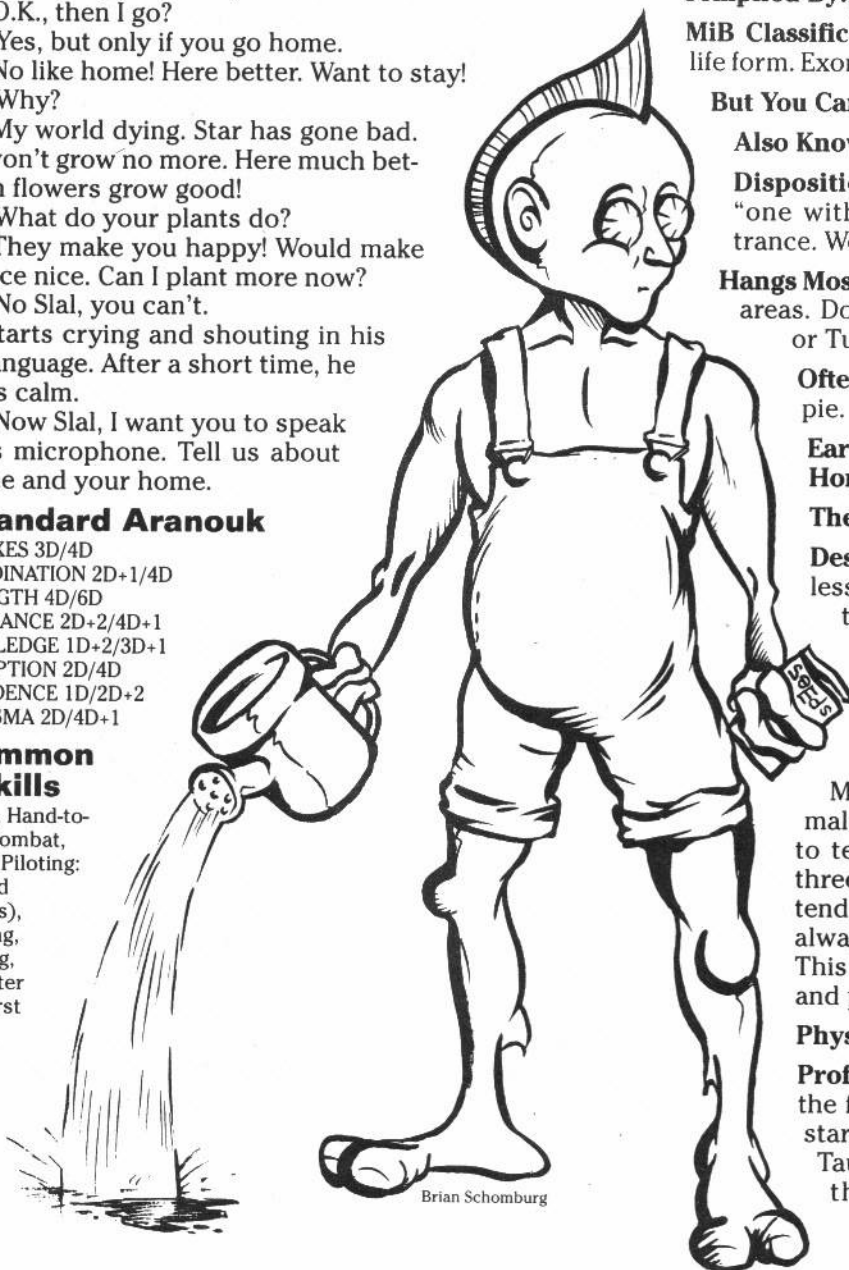
They Brought Us: Panama Red.

Description: Aranouk are large hairless humanoids with a rubbery skin that ranges from off white to tan in color. They have large crystal-like eyes that reflect light. There is also a crest that grows from the base of their necks to the top of their heads.

Males have larger crests than females, and this seems the only way to tell the sexes apart. They have three fingered hands and feet, and tend to wear light clothing. They will always be carrying a large pouch. This is where they keep their seeds and plant clippings.

Physiological Quirks: None known.

Profile: Aranouk come from Lani, the fifth planet orbiting the second star, of what humans know as the Taurus Constellation. About 100 of their cycles ago(250 hu-man



years), the sun in their solar system went into its red giant phase. Their planet was outside the expanded star, but the four inner most planets were destroyed. Since the change in their sun, their planet has gotten colder. The plants they liked to grow and care for were dying. Not wanting them to die, they began coming to Earth about 15 cycles ago (40 yrs) with the intent on growing their plants there.

Aranouk In Disguise: When trying to appear human, most Aranouk will use special contact lenses to cover their eyes, as well as gloves to cover their hands. They will either file down their crests or put fake hair over the crest to make it look like a "Mohawk" type of hair style. Only males with large crests have been seen doing this. On Earth the Aranouk tend to wear long flowing robes or other types of very loose clothing. They also like to wear jewelry, like rings and pendants with different crystals in them.

MiB's Encounters With The Aranouk: The Aranouk appear to be an innocent race with nothing more than peaceful intentions. This does not mean that their being on Earth has not caused us problems. The agency first became aware of the race after reports started coming in about strange plant life being found in the Everglades. Upon investigation, we found nearly five acres of land that had been cultivated to grow strange looking plants. These plants definitely looked like they were not from Earth. As we started to remove the plants, an Aranouk male came toward us and started crying, begging us in halting English to stop taking his plants.

Since then, our meetings with them have been no less stressful. While the Aranouk appear to be child like and innocent, they are really quite smart. As they have come to learn more about humans and our civilization, the Aranouk are becoming better at getting humans to help them grow and protect their plants. There is strong evidence that the Aranouk were involved in the beginning of the conservation movements that occurred both in the United States and Europe during the 1960's. Once the movement started becoming violent in Europe, though, the Aranouk no longer took part.

The same thing has happened with the more violent factions of the U.S. movement. The Aranouk don't appear to be helping them either. While its nice that they are not violent, it has also given them a chance to recruit many pacifists to their cause. During the 70's and 80's they started to; this time from other counter culture groups in the U.S. We know that the Aranouk philosophy of peace and nature has become quite popular within different Hippie/New Age groups. Several new age writers have published books based on Aranouk teachings that we have been able to trace back to past interviews with Aranouk.

Investigations should be started on two new cults: one in California called The Age of Jade, the other in Saskatchewan, Canada called Green Gods. Both of these cults appear to have been formed around Aranouk teachings, and the aliens themselves may be involved.

Philosophy is not the only thing the Aranouk are giving to the new agers. Recent reports indicate that more people are trying what the Aranouk call "happy" plants. I'd call them narcotic plants, as their pollen seems to affect people the same way as the more common narcotic plants from Earth do. While the usage still appears to be small, we don't want law enforcement agencies from the U.S., Canada, and Europe getting mixed up in it. At least until we know if these plants have any side effects on the people who use them. Some other drug producers have already started treating the Aranouk plants as a threat to their business. We know that members of the Cali Cartel are planning to put contracts out on several happy plant producers. If any of them are Aranouk, or humans working closely with them, we'll have to get there first.

What to Expect in an Encounter: The Aranouk are among the toughest races that the agency has to deal with. Despite their nature, the goals of the Aranouk are directly opposed to the objectives of MiB. Don't let their child like attitudes fool you.

Investigating Aranouk is also going to be difficult. They tend to stay away from large population centers like cities. Most of your investigations will take you into very rural areas or deep into the countryside.

Aranouk are very trusting, and will surround themselves with humans who will protect them. Because of this, neuralyzers should only be used on people who are very close to the Aranouk. Followers or associates that have not had much direct contact with the alien, need not be wiped.

Try to avoid using violence or threats. Aranouk do not respond well to them. If threatened they will start crying and become very difficult to communicate with. Talking to them in a calm and soothing voice will be more effective. Once you have convinced it to come with you and earned it's trust, the Aranouk will come along quietly. If weapons are drawn on or used near the alien, it will attempt to run or hide. If it can't, the Aranouk will then fight you. They are quite strong and can be difficult to bring down. If a situation reaches this point it should be considered out of control, and you should use what ever means necessary to bring the Aranouk in.

Alien Technology: Except for the seeds and plant clippings they carry in their sacks, Aranouk don't use any real special technology, or tools. This does not mean that we won't run into any in the future.

Dorroms
(Door-roms)



Dorroms (Door-roms)

How Dorroms View Earth

An excerpt from a letter sent to MiB headquarters from a group of disgruntled Dorroms.

Our contributions to Earth technology have enabled your architects to take your civilization out of the Dark Ages and into some semblance of modernity. We find it frustrating that you can't understand the simple principles of gravity, though we have been trying to explain it to your scientists for so many years. We give up! You haven't even implemented the vertical farming tube (Note: This is reportedly a clear plastic tube with gravity emitters, that will allow the plantation and harvesting of vegetation and crops on the equivalent of one square yard of soil reaching to 90 ft. in height). Just think what this could do for non-arable land in New Mexico and hostile environs everywhere! Yup, but you at MiB have decided to take over a decade to pass it through FDA testing. Benevolent we may be, but you holding back the cure for the common cold we gave to you seven years ago, now that's mean.

Standard Dorrom

REFLEXES 2D+2/4D+1
COORDINATION 2D/3D
STRENGTH 1D+2/3D
ENDURANCE 1D/2D+1
KNOWLEDGE 4D/6D
PERCEPTION 4D/6D
CONFIDENCE 3D+2/5D
CHARISMA 3D/4D

Common Skills

Acrobatics, Climbing, Jumping,
Hand-to-Hand Combat, Alien
Technology, Computer Ops, Demolitions,
Scholar: (Architecture),
(Physics), (Mathematics), Artist:
(various), Business, Hide, Security, Con,
Charm, Persuasion

Special Abilities

Structure Navigation: Dorroms get a +1D to all acrobatics rolls when walking on skyscrapers, bridges, and other structures.

Special Skills

Interstellar Knowledge: Dorroms have a vast knowledge of several forms of architecture and demolition. They get +1D to all rolls to identify a building or explosive type.

Weaknesses

Short Stature: Dorroms have a severe inferiority complex about their height. They lose -2D to all mental skills when comments about their height are made where they can hear it.

Speed: 30/60 ft./rnd.

Size: 4ft. 8in./ 5ft. 3in. tall

MiB Case File: Architects

Compiled By: Agent

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: Oshkosh. Samarium-based life form. Bipedal lacertilian. Class Omicron.

But You Can Call Them: Architects.

Also Known As: Engineers, mad bombers, artificers, anarchists.

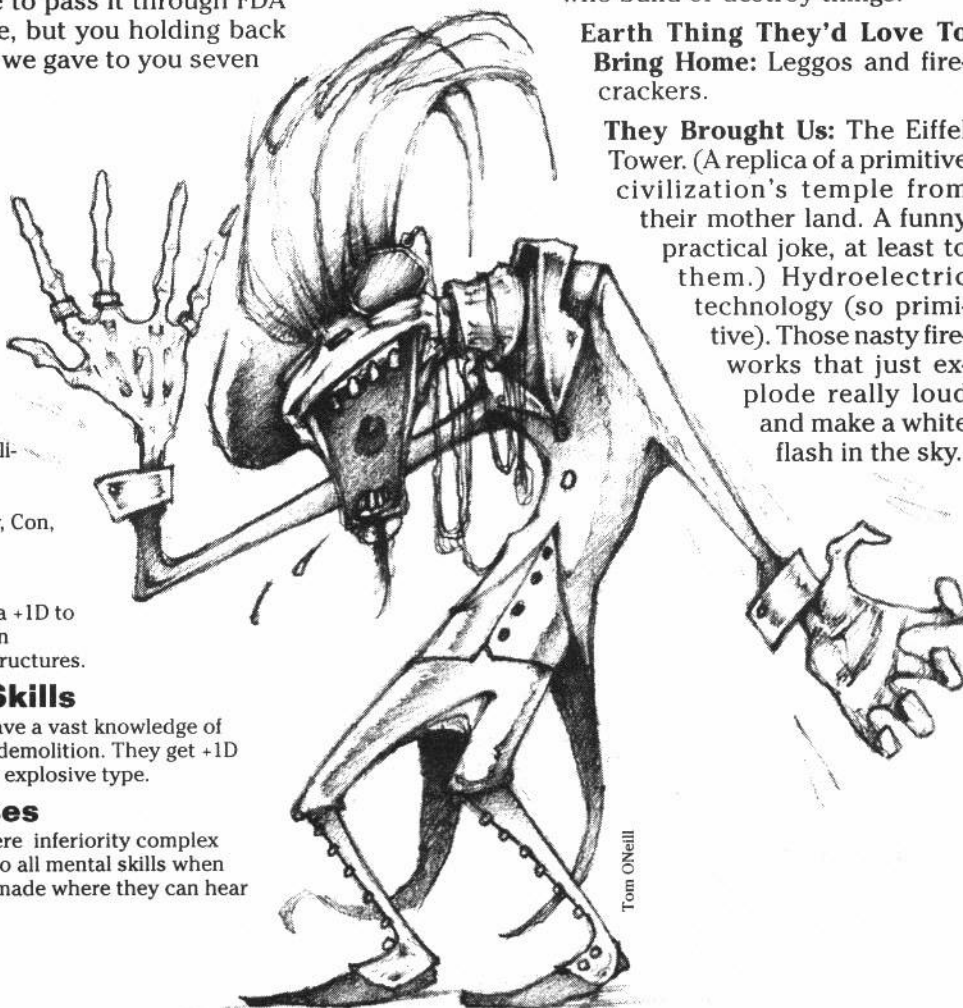
Disposition: An alien dichotomy of great engineering skill and desire to destroy existing architecture.

Hangs Mostly In: Beaches (sand castles), firework stores, Toys R' Us (in the Leggo and Erector set aisles), hardware stores.

Often Disguised As: Engineers, construction workers, game designers, and other people who build or destroy things.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Leggos and firecrackers.

They Brought Us: The Eiffel Tower. (A replica of a primitive civilization's temple from their mother land. A funny practical joke, at least to them.) Hydroelectric technology (so primitive). Those nasty fireworks that just explode really loud and make a white flash in the sky.



Description: Dorroms are short creatures with one eye that is characteristically larger than the other. Their other distinguishing feature is their hair, which is always standing on end.

Physiological Quirks: Dorroms have one eye that is at least twice the size of the other. Regardless of its size, the larger eye does not seem to give the Dorrom any extra visual abilities.

Profile: Although they claim to be from the fourth planet of the third star in the Rollins sector, we have no definite proof that this is truly their homeworld. Various other interstellar races have claimed to have had dealings with the Architects, so they are either a very old or very well travelled race.

Dorroms In Disguise: When trying to appear human the Architects often wear berets, hard hats, or other head wear to cover their hair. They also tend to wear patches to cover their one oversized eye.

MiB's Encounters With Dorroms: One of the original pioneer aliens, MiB agents discovered their existence on this planet after scientists admitted that they had no explanation as to why glass was transparent though it was solid matter. The architects clued us in at an international physics conference. However, our scientists are still working through the complex calculations and molecular structures presented on the napkin. Is this their idea of some interstellar practical joke? Well, we await the MIT presentation which hopes to make public its findings sometime after the millennium. Their alien technology, which they brought in exchange for their indefinite right to remain on earth, enabled earth architects to build the first skyscrapers using reinforced steel beam support science.

That's when the problems with them began. You see they can't build something without destroying something else in return. It's either in their blood (or whatever they call it) or it's like a big game of top this between each of them. One will build something great and another will blow something up greater.

We should never have listened to them about asbestos. Now we wouldn't trust them if they swore in front

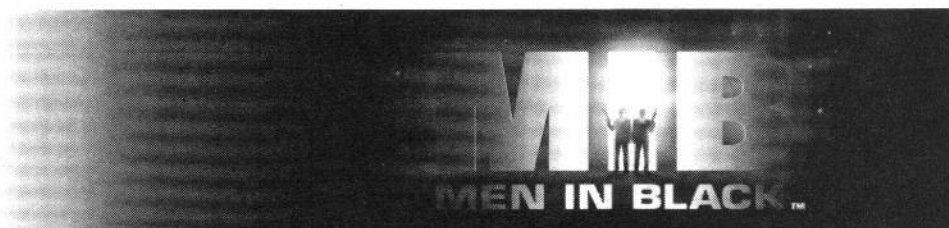
of their own grandmother. Sometimes you win, but there's often a hoax thrown in for good measure (or a couple of chuckles for them). Like that new coating (using the whites of large eggs, beaten until a fluffy marangue) for the space shuttle, it was tough explaining that one to the boss (not to mention the media). The architects are now widely accepted by the bureau as the cause for the settlement of all pre-1970 fabricated housing (where the cheap cement crumbled within 30 years). Problem is, they can't help causing a major disaster, but they feel guilty afterwards and invent things like new insulation products for buildings. Rumor has it that they worked out the problems with Bill Gates' new fangled house when engineers were uncertain how to totally eliminate all of the audible white noise.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Though they started out as beneficial, they aren't necessarily so anymore. The architects aren't always known to use technology to the humans advantage. Like with other groups of aliens, the MiB have had to realize that they have to take the good with the bad. The fun part (ooh, what fun!) is deciphering the useful information from the destructive. No one knows what motives lurk behind their impenetrable exterior. Play them as eccentric stoic figures. Think of the ranting men who you see on street corners everywhere. It's sheer fanaticism. Dedicated but unpredictable, vengeful but sympathetic, mysterious but also innocent and wide eyed, who can guess their real motives?

Though dedicated to mischief, they keep up their beneficial work to keep the game alive. If they didn't the MiB would deport them at least five light years past Antares.

Alien Technology: The architects have been known to carry everything from Beloreian Anti-Grav Architectural Tool Kits to Series-4 De-atomizers, but the worst thing is that they are inventors. Leave these guys alone in a room with some junk in it, and in a half hour you'll have either a construction device or a *really* nasty bomb.





Enicans (En-i-kins)

How Enicans View Earth

Transcript of statement from Enican who was apprehended by two MiB agents believing the Enican was a skimmer.

"I'm sorry I was in New York City without a license. It's not like it's such a great place, you know, although there's lots of cool stuff to roll in. Some of it really has quite an exotic odor to it, you know. Stuff way better than they get in the country. But aside from that, it's not so hot. I mean, you can't get a decent meal for mooching, you know, and everyone would just as soon kick a dog as pat it on the head.

"Not that we're dogs, you know, but down here you guys are so simple, no offense you know. You guys are so simple that's it's just easier to play dumb and let you think you're the superior intellect and we're man's best friend and all that. I don't even try to understand it for fear I'll catch whatever it is you guys have in your brains. Although, if it makes you follow us around and gives treats and clean up our byproducts, then I hope more of the universe catches it.

"Well, maybe not. I don't know what it is that gets into you guys that makes you think we have nothing better to do than bring you back a ball when you repeatedly lose it with this totally inane flick of the wrist. I mean really, come on now, can't you guys just control that spasm and put the darn thing in your pocket so you don't lose it every time you make that flagrant gesture? Just how stupid are you guys anyway? I know that if I kept losing something I was carrying in my mouth, I'd put it in my pocket.

"Hm? Oh yeah, well I guess I did kind of lose my license, because, um, well, I thought I put it in my pocket. No, of course I don't have a pocket! Why do you think I lost it so easily? Geez, maybe I'd better go drop by the 37-Hour clinic over in Proxima Centauri. I hope I'm not coming down with something here.

"Okay, so I don't have a license. What's the big deal? Oh, really? I needed one

of those to get onto Earth? I thought you said it was the New York City pound that was, oh, I get it. It's like immigration and stuff. Well, you know, I don't believe in borders. It's um, against my religion, so you can't prosecute me. It's not against your religion, huh? Hmm.

"No, sir, I'm just a tourist. No, we have nothing at all to do with the Baltians. Please, no. Anyone but them. They're too, well, you know, aggressive. Too motivated. My people, we just want to have a good time, you know? Eat, run around, scope out the opposite sex, look for that really unique scent to roll in. Maybe stain an expensive carpet or two just to get a rise out of someone stuffy. Your Persian rug, huh? Sorry about that. Won't happen again, I promise. I don't want any trouble. Really."

Standard Enican

REFLEXES 4D+1/5D+2
COORDINATION 2D/2D+2
STRENGTH 3D+1/5D
ENDURANCE 5D/6D+1
KNOWLEDGE 3D/4D
PERCEPTION 3D/4D
CONFIDENCE 2D+1/3D+2
CHARISMA 3D/4D+1

Common Skills

Dodge, Jumping, Sneak, Running, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Marksmanship, Computer Ops, Surveillance, Tracking (by smell), Shadowing, Scholar: (scent identification), Charm, Streetwise, Hide, Alien Technology

Special Abilities

Physiological adaptation: Hounds are equally able to move on two legs or on four. While they move at half their speed on two legs, that is the only liability.

Regeneration: Hounds recover one body point each round from their reconstruction units.

Natural Weapons: Enicans have claws that do STR+1 damage and teeth that do STR+2 damage.

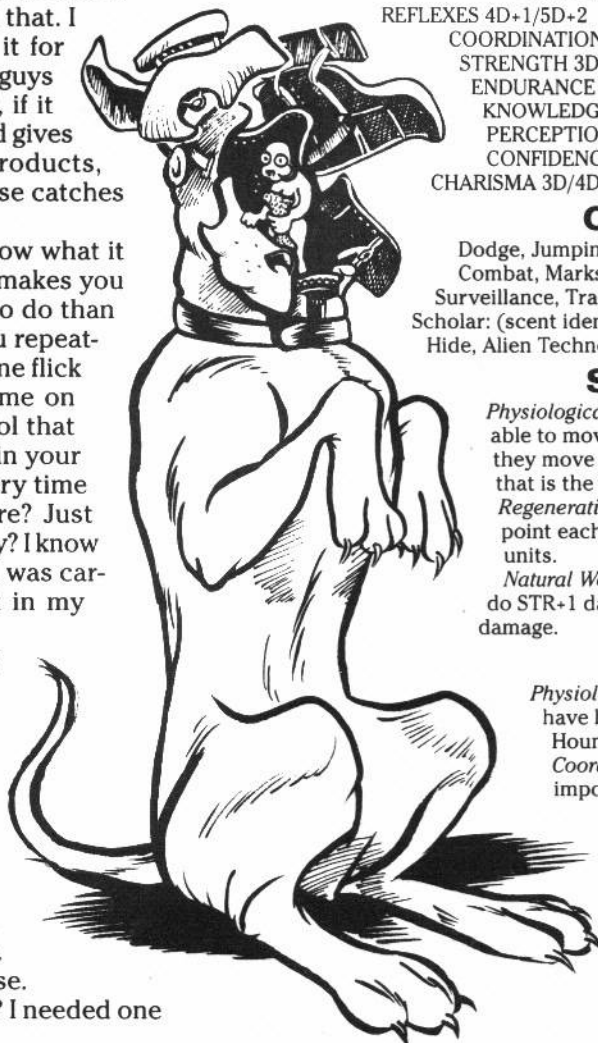
Weaknesses

Physiological drawback: Hounds do not have hands suited to manipulation.

Hounds suffer a penalty to all Coordination rolls, depending on how important multiple digits and an opposable thumb are to the activity in question. For example, a Hound could press an elevator button just fine. It could type using the hunt and peck method. But don't expect it to play Tchaikovsky on the piano.

Speed: 40/80 ft./rnd.

Size: 2/6 ft. long



Brian Schomburg

MiB Case File: Hounds

Compiled By: Agents J & L

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: St. Paul. Polonium-based life form. Virid anthropoid. Class Kappa.

But You Can Call Them: Hounds.

Also Known As: Mutts, mongrels, mangy beasts, doggies.

Disposition: Generally friendly, though prone to aggression if provoked.

Hangs Mostly In: Backyards, alleys, farms.

Often Disguised As: Really stupid dogs.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Wallace and Gromit videotapes, people who clean up the Hounds' messes, and a dead vulture (to roll in).

They Brought Us: Leash laws, the pooper-scooper, and dogs that smell like dead vultures.

Description: Hounds, much like the Baltians, can pass for humans while wearing their bodysuits, except under close inspections. In their normal form, they look like average (albeit very small) dogs, usually brown or black in color, without noticeable tails or ears.

Physiological Quirks: Because the controllers are not truly quadrupeds, the bodysuits are capable of amazing feats of canine agility. They are also apparently equipped with inefficient matter-energy converters, judging by the volume of their effluent.

Profile: These are diminutive semi-quadruped aliens housed in amazingly lifelike canine biomechanical bodysuits. It is not known how long they have been here, nor how many there are on the planet.

Hounds In Disguise: Due to their bodysuits, Hounds can pass for normal dogs with incredible ease.

MiB's Encounters With Hounds: Presumed to be allies/associates/servants of the Baltians, the two races are nonetheless only rarely seen with each other. They seem to be generally happy playing the part of big dumb dogs (or little yappy dogs, or whatever).

Field Report: MiB Agents J and L reporting

Surveillance and Apprehension of Illegal Hound Alien

We first took notice of the suspected Hound alien while out for lunch. We first took notice of an older gentleman mistreating what we presume to be his wife's toy poodle. The mistreatment was only slight; he was making it quite plain that he was annoyed at having to take the "little half-pint mongrel out to tinkle." He jerked on the leash a few times, called it a few names; not a big deal. However, the immediate and alert reaction of the suspected Hound caught our eye.

It was a large golden retriever. It perked its head up, then approached the man. As soon as he turned its way, it immediately began to behave in a very friendly fashion. The suspect approached the gentleman, al-

lowed him to pet it, then jerked its head up to lick his face. The suspect struck the old man full in the nose, temporarily blinding him by making his eyes water. During that brief pause, the Hound nosed the man in the groin. Yes, many dogs do this, but the force of this put the man on the sidewalk. While he lay there cursing his luck, the Hound sauntered off with a decidedly victorious air.

The reporting agents shadowed the suspect for several hours, during which time he displayed a wide variety of inconclusive activity. That is to say, he could have been a Hound, or he could have been a dog. It was very difficult to tell. During this time, we did not contact MiB headquarters, because we had the subject under visual surveillance, and to do so would have invited notice. Furthermore, Hounds are known to have incredible auditory perception, and we were concerned that we might be overheard contacting MiB and therefore tip our hand to a potential illegal alien.

Agent J had the idea of setting up a trap for the suspect. When the suspect was briefly preoccupied with rooting through a garbage can, Agent L moved around to an intercept position, and as the suspect passed, she made an incredible fuss over "that adorable dog." The suspect fell for the ruse, and began basking in the unexpected attention. At this time, Agent J moved in behind to cut off escape, hand on the hilt of his Vornian Plasma Bubble Displacer. Agent L was able to take control of the suspect's collar at this time, which may be against the code of conduct when dealing with Hounds, but is perfectly acceptable with dogs, and we were not yet certain we were dealing with a Hound.

The suspect's reaction only added to our suspicion that it was an alien. The suspect's expression was one of recognition (not of us, but of our appearance), and grave concern.

But the telling factor was when Agent J said, "You know, New York City requires all dogs to be licensed. Where's your license, champ?" and the golden retriever said, "It's not my fault I don't have one. I lost it the other day, and oops."

As you can see, Hounds are more intelligent than they pretend, but perhaps not as intelligent as they think they are.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Despite their protests to the contrary, Hounds are indeed closely connected to the Baltians. They were designed to be combat units for the long-lasting Baltian-Arquillian war. They are well suited for combat. Built low to the ground, their quadrupedal stance gives them great speed and maneuverability. They have excellent olfactory and auditory perception, both of which can be more important than sight on a smoke-filled battlefield, at night, in close quarters, or house-to-house fighting.

They are equipped with teeth and claws for hand-to-hand combat, and are capable of using hand-held weap-

Enicans (En-i-kins)

ons (most are trained in the Baltian style of energy weapons, which are easy for those with paws to use and aim). They are almost tireless, and their brown and black coats provide reasonable camouflage. If you ever see a dog that is brown and black and green, that's a special forces Hound. Beware.

Hounds are also very resilient, thanks to a Baltian invention which continually performs minor repairs. These are the Free-Lance Emendment Automata (yes, that's FLEAs for short).

Each Hound is literally covered with FLEAs. These FLEAs are tiny robotic creatures. Robotic in the truest sense of the word; there's no microscopic being inside the heads of the FLEAs running it; at least none that the Baltians will own up to. The FLEAs constantly crawl all over the body of the Hound looking for minor repair work that needs to be done, and then doing it. They draw material by sucking it out of the Hound circulation system, a sensation that irritates the Hound to no end. Some Hounds believe that this was deliberately done by the Baltians to

keep the Hounds in a bad mood at all times, and therefore keep them primed for combat.

For several years, the Hounds have sought a way out of the servitude into which they were made. Despite the fact that the Hounds were a genetically engineered species, the free will necessary for a combat creature gave them the leeway they needed to find a way out. Now many Hounds are seeking refuge or asylum on a thousand planets across the galaxy. This doesn't make the Baltians very happy. For one thing, it gives them bad press. For another, the warranty period on most runaway Hounds hasn't yet expired, and the Baltian generals want a refund. Thus Baltian bounty hunters scour the universe looking for runaway Hounds. (This is a good adventure hook, by the way.)

Alien Technology: Hound Bodysuit: Just like the ones the Baltians have. They are cybernetically and biologically tied in with the system, and therefore suffer pain, injury, poison, etc., just as though it were a real body. (See *MiB: Roleplaying Game*, p. 53).



Foborans (Fo-bor-ans)

How Foborans View Earth

Note found by apprehending Agent M after Globbo known as Ralph Smith had fled. Obviously a rough draft.

Dear Director:

As a representative of the so-called alien species you humans ~~so condescendingly~~ call Globbos, I must protest your actions regarding our immigration here on this ~~pathetic and dangerous~~ little primitive planet called Earth.

We Globbos have existed here for ~~seven decades~~ two or three decades without causing you any problems ~~other than a time or two like when we~~ at all. We brought you wonderful Globbo technical masterpieces like Jell-O and Silly Putty ~~despite the fact that you are barely capable of coping with such esoteric inventions~~ for the betterment of your race. These inventions we bestowed upon you for our financial enrichment from the goodness of our decentralized circulatory system. We just wanted to get rich quick

~~and make ourselves the social mavens of the planet~~ extend a helping pseudopod of friendship to you ~~primitive endoskeletal~~ wonderful people.

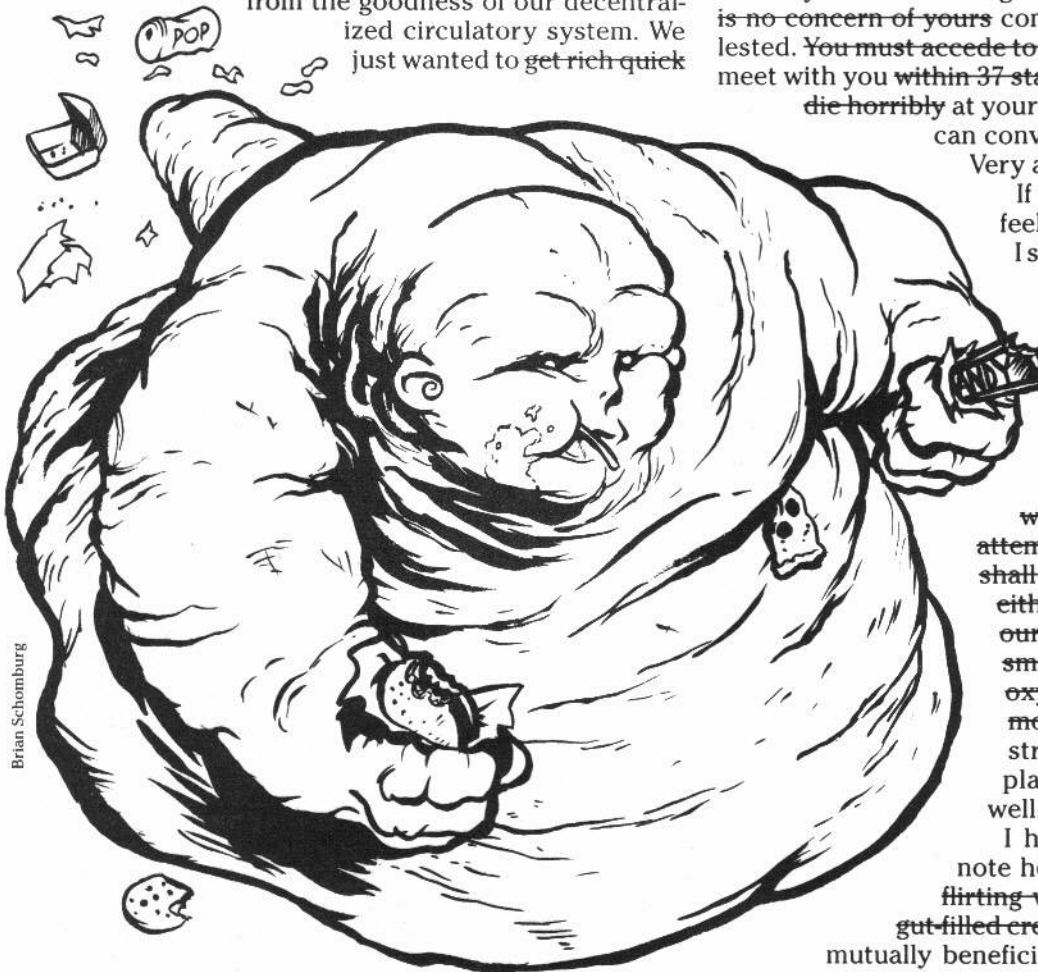
We had made great progress ~~manipulating American society~~ integrating ourselves into the Earth environment, and had all but ~~eliminated harsh feelings and dangerous sharp edges~~ become humans ourselves ~~no matter how obscene such an idea might be to our clearly advanced sensibilities~~. As gelatinous life forms, we are ~~greatly offended~~ deeply hurt that you find squishy substances to be innately repulsive, ~~you little sanctimonious stiff-limbed boneheads!~~ but we only tried to bring such formless creations into human culture to aid in our ~~conquest of~~ assimilation into human society ~~such as it is~~.

You may consider this to be ~~your last warning~~ a sincere petition that you ~~give us back our damn patents as well as the rights to Gummi Bears~~ please meet us half-way so that we can ~~get back to our business which is no concern of yours~~ continue our lives here unmolested. ~~You must accede to these demands~~ I hope I can meet with you ~~within 37 standard Centaurian hours or die horribly~~ at your earliest convenience so we can converse in an amiable fashion.

Very amiable. Really.

If you do can not, I warn you feel obliged to inform you that I shall ~~form the Globbo Liberation Union for Gelatinous Sentients and Substances~~ take this petition directly to the grievance board. We shall ~~encase the entire country in a gigantic packet of secreted resin which will defy your feeble attempts to escape, and there we shall hold you prisoner until you either see the brilliant light of our advanced society or your small brains cease to receive oxygen from your internally mounted lungs~~ have to file a strongly worded letter of complaint with our grievance as well.

I hope this ~~ultimatum~~ little note helps you to see that you're ~~flirting with disaster, you spineful, gut-filled cretins~~ potentially damaging a mutually beneficial relationship. ~~This galac-~~



Foborans
(Fo-bor-ans)

~~tie backwater would be nothing without~~ In this multicultural society, I would hope you could make room for us.

~~Looking toward a future where we sit on top of the pile and there's not a sharp object anywhere on~~ can mutually coexist and concentrate on improving the planet, I remain your ~~Eternal~~ ~~Foe~~ very truly yours, etc.,

Ralph Smith

[I don't believe that Ralph is capable of actually mounting the activities that are described herein. He seems to be as much of an outcast among the Globbos as he is among humans. I was surprised that someone actually took the time to read this little manifesto, but then again, maybe with the tone of the edits they were trying to pound some sense into his skull. If he had one. Which he doesn't.]

Still, I know that many of the Globbos were greatly offended when we shut them down, and Ralph was involved in the covert development of the Stretch Armstrong doll. He may have made enough contacts within the disaffected Globbos on that project to pull off something like the GLUGSS. But I've never noticed that the Globbos can secrete any resin. Perhaps they're working on a new development? Could we check with the biologists who worked as creative consultants on the Aliens series of movies? - M]

Standard Globbo

REFLEXES 2D/3D
COORDINATION 2D+1/3D
STRENGTH 3D+1/4D
ENDURANCE 3D+2/5D
KNOWLEDGE 3D/4D
PERCEPTION 3D+1/4D+2
CONFIDENCE 2D/3D+1
CHARISMA 2D/3D+2

Common Skills

Hand-to-Hand Combat, Lockpicking, Ignore Pain, Computer Ops, Scholar: (Television), Artist: (sculpting w/ Jell-O), Conceal, Willpower, Disguise

Special Abilities

Weapons immunity: Globbos are immune to all blunt weapon damage. Edged weapons and projectile weapons do a maximum of one hit point damage.

Weaknesses

No skeleton: -1D doing anything that is aided by having a skeletal structure (i.e., if a Globbo sticks his arm in a door to keep it from being closed, the arm usually gets chopped off instead). On the other hand, having no skeleton means it can flow through relatively small cracks. Something wide enough that you could fit several sheets of cardboard through, or a whole big enough to put a quarter in.

Physical limitation: Globbos must have a single, thick pseudopod to keep their balance while moving. Basically, they can't do anything that we couldn't do if our legs were tied together. For example, they can't run or punt a football. They can do the long jump, but it doesn't look human at all. They look more like a leaping amoeba when they do that. They can simulate a waltz pretty well though, and they can ride a bike (since it's sitting on the seat), but getting onto the bike in the first place is very very hard indeed.

Speed: 15/30 ft./rnd.

Size: 6/8 ft. across

MiB Case File: Globbos

Compiled By: Agent **CLASSIFIED**

MiB Classification: Aurora. Carbon-based gelatinous life form. Simulacrumus gummiitis. Class Xi.

But You Can Call Them: Globbos.

Also Known As: Blobs, slugs, bloated sacs of protoplasm.

Disposition: Basically a harmless but very reckless doppelganger life form. No racial predilection towards either social conformity or antisocial behavior. No predilection away, either.

Hangs Mostly In: The Suburbs.

Often Disguised As: Couch potatoes.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Kool Whip.

They Brought Us: Cooking with gelatin.

Description: Ever seen the Blob? Think of them as blobs with heads and arms.

Physiological Quirks: Although they are shape-shifters, they are unable to form legs that they can stand upon.

Profile: Their home planet is thought to be Fobor, but this may or may not be the case. We have no idea how long they've been here, but it's been since Roswell, at a minimum. It is easy to imagine that one of them might have survived the crash and oozed off to safety.

(Aliens) In Disguise: Globbos tend to wear loose fitting Hawaiian shirts and sun dresses to cover their large appearance.

MiB's Encounters With (The Aliens):

Excerpted from Historical Overview of Alien Management, 3rd Edition.

If you find the idea of incidental alien destabilization a little difficult to accept, consider the impact of the alien commonly called the Globbo. Our first suspicions of their presence on Earth arose when Jell-O culture started to become popular in the 1950s. We suspected these gelatinous creatures had invented the stuff and were capitalizing on the situation to improve their own financial status, but it was difficult to prove because by that time they had already infiltrated Earth quite well. Fortunately, we were able to take advantage of the creatures' weakness: they cannot fully simulate human legs while standing or they lose their balance. We were therefore forced against our better taste to start a fad of wearing ugly shorts baring the wearer's pale (and often hairy) legs. With this tactic we were able to locate many Globbos in their comfortable suburban homes, when, during the summer, they refused to wear shorts. They attempted to employ hedges as a countermeasure, but hedges do not provide 360-degree protection against surveillance. Once the Globbos were identified, we were able to put an end to their

manipulation of the American culture. Though not before they had brought us Jell-O molds, gelatin fruit salad, bean bag chairs, shapeless Sixties furniture, and enough plastic utensils to gag a Denebian slime devil.

On the other hand, we now hold the patent on Gummi Bears.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Globbos are perhaps one of the alien species that has been on Earth for the longest amount of time. As such, they have human style names, do human style things, and lead human style lives (if you count someone on whom a floor-length bathrobe fits like a glove as human style). In short, Globbos are largely assimilated (as much as any boneless, formless, mush filled alien can be assimilated). This means that they don't fit any uniform alien psychological profile, but instead that there are as many different types of Globbos as there are people (an alarming thought when you get right down to it). There are Globbos that fit right in, sitting on their beanbag chairs like saggy couch potatoes and watch sitcoms. But these are the sorts of Globbos that MiB is not interested in.

They want Globbo gangsters, smugglers, lack of fitness instructors, and circus fat ladies with an agenda. They want GLUGSS.

There are plenty of these around. One of them even styles himself after Baron Harkonnen from Dune (In case you haven't read Dune, Baron Harkonnen was so obese, he used an anti-gravity belt around his ponderous waistline to move around. So does this guy, in flagrant violation of the Tycho Accord.), because that way he can have little pseudopod legs dangling around looking humanoid, but he never loses his balance.

But we digress. Globbos, as we have mentioned, are gelatinous creatures, which usually adopt a humanoid shape. They are pretty good at it, too. They can have hands and noses and ears (with or without lobes). They can even do teeth, as long as you don't look too closely.

(A word of warning: never look too closely. Globbos, being gelatinous, can engulf your head before you can say, "Hey- you don't have fillings").

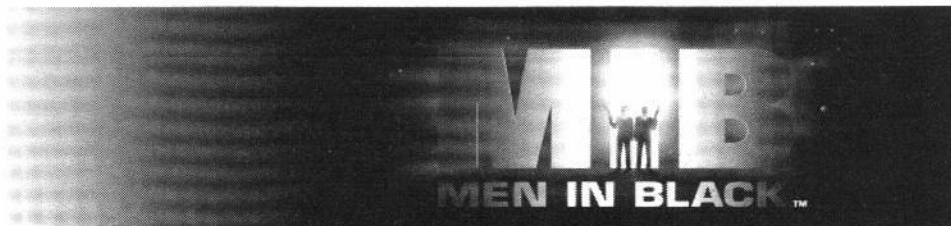
Nor do Globbos have to be fat. It's easier for them, for sure, because it requires less internal stress, but they can appear as lean as anyone. On the other hand, one thing Globbos can't do is appear to be in good shape. Keeping a good face on things is hard enough for a Globbo; there's no way one can maintain a chiseled hardbody appearance. Globbos never go to the beach.

To help them hunt down renegade Globbos (and there are thought to be a lot of them), MiB has socially engineered various health fads. Running, weight lifting, Stairmasters, rollerblading; all require two good legs and the wearing of shorts, and all result in a nice, well-defined body. A Non-Globbo body.

There are other ways to spot a Globbo. Any person you see walk away from a twenty-story fall burbling softly to herself is likely a Globbo. Remember, Globbos don't have any internal structure. They can take brutal amounts of punishment. Two Globbos secretly work for the Auto Safety Council as crash test dummies. They love it. The only problem is getting out at night, because they keep getting crammed back into this stuffy old closet when the shift is done.

While impervious to blunt trauma, Globbos do have some vulnerability to sharp objects and edged weapons. These can split the Globbo's skin, which causes a small amount of internal goo to blurt out. Frankly, it looks kind of gross, sort of like squeezing some Jell-o between your fingers. This doesn't cause the Globbo any actual harm, but it makes it more difficult to keep looking good when these small balloons of internal stuff are lumping out all over your body.

Alien Technology: Average Globbos are not usually found with any technology, but members of GLUGSS often have at least one blaster on them at all times.



Garolians (Gar-olians)

How Garolians View Earth

Excerpt from an interview with a Tinosaur taken by Agent Q.

"No, we're just trying to get by, you know. We're far too flighty to have any plans for planetary takeover, you know. Ha ha, that's a little joke that I picked up from the last guy to question me. You know, just a little joke. Okay, maybe too little. Sorry. I'll just keep my beak out of your business. What? Register me? I'm a native. I got laid here, and, no, I mean I was hatched here, you know. I'm a bird and all that, so you can't regulate me! I'm not an alien! My folks were here long before you hairless monkeys even started slinging femurs in the sky. And by the way, let's take a minute to talk about this barbaric wishbone custom, shall we?"

Standard Garolians

	Pigeon	Vulture	Cockatoo
REFLEXES	4D/5D	3D+1/4D	5D/5D+2
COORDINATION	4D/5D	3D/3D+2	3D+1/4D+2
STRENGTH	1D/1D+2	2D/3D	1D/1D+1
ENDURANCE	2D+1/3D+1	3D/4D+1	2D/2D+2
KNOWLEDGE	3D/3D+2	4D/4D+2	2D+1/3D
PERCEPTION	2D/3D	4D+1/5D	2D+1/3D+1
CONFIDENCE	4D/4D+2	3D/4D	2D/3D
CHARISMA	2D/3D	1D/2D+1	4D+2/5D+2

Common Skills

Missile Weapons (dropped only), Navigation, Surveillance, Survival: (varies), Dodge, Piloting: (Flight), Sneak, Shadowing, Hide

Special Abilities

Bio-Radio: Biological radio implant connects them (one-way) with the Frenkliti. Not that this does the Garolians themselves much good. Mostly it's a liability, because the Frenkliti use the frequency and content of the radio messages to determine whether or not a genetic lobotomy is called for.

Speed(ft./rnd.): 60/120 40/80 60/120

Size(in. long): 8/12 36/48 6/10

MiB Case File: Tinosaur

Compiled By: Agent Q

MiB Classification:

New York. Carbon-based life form Reptilian-avid. Class Lambda.

Phoenix. Carbon-based life form Reptilian-avid. Class Mu.

Miami. Carbon-based life form Reptilian-avid. Class Nu.

But You Can Call Them: Tinosaur.

Also Known As: Bird brains.

Disposition:

Class Lambda: Lethargic, churlish, irritable, demanding in a passive-aggressive sort of way.

Class Mu: Disorderly and rough-edged, but also shy and conservative. Avoids contact with living creatures. Very humorous in a morbid sort of way.

Class Nu: Excitable, boisterous, very demanding.

Hangs Mostly In:

Class Lambda: Heavily urbanized areas, especially on top of statues or on phone lines above expensive sports cars.

Class Mu: The Southwest, deserts, along rural highways, and other places where thing die.

Class Nu: Cages in the homes of bird-lovers.



Often Disguised As: Every other pigeon, vulture, or cockatoo.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home:

Class Lambda: Actually, they'd be pretty happy just to get out into the country once in a while.

Class Mu: They'd like to be able to import some of the more 'challenging' Betelgeusian spices (which are to, shall we say, ferment things at a rapid pace and in very unusual ways).

Class Nu: Freedom.

They Brought Us:

Class Lambda: A reason to wash our cars every weekend.

Class Mu: Someone to look down on.

Class Nu: Some stupid pet tricks, a use for newspapers in the age of television, something for the cat to do when you're all out for the evening.

Description: A blend of a reptile and a bird, incorporating aspects of each.

Physiological Quirks:

Class Lambda: Morose nature and blase' attitude apparently precludes some simple lifestyle adaptations, like protecting themselves against peregrine falcons. If you listen carefully, sometimes you can hear an "Oh, damn, doesn't that just figure," as a peregrine nabs a new meal.

Class Mu: They have a very discriminating palate that is (thank God) beyond human comprehension.

Class Nu: Their crest goes up when they're excited. They are apparently incapable of actually learning more than the simplest of lessons.

Profile: A highly-intelligent subspecies of the common pigeon, vulture, and cockatoo, this race is evidently one of several subspecies which has endured and in fact prospered since the fall of the dinosaurs. Although they will talk if forced, they by and large prefer to remain anonymous.

Garolians In Disguise: They look just like pigeons, vultures, and cockatoos.

MiB's Encounters With Garolians: Tinosaur is the name given to any of several species of terrestrial avian creatures which appear as normal birds but which are amazingly intelligent creatures. The name is a mash of the words 'tiny dinosaurs,' and was given to them because of their claim to be direct descendants of the great lizards.

There are several known subspecies of Tinosaur, but the three most common ones closely resemble common pigeons (Class Lambda), cockatoos (Class Nu), and the turkey vulture (Class Mu). It is possible that there are Tinosaur in most bird species, but only a few dozen types have actually been catalogued. When in doubt, consider any bird to be a Tinosaur.

In the claims made by the Tinosaur, evolutionists have perhaps their biggest ally, or perhaps their greatest liability. While the Tinosaur claim to be the evolutionary descendants of the dinosaurs, they cannot explain what stages they might have gone through or how they developed to be the birds they now are.

The most popular theory here at MiB is that the Tinosaur genes for intelligence are both recessive and have been selected against. Perhaps intelligent Tinosaur are picked on by their flockmates, or else in the modern age they attract too much attention from humans. Over time, every intelligent Tinosaur would suffer negatively, and be less likely to breed. Eventually, there would be fewer and fewer genes for intelligence in the pool. Only by playing dumb do these Tinosaur continue to exist.

Whatever the case, we're glad there are so few.

To open negotiations with a Tinosaur, you must first convince it to talk to you. There is only one proven method to do this: grab the stinking little bird by its scrawny neck and tell it to start talking or you start wringing. Fortunately for us (and the secret of the Tinosaur) few farmers think to do this before wringing their chickens' or turkeys' necks.

Once this is done, communications can be handled normally. There is one warning that must be given: the Tinosaur seem inordinately curious. For safety's sake, tell them nothing.

What to Expect in an Encounter:

The Real Story:

Way back when ("in the good ol' days" as the pigeons have it, or "when things were rottin'" as the vultures like to say), the dinosaurs thrived on Earth. They had a thriving civilization. Thriving, because they had a reasonable level of intelligence. They were not smart enough to come up with illegal activities like graft and robbery and drug addiction, let alone the legal variants of these activities like taxes, welfare, and television. Their civilization also thrived because, frankly, the dinosaurs were very much alive. Whatever they did, they did with gusto. Of course, it's hard not to do things with gusto when you weigh 40 tons and have six-inch fangs as your primary manipulatory appendage.

Of course, that was in the days before "the comet."

The Comet was the name of a Frenkliti warship. It was hopelessly crippled during a massive space battle in this solar system, and ended up going down with all hands, right near what is now known as the Yucatan peninsula. Kaboom. Most of the Frenkliti survived, having impact airbags for just that purpose (very very tough impact air bags, we assure you). However, as they looked around at the Earth, they saw that most of the dinosaurs wouldn't survive thanks to the giant

Garolians (Gar-olians)



dust cloud caused by the shipwreck.

Fortunately — or perhaps unfortunately, depending on how you look at it — the Frenkliti had been studying Earth for a long time, and they had ready access to advanced biological gear. They decided to help, in their own self-serving way. They approached as many dinosaurs as they could, and offered them a way to save their species: they could accept a Frenkliti genetic upgrade. This alteration of the genetic code would make the dinosaurs smaller (therefore requiring less food) and more intelligent (enabling them to find more food). These adjustments would help the dinosaurs to survive the long, cold, dark spell caused by the crash of the Comet.

But there was a catch. The dinosaurs who were changed would have to work for the Frenkliti for the next billion years. As quarantine officers.

You see, the Frenkliti are health inspectors. Their biologists move about the galaxy looking for planets that might end up developing some kind of contagious disease. They don't always succeed in quarantining something in time, which is why video arcades can be found all across the galaxy. But the Frenkliti saw the potential in all those little mammals for something new and infectious to develop. A vile and contagious form of primitive thought, a mental virus that leads to barbarism and idiocy.

They weren't exactly right. They thought it would be the lemmings, not the monkeys.

Faced with this harsh ultimatum or extinction, the dinosaurs had no choice. The survival instinct won out over the desire for freedom. They agreed. And Tinosaur were born.

For all these many long millennia the Tinosaur have waited and watched and reported what little of interest they saw to the Frenkliti. And, frankly, many Tinosaur grew rather bored. Over the many long years since their creation, more and more of the Tinosaur rebelled against the Frenkliti compact. Their intelligence was higher, their instincts not so strong, and thus the urge to spread their wings and fly and be free overpowered mindless servitude to the Frenkliti.

When this happened, the Frenkliti reaction was swift and sure. They genetically lobotomized those suckers. Basically, they disabled the neurochemicals required for intellect, then they refolded the Tinosaur DNA so that intelligence would not be passed on to its offspring. First one or two were lobotomized in this way, and they didn't breed. Then a few more over the next century or two, and a few desperate Tinosaur who couldn't otherwise score dates hooked up with them. In this way began the slow decline of the Tinosaur into normal birds. Through interbreeding and the continued attrition of normal Tinosaur into nonintelligent look-alikes, the amount of Tinosaur in the avian population has dropped from 100% at inception to just under one in 10,000 today.

But they're still up there, reporting everything to the Frenkliti through their biorganic radio implants.

Always wondered why cockatoos have crests, haven't you? It's an antenna. That's why it automatically raises when something interesting is going on.

Yes, Edgar Allen Poe's raven was a Tinosaur.

Alien Technology: Other than the bio-radio in their heads, the Tinosaur are not known to use any alien technology. Not that we have seen anyway.

Gelbraen [Gel-brayn]

How Gelbraen View Earth

An announcement received by MiB headquarters regarding the arrival of Lord Stamen the Perpetually Robust and his fleet.

"Final Greetings, Occupants of Terra!

"We hope you are all wet. It certainly appears to us that you are stiff and firm, and your planet is ripe for the picking. We cannot pass up an opportunity such as this. Therefore, we shall arrive to your planet in ten standard Centaurian days.

"We do not intend to party down when we land. Our ships are equipped with the latest and most advanced heat rays and coherent light projectors, and these we intend to use wherever we go, roasting your cities and villages across the globe until your population raises its limbs in a surrender to peace and your atmosphere is filled with greenhouse gases. The sooner this happens, the easier life will be for you under our heat rays.

"Once we have dispersed ourselves among your population, the tango will be forbidden, nor shall we allow anyone to make snacks or squeeze juice. Even the most innocent of tender moments will be punished severely. In fact, shortly after you surrender, you shall receive a severe pruning. Then, once we are done, we intend to plant you deep beneath the earth, or, if you prefer, leave you to roast in the hot sun.

"We look forward to planting our roots on your planet and using you as fertilizer. Until then, we wish you great piles of dung flung repeatedly in your face by your bitterest enemies until the end of your day.

"Signed,

"Stamen the Perpetually Robust."

Standard Gelbraen

REFLEXES 3D+1/4D
COORDINATION 3D+1/4D
STRENGTH 3D/5D
ENDURANCE 2D/3D+2
KNOWLEDGE 3D+2/4D+1
PERCEPTION 3D+1/4D+2
CONFIDENCE 1D+2/3D
CHARISMA 1D/2D+2

Common Skills

Dodge, Climbing, Hand-to-(err)Hand Combat, Marksman-ship, Lifting, Ignore Pain, Swimming (Floating), Demoli-tions, Scholar: (Farming), Hide, Shadowing, Surveillance, Tracking, Intimidation, Survival: (non-urban temperate environs), Willpower, Disguise.



Tim Bobko



Special Abilities

Vegetable Composition: Killer Potatoes never fall unconscious from damage. When they are damaged, they never heal up in what might be considered a cosmetic manner: they scar horribly, although in the end it affects nothing but their appearance. They are always awake and active during daylight, and they always sleep during the night. They float. They like to eat things that would make most humans gag. Finally, Killer Potatoes are very nutritious, and continued exposure to the human race is sure to give them a phobia for deep-fryers, peelers, gravy, and spud guns.

Special Skills

Farming: Due to their physiological nature, they are more "in touch with Nature" than most humans and get a +1D to all skill rolls that include growing things.

Weaknesses

Language: While very intelligent, Killer Potatoes have a poor grasp of the proper use of English.

Killer Potato Vocabulary

Although Killer Potatoes have an excellent command of English vocabulary, their ability to comprehend grammar stinks. Part of this is due to their natural arrogance - they refuse to believe they're not speaking it properly - but part of it also stems (no pun intended) from the fact that they are vegetable in nature, not animal. They don't have blood; they have juice. Socially conscious human vegetarians are, to them, the worst of barbarian savages. They like dung. A lot.

They consider "nut," "vegetable," "fruit" and "you great big steaming pile of fetid excrement" to be complimentary terms. "Roasting in the sun," being "planted deep," and being "left out in the rain" are all things that plants like to do, since lots of water and sunlight make them grow big and strong. "All wet" is a happy state for a Killer Potato. Heat rays and coherent light projectors are used to create a greenhouse effect in the cold depths of space. In a similar vein, when a plant detects sunlight, it rotates its leaves to catch as many rays as possible. Thus a Killer Potato will "raise its limbs" to a good situation, embracing it "from limb to limb." This has caused the term "surrender" to mean "accept" in the mind of the Killer Potatoes. Thus, Stamen's letter translates roughly as:

Very Friendly Greetings, Occupants of Terra!
We hope you are happy. You have impressed us as a race, and your planet is very nice. We'd like to drop in.
"We do not wish to fight. We will prove our sincerity by being very nice and lending you our advanced gadgets until all humans are glad we came. We hope we can reach a peaceful agreement soon, so that we can help each other."
"We will behave ourselves among your people, and will avoid confrontation. We will punish our people for even minor infractions. In fact, we'd like to unshackle you from what we perceive as your social and technological restraints, and then help your society to grow."
"We look forward to a mutually beneficial relationship. Until then, we wish you prosperity and peace with your foes."

Signed,
Stamen the Really Great Guy

Xenophobia: Killer Potatoes hate insectoid aliens. This is because most insectoid races which achieved sentience are the type that eat plants (and, usually, everything else, too).

Speed: 35/70 ft./rnd.

Size: 4/8 ft. tall

MiB Case File: Killer Potatoes

Compiled By: **CLASSIFIED**

MiB Classification: Panama. Carbon-based life form Anthropoid fauna. Multiple classes known.

But You Can Call Them: Killer Potatoes.

Also Known As: Veggies.

Disposition: Aggressive and hostile vegetable sentients whose volatile temper makes them easily insulted.

Hangs Mostly In: Southern Panama.

Often Disguised As: A grizzled old farmer with an uncanny resemblance to those grizzled old farmer heads that folk artists carve out of dried apples. Or maybe he just looks like a potato. One with only two eyes.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Gro-Lites for a new Killer Potato Health Club franchise.

They Brought Us: An interstellar food fight.

Description: Adult Killer Potatoes most often look like humanoid forms of plants, almost like stuff out of bad claymation. Killer Potatoes themselves are very humanoid, while Killer Asparagus look like Gumby with a very organic twist.

Physiological Quirks: Physiological Quirks: They grow their children in a plot of ground behind the house. Well, there are also their rather unsanitary dietary habits...

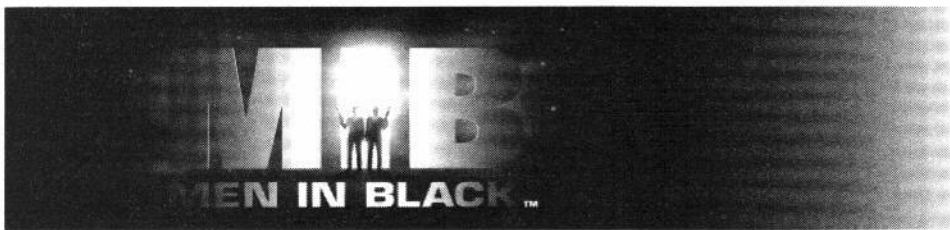
Profile: Members of a species from Epsilon Eriadni who came to Earth as friends, and were confused for an attacking alien armada.

Gelbraen In Disguise: While most of these plants do not infiltrate human society, Killer Potatoes (as well as Killer Granny Smith Apples and a few others) can smear flesh-colored make-up on their faces and go to town. They may look like pasty-faced and extremely ugly examples of the human race, but most people aren't impolite enough to mention such things to their faces.

MiB's Encounters With Gelbraen: As mentioned above, the invasion fleet warned us before landing. Needless to say, when they landed, we were there in force, equipped with a variety of heavy weapons. No way were we, the MiB, going to let these walking kumquats take over our planet!

What negotiations there were, were terse and confused. The aliens opened fire first, or so most of us believe, and during the firefight that ensued, the alien ship was utterly destroyed, though most of the aliens on board fled into the Panamanian jungles. We were not able to pursue them well; they could maneuver in the heavy jungle much more easily than we could.

The name "Killer Potato" was given to them in the midst of the firefight by one of our crew, and it stuck despite the fact that several forms of the creature are known



Gelbraen
(Gel-brayn)

to exist. In current usage, the name can refer to either the specific species, or the race as a whole. Other species of this race are known by the type of plant they most resemble. There are large tree-like creatures (Killer Palm Trees), a variety of humanoid creatures (Killer Cantaloupes, et al), and several small creatures of various types (Killer Shrubberies, Killer Baby's Breath). It is unknown whether these last were some sort of vegetable pets or just a diminutive, though sentient, species.

Spysat photo-surveillance has proven that the Killer Potatoes grow their children in garden plots. Eventually these creatures harvest themselves and assume whatever role is required among Killer Potato society.

We have yet to understand their xenopsychology, although a definite hatred has been noticed between them and all insectoid life forms in the galaxy. (Possibly an alliance could be formed between us against the Bugs.)

Killer Potatoes have gone underground (no pun intended) and are waging a guerrilla war against mankind. Since the loss of their invasion transport (and all the heavy equipment they presumably brought along) they have not been much of a threat beyond the occasional wild rumor of local peasants trying to eat a giant banana and having it bite them back. Thus far these stories have been dismissed by all but the most daring of the Hot Sheets. At some point, we may have to go in and clean the Killer Potatoes out, but at this time, doing so would be as costly politically as it would be beneficial. Aliens as a general rule don't like us being so uppity. If we ever do decide to destroy their base once

and for all, I would recommend that we bring a lot of flame-throwers. Fire is more environmentally friendly than a chemical defoliant, and every bit as effective against these creatures.

Either that or we could recruit the locust loggers from Raxxes IV and send them in to take care of the problem. We'd have to provide their green cards in a bitter plastic casing, or they'd absentmindedly eat them for a snack.

Continued linguistic difficulties hamper relations. Choose your words and body armor carefully when dealing with them. Negotiations always go better if you bring heavy artillery.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Given the paranoid nature of these vegetables (They came in peace and were brutally attacked after all.) and their volatile temper, such insults usually end up in a very juicy and tender moment for the surprised human (see Killer Potato Vocabulary).

Killer Potatoes consider anyone who eats and/or wears clothing made from plants (especially those vile, despicable vegetarians) to be an enemy. They will attack anyone eating a salad on site.

Should they venture into human society they will try to keep up their disguise, but often are found in farmer's markets and grocery stores trying to rally the produce to their cause.

Alien Technology: Although what alien technology they brought with them was almost completely destroyed in the firefight which ensued after their landing, they have a few hand held weapons and equipment left.

Grilbach
(Gril-bock)

MIB
MEN IN BLACK™

Grilbach (Gril-bock)

How Grilbach View Earth

Interview of only known Grilbach by the late Agent C.

"Is that videocam on, Agent C? Now what was the question? Oh, yeah, how do the Grilbach view Earth? Well, that's kinda facetious in my case, since I, Elvis Aron Brooker, am to my knowledge the only Grilbach who has ever landed on Earth. Hell, I don't even know if I'm really a Grilbach. The only thing that got shipped here with me was that damn translucent cube, and it sure isn't talking.

"As for what I personally think of Earth, as the official representative of the Grilbach, I'd say you could pretty much cast my vote in the "Earth sucks" column. It's a world full of petty people who can't see beyond a person's surface, and dislike someone just because he's a little bit different from the rest. And we're talking about people who didn't even know I was a freaking space alien. Actually, I guess that Bernie Rafelson, my old ex-roomie at Harvard, might have had a brief inkling that I was a creature from another world when I ripped his head off his shoulders. Ask me some other time, and maybe I'll tell you where I buried his body. His parents might still like to know what happened to their missing son.

"Anyway, I can't say too much that's nice about most of the people I knew in my childhood and teen years. But's its been a whole different story the ten months I've been staying here at MiB headquarters. You guys have been the first humans to treat me with dignity, and to genuinely care about my well-being. Aw, heck, I think I'm tearin' up here, C. Why don't you grab us a coupla beers from the fridge before I start gettin' maudlin. (Sounds of a loud explosion echo through the room.)

"Damn, C 'ol buddy, I do believe I forgot to tell you that I'd wired the refrigerator door with some of that plastic explosive I cooked

up in the lab last night. Kinda poetic huh, C-4 for Agent C? Anyway, I really did think you guys were different for a while. You'd ask my opinion about how to capture this or that creature, give me free run of the computer data banks and the labs in the research center, even look like you were really listening when you asked how I was doing. But then I started noticing that I was the guy who was always left behind when the real fun started. Nobody was giving me a black suit and tie, or my own laser weapon, or calling me Agent B. Nope, I was still Elvis the outsider, Elvis the misfit, Elvis the lab rat. You wanted to tap into what my mind could do for you, just like Harvard did, but you never really wanted me."

Standard Grilbach

REFLEXES 3D+1/4D
COORDINATION 3D/4D+2
STRENGTH 4D/6D
ENDURANCE 3D+2/5D
KNOWLEDGE 4D/6D
PERCEPTION 4D+1/5D
CONFIDENCE 2D/3D
CHARISMA 2D/3D

Common Skills

Dodge, Hand-to-Hand
Combat, Lifting,
Computer Ops,
Scholar: (Chemistry,
Physics, Espionage),
Alien Technology,
Intimidation,
Willpower, Climbing,
Tracking

Special Abilities

Extreme Physique: The Grilbach, though not immortal, are extremely resistant to diseases, and in combat situations can continue to perform at 100% levels, despite injuries, until reduced to 25% of total Body Points or less.

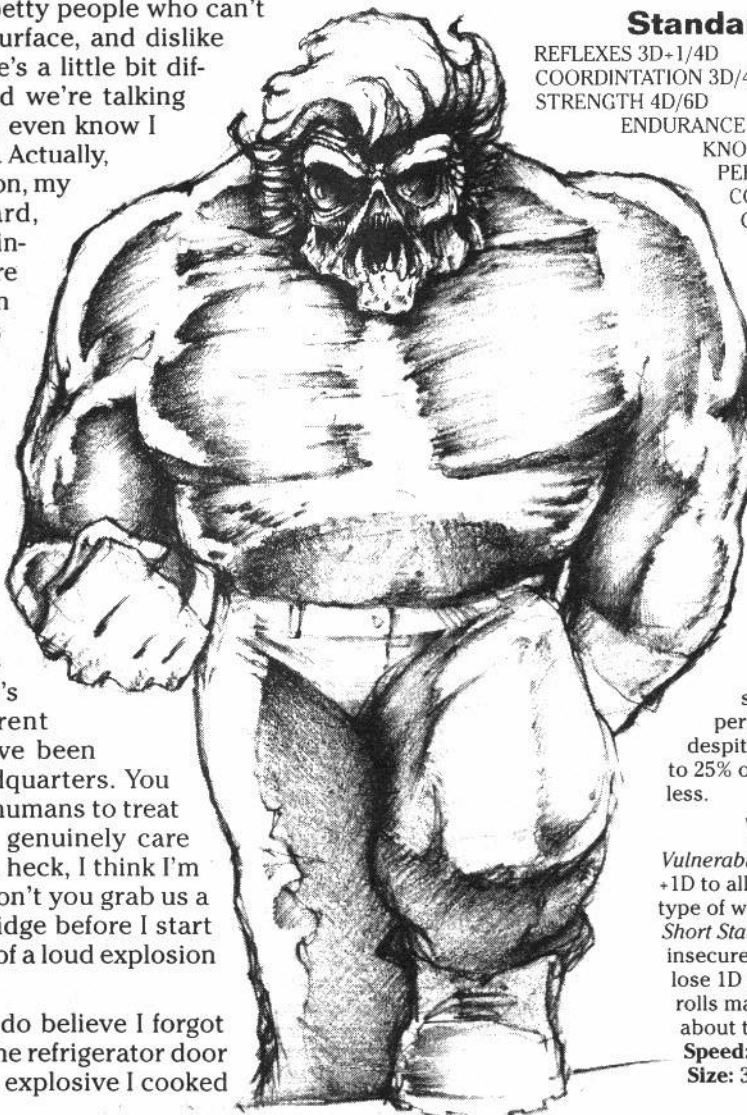
Weaknesses

Vulnerability to Energy Weapons: +1D to all damage rolls with this type of weapon.

Short Stature: Grilbach are very insecure about their height. They lose 1D to all non-physical skill rolls made if someone comments about their height.

Speed: 40/80 ft./rnd.

Size: 3ft. 5in./4ft. 7in. tall



Tom O'Neill

MiB Case File: Strongmen

Compiled By: Agent

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: Boston. Carbon-based life form. Mega-abdominous cervinoid. Class Tau.

But You Can Call Them: Strongmen.

Also Known As: Shorties, freaks, psychos.

Disposition: Motherpecked psychopath.

Hangs Mostly In: Unknown, has gone into hiding.

Often Disguised As: Appears human, doesn't need one.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Not applicable.

They Brought Us: A good deal of angst.

Description: The only Grilbach known to be on Earth is 4'3" in height, and weighed somewhere on the order of 275 pounds when last seen. He is basically built like a mobile block of granite, and often looks like he is about to burst out of his clothing. Although generally humanoid in appearance, Grilbach have an incredibly horrific face surrounded by a huge mane of hair.

Physiological Quirks: Vulnerable to energy weapons.

Profile: Very little of the history of the Grilbach is known.

Grilbach In Disguise: Due to his horrific appearance, Elvis' mother fashioned a mask (made from material in a theatrical makeup kit she owned) for him. The mask was continually being refashioned as he grew, leading to his mother's interest in artwork.

As he grew, Elvis would need special tailoring for most of his clothing. Elvis tends to wear oversized jeans and baggy sweatshirts. He has a ruddy complexion, reddish brown hair, and wore a full bushy beard during his tenure at MiB. (His facial characteristics are all believed to be a part of the mask he wears.)

He also has penetrating violet eyes that seem to look deep into a person's soul. A fairly disturbing trait on first contact. As a result (or perhaps out of a desire to emulate other MiB agents), Elvis had taken to wearing Ray-Ban sunglasses day and night over the past several months.

MiB's Encounters With Grilbach: As far as we know from Brooker himself, Elvis, like his fictional Kryptonian counterpart, crash landed on Earth (in Northern California) as an infant in a one-man (or should we say one-baby) escape pod. He was discovered there by a childless young couple, a modestly successful vacuum cleaner salesman named Claude Brooker and his artist wife Priscilla, who decided to raise the boy as their own despite his freakish appearance, but there the similarities end. Priscilla named the baby after her rock and roll idol, and doted on the boy's every need.

So when he went off to school, a momma's boy and

total nerd wearing mismatched thrift shop clothes, it might be charitable to say that Elvis didn't exactly fit right in. At first, he was physically bullied, until it became obvious despite his small stature that he could beat up boys twice his age. Then he was laughed at, until it became clear that he would endure any punishment, from repeated trips to the principal's office to suspensions from school, to avenge himself on his tormentors in the most painful way possible. Finally, he was simply scorned and ignored, the worst punishment of all for a boy used to being the center of his mother's universe. Even his academic prowess began to turn against him, as the boy antagonized his teachers one by one by arguing with them and pointing out their mistakes in class.

By high school, Elvis' problems had grown. His upward growth had abruptly halted at age ten, leaving him stuck at the diminutive height of 4'3", but his weight steadily rose to over 200 pounds of rock-hard muscle. Elvis even for a time found a safe outlet for his pent-up aggression, winning the state heavyweight wrestling championship two years running. However, dwarflike wrestling champs with enormous egos don't get too many invitations to the Junior Prom. And when a trail of fires set at the homes of some of the most popular students in class pointed to Elvis as the arsonist, he was sent to the juvenile detention center in Inglewood. While there, however, his perfect 1600 SAT scores caught the attention of Harvard University, which was looking to earn itself some favorable publicity by coming to the aid of a less fortunate member of society.

So Elvis came east to Harvard on a full free ride, and flourished there for a short time out of the smothering reach of his mother. Within two years, he was invited to serve as a teaching assistant in the Physics Department, and spent the summer of his sophomore year participating in a prestigious government research project on cold fusion. He even had a girlfriend, a graduate student on the same project named Felicia Simms — but his happiness was short-lived. His mother suddenly moved east to be closer to his son, and took an immediate dislike to the girl who was "coming between them." Elvis and Felicia broke up, and Felicia began dating Elvis' roommate Bernie Rafelson. One night, the two of them suddenly disappeared. Police suspicion centered on Elvis, but nothing was ever proven. The matter became moot, however, when Brooker was arrested and convicted of a much different charge, attempting to sell the findings of the college's top secret research project to agents of the Chinese government.

Here Elvis' story takes its final turn, as the trial brought Elvis to our attention. When MiB research into his background suggested a strong probability that Elvis was an alien life form, the agency pulled some strings and got Elvis transferred into our custody. He worked here among us successfully for nearly a year, until shortly

Grilbach (Gril-bock)



after he received a visit from his mother. Three weeks later, he went completely off the deep end in the incident shown on the videotape, and escaped the facility. He remains at large today, four months later.

Based upon his history, Elvis Brooker must be considered armed and extremely dangerous. It appears he has already killed at least three people, and seems to do so without any feelings of remorse. We believe he has gone underground in some fashion like a 60's radical, as he has the sort of unique appearance that is likely to produce a positive hit on an APB if he is in the vicinity. His mother Priscilla has returned to the trailer park in California, and is being kept under regular surveillance, but Elvis has made no attempt to contact her thus far.

Note: To date, there is no evidence to suggest that Brooker possesses any useful knowledge about his homeworld. The only item of apparent Grilbach origin which he has ever had is a crystalline cube, roughly eighteen inches per side. This item was left behind here by Brooker in his hasty departure from the MiB complex.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Elvis has the potential to be a recurring MiB foe. He is by turns a total psychopath with no compunction about committing any crime, including murder, and an immature lad seeking nothing more than the approval of others. Frighteningly, he can go from one of these moods to the other in a matter of minutes if his delicate balance is unsettled in any way.

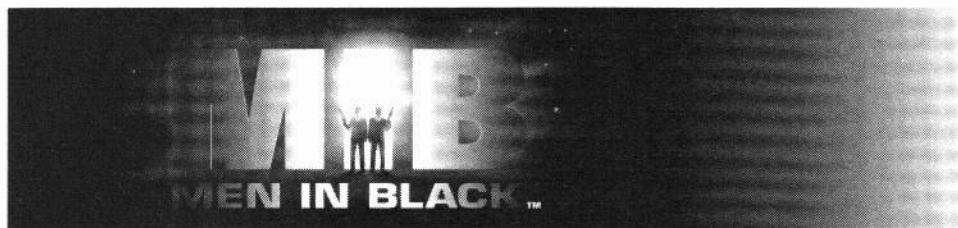
Elvis has both the physical and mental capabilities to challenge the best MiB agent in a game of cat and mouse, and would certainly relish such a contest. As he has grown, the seriousness of his crimes has escalated, and it would seem likely that he may soon graduate to undertaking super-criminal world-domination

schemes (such as threatening to poison a city's water supply, or seeking to steal nuclear warheads or weapons grade plutonium). This is especially true if he should fall into the company of a syndicate boss who would flatter him and make him feel important. Yet, deep down, he is more tormented than evil, and it is not impossible to imagine circumstances in which Elvis' soul could still be redeemed to the side of good (at least for a time), particularly if he remains separated from the memory cube, or can somehow learn or be taught how to access those memories in a comfortable fashion.

Alien Technology:

Grilbachian Memory Cube - This cube stores images from Elvis' home world that are meant to teach Elvis the history of his people. Unfortunately, Elvis has no idea how to instruct the unit how to provide him this information in a manner he understands. In its current passive setting, the cube is programmed to display these memories at random sixty hour intervals (once every two Grilbachian days). Anyone, whether Elvis or human (since our body chemistry is similar enough to a Grilbach), who is experiencing REM sleep at the time the cube is present within a 50 foot radius and active, will experience these memories, which take the form of extremely vivid 3-D dream sequences. The bulk of the images displayed in these dreams focus on the events of a vast war between two Grilbachian factions that appears to have left their planet completely devastated. Anyone experiencing these dreams will awaken from that night's rest feeling tense and edgy, and will be quick to anger for the next 24 hours. Others who know them will be aware that the character is not him/herself, but the latter will deny this strenuously, and remember nothing of the dream itself.





Karnoans
(Kar-noans)

Karnoans (Kar-noans)

How Karnoans View Earth

<Excerpt from chat with MiB agent disguised as a fellow passenger>

I get a great lift from all this train riding. Take yesterday: I spent a whole day chasing around Yorkshire in my ten-year-old Mini, so that I could follow a rail tour using class 33s and 56s from London to Scarborough and back. The poor car hasn't had such a good thrashing for quite a while: it took me just under 2 hours to get back home from Scarborough.

Then there was the D-Tours "Festive Fiasco" rail tour: 31.405 from Victoria to Orpington, Tottenham Corner and London Bridge, then 37.194 to Sutton, the Wall of Death and back to Victoria, for 33.019 on a thrash around South London, making sure we visited Tooting (Power to the People!) and back to Victoria, where the real addicts then had the 4VEPs back to Ashford. Oh, and don't forget the Cheriton Best Bitter and Newcastle Brown Ale!

Next week I fly to America so that I can ride their trains as well. I can't wait! I may even ride the autobus system you have to. What is it called? Greydog?

Standard Karnoan

REFLEXES 2D/3D+2
COORDINATION 2D/4D
STRENGTH 2D+1/4D+2
ENDURANCE 3D/4D+2
KNOWLEDGE 4D/5D+2
PERCEPTION 3D/4D
CONFIDENCE 2D+2/4D
CHARISMA 1D/3D

Common Skills

Climbing, Dodge, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Piloting: Semi, Airplane, Bus, Train, Marksman-ship, Missile Weapons, Running, Alien Technology, Computer Ops, Demolition, Forgery, Navigation, Conceal, Hide, Con, Streetwise, Disguise

Special Skills

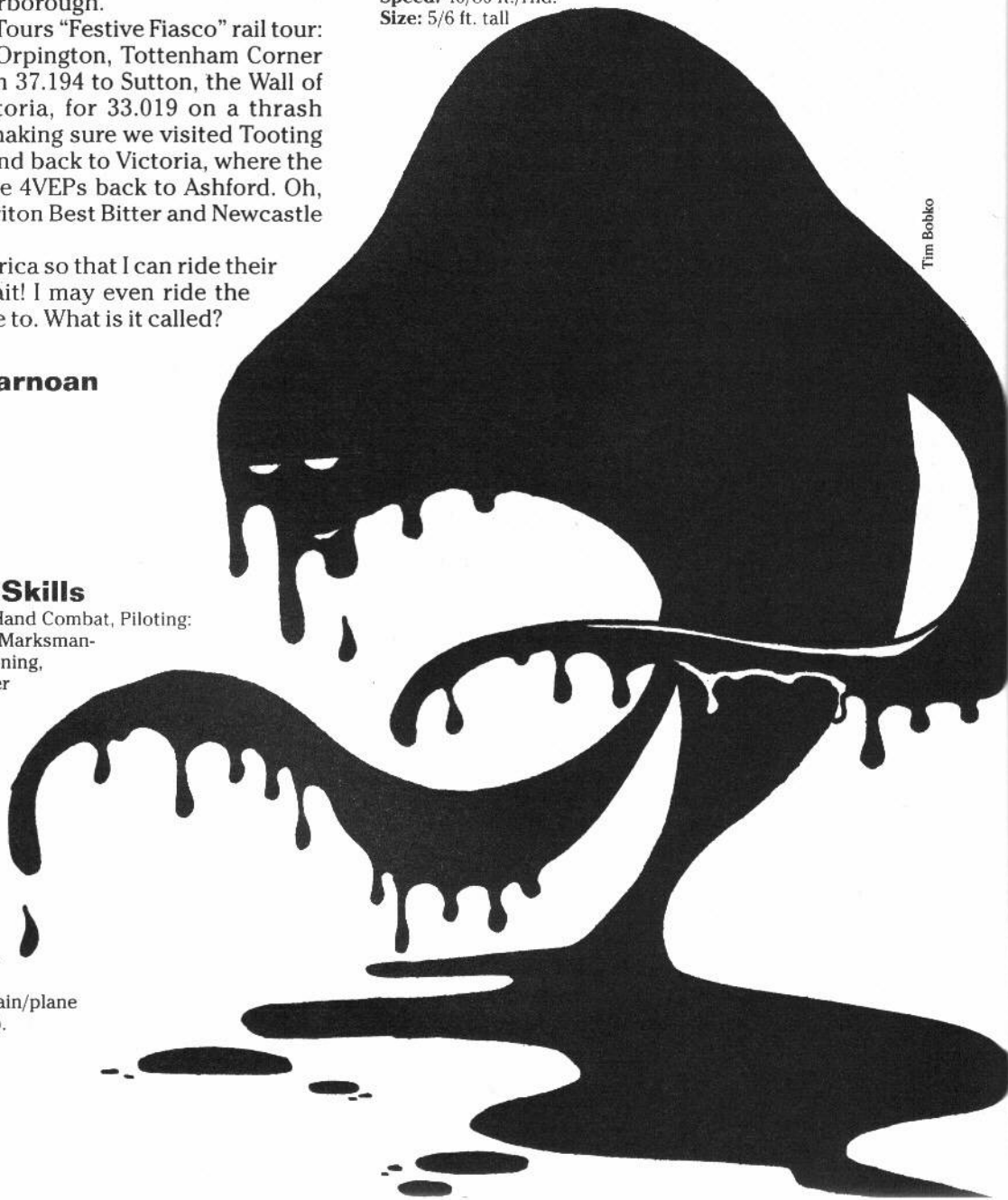
Transportation Sense:
Karnoans have an uncanny intuitive knowledge for any system of transportation. They get a +1D to their *Perception* rolls when trying to find a means of transportation (hailing a taxi, hitchhiking, knowing if a train/plane will be on time or late, etc.).

Weaknesses

Chemical Weakness (pollution): Karnoans cannot breathe in an atmosphere without a high pollution content. They must breathe a sufficient amount of pollution every hour or suffocate. For every hour a Karnoan is exposed to a non-polluted atmosphere, their *Endurance* is reduced by 2 pips. For example, a Karnoan with an *Endurance* of 3D+2 would be able to survive for five and a half hours. If a Karnoan is exposed to pollution again before they die, they will regain their lost *Endurance* by 2 pips for every hour they are exposed.

Speed: 40/80 ft./rnd.

Size: 5/6 ft. tall



Karnoans
(Kar-noans)



MiB Case File: Trainspotters

Compiled By: A

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: Swindon. Petroleum-based life form. Nyctolophic ophidian. Class Psi.

But You Can Call Them: Trainspotters.

Also Known As: Gun runners, Smugglers.

Disposition: Obsessive. Very weak and nervous when not around pollution of some sort. Loves the smell of engine exhaust.

Hangs Mostly In: Railway stations, Truck stops, Airports, Bus depots.

Often Disguised As: Travellers, Mechanics, Truck drivers.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: A Class 55 Deltic diesel locomotive.

They Brought Us: Electrified tracks, bullet trains, diesel truck driving schools.

Description: Karnoans appear as indistinct forms made up of crude oil in their normal forms. Due to the amount of time they spend on other worlds though, they have obtained the ability to become moderately humanoid in shape—most even prefer that form.

Physiological Quirks: Karnoans need pollution to survive. Without it they begin to suffocate and their skins begin to turn a deep blue in color.

Profile: Karnoans come from the ninth planet in the Rigel system, Orionis. The atmosphere of Orionis is mostly carbon-monoxide. Because of this Karnoans have become adept smugglers, as their ships cannot be boarded easily.

Karnoans In Disguise: Karnoans on Earth where average clothing as to not bring attention to themselves, but the amount of time they spend in polluted areas makes this clothing incredibly filthy and carry the smell of diesel and other fumes. They usually have backpacks or suitcases near them to carry their smuggled goods in.

MiB's Encounters With Karnoans: Karnoans were first spotted when one was caught boarding a train in Swindon. The alien was on a mission to sell some Fireball explosives to a group of cephalopods headed for Texas.

Upon being detained the Karnoan tried to bargain for its freedom. First by offering to sell us new technology at reduced prices, then by giving us the same technology as a "gesture of goodwill", and finally by offering us information on the cephalopods.

The Karnoans are one of the most deceitful and tricky alien races we have to deal with. They are renowned throughout seventeen galaxies for their smuggling capabilities. They have only recently begun to bring their smuggling talents to Earth, but we feel that they see this as a great place to ply their trade and will continue to attempt to evade us.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Both a super nerd and an extremely violent and cunning psychopath, don't confuse nerdishness with stupidity. Those who take things on face value get it where it hurts. Karnoans often get their goals accomplished or their enemies eliminated through underestimation.

Karnoans are subversive. Their intelligence and power will not be immediately apparent. In stressful situations they may choose to let themselves get caught, only to be removed from the situation to one of more control for them. They allow their pursuers or enemies to feel that they have the Karnoans in their control, but when they are most certain about their victory, the Karnoans will show them that they are lesser, unimportant beings in the grand scheme of things. They work alone. They like it that way, nothing can slow them down.

Alien Technology: Other than the various weapons they are smuggling, Karnoans are always carrying some type of blaster. They often have electrostatic de-oxygenators set up to keep their homes/compartments filled with carbon monoxide. When caught in an area without any pollution Karnoans have been known to carry flasks of diesel fuel to pour into handkerchiefs, which they breathe through.

Lordaks (lor-Daks)

How Lordaks View Earth

Partial transcript of an interview by Agent G with a Lordak named Dhizra just before Agent G was propositioned.

"The people of your planet are just living in darkness; your culture is just too young, just too primitive for them to be able to see the light. You are just beset with primal urges, and these just pull you away from true spiritual development. On my planet, we have dealt with these urges. We just do not fall prey to the temptations of the primitive mind. I just want to help you out, just show you what it takes to just say to these urges, 'begone!' I just hope that I can help even just a few people to find within themselves the strength to just turn to the light and just say, 'help me.' I can just be that light for them. I just want to do my best to just drive back even some of the dark, primal urges which just hurt your planet.

"I just feel called to lead the people to the light by means of my example."

Partial transcript from the interview of Yamje the Lordak taken by Agent G right before she was propositioned. Agent G quit later that week.

"No, no, let me make this clear. I never expected to become governor. I had no idea what was going on,

you see, my staff, they never told me. I was as surprised as anyone by what happened. Believe, me, I feel your surprise. It troubles me very deeply. But I only want to do the best I can, do the people's business, and help everybody out as much as possible. Everybody needs help, and I think it's up to the government to help them as much as possible. I intend to do as much as I can in that respect.

"Don't let the others in your organization stop the people's work. They call me names, they impugn my character, they say I'm not a human, so I can't be a good governor. Well, maybe I was born of alien genes, but I've never inhaled alien atmosphere. I'm as human as the next guy. So there's no need for you to worry.

"But to answer your question, no, I have no intention of running for President. I promise you that. Trust me."

Standard Lordak

REFLEXES 2D/5D
COORDINATION 2D+1/5D
STRENGTH 3D/4D
ENDURANCE 2D+2/6D
KNOWLEDGE 3D+1/4D
PERCEPTION 3D/4D
CONFIDENCE 4D/7D
CHARISMA 4D+1/7D

Common Skills

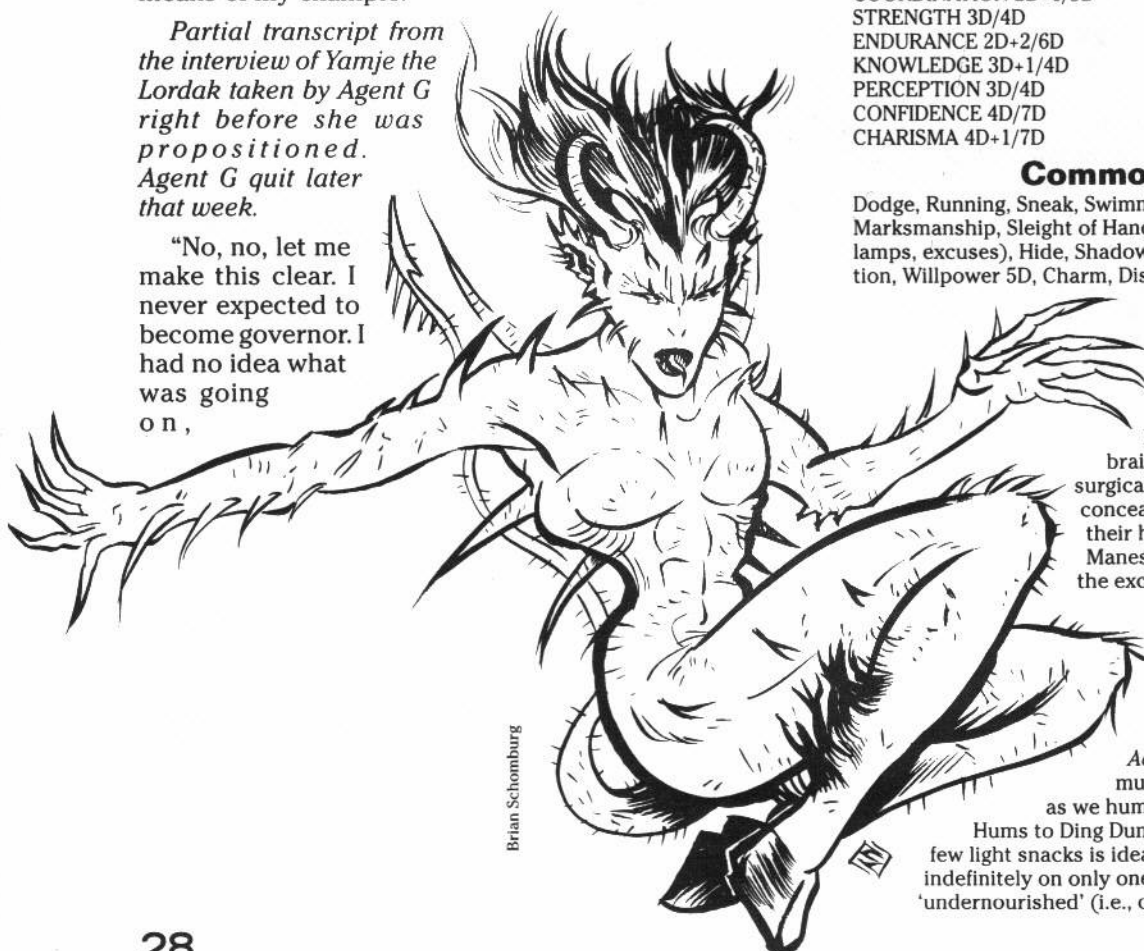
Dodge, Running, Sneak, Swimming, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Marksmanship, Sleight of Hand, Thrown Weapons (books, lamps, excuses), Hide, Shadowing, Forgery, Con, Intimidation, Willpower 5D, Charm, Disguise, Persuasion.

Special Abilities

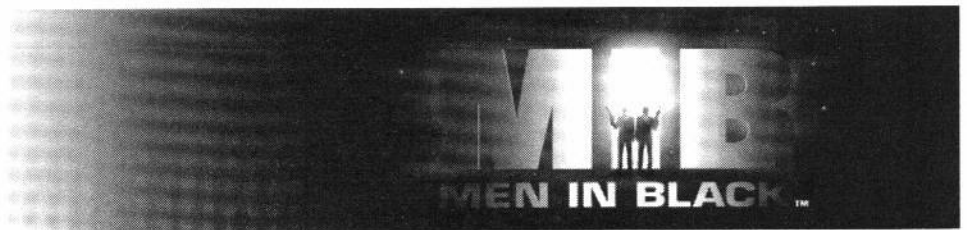
Horns: Manes have large colorful horns growing on their brow, just above the hairline. The roots of these horns go right into their brains, so they cannot be surgically removed for purposes of concealment. Instead, Manes sweep their hair up to cover them. Some Manes clip the tips, but this is by far the exception. Used in a brawl, the Horns inflict STR+1D damage and a nasty wound that swells up like a mosquito bite.

Weaknesses

Addiction (Snack treats): Manes must have snack treats as often as we humans need caffeine. From Ho-Hums to Ding Dums, three boxes a day plus a few light snacks is ideal, although they can get by indefinitely on only one box a day. A Mane who is 'undernourished' (i.e., one box a day at best) is



Lordaks
(lor-Daks)



Personality Conversion

When a Mane undergoes a personality conversion, horns, bones, and barbs sprout all over their body, their features twist, and all their violent instincts kick in. They become a total psychopath, and their attributes change as follows:

REFLEXES +1D
COORDINATION +1D
STRENGTH +2D
ENDURANCE +2D
KNOWLEDGE -2D
PERCEPTION -2D
CONFIDENCE -2D
CHARISMA -4D

Armor: The mane gets a +2 to all endurance rolls because of the new natural armor covering his body.

Phobia: The Mane takes violent action against (a) large plant life like trees, and (b) large objects with a plant-like silhouette like the Space Needle. (Fortunately the Space needle is safe from Converted Manes, because something can't block the sun if it rains all the time.

The Mane also gets an instinctive 2D bonus on the following skills: Acrobatics, Climbing, Dodge, Running, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Demolitions (lumberjack stuff), and Intimidation. The problem is, the Mane's instincts also tell it to use these skills as much as possible on whatever might be blocking out the light at the moment.

cranky, and less energetic, losing 1D-1 to *Charisma* and 1D to all other attributes. Manes who are forced to go without suffer an additional penalty of -2 to *Confidence* and *Charisma* for each day after the first that they don't get any. If either attribute reaches zero, the Mane suffers an immediate Personality Conversion (see sidebar). On the other hand, no matter how depleted and irritable they may be feeling, once they 'feed,' all their energy returns to them immediately, and they can bounce right out of bed and back in front of a camera looking like they just won the lottery and watched their ex's lawyer die in a flaming car crash simultaneously.

Chemical Dependency (Bright Lights): Aside from the obvious benefits in allowing them to pursue their alien method of feeding, being in the limelight provides another great benefit to the Manes: they don't suffer a Personality Conversion (see sidebar). Were it not for this, Manes would be just as happy pursuing their needs in night clubs and parks. Well, actually some do go to nightclubs as, say, piano

players, hoping to schmooze on a heartbroken clientele, but since they hang in dark areas, those Manes must go to tanning salons to avoid the aforementioned conversion. Each day that a Mane goes without a good dose of strong radiation (klieg lights, tanning beds, nuclear tests), add 1D to his Conversion factor (which starts at 0D). At the end of every day, roll dice equal to the Conversion factor, and the Mane's player rolls the character's Endurance. If the Conversion total is twice the Endurance total, the Mane has a conversion.

Speed: 30/60 ft./rnd.

Size: 5ft. 6in./6ft. 8in. tall

MiB Case File: Manes

Compiled By: **CLASSIFIED**

MiB Classification: Hollywood. Aluminum-based life form. Kyphotic anthropoid. Class Eta.

But You Can Call Them: Manes.

Also Known As: Horndogs, Sexpots, Tramps.

Disposition: Cheery, outgoing, popular, hard-working, conniving, vain.

Hangs Mostly In: The Limelight.

Often Disguised As: People of strong moral character.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: More money. More cameras. More gratification.

They Brought Us: Media hype. Beehives and other anti-gravity hairdos.

Description: Spatulate tail, pronounced canine teeth, sharp fingernails, and cloven tongue have no measurable impact, but are readily noticeable if not concealed by the Mane.

Physiological Quirks: May be attracted to television signals the way moths are attracted to the light. Able to pass lie detector tests with ease; this may indicate a deep detachment from reality.

Profile: An alien species of unknown origin very similar to humans, the Manes have been here since before the founding of MiB, though perhaps not much before.

Lordaks In Disguise: They conceal their cranial horns beneath a thick mane of hair, either carefully styled and gelled or else simply swept straight up. Occasionally let their hair down to pose for heavy metal album covers.

MiB's Encounters With Lordaks: The species known as Lordaks received the slang name "Mane" due to their penchant of using extraordinary hairstyles to conceal the short, sharp horns that grow from their forehead just above the hairline.

While the horns are not the only alien feature these creatures possess, they are certainly the most noticeable. Their less-obvious features include a short tail ending in a spatulate tip, pronounced canine teeth of remarkable sharpness, and a cloven tongue.

The overall effect of seeing these creatures without their human disguises is, quite frankly, demonic, if not

diabolical. Research is being conducted into whether or not these creatures may be tied in some way to the appearance of demons and devils popularized in Western art over the last several centuries, or if instead we simply have an unreasonable prejudice against these creatures based both on their casual acquaintance with moral hygiene and an unfortunate similarity to these selfsame illustrations. Whatever the outcome of this research may be, most researchers agree that they have little inclination to be lenient in their judgment of the Manes.

Over the years, we have discovered many other Manes on the planet. Although they have all found their way into the public's eye, most of them pose no particular threat. Nonetheless, if these creatures are actually tied to the tales of devils, the fact that they seem harmless is another piece of evidence that we must be very careful with them, for devils are well-known in myth, folklore, and religion to be dirty tricksters. On the other hand, if they're just coincidentally demonic and actually are harmless, then by being paranoid about them, we could exacerbate the situation and possibly start an interplanetary war which could result in the death of millions and perhaps the wholesale detonation of our planet. In short, as a trainee, when dealing with Manes, you are hereby authorized to deal with them in whatever the hell way you want.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Manes evolved on a particularly ugly planet largely dominated by very fast-growing and aggressive plant life. This plant life would rocket skyward, soak up all the sunlight, and then grow strong prehensile vines and start squishing whatever things were living in the shade between the plants' stalks. Things like Manes and other creatures. The plants evolved this way because generally speaking,

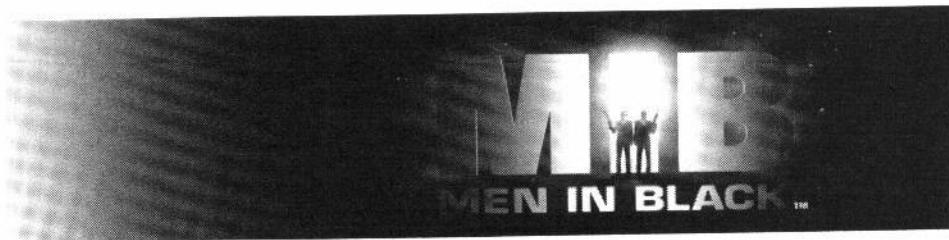
things like Manes ate away at the stalks until the plants fell over. Not good for plant survival. So by having vines that could kill sunlight-jealous creatures, the plants helped ensure their longevity.

This, of course, was not particularly good for Mane survival. So, in reaction, Manes evolved two peculiar defense mechanisms. The first was simple: the Manes would breed with each other all the time, ensuring that their birthrate was always up to a little setback.

The other development was more radical: When the plants grew up and blocked the sunlight (which could happen in as little as twelve standard Centaurian hours), the adult Manes would grow vicious barbs and other natural weapons. These would protect the Manes against the evil vines, and could also be used to speed the chopping down of a pack of plants. Only adults change this way: the kids don't, because once adults have a Personality Conversion, breeding is a lot more difficult, if not occasionally fatal. Better to leave the new generation to the one already under development.

All of this may seem rather unusual to humans. Plants towering skyward in a few hours? Horns and barbs erupting in a matter of minutes? Well, yes. The Mane homeworld was very unstable. If you were going to live, you had to do it fast, now, damn the torpedoes and just say yes. All life on the planet developed fast-acting capabilities to maximize their chances. And now that they've come to master their planet, Manes are still aggressive go-getters. On Earth, we call them workaholics (and other, darker names behind their backs). They think we're slackers.

Alien Technology: They seem to have no need for any. We suspect alien light emitting sources may be used in their homes, though.



Neo-Verminoids (Neo-Ver-min-oids)

How Neo-Verminoids View Earth

Agency Director
MiB Headquarters
New York City
Dear Sir:

Having been duly elected as spokesrodent for those of us in the Los Angeles office, I am writing you on behalf of myself and the others of my species who work here. We may be the new rodents on the block, but we feel we have proven ourselves in the field and sewers time and again, and we feel that it is well past time that we were recognized and respected as the hard-working rats we are. To this end, we have the following grievances that need to be rectified immediately; we would like to see the MiB charter amended to include the following:

1) No more James Cagney imitations. We are clean creatures.

2) The expletive "rats" shall no longer be used, as we find it offensive. It also disrupts our work flow, as we all invariably respond. We suggest "darn," unless that would offend the sensitivities of the multiply-helixed Stringoids.

3) No more lawyer jokes; we find that being portrayed as only marginally better than them is greatly offensive. (I hope you're not a lawyer.)

4) We have heard a few scientists discussing the position of "lab rats," although they cease such discussions immediately when any of us are near. Several of our number have expressed great interest in becoming lab rats and working in the scientific and research fields. We must insist that positions be opened for members of our species to aid the scientists in testing new inventions. We would be willing workers,

and look forward to the longevity such a non-dangerous position would offer.

5) When we are to be carried in agents' pockets, such pockets must be equipped with bay windows and air conditioning.

6) Video Game machines must be equipped with miniaturized controls. Either that or give us bigger hands. (But that might blow our cover.)

7) Umm, There was a number seven?

(Note: 8 and 9 intentionally left out!)

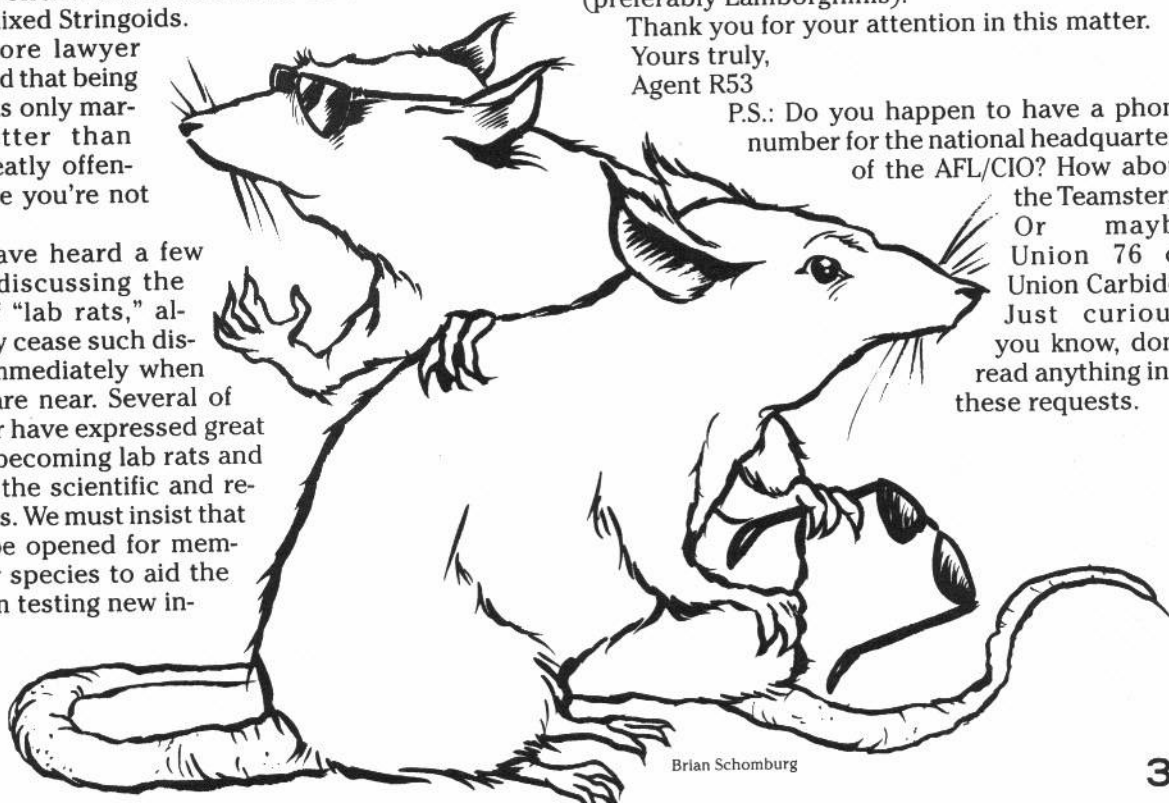
10) We must to be genetically engineered to be sexually functional. Everybody else can reproduce, why can't we? And make us well equipped. Retroactively if at all possible. We need to discover what "breeding like rats" is all about, and you can't deny us our opportunity for self-exploration, self-actualization, and self-fulfillment.

Once these grievances are rectified, we can discuss matters as equal pay for equal work, paternity leave, maternity leave, hazard pay, generous wages, mandatory sick leave in Hawaii, an injunction against felinoid species inside any official building, and company cars (preferably Lamborghinis).

Thank you for your attention in this matter.

Yours truly,
Agent R53

P.S.: Do you happen to have a phone number for the national headquarters of the AFL/CIO? How about the Teamsters? Or maybe Union 76 or Union Carbide? Just curious, you know, don't read anything into these requests.



Standard Neo-Verminoid

REFLEXES 2D+1/4D+2
COORDINATION 3D/4D
STRENGTH 1D/2D
ENDURANCE 2D+2/4D
KNOWLEDGE 2D+2/3D+1
PERCEPTION 2D+1/3D+2
CONFIDENCE 2D/4D
CHARISMA 1D+2/3D

Common Skills

Dodge, Running, Stealth, Swimming, Lock Picking, Computer Ops (video games), Demolitions, Hide, Sneak, Surveillance, Shadowing, Con, Persuasion, Marksmanship (Noisy Cricket), Climbing

Special Abilities

Natural Weapon: Vicious big nasty teeth, damage STR+1D.
Physical advantage: Can fit through holes as small as a quarter, and can easily fit through pipes no wider than a fifty-cent piece.

Weaknesses

Psychosis: Want to be human. In any way possible.
Physical disability: Neuter gender.
Mental disability: Occasional lapses of memory. Once per scene, the Director must make a Moderate(13) Knowledge roll. If the rat fails, he temporarily loses an important piece of information or training.
Speed: 20/40 ft./rnd.
Size: 18/24 in. long

MiB Case File: RiB

Compiled By: Agent

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: New York City. Artificial Carbon-based life form. Intelligent murid quadruped. Class Epsilon.

But You Can Call Them: RiB.

Also Known As: Rats, vermin, equipment, lawyers.

Disposition: Hard-working and excitable, though occasionally cranky and contrary.

Hangs Mostly In: MiB Headquarters. MiB Agents' pockets, sewers, and fine restaurants.

Often Disguised As: Ferrets (the lawyer disguise didn't pan out).

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Equal rats amendment.

They Brought Us: Extra eyes, ears, and workers, but perhaps more lawyer jokes than anything.

Description: Small, black, and furry. (They look like rats, o.k.!)

Physiological Quirks: Can fit through a hole the size of a quarter. Love to fire the Noisy Cricket. Complete lack of self-consciousness when it comes to sanitary habits. (Expect to be cleaning up a lot, and don't watch them while eating.)

Profile: Genetically engineered with the help of Skulk, the RiB have proven to be a valuable addition to the force and have made themselves all but indispensable over the last few years. While appearing as a normal

Norwegian rat, they are endowed with intelligence almost equal to that of a human. They, in fact, claim to be intellectually superior. (But don't we all?)

RiB In Disguise: They RiB usually wear sunglasses and suits when they are in disguise.

MiB's Encounters With RiB:

Memo: To all MiB agents

Re: RiB

Originally called Neo-Verminoids, the RiB are a genetically engineered species. They are common Norwegian rats that have been altered for greater intelligence, as well as an improved ability to manipulate items through true opposable thumbs. While their diminutive size precludes them from using most standard-issue equipment, they are well suited to firing the Noisy Cricket, rolling grenades into position, or directly activating high-explosive devices. Unfortunately, they do not seem to have the temperament to defuse bombs. We are unsure as to the reason for this incapacity, as forensic evidence in these cases has been scant at best.

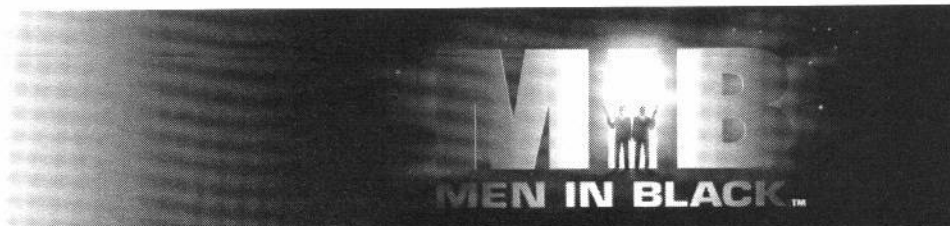
The official status of the Rats within the organization is that of "equipment." Agents who have any difficulty with this are reminded that our computer system is also sentient, and that the heavy weapons we confiscated from the Marnorians are biological in nature and have a rudimentary self-awareness. Just as it is with the computer, the RiB would not exist without our help, and only continue to exist at our sufferance. Granted, we have given the Marnorian weapons a heated armory with a view of the gallery, but we intend to provide the Rats with similar accommodations shortly.

The RiB were designed to be biological remotes, filling the role of small robotic devices when the environment requires independent intelligent activity, or the situation prevents the use of direct-control accessories. In these situations, the RiB have proven to be invaluable. They were able to infiltrate the lair of Big Lulu, whose hearing in the upper frequencies was so acute that she could have heard the electric motors controlling the motion of the joints of our robotic probes. The Rats were also able, with more than a little instruction, to disable the overload of the photonic reactor in the Arquillian laboratory, wherein the electromagnetic fields were so strong that ordinary cybernetic accessories could not function.

The Rats are produced as needed by the so-called Rat-O-Matic, located next to the armory. Only one Rat may be issued to an Agent at a time without express written permission from a senior staff member. Agents are encouraged not to become emotionally attached to a Rat, as such an attachment will interfere with the Agent's perception of the Rat as a disposable resource.

Rats should be kept in an interior zippered pocket until use. Please do not engage the Rat in conversation beyond that necessary for the immediate completion

Neo-Verminoids (Neo-Ver-min-oids)



of the task at hand. The Rats have been genetically engineered not to feel discomfort, so any complaints about their living quarters may be dismissed as an attempt to imitate the conversational patterns of many of the humans they encounter.

Whatever you do, do not agree with a Rat.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Frustrated at being given dangerous jobs for nominal pay, the RiB are occasionally temperamental about the workplace. They are threatening to unionize. Fortunately, it's easy to buy their wavering loyalty back with a bit of gourmet cheese or chocolate.

The agency has had to struggle to wedge the human-level intelligence into a brain the size of, well, a rat's. This difficulty has largely been overcome by a compact and efficient neural system (designed by Skulk), as well as by a set of hyperactive neurochemical glands which force the RiB to use approximately 97% of their brain mass (unlike us feeble humans who only use 10%, and that largely squandered watching sitcoms). Unfortunately, while the problems were *largely* overcome, they were not *entirely* overcome. In short, the agency had to cut a few corners to make everything fit. Nothing important, we can assure you. Nothing at all.

Well, okay, maybe a little bit. There are a few loose ends in the Rats' skulls. See, a few of the connections in the cerebral cortex of the RiB seems to lead to black holes or pits or dead ends; places where, when thoughts or memories are shoved there for later use, they don't ever come back out when you need them. This gives the RiB occasional difficulties with orders. Sometimes it's

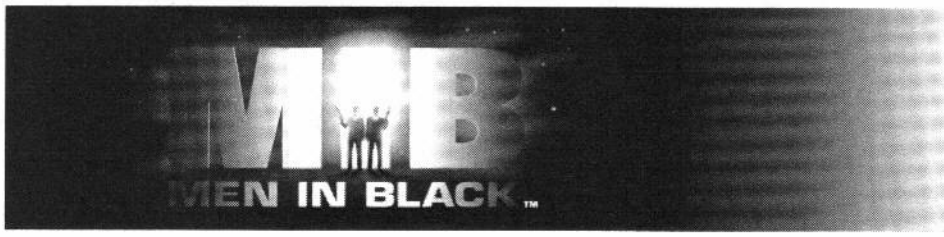
their short-term memories that go blank ("What was I supposed to do here?"), while at other times it's the long-term memory ("Training? We went through basic training?"). These missing memories are mercifully rare. If they weren't, the agency would be serving hot dogs with a little more rat meat than usual and cannibalizing the Rat-O-Matic for spare parts for the espresso machine.

The RiB also have incredible physical resilience, which is a good thing considering that they get sent on dangerous missions and have an irritating tendency towards messing up when their memory fails them. Since they are short-lived creatures, they often take advantage of their durability by experiencing as many wild and crazy things as they can, like firing the Noisy Cricket on full auto.

There's another little quirk the RiB have: they want to be human. See, when Skulk designed the neural connections for the RiB, he used a human brain for a model. After all, he wasn't going to enslave an alien-style brain in the body of a vermin on a planet overrun by humans. No, far better for him to drop a human-style intellect in the Rats' skulls. No one would shed a tear for a human intellect being so abused. Nobody wants those human intellects anyway; they're just vectors for that contagious primitive human-style thought. Ecch.

Alien Technology: The RiB do not carry any technology, although they do know how to use *most* of the standard MiB equipment. (We *really* wouldn't want them to get their hands on a Korlian XT-17.)





Phingdrinbrallions
(fing-Drin-bralyons)

Phingdrinbrallions (fing-Drin-bralyons)

How Phingdrinbrallions View Earth

From MiB File Cassette 765-P78, a videotape that begins with the prologue of a half hour cable TV infomercial called "The Whole Life Program — An Rx for Humanity's Health".

"Hi, folks, I'm Bob Sayers, a typical American. For years, my family and I lived the American dream with a nice 4-bedroom house in a modern subdivision, a pair of late model luxury cars, and a 401K plan setting aside money for retirement and our kids' college education. I was also overworked, stressed out, and barely surviving on a terrible diet of processed foods, inadequate sleep, and almost no exercise. And one day I woke up, and realized that our American dream had become an American nightmare. So Kathy, my wife, and I decided to break free of that downward spiral, and took back control of our lives, our bodies, and our good health. And you can, too!!

"Look around you now, as you watch this from your comfortable homes. On the surface, maybe you think your own life is happy enough. But stop for a moment and take a good, honest look. Look in the mirror, and decide how happy you are about that excess weight you're carrying around. Look outside your window, and decide how happy you are that the air in your community is choked with toxic fumes and that your water supply is becoming unsafe to drink. Look at your lifestyle, and decide how happy you are that you need a pack of cigarettes and a three martini lunch just to make it through the day. And if you're not as happy as you first thought you were, perhaps you'll think about enlisting in our Whole Life Program.

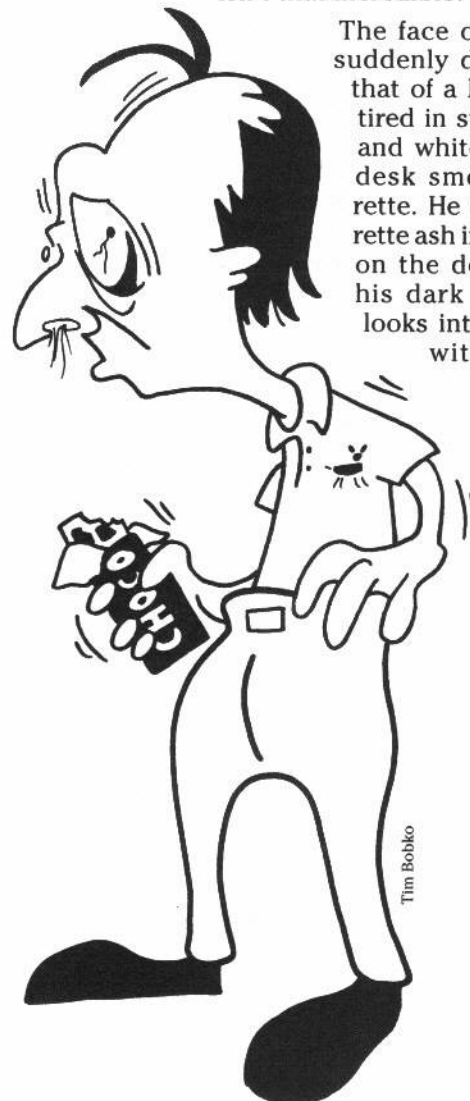
"Before we start laying out the details of our program, you should understand that the Whole Life plan is not a quick fix or a miracle cure. It is a comprehensive long term program that includes a nourishing diet, a rigorous exercise regimen, and a series of tapes that will train your mind to reduce stress and visualize a healthier you. And as you progress toward personal health and well-being, the Whole Life Program will also teach you how to live more compatibly with your environment, so that you can help to make this a better world for our children as well.

"Over here in our studio, gathered around this din-

ner table, are just a few of the thousands of folks who've already started on their journey to good health. Dick, Sally, Ray, and Cynthia are all enjoying a delicious soufflé made from goat cheese and lentils, along with a fresh salad of organically grown vegetables, and a loaf of seventeen grain cracked nut bread. They'll wash it all down with a glass of our patented Whole Life Elixir, an energy drink with a light, fruity aroma that will keep supplying your body with electrolytes as you burn them for up to eight hours. It's all so tasty. Yet it's only 750 calories and will keep you as regular as a stopwatch.

Isn't that incredible?"

The face of Bob Sayers suddenly dissolves into that of a MiB agent, attired in standard black and white, sitting at a desk smoking a cigarette. He taps his cigarette ash into an ashtray on the desk, removes his dark glasses, and looks into the camera with somewhat bleary eyes.



Phingdrinbrallions (fing-Drin-bralyons)



"This is Agent T speaking. By now I'm sure some of you are wondering why we aren't showing you something more entertaining from this genre, like Gary Coleman giving a testimonial for the Psychic Friends Network. Then again, the brighter lights among you have probably figured out that our friend Bob here is an alien. And indeed he is, a member of a race called the, er, Phingbring, Phogdrink, Phingdrinbrallions. Ah, hell, most guys here in the office just call 'em the PDB's. Which stands for Pretty Damn Boring, if ya ask me."

Standard Phingdrinbrallion

REFLEXES 3D+2/4D+2
COORDINATION 3D+2/4D+2
STRENGTH 3D/4D
ENDURANCE 3D+2/4D+2
KNOWLEDGE 3D/4D
PERCEPTION 3D+2/4D+1
CONFIDENCE 2D+2/4D
CHARISMA 2D+2/3D+1

Common Skills

Dodge, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Running, Swimming, Alien Technology, Computer Ops, Linguistics, Navigation, Scholar: (various), Business, Con, Survival: (Earth), Charm, Disguise, Persuasion

Weaknesses

Chocolate Addiction: All PDBs suffer a -2D to all *Knowledge* & *Perceptin* rolls when given chocolate. If given to them on a regular basis, they are highly susceptible to suggestion.
Lack of Skills: Because they devote so much time to their physical well being, starting PDB characters receive three less dice to allocate to skills than normal. Any survivors of the original landing (and there are still a significant number, given their fanaticism about health and their general tendency to be long-lived, with an average life span of 90-120 years) will have more *scholar* skills, while younger descendants of the original colony group have a wider choice of skills, and are likely to have some *Reflexes* or *Coordination* based talents as well.
Speed: 30/60 ft./rnd.
Size: 5/6 ft. tall

MiB Case File: PDBs

Compiled By: Agent T

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: Austin. Carbon-based life form. Sternutative bipedal anthropoid. Class Kappa.

But You Can Call Them: PDBs.

Also Known As: Health Hucksters, Quacks, Psychic Friends.

Disposition: Nonviolent demeanor. Suave fast-talkers who will try to hide and avoid trouble.

Hangs Mostly In: Spas and Health Food Stores, a few tend to congregate around Battle Creek, MI.

Often Disguised As: Salesmen or health fanatics.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: The ORIGINAL secret formula for Coca-Cola.

They Brought Us: Assorted health foods and diets, all of which are very healthy and equally unpalatable.

Description: The PDBs are virtually identical to hu-

mans in height and weight, though they tend to be wiry or compactly built. All PDBs have an extremely pale, often pasty-white, complexion. They are extremely susceptible to sunburn, hence their preference for pre-daylight runs, their avoidance of the beach (except on overcast days), and their tendency to be slathered in SPF-35 when engaging in a simple activity like cutting the grass.

The PDB also have two other unique characteristics which are more difficult to detect, but even more indicative of their true nature if found. Most PDB have incredibly thick nose-hair (as their bodies have attempted to erect a first line of defense against the toxins they breathe in each day), and have to clip it once or twice a week. Finally, almost all purebred PDB have a vestigial third eye in the back of their head which they have allowed their hair to cover over since arriving on Earth.

Physiological Quirks: Sensitive to unhealthy conditions. Chocolate is physically addictive.

Profile: Refugees of an alien race whose homeworld was made uninhabitable by a wayward asteroid.

PDBs In Disguise: PDBs look human (unnaturally healthy, but still human), so they usually can wear average clothing and pass for normal humans.

MiB's Encounters With PDBs: Near as we can tell from the PDBs we've brought in, about a thousand of them crash landed in western Minnesota in [CLASSIFIED] on one of twelve colony ships that were dispatched to this quadrant of the galaxy over a hundred years ago to investigate possible inhabitable planets. Their own world was dying, heating up to intolerable levels as the result of a huge asteroid that struck the planet, knocking it out of its regular orbit and burning off half the ozone layer in the process. They and the other colony probes were packed off to this sector in the PDB's first prototype FTL craft, which they call the "mother ship" and then dispersed to their targets.

The colonists who arrived here decided that, although Earth was a little sunnier than they were used to, it could be a suitable refuge if only the native population wasn't so hell bent on poisoning it with pollution. Their bodily systems are far more fragile than ours, and they have a lower tolerance for many things humans have developed immunities for over the centuries. In fact, if they weren't so good at concocting herbal cures for every new thing that ails them, they would all have died by now.

Smoke will stop a PDB right in their tracks and set them off on a coughing fit that'll sound like it's going to kill them. Although this is not really such a surprise when you know how sensitive they are to pollution, chemical fumes, and everything else. Hell, they'd have the whole world go back to the horse and carriage if they could.

To a PDB chocolate is like a drug. It makes them as whacked out as a ghetto crackhead. Give them regular doses for a couple of days, and they're completely hooked. They'll tell you whatever you want to know, turn in their own mother, anything.

So they've assimilated themselves into regular society, mostly still living in and around the upper Midwest. Keeping busy trying to convince us to change our ways. That, and trying to contact the mother ship. You'll see them out there around dawn, jogging around wearing their little headphone antennae, beaming their distress signal out into space. But none of them have heard word one from that ship since [CLASSIFIED].

What to Expect in an Encounter: Despite Agent T's dismissive view of the capabilities of the Phingdrinbrallions (and nobody will be appointing him a member of any Ambassadorial team anytime soon), the PDBs are far from a harmless threat to our normal way of life. MiB agents maintain a watch on the activities of Whole Life, Ltd., the PDB manufacturing arm. Anybody who can develop so many ingenious cures could also decide to turn their attentions on manufacturing a drug that could make humans susceptible to suggestion, or even their mindless slaves.

Even more importantly, the PDB's efforts to contact the mother ship must be constantly monitored using our satellite network. Recently, there have been disturbing rumors emanating from the University of Minnesota that a group of PDBs in the Astronomy Department have been retrofitting a telescope to emit a high powered version of the normal distress signal. Agents should

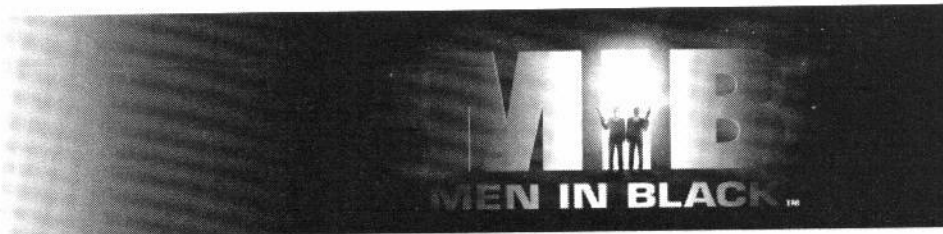
keep an eye on their in-boxes for further circulars regarding this rumor.

Alien Technology: The PDB scientists have been able to synthesize antidotes, vitamin supplements, and elixirs out of the herbs and plants that grow wild in nature, which when ingested regularly make life here tolerable. As their numbers have grown here on Earth, it was no longer possible to "home brew" these remedies on the kitchen stove, and a group of PDBs led by Ed Sayers (Bob's father) began to produce them commercially, under the Whole Life label. The other item of special equipment the PDB possess are the communication transmitters they have to send subspace transmissions to the mother ship.

Whole Life Elixir: Although a foul smelling and worse tasting brew (Difficult *Endurance* roll needed to drink), it has been proven to work. Drinking the elixir heals 2D6 body points and on a Moderate to Difficult *Endurance* roll it cures diseases as well (difficulty depends on type of disease).

PDB Transmitter: This apparatus looks similar to a Walkman with a slightly larger power pack, and a second band that extends across the front of the face like the faceguard of a football helmet and contains a powerful miniature transmitter. Each of the 1,000 original colonists had one of these units which have been passed down through the generations to the present day (barely half of them are currently functional, however, and the elements involved in its construction of its power source do not appear to be present on Earth, so that they cannot be repaired, and more cannot be made).





Pleticahs (Plet-i-kahs)

How Pleticahs View Earth

Sample Letters from a Pleticah to the MiB:

Deer Min in Blak:

I dont have a name. That I no of. You can call me watt you want. To. I am not a illegal alyen, because I hav bin heer all my life. I was born heer. So I am a citizin or so it says write heer in this newspaper only I cant read it so good cuz its falling apart and I wan 2 eat it. Yummm.

I dont hav a job and I dont want one neither. I do not wan 2 see the grate sightes of the planet cuz they all smell like yucky difinsectant and it hertz me to smell that stuff and it makes my eyes water an evrything it smells so bad. An they dont ever hav anything 2 eat there becuz of all the difinsectant.

I just wan 2 be left alone. Go away so I dont hav 2 right any more stoopid lettrs.

Yrs very truly

[No name signed]

Deer Min in Blak:

Im sorry I scard yr guy who came 2 ask me questchuns about residence and stuf, but I was eating and he came up and botherd me and he smelld like butter 2. I was thinkin of food on account of I was eating and I thot he was gonna eat me cuz he smelled that way. He left some stuff. You can hav the metal stuff, but I kind of like the leather briefcase and I wood like 2 hav it for a nice dinner.

Yrs very truly

[No name signed]

Dear Men in Black:

You get your nose clean out of my business! I have no residence, don't want one, and in fact, I want nothing at all to do with your self-proclaimed culture! My desires are simple: leave me alone, and let me indulge my culi-

nary tastes in the places of this planet where your less-advanced race avoids. If this is a problem for you, I can make you rue the day you ever got involved with harassing me. Let me tell you, I can make an audit by the Hereditary Bureaucratic Invertebrates of Betelgeuse seem like a swim down the sewer in comparison!

Furthermore, you had no right to let Skulk know I was here! I demand that you deport him immediately, and that any further dealings with me — of which I sincerely hope for both our sakes that there are none — be done exclusively by humans.

I trust I have made myself clear on these matters.

[No name signed]

P.S.: You'd better not let Skulk read this, or you're in major trouble.

Deer Min in Blak:

Im sorry please for the tone and angry wrds of my last lettr. I usually dont have that much of a timper but I was just in a bad moode last nite on accout of having my dinnr intrupted agin by one of yr guys. You can please ignore the last lettr and thro it away an stuff. Thank you very kindly.

Yrs very truly

[No name signed]

Standard Pleticah

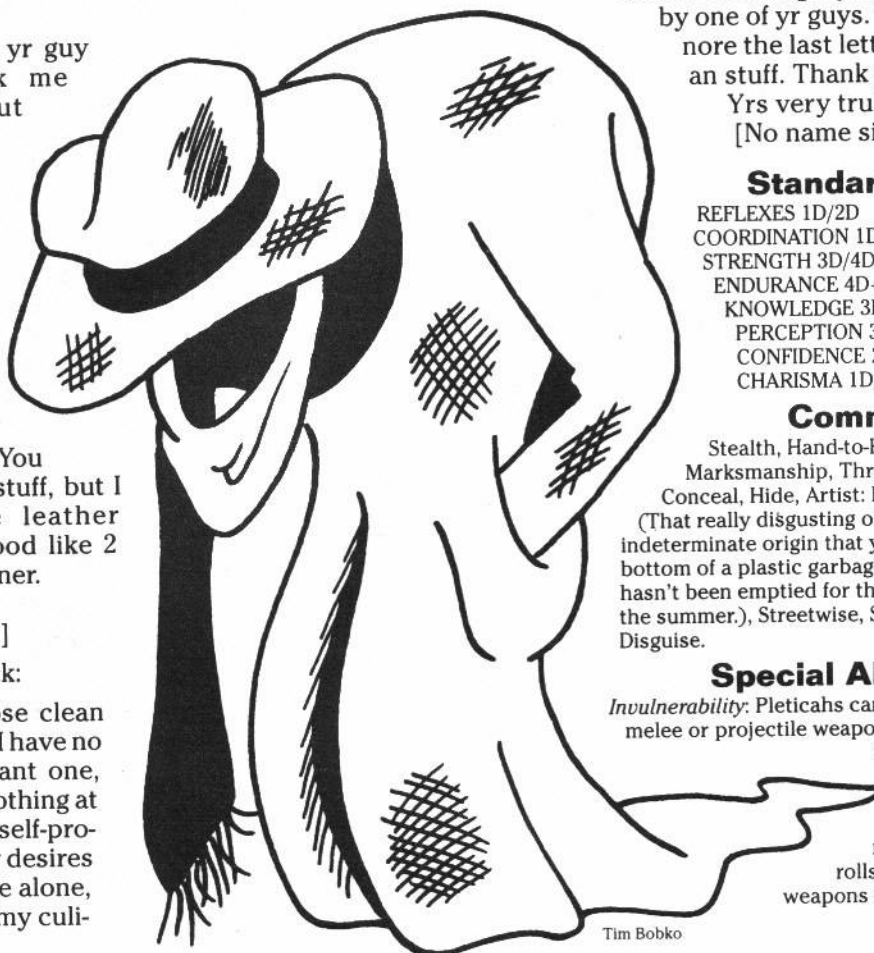
REFLEXES 1D/2D
COORDINATION 1D/2D+1
STRENGTH 3D/4D+1
ENDURANCE 4D+1/6D
KNOWLEDGE 3D+1/4D+2
PERCEPTION 3D+2/4D+1
CONFIDENCE 2D/3D
CHARISMA 1D/2D

Common Skills

Stealth, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Marksmanship, Thrown Weapons, Conceal, Hide, Artist: Pottery, Scholar: (That really disgusting organic stuff of indeterminate origin that you can find at the bottom of a plastic garbage can when it hasn't been emptied for three weeks during the summer.), Streetwise, Survival: Urban, Disguise.

Special Abilities

Invulnerability: Pleticahs cannot be killed with melee or projectile weapons. However, each three points of damage inflicted by a melee weapon reduce all their skill rolls by -1. Projectile weapons do not produce this



Tim Bobko

effect; the holes aren't big enough to worry about (unless they get hit square in the chest by the Missouri's 18" guns).
Contagion: A Pleticah's touch can give a total-body fungal infection, much like athlete's foot. Unless the person touched takes a disinfectant bath within 1D hours, the fungal infection will take hold, reducing all of the victim's skills by 1D (cumulative) per day due to abominable and unceasing itching for 2D days. All skills regain 1D for every 12 hours after a disinfectant bath is taken.
Speed: 6/12 ft./rnd.
Size: 6ft.4in./7ft. long

MiB Case File: Shamblers

Compiled By: **CLASSIFIED**

MiB Classification: Dallas. Silicon-based life form. Ambulatory Fungoid. Class Mu.

But You Can Call Them: Shamblers.

Also Known As: Interstellar refuse.

Disposition: Reclusive, surly, and very unclean.

Hangs Mostly In: Smelly alleys, dumpsters, land fills, and cheap restaurants.

Often Disguised As: Street people, hoboes, garbage men.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: That really disgusting organic stuff of indeterminate origin that you can find at the bottom of a plastic garbage can when it hasn't been emptied for three weeks during the summer. Gargoyle sunglasses.

They Brought Us: Chia pets.

Description: Pleticahs appear to be large piles of foul smelling trash. That is until one moves. Although they move very slowly, they have managed to appear on almost every inhabited world in the galaxy.

Physiological Quirks: Phobias of butter and bleu cheese dressing. Feel free to use these weapons when necessary to bring them under control. In case of emergency, use electric, flame, or plasma-based weapons.

Profile: Pleticahs originated on the third planet orbiting the star humans know as Regulus. Running low on food stuff on their world, they travelled aboard freighters to other worlds. There they found enormous amounts of food stuffs, especially on Earth. Their food stuff is the equivalent of our garbage.

Pleticahs In Disguise: The appearance of Pleticahs as slightly hunched and shuffling beings goes relatively unnoticed on Earth. Much like the normal human street person, Pleticahs are ignored by the populace at large. Lately, the Pleticahs have taken to wearing large hats and long scarves to cover their physical form to anyone who comes too close.

MiB's Encounters With Pleticahs: Although they do their best to maintain the facade of low intelligence, Pleticahs are obviously creatures of advanced intelligence, as evidenced by the sudden remarkable switch to excellent grammar and spelling in the third letter (see above). However, it's also obvious that their temper can get the better of their judgment, as is also evidenced by the sudden remarkable switch to excellent grammar and spelling in the third letter. They do not appear to have a particularly high opinion of our intellect. The attempt to cover up for the grammar change in the third letter is evidence of this.

The manifestation of anger shown in the third letter may be a cause for some concern. If angered, Pleticahs may cause a problem for their safety or the safety and/or security of the human populace. Most of the time, however, Pleticahs are well behaved, if antisocial. Skulk would not comment on the Pleticah's dislike for him.

A Pleticah's skin looks much like an old, dirty, greasy trench coat. The only thing that gives it away is that it doesn't shift and move like an actual piece of clothing. Pleticahs help to conceal this by wearing old scarves, gloves, a big floppy stained knit hat, and other accessories to hide his skin somewhat. It also helps that no one particularly wants to talk to a hulking, shambling, smelly, and greasy street person. Even other street persons give a Pleticah a wide berth.

Even given their somewhat hostile disposition and the fact that they conceal their true level of intelligence, we have as yet no evidence that Pleticahs are anything other than what they appears to be: a stinky scum-eating slime-mold.

No offense intended.

What to Expect in an Encounter: It appears that the Pleticahs have been on Earth for centuries. They are very much at home here, and can make their way around any major metropolis without attracting any attention. They appear to have no more aspiration than any terrestrial mold; they seem to be perfectly content hanging around in areas we'd rather not, and they have refreshingly few ambitions of blowing up the Earth.

Pleticahs dislike strong light. While they are largely non-threatening, don't shake their hand or give them a pat on the back unless you have a can of industrial-strength fungicide handy. The last time someone forgot this rule, he ended up with a case of total-body athlete's foot.

Alien Technology: They apparently have no need for any.



Remilians (Rem-il-ians)

How Remilians View Earth

Partial transcript of an interview by an undercover MiB agent and a Remilian posing as an U.N. ambassador.

I was sent by a distant colony to work independently on Earth to create chaos and anarchy. It was thought that an alien like myself, which appeared totally unrelated in its aims to the other aliens, would confuse the MiB and possibly divert attention away from the other aliens activities and our true aims. Having banded together with like-minded aliens possessing sympathetic goals, like draining your water supply and resources (What hole in the ozone? Can you see it? Na, that's just what our aliens disguised as scientists are telling ya. Pshh! You guys are so gullible. Global warming?? Can the universe expand!).

Yes, I have entered the annals of Earth history. Not so hard considering what baffooning has been going on around this place.

Custer's Last Stand, the Battle of Little-Big Horn, the Battle of Waterloo, the Arab-Isreali conflict: what incompetence. I even gave [CLASSIFIED] a few hints. If it wasn't for ol' [CLASSIFIED], [CLASSIFIED], and the [CLASSIFIED], I would have said that your humankind didn't have a chance. Oh and I really like the Spice Girls (especially Scary Spice, the one with the pierced tongue), but rumor has it that they are possibly visitors from beyond the Earthly biosphere. But who really cares?

Standard Remilian

REFLEXES 2D+2/3D
COORDINATION 3D/4D+1
STRENGTH 2D/4D
ENDURANCE 2D/4D
KNOWLEDGE 4D+1/7D
PERCEPTION 4D+2/7D
CONFIDENCE 5D/7D
CHARISMA 4D/7D

Common Skills

Dodge, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Marksmanship, Ignore Pain, Alien Technology, Computer Ops, Forgery, Linguistics, Scholar: (various), Business, Conceal, Hide, Language: (various), Security, Shadowing, Surveillance, Tracking, Con, Interrogation, Intimidation, Willpower, Charm, Persuasion

Special Abilities

Body Odor. The Remilians, when cornered, can emit a powerful nauseous gas from their pores that causes those within 10ft. to choke violently for 1D minutes unless a Difficult *Endurance* roll is made.

Special Skills

Master manipulators: The Remilians get a +2 to all combat rolls if opponent can hear them talking while they are fighting.
Speed: 30/60 ft./rnd.
Size: 7/9 ft. tall

MiB Case File: The Writers

Compiled By: [REDACTED]

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: Austin. Cyrillium-based life form. Polymorphic ichthyopod. Class Chi.

But You Can Call Them: The Writers.

Also Known As: Instigators, Appropriators, Schemers.

Disposition: Hostile, cunning, contemplative, manipulative.

Hangs Mostly In: Unknown. (Seen usually out of the corner of the eye. Fleeting glimpses at best.)

Often Disguised As: Leaders, Generals, Men of the Cloth.

Tim Bobko

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Sun-Tzu's The Art of War.

They Brought Us: The Cold War.

Description: Extremely tall, thin wiry build which is always hunched at the shoulders. An alien with long limbs, bony hands with long fingers which seem to move independently.

Physiological Quirks: Has the ability to omit terrible odors when threatened with capture as the MiB was loath to find out.

Profile: The Remilians are a very ancient race hailing from the planet Remilias. They have been the masterminds behind wars and other strife on planets throughout the known galaxy. They are led by a Grand Council which is intent on orchestrating every event in the universe.

Remilians In Disguise: Remilians never try to disguise themselves as human because they are almost never seen. They are the mythic figures in the background which only the top officials get to see (and those guys are so nuts they'll buy anything).

MiB's Encounters With Remilians: Not an original alien but one who came shortly after. As aliens go, they are unstable and independent. Dedicated to their own ends and not those of other alien groups, they are often allowed to do their job in isolation and not as a part of any group operation. To them there is always an ulterior motive.

We know they are eloquent speakers. Remilians are articulate and well read, with a good knowledge of the arts and opera. They have fantastic powers of observation and a photographic memory envied by most aliens.

Other aliens realize they are a time bomb about to go off, and in one sense are as worried about them and their consequences as the MiB are. They are the real

chink in the aliens armor, but at the same time could be their greatest strength. They could unite the different alien races as a whole or keep them fighting among themselves in petty little squabbles. Unfortunately, because they are a law unto themselves nobody knows which one they'll be. The MiB first began to suspect that these aliens existed when the different Blen-Jardean factions began to unite (after 10,000 years of fighting).

They are completely unpredictable and at the best of times capricious, arbitrary, and whimsical; their enemies often don't know what the Remilians are going to do next until they do it. They also personally enjoy whatever evil they accomplish. Although extremely confident they seem to have some prophetic views of their end. They are paranoid of other aliens and work on their own for their own survival.

Often a source of debate and division amongst other aliens. Recognized as a race that other aliens can only deal with by putting on a united front. Sent as the spreader of anarchy and lawlessness, they are afraid they might reap the whirlwind they have sown.

What to Expect in an Encounter: When all else fails, fake it. Remilians are the masters of manipulation, and if they can't get by with the truth they sure as heck can bluff their way out of it. Yeah, sure they play like it really is a ruse for other characters in the game, but they know what's going on. Maybe they're a bit annoying for agents, but that's what you are, a pawn in their game. Their powers are known only to them, and their skills are incomputable. Though they rarely engage in combat, when they do they manipulate their opponents in the same way they do planets in a galaxy.

Alien Technology: Unknown. They have access to over a thousand different worlds, yet so much is unknown about them that what technology they have or use remains a mystery.

Shivvers
(Shee-vrrrs)



Shivvers (Shee-vrrrs)

How Shivvers View Earth

This is a partial transcript of a taped debriefing with a Shiver being detained after being spotted at several high profile accidents.

"No sirr, I was no where nearr the place. I had nothing to do with the firre at the warrehouse. You see, yesturrday was a verry inturresting day for me. I was purrfectly busy all day long.

"As you know — oh my, did I furrget to file my tourist itinurrary forr this trrip? I'm so verry sorry — I've been in Las Palmas with a purrfectly wondurrrful couple. They're so cute. I woke up earrly and alone, so I went into the bedroom to lie on the young man's face and give him some affection. Unforrtunately, he got up immediately, so I coaxed the old woman awake, as well.

"They made eggs furr breakfast, which I just adorre, so I jumped up on the table and helped myself to some. I was a house guest, you know, so I thought they'd be hospitable, but the young man got verry upset. Well, the woman yelled at him, so to help him calm down, I jumped into his lap and showed him how to stretch. I started with my claws. I'm afraid I torre his boxerr shorts; it was purrly an accident. He called me some purrfectly vile names in this high-pitched voice I've nevurr hearrd before, so I nipped overr to the woman to speak with herr about it. She was so upset a t his ungrrracious behaviurr that she vowed to leave him and give me theierr entirre inherittance, and damn him forr chasing afterr herr and herr money anyway.

"So she scooped me up in herr arms, and we went forr a trrip. I thought we werre just going to go forr a drrive, but she stuffed me into this tiny little cage and went to a building which at furrst I thought was a spaceporrt — silly me — and the next thing I know I'm in the carrgo hold of an airrrplane. Well, I'm afraid I got a little excited, and I just kind of burrrst out of the cage. I crrawled my way to the cockpit by using a surrvive stairrwell, and I walked in, hopped up on the back of the pilot's chairr and demanded that he land the airrrcraft immediately. Anyway, the pilot wasn't a verry good one, because even though we werre just finishing ourr take-off run, he couldn't land back on the rrunway. It was a verry bumpy landing, but I think that's only to be expected when you furrget to put down the landing gearr.

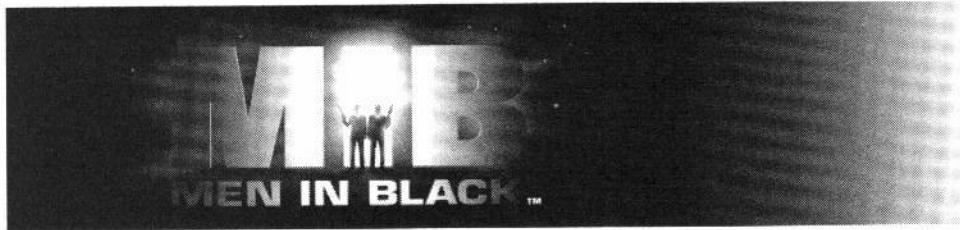
"I wanted no morre of that, so I scooted out of the airrrplane — I've always been afraid of firre anyway — and hopped a bus to downtown. When I asked the driverr to let me know wherre the fish marrket was, he rran the bus into the carrs in the next lane. I didn't want to be associated with someone who doesn't like fish, so I hopped off the bus and went shopping. I found this cute little glass shop, but the ownerr wasn't verry frriently. It's not my fault all of his shelves were poorly constructed."

Standard Shiver

REFLEXES 3D/5D
COORDINATION 2D+1/3D
STRENGTH 1D/2D
ENDURANCE 1D+2/3D
KNOWLEDGE 3D/5D
PERCEPTION 2D/4D
CONFIDENCE 2D/4D+1
CHARISMA 1D/3D+2



Brian Schomburg



Shivvers
(Shee-vrrrs)

Common Skills

Acrobatics, Climbing, Dodge, Jumping, Running, Shadowing, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Piloting: Flying Saucer: Intraplanetary, Personal Edition, Streetwise, Demolitions (Inadvertent), Tracking, Language: English, Security, Con, Intimidation, Charm, Persuasion

Special Abilities

Natural Weapons (Claws and Teeth): Each claw can slash for STR+1D damage, and the Shivvers can bite for STR+1D+2 damage.

Weaknesses

Chemical Weakness (Catnip): Shivvers are addicted to catnip like most people are addicted to caffeine. If exposed to catnip, they get very excited, very friendly and physically hyperactive. All Shivvers exposed lose -1D to all skill rolls for the duration of the exposure.
Speed: 40/80 ft/rnd.
Size: 15/24 in. long

MiB Case File: Stray Cats

Compiled By: **CLASSIFIED**

MiB Classification: Burmester. Carbon-based life form. Metamorphic felinoid. Class Upsilon.

But You Can Call Them: Stray Cats.

Also Known As: Furballs.

Disposition: Intensely curious, reflexively aggressive, sanctimonious.

Hangs Mostly In: Rich houses, alleyways, glassware shops.

Often Disguised As: An innocent stray cat.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Sushi.

They Brought Us: Cat Zen.

Description: Shivvers ("Shee-vrrr" in their native tongue) are destructively curious and viciously predatory, but extremely snugly and affectionate. They all resemble normal domestic cats except for their eyes. Their eyes are almost always a dark purple color.

Physiological Quirks: Shivvers have the ability to puff up, gaining greatly in size and muscle, thankfully at the expense of their normal lithe agility. Unlike terrestrial cats,

which give this illusion by fluffing their fur, laboratory tests have shown that Shivvers actually gains mass. In game terms, this results in a transfer of dice from *Reflexes* to *Strength* and *Coordination* to *Endurance*. What gets transferred depends on how excited they get.

Unfortunately, Shivvers cannot control this change and spend very little time in the intermediate states of excitement. Often they can shift by one state every combat round. When there's catnip involved, they can jump straight to Agitated in one round. Curiously, their tendency to puff up is negated when their life is actually threatened. At these times, they shrink back down to their normal size and dash off into the cover of whatever chaos they have caused.

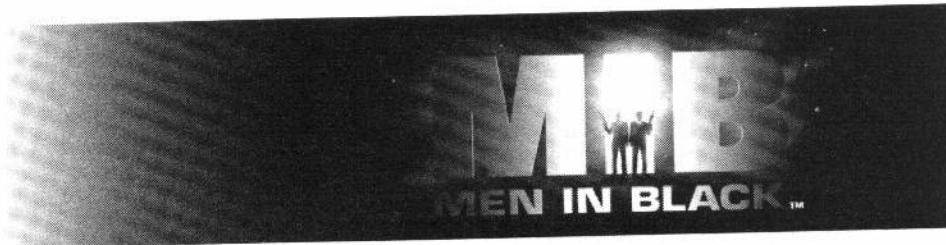
Profile: On their green collar application, Shivvers list themselves as a native of Nexus-3. This is a curious claim, as no one we have ever encountered has listed Nexus-3 as a home planet, or even a hyperwave mail stop. Shivvers are actually a member of a little-known but widespread and ancient species. They and their species have been helped by the fact that cat-like creatures are curiously common throughout the universe. Some scientists, who are aware of the situation, speculate that the Shivver race used to rule the galaxy, and spread their genetic code across thousands of worlds.

Although Shivvers claim their home is on Nexus-3, does this by no means make them a native of the planet. Nexus-3 is the planetary equivalent of a free city or an international district. There is no native intelligent life on Nexus-3. What little life there is to be found on the planet is primitive, and usually found growing in the showers, sinks, and garbage cans of the thousands of rich intergalactic retirees who populate the planet.

Shivvers In Disguise: Shivvers look and act largely like the normal Earth housecat. They tend to be leaders among these animals and look down on them as inferiors. They will almost always be wearing a collar of some sort. This is to ensure their speedy release from any type of detainment center (pound) they are placed in.

Shivver Puffing Stages		
State	Attribute Reduced	Attribute Increased
Piqued	Reflexes -1	Strength +1
Curious	Reflexes -1, Coordination -1	Strength +1, Endurance +1
Interested	Reflexes -2, Coordination -1	Strength +2, Endurance +1
Excited	Reflexes -1D, Coordination -2	Strength +1D, Endurance +2
Agitated	Reflexes -2D, Coordination -1D	Strength +2D, Endurance +1D

Shivvers (Shee-vrrrs)



MiB's Encounters With The Shivvers: Given the number of times they "forget to file" their travel plans, we suspect their are more on Earth than we have knowledge of. They may be extremely attracted to humans or perhaps they hate them; regardless, they claw their laps for hours if allowed. Do not get them excited (angry, high on catnip, etc.) when they're snuggling in your lap.

Among Shivvers, it is a long-standing tradition of to ingratiate themselves with rich retirees and receive large disbursements of cash and property upon the death of their benefactor. Thus many Shivvers actually own rather impressive estates in Los Angeles, Nashville, Cabo san Luca, and Proxima Centauri, to say nothing of their main lairs on Nexus-3.

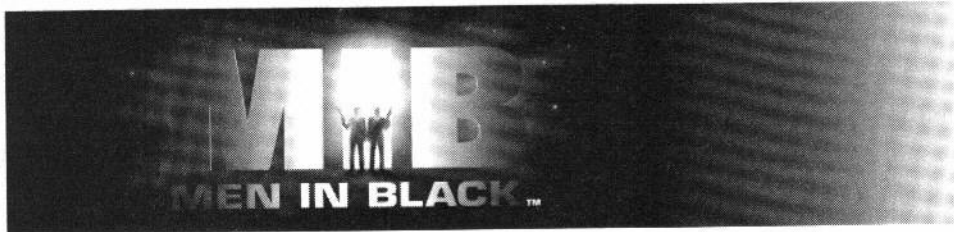
What to Expect in an Encounter: Shivvers have the ability to get into trouble equivalent of that of any sentient three-year-old. Coupled with a cat's curiosity and agility, they can cause catastrophe (no pun intended), in the blink of an eye, wherever they go. They can, and do with alarming frequency. This is why it is necessary to put a bell or something on their collar so we can tell when they're on-planet; those few times they slipped past our security system they have caused great havoc within hours, requiring dozens of agents to work overtime containing the situation. Thank goodness the American public doesn't remember the Great Amnesia of 1992. We're still dealing with the after-shocks of that event.

Shivvers have an attraction to string, round objects, rodents and other creatures that scurry, newspapers (especially when someone is reading them), and waterbeds. Above all else they delight in catnip. In fact, they seems to have an inordinate ability to use/consume the stuff. The worst human addict doesn't use nearly as much of their drug as a Shivver can go through catnip. As for them, catnip makes them more excited. They puff up and get very frisky, which when their claws have tripled in size is not a good thing. Agents involved in encounters with Shivvers and catnip are advised to wear special armored suits and carry a ball of yarn in case a distraction is needed.

They have a tendency to get themselves into unusual places, which is to say that their amazing alien instincts lead them to be in those places where they want to be. They tend to be a great Cheshire Cat sort of character, appearing randomly to lend sage advice, or else just causing destruction in areas where the agents, once they investigate, will also happen to stumble on some bizarre alien activity in dire need of regulation (Like, say, the assembly of a Gorbok War Fleet at Lollapalooza).

We still haven't figured out why they sit and stare at corners for hours.

Alien Technology: Shivers are not known to carry any alien technology on their person, although they may have many items in each of their lairs.



Skarnulks
(Skar-nulks)

Skarnulks (Skar-nulks)

How Skarnulks View Earth

Partial transcript of the explanation of a Skarnulk for trying to sell a MiB agent restricted weaponry.

"Pssst!

"Hi greetings there, human person.

"No please do not run. I am not an alien. I am from Io. No, I mean I am from Iowa. Yes, Iowa is mostly harmless. I am born from Fam Sanfrisco, yes, beautiful bay by the city Iowa.

"Wait, please to not move. See here I have for you something, many things, but this is for you most important. No, ha ha, I do not threaten. Yes, very big gun this is looking, but is not to be so. Here I have for you not to shoot but to sell for you. I am a merchant, you see traveling Fuller Sales Brushman. I have many interesting artifacts of advanced use for household of every sort, even Globbo. This is not Mark IV Max Plasmanator, no sir. This is Roncoid Wifty-Kleen Disintegrator, a thousand usehold houses, even to cleaning up vermin and killing milked spills. See here while I disintegrate how it demonstrates this smelly alley can and disgusting garbage cat."

"ZZZZAAAAPP!

"See here how good this item is for you! No more trashing out the take! No more scrubbing hands and knees on the floor! And now for one-time offer that can not truly be too good, I offer to you now for only 3000 Cephaloid Squoogeys. Yes, here, you may be trying it out for size. Yes, see, it fits your hand, compact pistol shaping make this tool very useful in your home or house office. Point to place that needs clean spotting, and push big red danger button. Woah, careful there! You see it finely works! Now you, no! Please not to be cleaning my alien head! No! I am from Iowa! Yes! Please pointing tool elsewhere.

"Yes, I see. You have no Cephaloid Squoogeys! Is okay, how about for giving one Centaurian megagram of gold? No? You offer me mouth full of fist in exchange for cleaning disintegrator? Surely good! Is deal!"

"And that is how conversation went with human, Mr. Agent in Black J. His clothes were very and natty dirty, I thought he would be useful for having clean tool. He seemed like okay guy for human. I did not see where he was wenting, because I am still looking for fake gold tooth here in alley."

Standard Skarnulk

REFLEXES 3D+1/5D
COORDINATION 4D/6D
STRENGTH 1D+1/2D
ENDURANCE 1D+2/2D+1
KNOWLEDGE 2D+2/3D+2
PERCEPTION 3D+1/4D+1
CONFIDENCE 3D+1/4D+2
CHARISMA 3D/4D

Common Skills

Dodge, Jumping, Running, Sneak, Marksman-ship, Lock Picking, Sleight of Hand, Piloting: (Saucer), Forgery, Surveillance, Conceal, Hide, Business, Language: (English), Security, Streetwise, Con, Charm, Persua-sion

Special Abilities

Antennae: Pheromone-sensitive antennae give +1D on all *con*, *persuasion*, and *charm* rolls during negotiations. This bonus also applies to detecting hostile intent when negotiations have broken down ("I think I'll just run along now. Bye!").

Marsupial pouches: Sneaks actually have five marsupial pouches on its body. These come in a variety of sizes, because the Sneaks' offspring must migrate from pouch to pouch during their development. The smallest pouch is the perfect size for smuggling a few diamonds or a biochip containing the entire Frangellian Empire's defense network. The largest is fully capable of concealing a rather sizable pistol or a collapsible scout tank from Blak Hole Produx, Inc., of Sirius VII. Naturally, this means that even when Sneaks are reproducing, there are at least four pouches that are not being used any given moment, and are therefore available for concealing smuggled goods. Given the wrinkled appearance of a Sneak's torso, these pouches are rather hard to find. Once located, the Sneaks consider a search of these pouches to be a major invasion of personal space. Of course, they consider it a personal affront if you glance in the trunk of their saucer or even carefully inspect the item they're trying to fence. "What? You don't trust me?"

Weaknesses

Psychological disturbance: Extreme avarice bordering on kleptomania, and complete disregard for laws across the galaxy. Sneaks get a -1D to all knowledge rolls when a profit may be involved.

Speed: 30/60 ft./rnd.

Size: 4/5 ft. tall



Skarnulks
(Skar-nulks)



MiB Case File: Sneaks

Compiled By: **CLASSIFIED**

MiB Classification: Greenwich Village. Osmium-based life form. Capacious-cranium Anthropoid. Class Pi.

But You Can Call Them: Sneaks.

Also Known As: Con men, smugglers, used car salesmen.

Disposition: Friendly and non-violent, but very aggressive in its own particular idiom.

Hangs Mostly In: Flea markets, street corners, and shopping mall parking lots.

Often Disguised As: As an alien wearing a bad disguise, or sometimes a Skulk MiB agent.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: More money, credit cards, mail order, QVC.

They Brought Us: Too many reasons to have to work overtime. They continue to bring everything we've tried to restrict, ban, and/or regulate, in the trunk of their saucers. For immediate sale. To anyone.

Description: Sneaks are small in stature, with a large cranium and a sizable brain. Their skin is pale gray, and they have large, almond shaped black eyes. Their extremities are rather stunted, but their hands and feet are remarkably dexterous and their hand eye coordination is astounding. Although it is possible to differentiate between a Skulk and a Sneak when they are placed side by side, determining which race a single creature belonged to would be difficult were it not for one important point: Sneaks have antennae.

Physiological Quirks: Uncanny ability to smuggle which continues to embarrass our surveillance capabilities.

Profile: Alien middlemen of unknown origin, possibly related to the Skulk species.

Skarnulks In Disguise: When on Earth, Sneaks are known to adopt large, baggy trench coats and plastic masks in a vain attempt to give themselves a human appearance. They have also been seen wearing large hats.

MiB's Encounters With Skarnulks:

Executive Summary

Skarnulk Race: Sneaks

The Sneaks are, as near as we can determine, a close genetic relative of the Roswell aliens, who helped found the MiB. They flatly deny any relationship between their species, although the semblance, if coincidental, is uncanny. Most people here (aliens included) believe that the Roswell aliens are simply trying to conceal their relationship with these black sheep of the genetic

family, sort of like President Carter tried to ignore his relationship to Billy ("Billy Beer") Carter.

While the Roswell aliens are helpful, scientifically inclined, responsible creatures, the Sneaks are greedy, emotional, anarchistic, and non-cooperative. This is not to say you'll find Sneaks running around crashing their spaceships into public landmarks. No, Sneaks are anarchistic, but not chaotic. They simply do not recognize the value of laws, beyond the fact that if everyone else in the galaxy obeys the law, then they'll have that much better of a profit margin.

Sneaks are most often found working in the area of organized crime, although "organized" might often be too kind a word for the sort of activities Sneaks pursue. Their organization only rarely evolves beyond a handful of fences and distributors working together.

Despite everything negative that can be said about them, Sneaks are one of the gravest threats we face in keeping a lid on this whole alien immigration thing.

They are good market analysts, and are well able to identify markets for items and items for markets. They are doubly able to turn profits in cash or trade. Sneaks are responsible in large part for the wide distribution of galactic tourist junk on Earth, as well as Terran junk in extraterrestrial markets. Fortunately, few people on Earth know that "MADE IN CHINA" is the mark of an Antarean plastic works factory turned upside down.

It is not known at this time how the Sneaks manage to smuggle as much stuff as they have. Even the most careful search of Sneaks and their saucers has revealed little or nothing. What few trinkets we have confiscated we believe were put there just so we wouldn't get too suspicious that they were slipping stuff past us. Or maybe they were put there just so we'd feel good that we confiscated *something*, no matter how small and worthless it was. Whatever the case, the Sneaks have been able to continually bring restricted items to Earth. Unfortunately, too many of them are coming for "purely tourist" reasons for us to be able to monitor all of them all the time.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Sneaks are actually a genetically engineered variant of the well-known Skulk aliens. They were bred for a variety of purposes. First of all, they were bred to be more social than the Skulks, who were seen to be somewhat cold fish. They were also bred to be better able to survive in difficult situations, and their pouches were foreseen to have duplicate uses in many situations, and so were concealed beneath a wrinkled epidermis. Gregarious, aggressive and flexible: the breeding program succeeded on all counts. Admirably. Too admirably. The Sneaks soon escaped their planet and made their way into the galaxy at large, causing no end of trouble and breaking every Prime Directive and technology blockade in



Skarnulks (Skar-nulks)

the known universe. So who did it? Who brought this plague down upon the universe and humiliated the hapless and somewhat humorless Skulks? Why, the Skulks themselves, of course. They'll never admit it, though. They're far too stodgy. They disavow all knowledge of their kin, who are, thankfully enough for them, genetically different enough that their complicity in the project cannot be proven. For them, however, the

Sneaks are much like an evil twin, always coming into town when least expected.

Alien Technology: The Sneaks will have a wide variety of technology in their pouches on any given occasion. They have been known to carry something as small as a Fluborian Micro-Blender to something as immense as a collapsible Verneron Pan-Galactic-World-Devouring-Atom-Smasher.



Talmirs (Tul-mihrs)

How Talmirs View Earth

Due to the lack of intelligence of Talmirs, what follows is the first discovery of their existence.

Excerpted from the personal diary of [CLASSIFIED].

Date: [CLASSIFIED]

The Viking lander touched down today. Hooray! After all this time, and all that money (though just a tiny fraction of what we spend on totally bogus programs investigating breeding habits of Latvian monkeys and stuff), we have landed on Mars, and we can take a look around. These looks, of course, require that we take a whole bunch of photographs with the lander, send them back here, and then my team gets to splice them all together so we can actually see something. We're going to be getting a lot of photographs, so it looks like I'll be busy for quite a while. Then we have to figure out which pictures to release to the general public, and which to keep under wraps... like those shots of the little green men! Ha ha!

There's been a guy hanging around the office since touchdown. He makes me a little nervous, but apparently he's got some kind of in with somebody high up here. Some sort of security thug, I think. Just in case.

Date: [CLASSIFIED]

The first pictures are in. We've landed in a relatively clear area, although preliminary camera photos show that there is a large boulder nearby, not very far away at all. Man, if we'd touched down on that, it would have screwed our lander up royally! It could've killed the whole project! Thank God we didn't. The guys around here have sort of adopted the boulder as our mascot. It must be good luck since it didn't kill the lander, right? We've named it "Big Joe." Yep. Big Joe the boulder. Play dead! Good boy!

There is, of course, talk of finding life on Mars. Some people think we should scrape the surface dirt. Others think that the most likely place is on or beneath the surface of that boulder, sort of like the algae we've found beneath the surface of the Antarctic rocks.

Well, leave that problem to the biology geeks. We've got more pictures to do. I'm starting to dream in red dust.

Date: [CLASSIFIED]

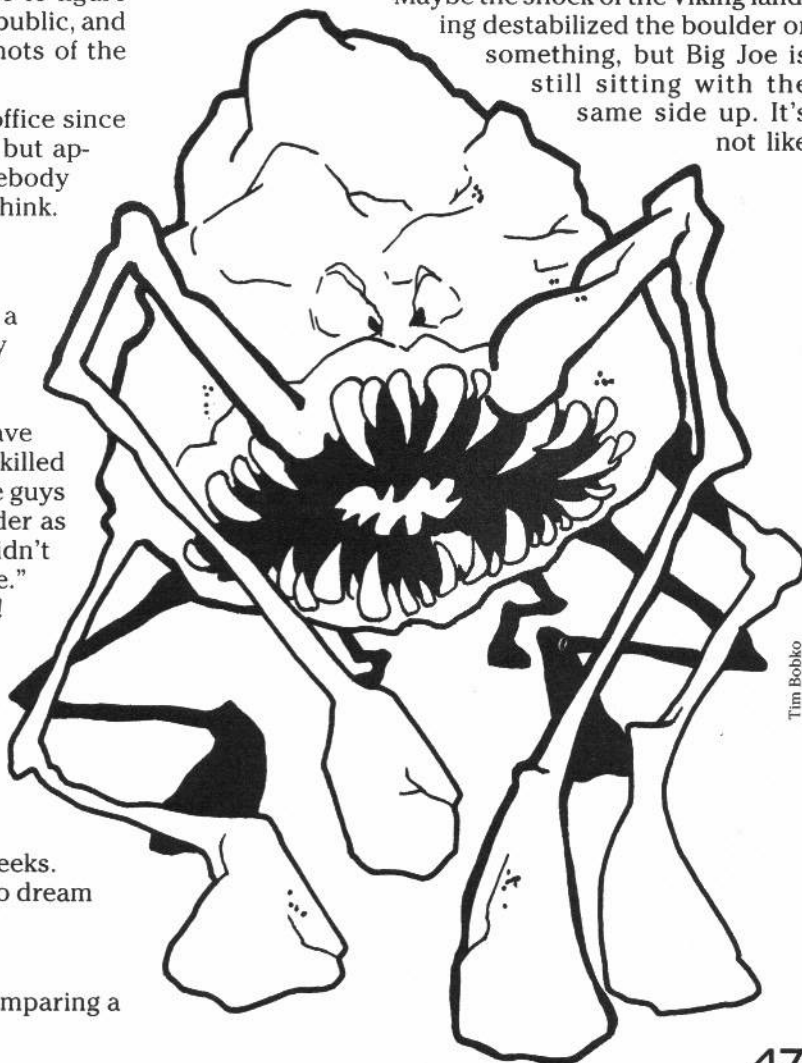
A strange thing happened today. I was comparing a

follow-up set of photographs to the ones we'd taken earlier, and it looked to me like Big Joe had moved. I must be getting tired. What with that funky guy in the black suit getting all worked up about little green men, too little sleep, and all the staffers joking about Big Joe scuttling around at night like a big ol' spider, I must be getting loopy. But it sure looked that way. There's just no way! I'll just turn in early tonight and get a fresh look at it in the morning.

Date: [CLASSIFIED]

There's no doubt. Big Joe moved about a foot to the right, and rotated about maybe ten, twenty degrees or so. I checked with the weather boys, and they said there had been no seismic activity that might have moved the rock. I got second opinions from several other people, and they all agreed that Big Joe had moved.

Maybe the shock of the Viking landing destabilized the boulder or something, but Big Joe is still sitting with the same side up. It's not like



it obviously rolled, it just settled. Makes me wonder if there are little green men.

Kay was pretty interested. I don't know how he found out about it; he just came up to me and asked me not to tell anyone else, and to meet him after dinner. I checked with the weather boys to see if they let it slip, but they didn't even remember me asking them about any quakes. Weird. There's the doorbell. We'll see what Kay has to say. Maybe he wants an exclusive story, but he doesn't seem like a reporter.

[Excerpted from the Mars Mission report of Agent K]

The chance observation by [CLASSIFIED] of an indigenous Aresite life form (the little green men have never been proven to be indigenous) was almost catastrophic. The general public, which is usually unwilling to accept the existence of aliens throughout the galaxy, is perhaps ready to embrace the idea of a primitive life form on Mars. I was able to plug the security breach, and have arranged for a meeting with [CLASSIFIED] this evening. His willingness to accept the impossible - that a boulder had moved without rolling - as well as his attention to detail lead me to believe that he could be a valuable asset to our organization.

Standard Talmir

REFLEXES 4D/6D
COORDINATION 2D/4D
STRENGTH 5D/7D
ENDURANCE 5D/8D
KNOWLEDGE N/A
PERCEPTION 1D/1D+2
CONFIDENCE 2D/4D
CHARISMA N/A (only another rock would care)

Common Skills

Acrobatics, Climbing, Jumping, Running, Sneak, Shadowing, Surveillance, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Tracking, Willpower, Ignore Pain

Special Abilities

Climatic resistance: +3D Endurance versus heat attack, nearly invulnerable to cold. Add +1 to the Marsroch's agility each time it is struck with a heat weapon, remembering that +3 equals another die.

Armor: Add +10 to Endurance rolls for all physical attacks.

Weaknesses

Blind phobia: A Talmir might not move if it can't see everything; spray painting it thus often the most effective weapon. Roll Willpower to beat a Difficult (20) if a large fraction of the Marsroch's body is covered with paint, powdered sugar, cold cream, or something similar. If the Talmir fails, it stops in place and retracts its legs.

Electric Vulnerability: -2D Endurance versus electrical attacks.

Water Vulnerability: The Talmir loses -1 from all attributes for each hour it spends completely immersed. Also, 1 point of armor dissolves. No one has seen a Talmir without armor... and no one wants to.

Speed: 45/90 ft./rnd.

Size: 4/40 ft. around (Could be bigger, we don't know.)

MiB Case File: Marsrochs

Compiled By: [CLASSIFIED]

MiB Classification: Mars. Silicon-based life form. Omnivorous metacrustacean. Class Xi.

But You Can Call Them: Marsrochs.

Also Known As: Big Joe, Rocky, Slab, Spot.

Disposition: Non-intelligent, aggressive pest.

Hangs Mostly In: Evil alien desert lairs.

Often Disguised As: A rock.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Heat.

They Brought Us: Fear, paranoia, and the Pet Rock craze.

Description: A sometimes large rock creature with nine legs on its underside which can be retracted within its outer shell, and a huge mouth with nasty, pointy teeth.

Physiological Quirks: Talmirs systems slow down in cold climates.

Profile: Mars native omnivore, brought to Earth in violation of quarantine to act as guard dogs.

Talmirs In Disguise: Rocks. BIG rocks.

MiB's Encounters With Talmirs:

Re: Recently discovered bioform on Mars

First of all, While this might be out of place in an official report, I would like to thank the people involved here for allowing me to continue to investigate my discovery, and with an excellent team of [CLASSIFIED]. It's hard to imagine what it would have been like to have been neutralized and forgotten all about it. I suppose I wouldn't mind, since I wouldn't know, but still...

The Mars bioform (henceforth referred to as Big Joe) appears to be most like a crustacean. Analysis of the tracks made by Big Joe indicates several spiny feet, which, since we have never observed them, must be retractable. Since there are no other obvious places to retract these feet, Big Joe's pedal orifice must be on its bottom side. The outer shell of Big Joe is assumed to grow continuously, being scraped off or flaking away through use and abuse. The only other choice is to assume that Big Joe is born that size, which is alarming to think about. The fact that the entire surface of Mars appears to be covered with dust the color of Big Joe's exoskeleton may just mean that Big Joe has great natural camouflage... or that Big Joe and his kind so completely dominate the planet that their shell castings cover the entire surface.

Spectrographic analysis of Big Joe's skeleton proves that its outer shell is a curious mineral variant of chitin, difficult to distinguish from normal rock, and perhaps as hard as granite. If this is the case, then one can only imagine what sort of crushing pressures Big Joe's body must experience as it tries to grow within this nearly impenetrable outer shell. This may lead to a rather

Talmirs (Tul-mihrs)



cranky disposition; if we get to Mars, I'd suggest that Big Joe be approached cautiously and with a lot of aspirin.

Big Joe is obviously resistant to extremes of cold. One can only assume that the exoskeleton provides a great deal of heat resistance as well. This creature may be vulnerable to electrical energy. Or not.

Given the natural camouflage of Big Joe, it might be worthwhile to investigate any large red boulders on our own planet, especially in areas where people have occasionally gone missing.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Talmirs are non-intelligent, and therefore not a direct threat to the Earth; no more, than, say, killer bees, cockroaches, rabid dogs, or fire ants.

They are often brought to Earth by other aliens who want vicious attack creatures guarding their secret underground laboratories wherein they plot their global (or galactic) domination.

They are cold-blooded (well, cold-plasmoided) creatures, and to their Martian senses, Earth is a veritable tropical paradise! They are capable of truly great speed and alarming acts of gymnastics on our fair planet. Thanks goodness the gravity is heavier here than on Mars, or we'd all be in a heap of trouble.

Talmirs have nine retractable legs which sprout radially from a well-camouflaged irising orifice on the bottom side of their bodies. While this radial design impairs their speed somewhat, it greatly enhances maneuverability. Inside this orifice is their mouth, which

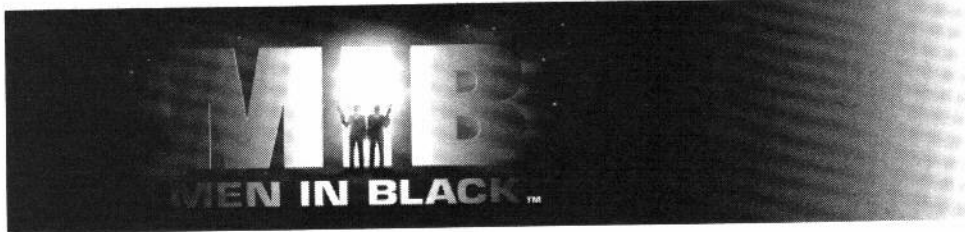
is very vicious indeed (It had to be vicious, full of razor-sharp teeth that point inward and prevent escape, otherwise when a Talmir caught something on Mars, the prey would just walk away while it tried to chew).

Talmirs never sleep. They also have what amounts to a huge compound eye: tiny little photoreceptor can be found all over the surface of a Talmir. Taken all together, the Talmir has complete vision in all directions. Since a Talmir relies primarily on surprise attacks on Mars, it prefers not to move when it is being watched. But when its prey turns its back, look out! Although it can eat anything organic, it prefers meat and metal taken together. Say, like a human with a gun.

One of the more notable Talmirs on Earth is the Balanced Rock in Garden of the Gods National Park near Colorado Springs. It sits perched on a small outcropping waiting for people to come by, alone. The Men in Black managed to arrange for it to become a tourist attraction, as a result of which several unwitting civilians watch the Talmir almost all the time, keeping it nervously at bay. The Men in Black are considering cementing the thing down some day, but a few extra-terrestrial-animal-rights activists within the organization have thwarted that effort thus far.

The strength, endurance, and skills of a Talmir vary greatly depending on how big and old it is. A standard Talmir is the size of a washing machine (note: Balanced Rock is <much> bigger).

Alien Technology: The lack of intelligence in this creature prevents the use of any technology.



Tarkonians
(Tar-kon-ians)

Tarkonians (Tar-kon-ians)

How Tarkonians View Earth

The Following is a transcript of the first intelligence debriefing of a captured Spherian, conducted by MiB Agent C. The subject was apprehended while attempting to blow up a "star fighter factory" [A movie set]. When interrogated by MiB personnel and confronted with the hard evidence that the studio was not a star fighter production facility, the Spherian simply replied that the set was merely a "decoy" to provide "camouflage" for the true star fighter facility.

Agent C: "What can you tell me about your civilization, and the way that you first encountered our planet?"

Spherian: "We control a small group of 5 systems along the galactic rim. We don't look for trouble, and prefer just living in peace with other civilizations. It was only after we encountered your planet that we were forced to become, to our great regret, more militaristic. The decision was not made lightly, and indeed, it caused us a great deal of pain."

Agent C: "Forced? How so?"

Spherian: "One of our scout ships was exploring space to find new worlds to contact. The ship's sensor operator picked up communications signals coming from Earth. The transmissions showed massive disk shaped alien warships of unknown design destroying several human cities. It was obvious to our crew that your planet was under attack by a very advanced and hostile race. The ship recorded the transmissions and brought them back to the homeworld. When our planetary council saw these tapes, they were determined to help your people deal with this evil race. It was only after we had gotten to Earth that we found out about the true danger that threatens your world. We found out about, the CONSPIRACY!"

Agent C: "Conspiracy? What conspiracy are you referring to? Could you explain that in detail?"

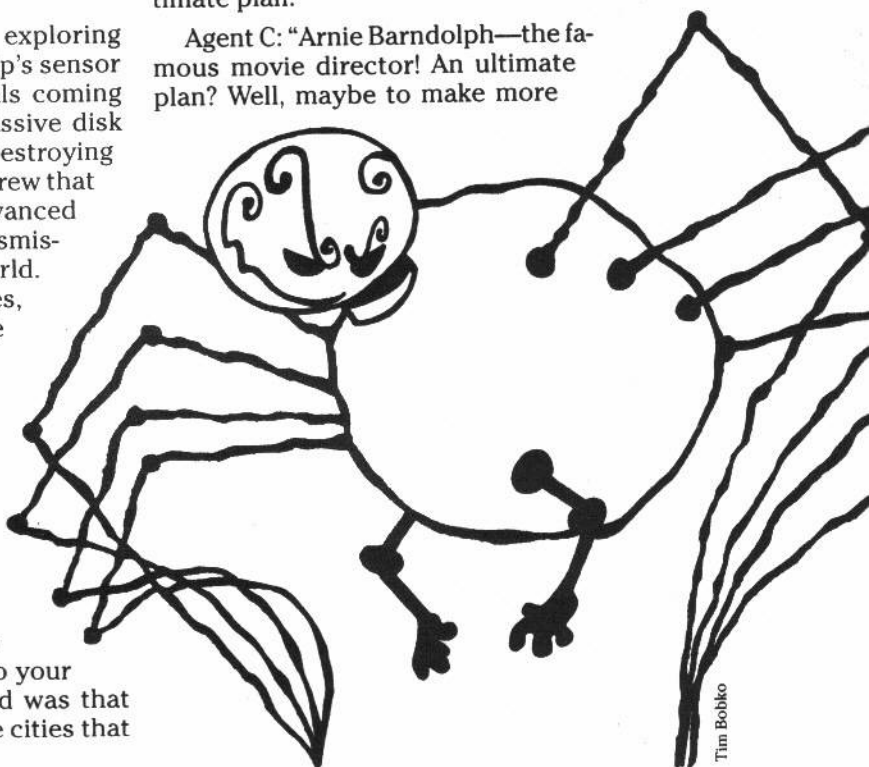
Spherian: "A decision was made that our race should do all that it could to help your world, so we sent an expeditionary force to your world. The most puzzling thing we noticed was that there was no sign of any alien attack. All the cities that

we saw destroyed on the tapes were intact. The attacking fleet we saw on the scout's tapes was of a magnitude that there should have been *some* sign of their attacks. We conducted a few (ahem) recon operations to acquire information about this mystery. It was only when we raided one of your propaganda centers, a place called Barndolph Studios, that we found out the horrible truth!"

Agent C: "And just exactly what truth are you referring to here?"

Spherian: "We had initially thought that maybe the invaders had been victorious, reducing your world to this primitive level of technology, as well as destroying all evidence of their presence. But no, the "Invasion" had been a lie, a hoax! A means by which the TRUE threat to your world could remain hidden safely in the shadows of ignorance. Yes! I can tell by the shocked look on your face that you know! Well, at least on a subconscious level. The true plot was to show these "movies" to inflame the xenophobia of your race so that Arnie Barndolph could implement his ultimate plan."

Agent C: "Arnie Barndolph—the famous movie director! An ultimate plan? Well, maybe to make more



Tim Bobko

Tarkonians (Tar-kon-ians)

movies and money, but certainly nothing nefarious. And why did you blow up that movie set?"

Spherian: (After a minute of laughing) "The set was a carefully made decoy! A dummy factory so to say, to divert our attention and human curiosity from the REAL factories! As far as Arnie Barndolph, he is very cunning. He plans to take over the galaxy. Somewhere he has *hundreds* of secret factories building galactic cruisers, star fighters, and thousands of laser rifles. These so called "movies" of his are just carefully constructed propaganda designed to lull humanity into a state of mind so that they would accept Barndolph "Grand Inquisitor" when it finally comes about. I'm telling you, it's happening now! Right under your noses! If something isn't done, Grand Inquisitor Arnie Barndolph will reduce you to slavery, conquer the galaxy, and send his hordes of galactic cruisers to annihilate my helpless homeworld! Stop him now, before it's doomsday for us all!"

Agent C: [staring in disbelief] "You mean to tell me that your people are causing all this trouble on Earth because you think that a science fiction movie is some sort of plan for galactic domination? Doesn't this seem just a little bit far-fetched?"

Spherian: "Barndolph is very clever, his plan is to. WAIT A MINUTE! You guys are dressed all in black. The Grand Inquisitor dresses in black. I get it! Your not with the MiB at all! You're with **THEM!**"

Agent C: "Huh? With who?"

Spherian: "You guys work for Barndolph! You're not the MiB. You're with the BiM! Barndolph the Inquisitor's Mutants! I won't tell you another thing you servant of the Evil One! One day the people of earth will rise up and overthrow your evilness. Arnie Barndolph will never enslave our freedom-loving world! LONG LIVE FREEDOM!"

Agent C: "Doctor, could you please bring in 40 cc's of Thorazine."

Standard Tarkonian

REFLEXES 3D+1/4D
COORDINATION 4D/5D
STRENGTH 2D/3D+2
ENDURANCE 3D/4D
KNOWLEDGE 3D/4D+2
PERCEPTION 3D+2/4D+1
CONFIDENCE 4D/5D
CHARISMA 2D/4D

Common Skills

Dodge, Running [Rolling], Sneak, Marksmanship, Pilot: (starship), Demolitions, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Alien Technology, Computer Ops, Surveillance

Special Abilities

Thermal Imaging Vision: The Spherians can see in the infrared portion of the EM-spectrum. This gives them a +2 to sight based *Perception* rolls.

Speed: 40/80 ft./rnd. (walking) 60/120 ft./rnd. (rolling)

Size: 2/4 ft. diameter

MiB Case File: Spherians

Compiled By: Agent C
CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: Fort Wayne. Carbon-based life form. Spherical dodecahedral arthropod. Class Zeta.

But You Can Call Them: Spherians.

Also Known As: Marbles, loonies, Interstellar Fruit-cakes.

Disposition: Resistant to communication due to delusional paranoia. Basically peaceful, just a bit insane. Has been known to shoot science fiction fans that were dressed as imperial officers.

Hangs Mostly In: Anywhere that Arnie Barndolph is filming. Also known to frequent science fiction conventions.

Often Disguised As: Science fiction fan.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Arnie Barndolph's personal interstellar warship.

They Brought Us: More paranoia, to add to what we already have here on Earth.

Description: The Spherians are spherical-bodied creatures that are approximately two feet in diameter. They have 12 legs that extend from equal points around the sphere, 2 arms, and a small head sitting atop a very short neck. The head has two eyes, something that could be a nose, and a mouth. No ears are apparent. Body color is a red-orange, and weight is in the range of 60-100 lbs.

Movement is accomplished in two ways. They can walk on their 12 legs, or they can retract their legs, arms, and head into the sphere and roll along like a kind of demented medicine ball. Fleshy pouches inside the "arm pockets" can hold small items of equipment. These items will almost always include a Plasma Pistol. (See below)

Physiological Quirks: None. All quirks are psychological in nature. (And there are a LOT of those.)

Profile: A sort of galactic asylum inmate. If we could ever find a way to cure his race of their delusions and paranoia, they might be some decent aliens.

Spherians In Disguise: In order to effectively carry out their mission, each alien is equipped with a holographic disguise generator. This advanced electronic device projects a nearly flawless image around the alien, allowing him to pass as a human with ease. (See below)

MiB's Encounters With Spherians: For race that can travel faster than light, these guys can be pretty slow. This delusional fixation on Arnie Barndolph as a secret galactic dictator brands them as, quite frankly, utterly insane.

After a few of the Spherians were captured by the MiB, interrogation and debriefing revealed their race's history. Despite their basically decent nature, the race

seemed to have a predilection for paranoia. This was partially due to the apparent lack of any major space force among them. Indeed, except for the plasma small arms they carried, the ships were armed only with light lasers, apparently for meteor defense.

The fixation on Arnie Barndolph has puzzled MiB. Some researchers believe that the aliens had encountered a hostile culture in the past, others believe that the race is just delusionary in nature. Regardless of the cause, the MiB have to deal with a rather well meaning (if a bit insane) race, out to save humanity from itself. At times it seems like a lost cause. No matter how much we try to convince these guys that Earth is not in the process of becoming a galactic threat, the poor clowns are still convinced that one day Arnie Barndolph will ascend to the position of Grand Inquisitor, use his legions of startroopers and galactic cruisers to conquer the galaxy and blow up their defenseless homeworld.

Of course, these beliefs of theirs are definite signs of mental delusion and have no bearing upon reality. Off the record though—Arnie, If something *is* going on behind the scenes, how about sending us a few squadrons of star fighters? Maybe a galactic cruiser as well? They'd make our job a lot easier.

What to Expect in an Encounter:

Methods of Capture:

One of the best methods to capture a Spherian is to use an electrified net. The net surrounds the alien, preventing him from walking or rolling away, and the elec-

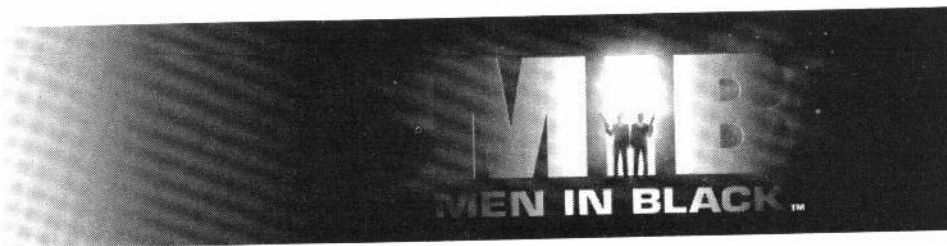
trical shocks stun them quite effectively. Be very careful on approach. If they see you coming, those little plasma guns can be vicious. Apprehension in sparsely or non-populated areas is recommended. Above all, do not reveal your affiliation with the MiB. The Spherian will become extremely hostile and attack, screaming about "BiM" and "You'll never take me to the Grand Inquisitor!" as well as other similar things, all the while trying to blow your head off with his plasma gun.

Alien Technology: Individual Spherians are almost always equipped with two items of equipment. The first is a pistol that fires high energy bolts of plasma. The second is a sophisticated holographic system that allows the Spherian to simulate a human (or other) form with ease.

Plasma Pistol: [5D Damage, Effective Range 100 Meters]

This weapon is often engineered to resemble one of the various blaster pistols from science fiction movies. The Spherians feel that by doing this they can awaken the people of Earth to the "Oncoming tyranny of the evil Grand Inquisitor Barndolph."

Holographic Disguise Generator: This can project an image of any being. Maximum height is 7 feet, and the maximum width/length is 4 feet. The field is extremely good, but it is not foolproof. Observers may make a Very Difficult *Perception* roll to notice small distortions in the holographic field. The difficulty drops to Difficult if in a misty/raining area, and Average in highly dusty environments. The fields do not work at all underwater.



Tarovals (Tar-ov-als)

How Tarovals View Earth

MiB Alien Interview Transcript

Friday, June 13th

1545 hours

The alien known as Joe the Barfly enters the MiB interrogation room, escorted by Agent Z. Special Agent B is already seated. Joe leans against the one-way mirror until shown to his seat by Agent Z.

Joe: Hey hey. Howdy. How ya doin'?

Yo.
B: Do you know why you have been brought here today?

Joe: Nice duds.

B: I said, do you know why you have been brought here today?

Joe: Nice duds. Right on.

Z: I believe he might be referring to our uniforms, sir. Most aliens seem to understand what, uh, our clothes signify.

B: Mm. (to Joe) Do you understand who we are?

Joe: Too hep! You da man!

B: (smiles) Good. I see we understand each other.

Joe: (smiles bigger than thought possible) No way, Jose!

B: Excuse me?

Joe: No sweat.

B: Do we understand each other here? This is a serious matter.

Joe: Smooooooooth.

B: Very well. You have been arrested for several counts of violating the Tycho Accord. Your punishment could include incarceration, deportation, severe fine, public service, or all of the above.

Joe: Woah baby! No way!

B: Way! I mean, yes, it's true. We take these violations very seriously. You are here without proper documentation. You don't have a passport, let alone an entrance visa. You failed to notify the authorities or file a travel plan. You are carrying contraband technology. Do you want me to go on?

Joe: Nah. Who loves ya? (winks at Z)

Z: Ah, er, I'm, uh, not a whaddayacall, uh, you know, xenophile, and um-

B: Agent Z, there's no cause for alarm. Paratelepaths aren't intelligent.

Z: What? Then why?

B: *Probably* not intelligent. We can't take any chances. But their inability to communicate in this or any other language proves that they are non-intelligent creatures. I think.

Standard Taroval

REFLEXES 3D/3D+2
COORDINATION 3D/4D
STRENGTH 4D+1/5D
ENDURANCE 3D/5D
KNOWLEDGE -/1D
PERCEPTION -/1D
CONFIDENCE 3D+2/5D
CHARISMA 2D+1/4D

Common Skills

Acrobatics, Climbing, Dodge, Piloting: Flight, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Lifting, Tracking, Linguistics, Con, Survival: dense urban culture, Charm, Intimidation (Taunt)
Note: Some alarming members of the species have great skill at Marksmanship, Missile Weapons, and other such skills that would seem to require intelligence and forethought. But then again, they dress themselves just fine, so why couldn't they fire a gun?

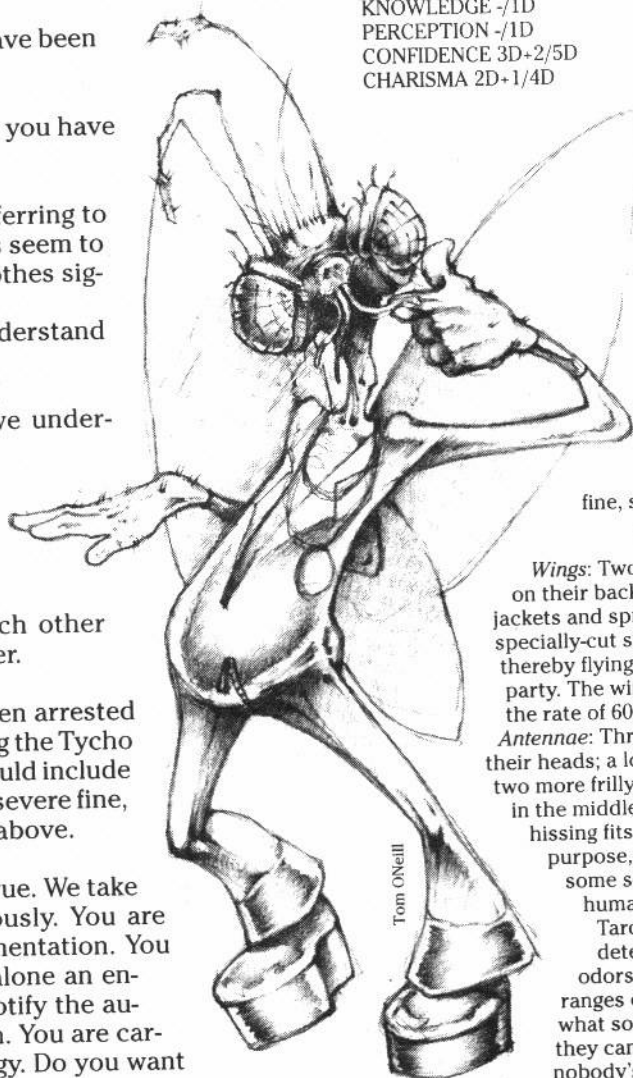
Special Abilities

Wings: Two pairs of dragonfly wings grow on their back. They can flip up their leisure jackets and spread their wings through specially-cut slits in their polyester shirts, thereby flying while fully-dressed and ready to party. The wings give them the ability to fly at the rate of 60/120 ft./rnd.

Antennae: Three insect antennae sprout from their heads; a long thin one in the center, and two more frilly ones at each temple. It's the one in the middle that gives MiB xenobiologists hissing fits, because it appears to have no purpose, and they don't dare dismiss it as some sort of vestigial organ like the human appendix. The other two give Tarovals an incredible ability to detect even the tiniest quantities of odors. They can track by smell at ranges of a mile, they can tell exactly what sort of perfume a woman wears, and they can hunt down espresso like nobody's business. The third antenna has no direct effect on anything. But bad things happen if it gets damaged (see Profile). The

two outside antennae give Tarovals a +2D to their smell based *Perception* rolls.

Adhesive Hands and Feet: "Get your hands off me." is a phrase that is often heard around Tarovals, because



sometimes they forget that their feet excrete a sticky resin much like that which is extruded from terrestrial insects' feet. The advantage of this is that it allows them to crawl up vertical surfaces relatively easily. The disadvantage is it sometimes makes it hard to get your paws off your dream date. Or maybe that's an advantage, too. Tarovals get a +1D to all *climbing* rolls.

Mysterious Intellect: Tarovals sometimes know things they shouldn't. And it's very irritating when they do. This is shown by the *Perception* and *Knowledge* attributes having a maximum but no minimum. They may have a little intelligence of their own, but we doubt it.

Weaknesses

Language Disability: Tarovals can only use cliché phrases. Sometimes they use these phrases at completely inappropriate times. They may or may not be able to understand other words, but they certainly can't use them. Most Paratelepath clichés are purely emotive in function: "wahoo," "hubba-hubba," "yowzer," and "woof" to name a few. Other phrases are employed as well, so don't have a cow, man.

Speed: 30/60 ft./rnd.

Size: 5/6 ft. tall

MiB Case File: Paratelepaths

Compiled By: [redacted]

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: New York City. Silicon-based life form. Anthropoid insectile. Class Pi.

But You Can Call Them: Paratelepaths.

Also Known As: Barflies, Parrots.

Disposition: Spiffy.

Hangs Mostly In: Bars, nightclubs, and laundromats.

Often Disguised As: Someone with a modicum of intelligence.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Disco.

They Brought Us: The 1970s' singles scene.

Description: Tarovals are humanoid in appearance except for the wings and heads. This could be from breeding or some other reason.

Physiological Quirks: No sense of rhythm. Regurgitates on its food to eat. Yet, somehow sensing that this is repulsive to humans, tends to stick to drinking high-fructose alcoholic drinks. Through a straw. An opaque straw.

Profile: "Well," you ask, "do Tarovals have a hive mind, or not? And what is that stupid third antenna?"

Well, you see, it's like this: Tarovals are not a native species to this time-space continuum. In fact, they aren't a native species anywhere, as they are entirely artificial. Tarovals are ambulatory bio-cybernetic platforms sent here by beings from another dimension. 'Bio-cybernetic' is a term that (at this time) is unknown to the MiB. It means, simply, that a Taroval is a robot, but a robot pieced together using biological parts and engineered on a cellular level. It's an organic robot. All those little bits in their cells, they don't serve the Taroval, they run it, whipping it through its paces.

The third antenna is, therefore, the radio whip with which the extradimensional beings control their Taroval robots across time and space.

At the moment, these extradimensional beings (see Squorps) are merely using the Tarovals for surveillance and reconnaissance.

Tarovals In Disguise: When posing as humans, Tarovals tend to slick back their antennae, slap some makeup on their faces, and wear coats over there wings to hide them. They have also been known to wear large amounts of jewelry (chains, rings). They think it's cool.

MiB's Encounters With Tarovals: The name "Barfly" came about as a sort of bad joke among MiB agents. This specific alien species had previously been known as the Taroval ("Parrot" for short), and had long been ostracized by galactic society in general and human society in particular. Somehow, they found their niche in the disco bar singles scene, though whether they engineered the appearance of disco (or simply profited by its appearance much as flies profit by being in a stockyard) is unclear. Whatever the case, the result was painfully clear: Tarovals bounded from social pariahs to become an integral part of the modern social scene.

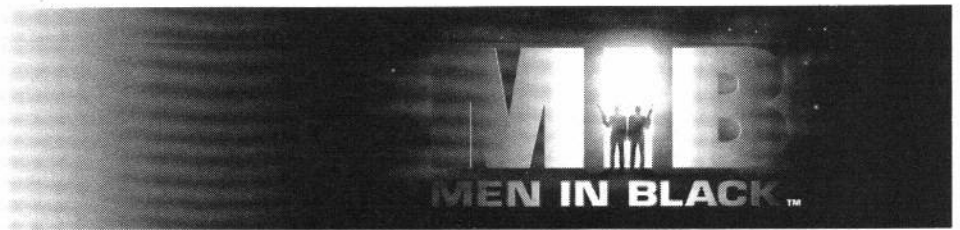
Tarovals swarmed over the disco bar scene like flies on um, a stockyard. Since it had already been determined that Tarovals were an insectoid life form, someone observed the name "Barfly" was now particularly suited to the species, and it stuck.

Their thick presence in the disco scene guided the development of the forum from whatever it might have been, stripping it of any depth or character, and turning it into a fashion-conscious cliché ridden meat market wrapped in bad dancing. Or so it appeared. In reality, most of the losers hanging out in the disco bars casting their feeble lines in hopes of snaring a date were, in fact, Tarovals.

As with most terrestrial insects, Tarovals have relatively short life spans. Most only live for five years or so, although exceptional individuals can live for as long as twenty years. They are energetic, even tireless in the pursuit of their, well their pursuits. They stay awake almost all night, and are typically attracted to places with bright lights. And, in one of the greatest pieces of evidence of the existence of some omnipotent intelligence behind the workings of the universe, Tarovals are only attracted to the basest of cultural events. Just as Earth flies prefer carrion to a fine wine, so too do the Tarovals eschew opera or the Great Outdoors, swarming instead to spring break parties and Madonna concerts.

It is assumed that Tarovals have bred themselves to look more like humans, though whether this is through design or simple evolution is unclear. In fact, much about Taroval physiology is strange. They individually appear to have very limited cognitive faculties, most

Tarovals (Tar-ov-als)



of the time. At others, they seem very shrewd. Perhaps this is a great survival instinct in operation, or perhaps it is simply that their brains are completely incapable of communicating as we do. Extensive medical examinations have shown no capacity for telepathic communication among the individuals of their species, yet at times the whole race appears to have a sort of collective intelligence (hence the name "Paratelepaths"). Certainly there are many examples of individuals reacting to events of which they could not have any knowledge.

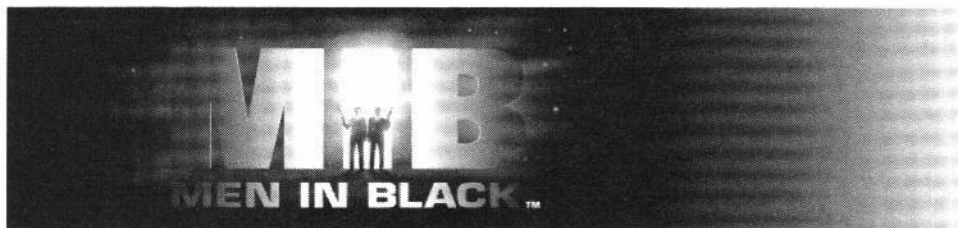
Some at MiB believe this is, in fact, a form of prescience, which would be a desirable trait among a pest species. The rest of us find this too alarming a thought, and prefer to think it may just be occasional spurts of amazing luck. Or perhaps it's all just a series of coincidences blown out of proportion by the more paranoid minds at MiB. Although generally considered an intergalactic pest, the possibility of actual intelligence prevents us from eliminating them outright.

What to Expect in an Encounter: Tarovals are a great annoyance for the MiB. They can be used in a variety of ways to torment them, and since the Tarovals controllers are themselves experimenting, Tarovals change their attitudes at the drop of a pandimensional hat.

Vain, gregarious, foolish, and stereotypical. They don't seem like much of a threat as they sit in a bar putting the moves on everyone they can, and failing the whole while. Yet if one of them gets out of line, the MiB have to come in and neutralize an entire retro dance bar. They could take the Taroval out back to set him straight, or maybe arrest him. But as they lecture the Taroval on the Tycho Accord, with the strains of Saturday Night Fever thumping through the back door of the club, suddenly a dozen or more John Travolta wannabes would descend the walls of the buildings all around them, or swoop in like giant polyester-clad dragonflies in black and white. Surrounding the agents, they start chanting "Party down" in unison. Just think of the sort of hip-grinding martial arts they'd employ!

And what happens if a single Taroval gets its antenna broken. Oops. A bio-cybernetic form is no longer controlled by its creator. What happens? It could go catatonic, it could go bonkers, or it could go independent and develop its own personality.

Alien Technology: Tarovals have been known to employ just about any forms of alien technology they can get their hands on, registered or not. Especially if it will get them a date.



Trell
(Trel)

Trell (Trel)

How Trell View Earth

The following is a transcript of a tape recorded statement taken from a male Trell captured by Agents R and B on [CLASSIFIED]. When taken into custody, he held the keys to a warehouse full of stolen artworks (paintings, sculpture, etc.) valued at well over \$100 million.

Trell: My real name? You couldn't pronounce it if you tried. Why don't you just call me by my alias, Juan Valdez.

R: Well then, Juan, you're in a heap of trouble. We've already identified part of your "collection" as paintings stolen from the Metropolitan Museum in New York last month, and from the Stuart Museum in Boston back in [CLASSIFIED].

Trell: I can assure you, I had no part in those robberies. I'm simply a collector who prefers to buy on the private market, rather than at those overpriced auctions.

B: You're no collector. You're shippin' this stuff off planet.

Trell: I have at times acted as a, middle man I suppose you'd call it for certain of my associates back home who can't take the drugs required to survive in Earth's gravity. What is the harm in that?

R: The harm, chubby, is that these artworks are part of Earth's history. Our cultural heritage if you will, and we don't like anybody taking them away from us.

Trell: Yes, well, they are wonderful, I'll grant you that. Where did you ever get the idea of dabbing colored chemical pigments on a piece of canvas, or altering a block of granite with your hands? It's all so delightfully primitive, and so appealing when your culture's own concept of art is a mass-produced hologram that alters its own appearance once each hour.

B: Yeah, well, the stuff in that warehouse is goin' back to its rightful owners as soon as our boss alerts the FBI to its location, and you'll be doin' ten to fifteen years in solitary confinement in a secured facility in [CLASSIFIED].

Trell: (Babbles indecipherably for fifteen seconds, apparently in its native tongue).

Good heavens, no! Don't you understand how my lungs would suffer breathing only stale reprocessed air? Can't we work out some kind of accommodation, gentlemen? I can give you information on the whereabouts of my former associates who acquired some of these items for me, and I'll put myself on the next packet ship passing through the solar system, OK?

R: That's a start, all right.

Trell: Speaking of which, perhaps you boys would like to make a different kind of a deal. If you'll just forget that we've ever met, I've got a little gadget stashed away at my beach house in Montserrat that could make you very wealthy. (End of tape)

Standard Trell

REFLEXES 2D+1/3D
COORDINATION 2D+2/3D+2
STRENGTH 3D+1/4D
ENDURANCE 2D+1/3D+2
KNOWLEDGE 3D+2/4D+2
PERCEPTION 3D+1/5D
CONFIDENCE 3D+1/4D+2
CHARISMA 3D/5D

Common Skills

Hand-to-Hand Combat, Piloting: (various), Marksmanship, Alien Technology, Forgery, Linguistics, Scholar: (Art Treasures, Museum Security), Business, Conceal, Hide, Security, Surveillance, Tracking, Con, Interrogation, Intimidation, Streetwise, Charm, Disguise, Persuasion

Special Skills

Professional skills Do to their professional interests, Trell get a +1 bonus in *business, surveillance, streetwise*, and at least two out of *con/charm/persuasion*. They also get a +2 bonus in one of the following (depending on their particular special interests): *hide, computer ops, forgery, scholar, artwork*.

Weaknesses

Allergies: Trell tend to suffer from a number of minor allergies to foods, impurities and pollens in the air, and are chronically discomforted by the Earth's somewhat heavier gravity. Many Trell will regularly use a nasal inhaler, and/or have a collection of prescription medications they take religiously each day, to ease these discomforts. In the absence of these medications, their physical abilities will suffer slightly (-1 pip to all rolls for each day without these items, up to a maximum penalty of -3), but the Trell (being hypochondriacs by nature) will believe themselves to be more seriously affected, and will protest any sort of physical exertion they are put through while "incapacitated".
Speed: 30/60 ft./rnd.
Size: 5/6 ft. tall

MiB Case File: Collectors

Compiled By: **CLASSIFIED**

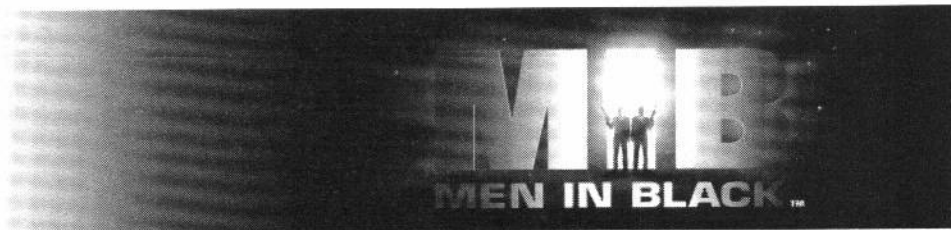
MiB Classification: Paris. Carbon-based life form. Sedimentary anthropoid. Class Phi.

But You Can Call Them: Collectors.

Also Known As: Thieves, black marketeers, art critics.

Disposition: Nonviolent demeanor. Suave fast-talkers who will try to hide and avoid trouble.

Trell
(Trel)



Brian Schomburg

ES 97

Hangs Mostly In: Places where rare artwork can be found.

Often Disguised As: Rare collectors, socialites, art critics.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: The Louvre.

They Brought Us: The art of the fast scam.

Description: Trell in their natural state have a slate grey or slightly bluish coloration, which would look more natural on a rock formation than a person. Fortunately, they have evolved the ability to mold their facial features, skin pigmentation, etc., into a form that is compatible with those around them. Consequently, when encountered they will tend to have the facial characteristics of the local population (whether Indo-European, Hispanic, Asian, etc.). They cannot alter their body type, however, and whether male or female, they tend to be heavy-set individuals (the less charitable might call them fat), with thick tree-trunk like limbs, short stubby fingers and toes, and large, porcine heads that seem forced down on their necks (for pop cultural references, think Oddjob from Goldfinger, or the Kingpin from the SpiderMan comics).

Physiological Quirks: Has a severe hay fever problem with Earth's air. They are also discomforted by Earth's heavier gravity. Earth food causes minor allergic responses.

Profile: Intergalactic traders, the Trell are known in several star systems for their extensive art collections (as well as the irreputable ways they got it).

Trell In Disguise: In addition to their natural ability to change their features, Trell tend to wear fine clothing that covers their larger forms.

MiB's Encounters With Trell: The Trell are among the most dangerous alien life forms who are present on Earth today. Not because they mean us any harm. Quite the contrary, they love it here. They love the rich foods, the fast cars, the nightlife in places like Miami, Las Vegas, or the Riviera. But most of all, they love getting their hands on some of our more unique "stuff". Whether it be the great artworks of Rembrandt or Van Gogh, the sculptures of Rodan, jewelry of extraordinary beauty, or even antiquities from some of Earth's past great civilizations.

The Trell have been traders for over 500 years. Ironically, their own culture is very utilitarian, and seems to produce little in the way of commodities which are not necessary for either the day to day life of their own species (food, clothing, shelter) or trade goods for export to other nearby worlds. Within this context, they tend to view the Earth as a rather enormous yard sale, offering interesting, albeit mostly worthless from a practical standpoint, curiosities for the consumption of both the Trell back home and other races that they trade with. It is the thrill of the process of acquisition, of obtaining the most unique and profitable items at the low-

est possible cost, that motivates the Trell who are among us.

And this becomes our problem, as well, for there is nothing more thrilling to the Trell than getting something for nothing. Consequently, they often attempt to obtain the items they seek through theft. Since they are not built for that sort of work themselves (if you've ever seen a Trell, you'd have a hard time envisioning one as a stealthy second story man), they have to convince others to do the dirty work for them. Thus, an agent may often find a Trell in the company of mobsters or common criminals, and should therefore be advised to approach them cautiously, and to take them into custody when they are alone.

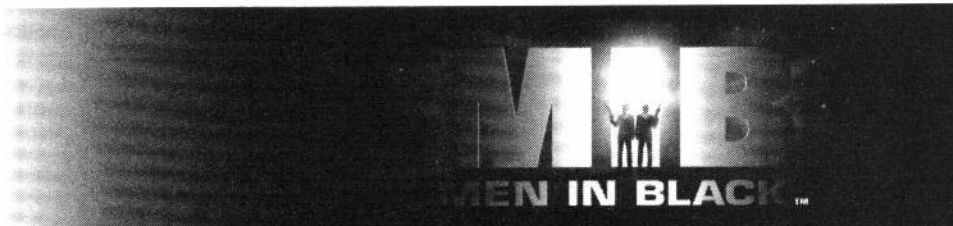
Moreover, agents should be warned that the Trell are consummate con men, though they don't tend to look the part. As a result, some Trell try to obtain goods through elaborate scams, passing themselves off as professors, art historians, etc. Indeed, there is reason to suspect that the recent brouhaha in which a number of prominently displayed Vermeers were revealed as forgeries was nothing but a devious scheme concocted by a Trell to make off with the real paintings.

What to Expect in an Encounter: The Trell typically enlist the services of their criminal compatriots by offering them items of alien technology in exchange for their services. These items are often quite powerful, and frequently give the thieves unique abilities (invisibility to alarms and sensors, short range teleportation ability, etc.) which will greatly assist them in performing the theft itself. Since such capabilities would also give the thieves the ability to come back and rob the Trell of its own treasures, however, the items usually are rigged to carry only a limited number of charges, so that they will cease functioning shortly after the Trell is long gone with his latest haul. On a number of occasions, however, victims of the Trell have been highly placed members of organized crime families, who have needed to be neutralized before they could spread rumors of a tech-dealing welcher internationally. Worse yet, at times, the items have been recovered by law enforcement officials when these criminals were apprehended, which may make for a whole lot of neutralizing of persons on both sides of the fence.

There are typically anywhere between 20 and 50 Trell on Earth at any time. Fortunately for agents, Trell don't seem to enjoy their own company very much, and the number of times that even two Trell have been encountered together can be counted on one hand. However, those Trell who specialize in procuring the same type of item do tend to keep track of each others' activities, whether out of a sense of good-spirited competition or sometimes even professional jealousy. They are not above trying to one up each other in going after the same prize.

The Trell tend to travel in interesting circles, hanging

Trell (Trel)



out in bars and discos with shady characters who would not be out of place in the movie GoodFellas or a Miami Vice episode or engaging in midnight rendezvous along the docks or at a dark warehouse.

Alien Technology: Virtually any encounter with a Trel will involve one or more items of alien technology. Just remember that any piece of equipment provided by the Trel should satisfy four basic conditions:

- The item will be useful rather than earth-shaking in its capabilities.
- The item will not in and of itself cause physical damage to another entity.
- The item will work with essentially 100% reliability during the period of time when it is being used by humans on behalf of the Trel.

- The item will ALWAYS be equipped with some sort of reverse "deadman" switch so that it will cease to function after a limited number of uses.

Two examples of equipment items which might be in a Trel's bag of tricks are provided below, to demonstrate these principles.

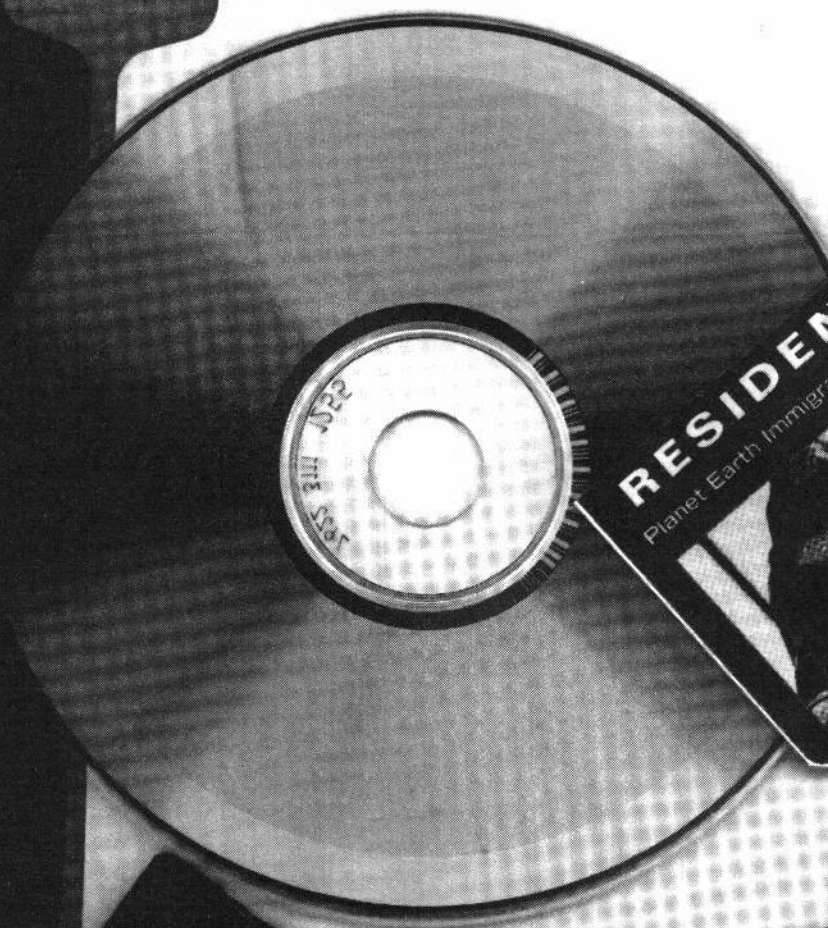
Camouflage Belt Buckle: This item generates an energy field around the wearer that renders him essentially invisible to any motion detector or sensor that works based upon light or movement, including motion detectors, infrared sensors, or lasers.

Spider Paws: These soft synthetic gloves and boots add 2D to any *climbing* skill rolls made by the wearer, and increase *acrobatics* skill rolls for any ability which involves the use of any type of physical guidewire (tight-rope walking, swinging from a trapeze or rope, etc.) by the same amount.



FOLDER 02

**FOR DIRECTOR'S
EYES ONLY:
UNKNOWN ALIENS**



RESIDENT ALIEN
Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service



RA#
2356990

RESIDENT ALIEN
Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

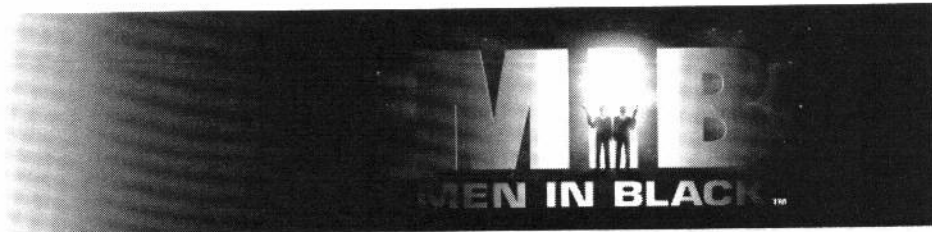


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INDEX

CD

Athrelians
(Ath-reel-ians)



Athrelians (Ath-reel-ians)

How Athrelians View Earth

The Following is a transcript of the interview with MiB Agent M, who was present at the capture of the Athrelian known as Mr. Anderson. Mr. Anderson was apprehended while in the process of attempting to sell alledged "anti-gravity drive parts" to MiB.

Mr. Anderson: Good afternoon, Agent M. And how is your new pursuit vehicle doing? Having any trouble with the experimental laser cannon? Personally, I think the mass-driver weapon being developed by your organization would be a lot more energy efficient, don't you agree?

Agent M: I'm the one conducting this interview here. You are the one who should be answering the q...Wait a minute! How do you know about all of those things!?"

(Mr. Anderson merely smiles, saying nothing.)

Agent M: Why did you come to our world?

Mr. Anderson: Business my friend, nothing more, nothing less.

Agent M: We have reports that your race is supplying advanced weapons to various small groups on this planet. What do you have to say about this?

Mr. Anderson: All quite true. Still, we are only doing the same things that many of your own human businessmen do as well. Making a tidy profit. The weapons that

we sell are not that much in advance of what is available here on your world. We do not just sell weapons of course. We deal in medical supplies, educational tools, things that will better your planet. Like the parts for the antigravity drive on that crashed ship you have at Roswell. That's how I got the opportunity to speak with you now.

Agent M: And how did you find out about that ship? It's so classified that even most of our government and military don't know about it?

Mr. Anderson: The same way I found out that a Russian crimelord was shipping those ex-soviet MIG-29 fighters to the drug cartels in Columbia last week. I hope your intelligence services informed the DEA. While primitive, the fighters would be suitably deadly towards DEA helicopters.

Agent M [Trembling slightly]: As a matter of fact they did. Do you care to provide any details about how you found out about those fighters? Or about the captured alien ship?

Mr. Anderson: That would be telling.

Agent M: And how do you know so much about the other races that have visited our world? Their ships, weapons, technologies, motivations? For that matter, **why** do you need to know so much about all these varied things?

Mr. Anderson: Let's just say that with time will come understanding and leave things at that.

Agent M: Okay, play the mystery man if you want. You'll have a long time to think about how you want to answer some of these



Tim Bobko

questions in the future, preferably without any of the wisecracks. Why are you smiling?

Mr. Anderson: I was just thinking of how your organization could use a new antimatter pulse modulator for the FTL drive of the alien ship you found in the Rocky Mountains last week. The one that crashed because of the meteor collision?

Agent M: How the hell did you?

Mr. Anderson: Trade secret my dear Agent M. Trade secret.

Note to the GM: The Athrelians are intended to be a continuing source of mystery in a MiB campaign. Feel free to add details as fit your individual campaign, but always try to keep the enigmatic air to these beings. They could be exactly what they seem, traders and merchants. They could be a billions of years old race from the dawn of the universe, here on Earth doing things for reasons no man or alien could understand. Or they could be anything in between. The truth is not important, the mystery is!

Standard Athrelian

REFLEXES 3D/5D
COORDINATION 4D/5D+1
STRENGTH 1D+2/2D+1
ENDURANCE 3D/4D
KNOWLEDGE 5D/7D
PERCEPTION 5D+1/8D
CONFIDENCE 4D/5D+1
CHARISMA 4D/6D

Common Skills

Dodge, Piloting: (Flight, Athrelian Ships), Marksmanship, Linguistics, Surveillance, Scholar: (various), Alien Technology, Computer Ops, Willpower, Charm, Persuasion, Business, Interrogation, Intimidation

Special Abilities

EM Spectrum Vision: Athrelians can see on a wide scale of spectrums giving them a +1D to all sight based *Perception* rolls.

Wings: Athrelians have wings that are, from one tip to the other, as long as the Athrelian is tall. They give them a speed of 80/160 while flying.

Lightning Projection: The Athrelians are capable of producing in some, yet unknown, way to produce lightning from their bodies. It can do 5D damage within a max range of 50 feet.

Speed: 45/90 ft./rnd.

Size: 6/7 ft. tall

MiB Case File: Birdmen

Compiled By: Agent M

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: Anaheim. Actinium-based life form. Bipedal humanoid with pronounced avian characteristics. Class Sigma.

But You Can Call Them: Birdmen.

Also Known As: Arms dealers, bird brains, pains in the [CLASSIFIED].

Disposition: Friendly, willing to make deals.

Hangs Mostly In: Banana Republics, The Middle East. Anywhere else there is a deal to be made.

Often Disguised As: Arms Dealer.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Unknown.

They Brought Us: Advanced weapons and technologies. A great deal of questions to be answered. Massive headaches for the security staff.

Description: The Athrelians are a race of humanoid beings that have a strong resemblance to humans. They have lithe, slender builds, and metallic gold hair that tends to go approximately halfway to their waists. Their eyes are invariably a glowing amber and their skin has a pronounced blue tint. The most dramatic thing about the Athrelians is their fully-functional feathered wings which are a deep amber in color.

Physiological Quirks: Athrelians can apparently see along a wide band of the electromagnetic spectrum, and have been known to generate powerful bolts of electricity. Rumors occasionally attribute other abilities to them, but nothing confirming this has yet been documented by the MiB.

Profile: Other than what was revealed by the Athrelian captured while about to conduct a deal with members of the MiB, very little is known about their race or their origin.

Athrelians In Disguise: It is not known with certainty whether Athrelians can disguise themselves as humans or not. Mr. Anderson appeared in his true form to MiB, but others of his kind may not. Then again, they may operate mostly through "front men", and stay in the background.

MiB's Encounters With Athrelians: Of all the races that we have encountered, the Athrelians are definitely the most mysterious. They seem to be basically capitalistic in nature, although this could be a front for some other activities or goals. The few suspected and fewer known Athrelians seem to compete against each other to see who can close the biggest deal. There seems to be an element of cultural status involved, but this is only conjecture, like most of the information about the Athrelians.

The most vexing enigma about the Athrelians will likely remain so for the foreseeable future. Shortly after his interview, guards checking the containment facilities found that Mr. Anderson was missing from his cell. A full alert and security search found no evidence of the alien. At this time the details of the event are unknown. He may have either committed suicide with some sort of disintegrator we missed, or he may have escaped by means currently unknown.

Shortly afterwards, popular rumor has it that a box of antigravity drive parts arrived at Hangar 18. Along with the box was a letter which simply read "Paid in Full". Furthermore, the rumor goes on to state that handwriting analysis indicated that Mr. Anderson had writ-

Athrelians (Ath-reel-ians)



ten the letter. Official MiB response has been "We can neither confirm nor deny this comment." The current MiB policy is to observe Athrelian manifestations and to bust up any Athrelian dealings with other alien races. Capturing the other alien parties is strongly suggested, as they may be able to shed more light on this enigmatic situation. Actual capture of further Athrelians has been suspended pending the gathering of further information.

What to Expect in an Encounter:

Methods of Capture:

There is not enough current information available to formulate a proper capture technique. Current MiB protocol directs field agents to cover up any traces of Athrelian involvement, and to capture those alien beings that make deals with the Athrelians. The first part of this is made easier by the fact that the Athrelians seem to desire to remain as secretive as they can. The second part can get exciting.

If agents wish to attempt capture of an actual Athrelian, they are advised that any actions they take are at their own risk. Although quite polite, an Athrelian can be extremely dangerous if annoyed or angered. Furthermore, the lack of information on them would make any suggestions on capture methods pure speculation. In addition, any information on this subject that could be given now would expose MiB agents to unnecessary danger.

Alien Technology: Athrelians are known to carry a bewildering variety of equipment, mostly of an extremely advanced level of technology. Two items that seem to be "standard issue" are an amber crystal ap-

proximately nine inches long, and a gold bracelet. (See below) Besides these two devices, field agents should expect just about anything to show up in Athrelian hands. Exercise extreme caution in all dealings.

The ability or device used by Mr. Anderson to escape from the MiB has never been catalogued. Psionics and teleportation devices have all been proposed as answers. One outlandish theory states that the Athrelians can somehow manipulate the Actinium in their bodies by using their electrical/Em abilities. The theory states that this allows them to create a natural "Warp Gate" resulting in teleportation. This theory is based on data from some captured alien ships that use actinium as a crucial part of their FTL drives. There has been no proof of this, but on the other hand no evidence has come up to disprove it either.

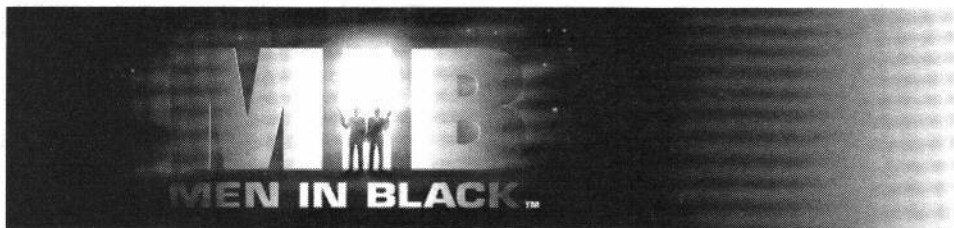
Disintegrator Crystal: [9D Damage, Effective Range 500 Meters].

Appears to operate by suppressing the strong nucleic force in the targets atoms. The target is reduced to a cloud of subatomic particles. The weapon's power source seems to be self-contained, and none of them have ever been known to run out of power.

Forcefield Bracelet: [+5D To Endurance for purposes of resisting damage].

The operating principle of this device is still a mystery to us. Regardless of the physics involved, it is an impressive tool for defense.

Note for the GM: Just about anything you think of would make a suitable Athrelian device. In general, the stranger the better. Outfit an Athrelian with whatever you feel would be appropriate for your adventure.



Crystaloids
(Crist-a-loyds)

Crystaloids (Crist-a-loyds)

How Crystaloids View Earth

The following is a data download obtained from the Crystaloid known as LX-240. Actual "conversation" with a Crystaloid is almost unknown, as they seem to have no concept of social interaction as humans, or indeed many aliens, know it.

Analysis: Planet designated XN-524-A90 is nexus for many alien species. Unit has following data download:

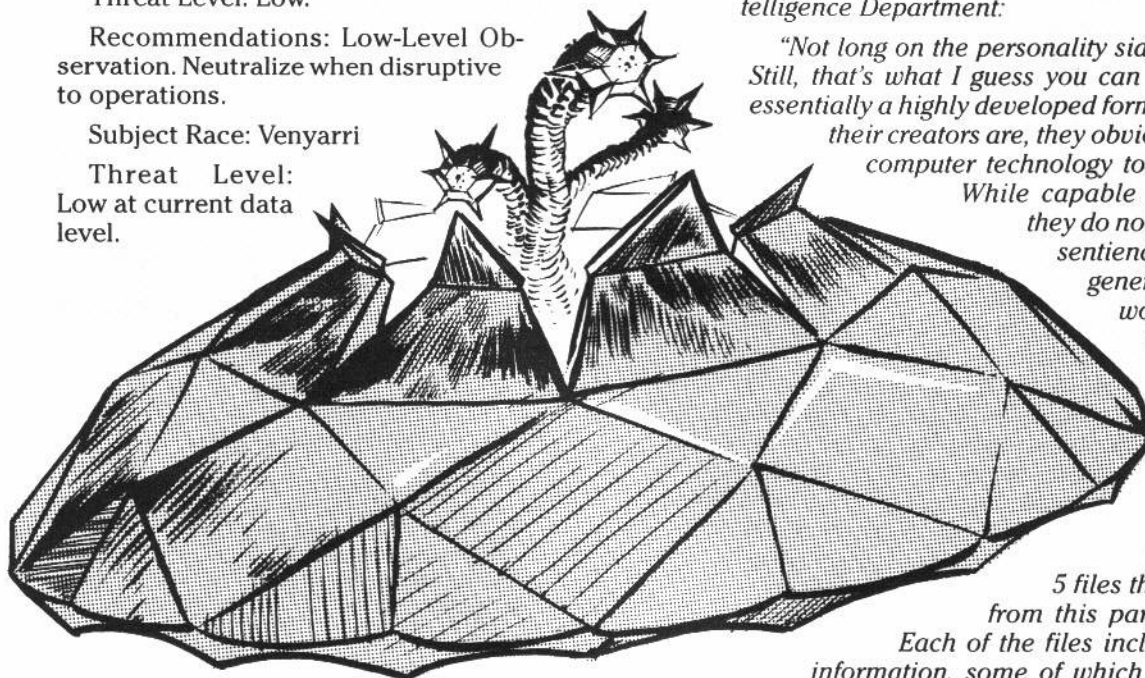
Subject Race: Altonians

Threat Level: Low.

Recommendations: Low-Level Observation. Neutralize when disruptive to operations.

Subject Race: Venyarri

Threat Level:
Low at current data level.



Recommendations: Continued analysis.

Subject Race: The Bug

Threat Level: Moderate/High.

Recommendations: Termination.

Subject Native Organization: CIA. Data acquisition service of area control organization known as "United States of America"

Threat Level: Low due to tech level.

Recommendations: Observation.

Subject Native Organization: Iraqi Front. Nihilist/Anarchist agents dedicated to following of mentally unstable leader.

Threat Level: Low due to tech level.

Recommendations: Could be manipulated into serving as diversions.

An analysis by Dr. Lindstrom of the MiB Electronic Intelligence Department:

"Not long on the personality side of things, are they? Still, that's what I guess you can expect from what is essentially a highly developed form of robot. Whomever their creators are, they obviously have developed computer technology to a very high degree.

While capable of decision making, they do not seem to have the full sentence capability that their general level of technology would seem to indicate as possible for them.

It is quite likely that their creators limited them in this way, possibly for security reasons.

"There were exactly 5 files that were downloaded from this particular "individual."

Each of the files included a great deal of information, some of which has been extremely useful to the MiB. Unfortunately, the information that was not included is the information which MiB would find the most useful.

"It is obvious at this point that the Crystaloids are artificially created units. The big question now is who created them, and just why would they go to the trouble of sending them to our world to gather all this information? We are going to have to find out more about the Crystaloids. It would REALLY help if we could reliably do something about those annoying bombs they seem to have built into them."

Crystaloids (Crist-a-loydys)



Standard Crystaloid

REFLEXES 3D/4D+2
COORDINATION 3D/4D+2
STRENGTH 2D/4D
ENDURANCE 4D/6D
KNOWLEDGE 5D/6D+2
PERCEPTION 5D/8D
CONFIDENCE 4D/5D
CHARISMA 1D/2D+1

Common Skills

Dodge, Sneak, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Marksmanship, Computer Ops, Scholar: (Computer Programming, various others), Piloting: (Flight), Alien Technology, Demolitions (Self-Destruct), Conceal, Hide, Linguistics, Shadowing, Surveillance, Tracking, Interrogation, Disguise

Special Abilities

Mechanical Nature: Antigrav Flight [Speed 50/100], Integral Armor [+2D to Endurance rolls], Heat Beam [5D Damage, Max range 75 ft.], Monomolecular Edges [Damage STR+3D], Transmorphic System [Can shapeshift into any form massing between 50-150 lbs].

Heat Absorption: Crystaloids can absorb heat energy from incoming attacks such as fire or lasers. They can store this energy in internal accumulators and use it to augment the power of their heat beams. Damage is absorbed and utilized on a one for one die basis. The Crystaloid can store up to 50D of heat energy and can use up to 5D on any particular shot. If the internal accumulator is filled they have to take the damage directly.

Self Destruct: Crystaloids are also known to be equipped with a powerful self-destruct charge capable of nearly atomizing the Crystaloid if necessary (as well as most anything else nearby when the charge detonates). The blast does 10D of damage in a 15 ft. radius, and seems to be plasma-based in nature.

Speed: 40/80 ft./rnd.

Size: 3/4 ft. across

MiB Case File: Shards

Compiled By: **CLASSIFIED**

MiB Classification: New Jersey. Silicon/Gallium-based artificial lifeform. Polymorphic android. Class Xi.

But You Can Call Them: Shards.

Also Known As: Chunks of glass, silicon peeping toms.

Disposition: Cold and analytical, believed to be some type of automated drone or robot.

Hangs Mostly In: Anyplace there is information to be gained.

Often Disguised As: Large crystalline shapes. Sometimes passing themselves off as cold, analytical versions of the population of the planet it is on.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Information.

They Brought Us: Data files on several alien races. Information on human agencies and organizations.

Description: The natural form of a Crystaloid is an amorphous shape, with three eye stalks, and composed of a quasi-stable crystalline substance. They are capable of altering their shape to simulate the native lifeforms of the planet they are assigned to. When in

their natural form, they can fire a beam of heat energy and can slice enemies with their edges, which are nearly monomolecular.

Physiological Quirks: Crystaloids seem to be vulnerable to extreme cold. CO2 fire extinguishers make effective weapons. Under no circumstances use fire against Crystaloids. They can absorb thermal energy and use it to amplify their on-board weapon systems.

Profile: Appear to be automated data acquisition units sent to earth by another alien race. The creating/controlling alien race is currently unknown.

Crystaloids In Disguise: Crystaloids can alter their molecular structure and appear as almost any lifeform. When posing as humans the disguise is physically flawless, but social ignorance will often give them away.

MiB's Encounters With Crystaloids: One of the best sources of information on other alien races that we have, when we can get the information out of them. In one instance we were able to trick the Crystaloid into downloading its data to our computers. In another case, well, they still haven't gotten the blast scorching off the walls of that computer room.

Crystaloids were obviously sent to Earth as part of an intelligence gathering mission. Who sent them and to what ends are not known to us currently. Although we have gained much information about various alien races from Crystaloid data downloads, this has not been without cost. The drones are extremely difficult to capture, and even when captured it is by no means sure that they can be induced into giving up their information.

There was an instance a few months ago when one of our computer techs tried to hack into the "processor" of a captured Crystaloid to get access to its information. Somehow the technician must have triggered some sort of internal security device because the Crystaloid self-destructed, killing the technician and destroying the lab in which he was working.

As Earth seems to be a popular place for various alien races to send representatives, the Crystaloids believe that they can gather information and artifacts of several races, including humanity, and deliver them to their creators.

In some cases, they actually seem to perform a similar function to our own organization. However, this does not mean that we will be any less vigilant against them. Indeed, we must be even more so, as the Crystaloid's actions may be the harbingers of an even greater problem in the future.

In their zeal to serve their creators, they often take the forms of other alien species. This can cause immense problems for the MiB, as an agent cannot be 100% sure of what he is facing. The complications caused by this have ranged from the humorous to the dangerous.

As far as we have been able to determine, no Crystaloid alive today knows how to contact their Creators. If, for that matter, the creators still exist or still care about the mission of the Crystaloids. Analysis of the few we have been able to capture reveals no information at all on their creators. Therefore, they keep gathering information and stockpiling it, on a mission that may never end.

Crystaloids watch human organizations and other aliens with seemingly no discrimination or preference. The current theory is that they are gathering information as recon data for an invasion. There is however, no proof of this.

What to Expect in an Encounter:

Methods Of Capture:

Of all the alien races that the MiB have encountered, the Crystaloids are one of the most difficult to capture. The razor edges make things particularly tough. Despite this, it was found that intense cold, such as liquid nitrogen or even CO2 extinguishers, presents an effective method. Binding the alien up in one of it's "disguised" forms, tightly enough so it cannot change shape, is also possible. This is a lot harder to accomplish however.

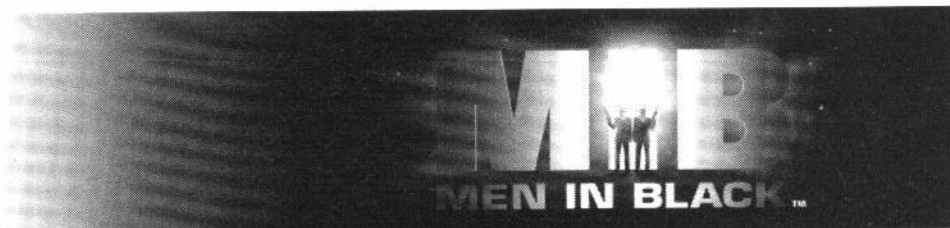
Detecting a Crystaloid is both difficult and incredibly easy. There seems to be no way to physically or tech-

nologically detect a disguised Crystaloid. However, a simple conversation will usually reveal one. The fact that they have no emotional capability and always speak logically and in a monotone is all but a giveaway. Still, MiB field agents should use caution, as there are rare humans that fit the above parameters.

Alien Technology: The Crystaloids seem to carry no unique equipment. What equipment they use is generally integrated into their own body structure, and is destroyed if the Crystaloid itself is destroyed. The self-destruct system seems to be intended to keep them and their information out of unauthorized hands. Fortunately, the device does not always work. Unfortunately, sometimes it does. Detonation chances of the device seem to be random, and none of the devices have ever been disarmed (or for that matter, definitely located).

Crystaloids have often been observed carrying equipment made by other alien races, as well as human equipment. It is to only be assumed that the items were "acquired" by the Crystaloids in the process of going about their mission. The fate of the previous owners can be guessed at with a fair degree of accuracy, as the alien files that were downloaded by MiB included anatomical diagrams, "brain synapse maps", and other data that look suspiciously similar in style to autopsies performed on aliens by MiB scientists.

Njerrin
(nuh-Jerin)



Njerrin (nuh-Jerin)

How Njerrin View Earth

A copy of the following note was found on the burning hulk of the Felton Oil offshore drilling platform located in the North Sea. The platform was apparently attacked in some sort of terrorist assault in September of 1993, leaving 73 of the 75 workmen dead. Our fingerprint experts indicate that the smudges found on the note are definitely not human in origin.

KEEP AWAY FROM R HOMES TAKE
UR BIG MACHINES THAT RIP AWAY
THE URTH AND SHAKE THE GROUND
WE WALK ON AND PUMP BLAK
WASTE DOWN ONTO US THE LAND
BELONGS TO U AND
WE RESPECT THAT
THE GREAT BLOO
AND ALL THAT IS BE-
LOW IT IS OURS AND IF
U DO NOT RESPECT THAT
WE WILL NOT STAND BI AND
LET U TAKE IT FROM US IF U
WANT A FIGHT U SHALL HAVE
ONE AND U WILL NOT DEFEAT
US AS LONG AS ONE NJERRIN
PATROLS THE GREAT BLOO

The note then repeats essentially the same message in French, German, Russian, and Norwegian, all in the same scrawled block printing, with no punctuation and lots of misspellings.

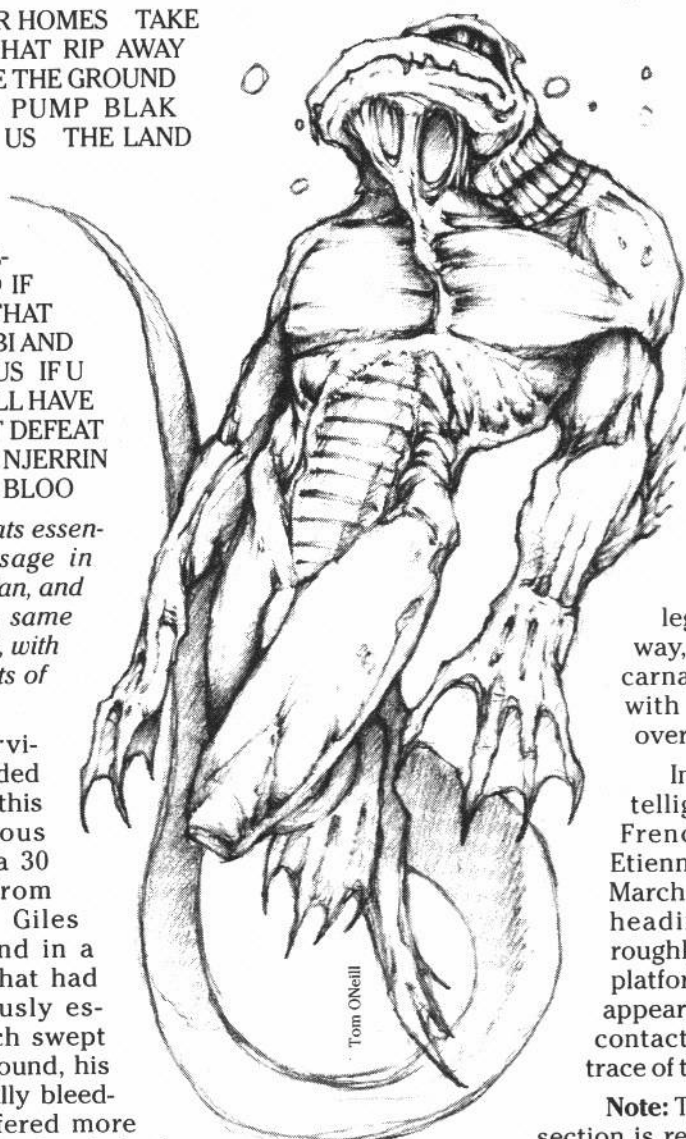
The only two survivors of the assault added little useful detail to this cryptic and ominous warning. The first, a 30 year old rigger from Swansea named Giles McGowan, was found in a maintenance shed that had somehow miraculously escaped the fires which swept the platform. When found, his eardrums were literally bleeding, and he had suffered more than 90 percent hearing loss in both ears. As near as we can tell, Giles saw nothing of the attack or his attackers, though any mention of the incident, or indeed any view of the open

sea, sends him into a paroxysm of absolute terror. McGowan has been institutionalized in London since the incident, and it is reported that he often awakens screaming in the middle of the night when there is a full moon, keening in an indecipherable high pitched wail.

The second survivor, petrochemical engineer Sven Nyquist, was perhaps coincidentally already legally deaf, and was sleeping in his quarters without his hearing aid in when the attack came. Awakened by the smell of fire, he rushed to the upper platform and encountered, according to his sworn deposition, "20-25 large amphibian creatures, similar to giant frogs in appearance except that they were standing upright on their hind legs. They were standing on the decks in orderly formation, still blasting away at our equipment using some kind of weapons that were mounted in a box-like contraption strapped around their right forelegs. Shrinking back into the gangway, I watched as they finished their carnage, surveyed their handiwork with seeming approval, then leapt over the side into the darkness."

In a final footnote, U.S. Defense Intelligence sources indicate that a French nuclear submarine, the Etienne, issued a distress signal on March 7, 1995 while proceeding on a heading which placed the vessel roughly 30 miles west of the Felton Oil platform. The submarine abruptly disappeared from radio and surveillance contact twenty minutes later, and no trace of the vessel has been found to date.

Note: The material presented in the next section is recommended for Director's eyes only. As of the present date, these facts and descriptions of the Njerrin and their technology are not publicly or privately available, even to the MiB.



Standard Njerrin

REFLEXES 3D+1/4D+2
COORDINATION 3D+2/5D
STRENGTH 2D+1/5D
ENDURANCE 3D+2/5D+1
KNOWLEDGE 3D/5D
PERCEPTION 3D/5D
CONFIDENCE 2D+2/4D
CHARISMA 2D+1/3D+2

Common Skills

Acrobatics, Climbing, Dodge, Jumping, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Riding: (Aquatic Mammals), Swimming, Alien Technology, Computer Ops, Navigation, Hide, Language: (various), Surveillance, Tracking, Intimidation, Survival: (Land/Water)

Special Abilities

Swimming: All Njerrin get a +2D to their *swimming* skill rolls if completely underwater.

Aquatic Survival: All Njerrin get a +2D to all *survival* rolls for an underwater environment.

Special Skills

Warrior Class: Marksmanship, Ignore Pain, Missile Weapons, Thrown Weapons, Demolitions, Shadowing

Priest Class: Persuasion, Con, Interrogation, Scholar: Faith, First Aid, Medicine

Weaknesses

Aquatic Nature: Njerrin cannot survive out of water for longer than 6 hour periods. After 6 hours without complete immersion, the Njerrin lose 1D of *Endurance* every 15 minutes until they are completely immersed in water again. They regain 1D *Endurance* for every hour that they are immersed.

Speed: 20/40 ft./rnd on land, 70/140 ft./rnd. underwater.

Size: 5ft. 2in./7ft. 2in. tall

MiB Case File: Merfolk

Compiled By: Agent

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: North Sea. Calcium-based life form. Bipedal amphibian. Class Rho.

But You Can Call Them: Merfolk.

Also Known As: Fish Heads.

Disposition: Seem to be fanatically devoted to defense of the oceans against despoiling and pollution.

Hangs Mostly In: Underwater in the North, Mediterranean, Caribbean, and South China Seas.

Often Disguised As: Not known to disguise themselves.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Unknown.

They Brought Us: A greater understanding of the ocean environment delivered at the end of a sonic beam.

Description: The Njerrin are an agile people with a deceptive depth of intellect (as humans can be easily thrown off by the barriers that the two races have to easy communication). The Njerrin are primarily underwater dwellers who process oxygen through gills located along their throats, but who also possess rudimentary lungs that enable them to survive out of water for periods of up to six hours. Although they most resemble an Earth frog or toad in overall appear-

ance, in practice their body design is dramatically different from that of any on-world amphibian, since they are built to move on both water and land after maturity (whereas a frog evolves from a water to air breather as it grows). The Njerrin propel themselves in water by swimming, employing a combination of webbed forelegs that when spread out enable them to glide through the water, and a long prehensile tail that provides velocity (when whipped rapidly from side to side) and steering. The Njerrin's forelegs end in hands which though lacking opposable thumbs can grasp and use certain tools, in coordination with their mouths and tail.

An adult Njerrin ranges anywhere from 5 to 7 feet in length, and weighs 80 to 100 pounds. They have a greenish grey coloration, which is often mottled by darker spots of color along their anterior side. Female Njerrin are distinguishable from the male by a V-shaped ridge of brightly colored (often orange or yellow, and at times pink or green) cartilage which runs around the base of their necks like a pendant or necklace.

Physiological Quirks: Unknown.

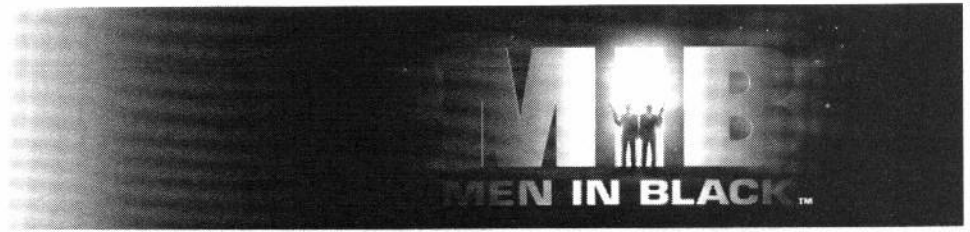
Profile: The Njerrin first colonized Earth in the mid-1700's, finding the vast empty expanse of the seas to their liking, and no intelligent water-breathing species present to battle them for dominance. For over 200 years, they had their run of the oceans, separating into independent groups based upon clan or tribal lines, and migrating far and wide to build permanent settlements along the sea floor in several of Earth's major water bodies, including the North, Mediterranean, Caribbean, and South China Seas. In the latter 20th Century, however, man's endless quest for more resources to exploit, along with our invention of under-sea craft like submarines and submersibles, have led us to make incursions into areas the Njerrin view as their territory. And it's fair to say that they haven't taken well to these unannounced invasions, even though the saner heads among the clan leaders recognize that we don't exactly know they're there when we arrive. The North Sea Njerrin have been the most obviously militant of the clans to date.

Njerrin In Disguise: Njerrin rarely are seen, and do not disguise themselves to blend in with human society. They would rather not deal with humans.

MiB's Encounters With Njerrin: The events surrounding the attack on the Felton Oil platform, and the disappearance of the Etienne, obviously raise serious suspicions that there is some sort of alien presence in the waters of the North Sea. For lack of a better name, we have named this entity the Njerrin, after the untranslatable word contained in the note left behind on the platform (though given the context of the note, the term could just as easily mean something like 'warrior' in their native tongue).

Since Nyquist appears to be the only surviving eye-

Njerrin (nuh-Jerin)



witness capable of making sense, we accept his description of the creatures (some sort of air and water-breathing amphibian hybrid, powerful enough to somehow scale a drilling rig that is equivalent in height above sea level to a ten-story building), even as the world at large laughs it off as ravings. The leaping ability in their rear legs must be enormous, and would make it easy to imagine that they could use that power to hold themselves erect like bipeds for short bursts of activity.

We know that these creatures are also capable of understanding and assimilating not one but several human languages, plus International Morse Code. Their lack of understanding of things like spelling, punctuation, and lower case letters suggest that most of their information has been received orally, rather than from written texts. It is also curious that the creatures have issued warnings in Morse Code and writing, but never verbally communicated with the humans they've encountered.

What to Expect in an Encounter: The Njerrin culture is extremely religious, and based upon the worship of the Ocean Mother, Kal-dr'hanha, who rules the great blue. This culture is organized into a caste system of priests/shaman, warriors, workers, care-givers, and administrators, with females primarily delegated to the first and fourth of these roles, and the males to the second and third (while the ruling class comes from both genders). Castes are not determined hereditarily, but rather by submitting each youth reaching maturity to the "great testing", a spiritual quest in which the Njerrin is sent out to locate and bring back a suitable gift for the Ocean Mother. The nature of the gift they bring back, and the method by which they obtain it, is then mediated upon by the priests to determine their appointed role in the sea of life.

Njerrin have acquired what knowledge they have of 'land-walker' culture by monitoring the sonic echoes of the radio and satellite TV communication traffic that passes above them. They lack the capacity to speak independently, unless they are equipped with some sort of artificial voice box.

To date, the Men in Black have had no face to face encounters with the Njerrin, though they have reason to believe (given their knowledge of the presence of other alien life forms on earth) that they are more than just old wives tales.

Alien Technology: Virtually every aspect of Njerrin daily life will involve technologies that are completely alien to land-walkers. One item that will almost certainly have immediate relevance to the interaction of the Njerrin and the MiB is the Njerrin's hand-held energy weapon, which is known in their language as a *Treskhin*. The treskhin generates a focused beam of sound that once successfully targeted, reverberates waves of destructive sonic energy through the target.

Treskhin

Range: 50 ft.

Rate of Fire: Continuous

Damage: 6D

Ammunition: 350 five sec. bursts or 25 min. continuous use.

Scale: 0

When the target is a human, the high-pitched emissions of sound affect the inner ear, distorting equilibrium to the point where forward movement is nearly impossible. Target must make an *Endurance* roll every turn or fall unconscious. When targeted at an inanimate object, the sound waves set off a sympathetic pattern of vibrations within the affected item. Roll versus Body Strength of object every round to see if the metal fatigues, it decompresses, or violently explodes.

Squorps (Skw-orps)

How Squorps View Earth

Squorp message, broadcast to members in our universe, which was redirected to MiB headquarters.

The Executive Director strode purposefully into the Chairmans Office. Purposeful striding was, of course, required by corporate policy, and the members of the corporate structure had to abide by its rules in much the same way as members of a human's corporeal structure must obey, and for much the same reason: if they disobey, they find themselves dismembered.

"Sir," came the report, "the drones have been successfully integrated into the extradimensional environment. The inhabitants of that dimension are widely varied; we chose a form that closely matched the most prevalent dominant alien species at the location of the rift portal; that of 'hyumin.' The species had several shortcomings, which we have overcome through careful genetic engineering."

"Good," said the Chairman. He was tired of reports of failure. The Executive Director of the Lehmming Project, for example, had not only had to be dismembered, but his projects had to be devoured by antibodies and squeezed out of the system. The Chairman motioned for the Executive Director to continue.

"Our drones have also initiated a single corporate structure in their universe to better match our own. This will make the hostile takeover an easier task."

"Excellent," said the Chairman. "Then we can begin our invasion of the alien universe. I have received word that the rift portal is ready for our troops. At last we shall exact a revenge for our poor compatriot, brutally dismembered almost a hundred megashifts ago."

"How did that happen, Chairman?" asked the Executive Director.

"We opened a rift portal in a remote portion of the planet inhabited by the hyumins. No sooner than our emissary stepped onto

the surface of the planet than he exploded mightily. The power of the explosion destroyed him, the portal, and the hardware that created the portal."

"How tragic," said the Executive Director.

"Not really," came the answer. "He was a temp."

Standard Squorp

REFLEXES 3D+2/5D
COORDINATION 2D+1/4D
STRENGTH 1D/2D
ENDURANCE 3D/4D+2
KNOWLEDGE 4D/5D
PERCEPTION 5D/6D
CONFIDENCE 1D/2D
CHARISMA 1D+2/2D+2

Common Skills

Dodge, Piloting: Flight, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Hide, Tracking, Business, Security, Intimidation, Disguise

Special Abilities

Super Science: (see **Alien Technology**).

Weaknesses

Extradimensional existence: The attributes above are not exemplary of the actual Squorps, but merely the capacities of itself that the creature can manifest in this dimension. The majority of the Squorp that intrudes into our reality is so bent and folded by the intervening space-time continuum that it is only the size of perhaps a grain of rice. This is not an altogether pleasant experience for the Squorp and may contribute highly to their generally sour disposition.

Anti-matter biology: Contact with any matter results in an immediate and catastrophic explosion for 10D damage to anyone within 15 ft. Thank goodness that only a few atoms' worth of a Squorp can extrude into this galaxy.

Social structure: The Squorps exist in a total corporate state. They have no humor, and little personal initiative.

Language Barrier: The Squorps cannot conceive of multiple languages. This gross oversight restricts them to cliché phrases, most of which they don't understand anyway.

Aversion: Cannot stand (even fear) whimsy and good cheer, including Care Bears cartoons, Dr. Suess books, gaily-colored balloons, food fights, polkas, and banana popsicles.

Speed: Attacking 45/90 ft./rnd., Fleeing 70/140 ft./rnd.

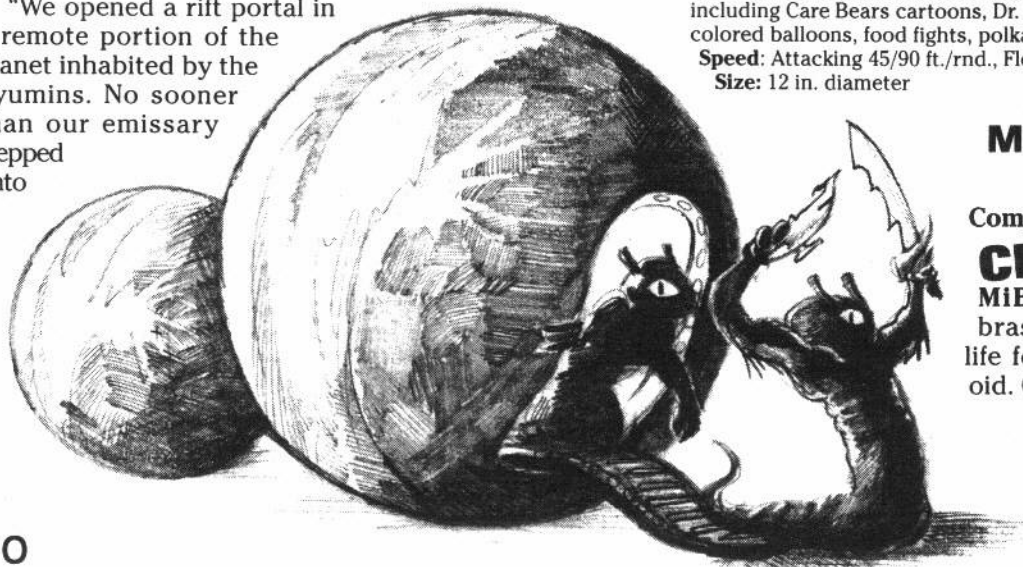
Size: 12 in. diameter

MiB Case File: UFOs

Compiled By:

CLASSIFIED

MiB Classification: Nebraska. Anti-matter-based life form. Tenebrous spheroid. Class Phi.



Squorps (Skw-orps)



But You Can Call Them: UFOs.

Also Known As: Flying black-thingees.

Disposition: Believed warlike... at least that's what the survivors indicate

Hangs Mostly In: Another universe, self-made war zones.

Often Disguised As: Floating spheres of pure black, floating spheres of pure blue, basketballs, cantaloupes.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Earth

They Brought Us: The chance to be conquered in spite of the Tycho Accord. Skeet shooting.

Description: The Squorps in their normal form resemble snails without their shells. Squorps are invertibrates and remain upright by the use of huge dorsal muscles.

Physiological Quirks: Occasionally explode mightily when hit with positive matter, also exhibit fear of cheery or whimsical music and poetry.

Profile: Inhabitants of another dimension, who have created a transdimensional rift through time and space and have come to take over the universe.

Squorps In Disguise: Flying black spheres (whoaaa good disguise!), basketballs, and various other round objects.

MiB's Encounters With Squorps:

Field Report: Date: [CLASSIFIED]

We were sent to investigate reports of several unexplained loud explosions in the area of [CLASSIFIED] starting three days ago. Arrived this morning and began interviews and neuralizations. Several locals report seeing round patches of pure black hovering above the ground. They describe the black as 'perfect,' with no light, no reflection, no refraction at all. It was difficult to tell whether it was a sphere or in fact just a hole in the universe. Unless the federal deficit has achieved sentience, we shall dismiss the floating black hole theory, and operate on the assumption that the black apparitions are some sort of light-absorbing energy field.

We were able to locate an old widow who claims she had shot the black spheres because she thought they were attacking her. She could not clearly explain why she thought this was the case. (This will do wonders for our intergalactic relations, I'm sure.) She claims she was only using a shotgun loaded with rock salt, just like she uses on folks with tattoos, guys with long hair, anyone riding a motorcycle, and anyone who plays "that damnable music" too loud (She does not consider Little Jimmy Osmund's music to be damnable, much to our annoyance). She shot several times, and about half of the times she shot, one of the black spheres exploded brightly. We searched the area, and

although there was evidence of several concussive blasts, no unusual debris could be found.

There are an inordinate number of Barflies hanging around in this area. We've tried to question several of them, but as near as we can tell, they haven't seen anything out of the ordinary. Or else they don't remember it.

Date: [CLASSIFIED]

Stayed at Old Lady Atchisson's house while she went to the flea market. No sooner had she left and we settled in than a squadron of the black spheres flying in formation launched an assault. Their weapons were not easily described; it was like a lance of light speared out from them, and then retracted again. They were slow enough that it was possible to dodge them, but by no means was it easy. We fired with everything we had. Most of our weapons appeared to have no effect on the things, although at one point, two of them exploded in rapid succession, blowing out most of the windows in the house.

At this point, the aliens entered the house, spearing those lances of light everywhere they went. I had thought we'd have an edge in interior fighting, but with those lances appearing at random in every doorway, you didn't dare stick your head out anywhere. They moved through the house, destroying only the 8-track tapes and player Ms. Atchisson had, and the television. They also set the marshmallows on fire. Go figure.

Oh yeah, they speared the cat, too. Nine lives, all shot to heck.

Date: [CLASSIFIED]

We were able to follow the rest of the alien squadron using our camera fly. As they rendezvoused in a clearing in the middle of nowhere, a glowing nimbus of blue light suddenly appeared. The spheres all entered into it; it looked like they were shrinking, or (as observed by Agent F) that they were receding to a great distance very rapidly.

When we investigated the area, we found nothing amiss. Even our most sophisticated scanners picked up nothing unusual, other than a slight excess of ozone. This we considered to be a byproduct of whatever kind of nimbus that was, as opposed to a cause. This means that we have no idea what caused the nimbus to appear where it was, nor at this point any way to predict when or where another might appear.

What to Expect in an Encounter: The Squorps can be the bad guys in a large campaign. Lead the players through a bunch of Barfly adventures, and then start bringing in the Squorps. This campaign can culminate in the wholesale invasion of Earth (and, well, the rest of the universe, too, but they're coming here first) by aliens from another dimension. This alone causes the

MiB great concern, as once they've dealt with the invasion in one place, they're looking at the wholesale neutralization of entire urban centers. Which might not be a bad thing if it were Washington DC.

You can have the Squorps develop a camouflage system later on in your game. With this, they can modify the appearance of their spheres. While this limits their disguises to things like basketballs and peculiarly round watermelons, they could also recolor themselves sky

blue in order to be less conspicuous as they soar through the skies of Earth.

Alien Technology: *The Squorps Matter Deflection Field:* (see sidebar).

The Nasty Lance o' Light: Melee weapon. Range: +1/0/-1D/-, Damage 8D to organics only. Even clothing reduces the damage to only 4D.

The Electromagnetic Hammer: Melee weapon, Range: +1/0/-, Damage 10D to inorganics only.

The Squorps Matter Deflection Field

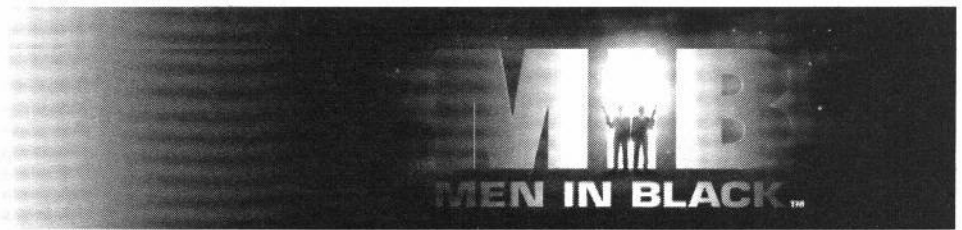
Squorps have the ability to generate an energy field that keeps tiny specks of matter away from the Squorp's limb, and therefore avoids sudden and unfortunate applications of $E=3dmc^2$. This field is a continuous effect field, and works just fine on atmosphere, dust, and flies (they'll never have a bug fly into their mouths!).

Unfortunately, items with a lot of inertia (bullets, rock salt fired from a shotgun, hockey pucks, 747s) can penetrate the deflective properties of the field. Unless the Squorp is hit however, the projectile passes through the field without any harm done to anyone but whoever might be standing on the other side. A standard projectile hits the Squorp on a roll of 6 on the Wild die. Shotguns

and other large or area-effect projectile weapons like the Korlian XT-17, hit on a 5 or 6. Any solid projectile that hits the Squorps kills it immediately, and creates a 10D detonation. This makes it of great benefit to the Squorps that their manifestation here is so small. Most of the time when a bullet pierces the field, it still misses their body.

The field is also somewhat vulnerable to energy weapons, and this is where the creature's body points come in. For weapons which use electromagnetic energy, which includes blasters, EMP guns and the like, but specifically excludes lasers, treat the field as a normal body, except that the Squorp does not fall unconscious just because his field has been badly banged up.

Venyarri
(Ven-Yar-Ree)



Venyarri (Ven-Yar-Ree)

How Venyarri View Earth

Tape of a pirate broadcast that was transmitted on all agency channels. Subject on tape identified as Jamille Quilanan, a female Venyarri who takes after various female TV personalities. She hijacked the van that was transporting her to MiB headquarters to be debriefed. This transmission occurred shortly after the van disappeared.

(A very attractive brunette appears on the monitor.)

"Good evening darlings, don't worry there is nothing wrong with your set. The two fine agents who were trying to bring me in, are sleeping quite nicely in the back of the van. Before they passed out, the blond one with the nice features told me that they wanted to know about my race. You are very smart darlings to find out that I'm not from Earth. Because you are so smart, and I don't want the handsome blond agent angry with me, I'll tell you of my race, the Venyarri.

"We first started coming to Earth around the late 16th century. The rules were very different back then, and many of my race liked it here so much we stayed permanently, becoming powerful members of society. We do not put much value in wealth. Instead we value skill, daring, and willingness to take risks. That's why I admire the two darlings who tried to capture me. Not only are they handsome, but daring as well.

"Our planet Varri was once a lot like yours, a place where people could test each others abilities to attain the highest positions in our own society. Alas things have changed, our government grew tired of the near constant infighting. So laws were passed which changed the nature of how our society worked. No longer could an individual use his own abilities to reach a higher rank in our society. Instead, they had to go and get permission from the government each time they wanted to raise their status.

"With great distress we have watched as the governments of your world have started doing the same thing. The good news is that all your institutions seem to be doing is attempting to redistribute the wealth of their populations, while not increasing their social status. We Venyarri still don't quite understand why you humans equate wealth with power. As long as we can continue to test our skills, Venyarri will be glad to come here. Indeed darlings, Earth is the favorite place of those of my race who are "asked" to take a vacation off our planet. This is one way our government deals with those of us who cause them too much trouble.

"This has been a nice chat, and we must do it again, but I have to be going. While I hope I've been helpful,

you must understand darlings I can't let you capture me or else I would lose too many status points. I've set a nice little bomb which will insure that you can't find me. Don't worry about your two handsome agents. They will be safe from the explosion.

"Good bye darlings." (blows a kiss at the camera)

Several hours later both agents were found near the wreckage of their van. Both of them had bright red lipstick marks on their right cheeks.

Standard Venyarri

REFLEXES 2D+2/4D
COORDINATION 3D/5D
STRENGTH 1D+2/3D
ENDURANCE 2D/4D
KNOWLEDGE 2D/5D
PERCEPTION 2D/4D
CONFIDENCE 3D+1/5D
CHARISMA 2D+1/4D

Common Skills

Dodge, Sneak, Hand-to-Hand Combat, Marksmanship, Piloting: (car/truck), Surveillance, Artist: (various), Linguistics, Scholar: (human politics, social customs), Language: (English), Con, Willpower, Intimidation, Disguise, Persuasion, Charm, Conceal, Business

Special Abilities

Natural Hide: Venyarri skin is a tough hide like leather. It gives an additional 1D defense against both energy and projectile weapons.

Speed: 40/80 ft./rnd.

Size: 4/5 ft. tall

MiB Case File: Celebrities

Compiled By: **CLASSIFIED**

MiB Classification: Manhattan. Copper-based life form. Reptilian bipedal omnivore. Class Eta.

But You Can Call Them: Celebrities.

Also Known As: TV or B movie actors, business people, politicians.

Disposition: Usually only violent when avoiding capture. Otherwise aristocratic, or snobbish when dealing with people.

Hangs Mostly In: Where rich and powerful people can be found.

Often Disguised As: Actor, minor celebrity, playboy, or socialite. Note: in some cases these are not really disguises, but actual personalities that aliens have built up over time.

Earth Thing They'd Love To Bring Home: Republicanism.

They Brought Us: Bad TV movies about lizard like aliens who disguise themselves as humans.

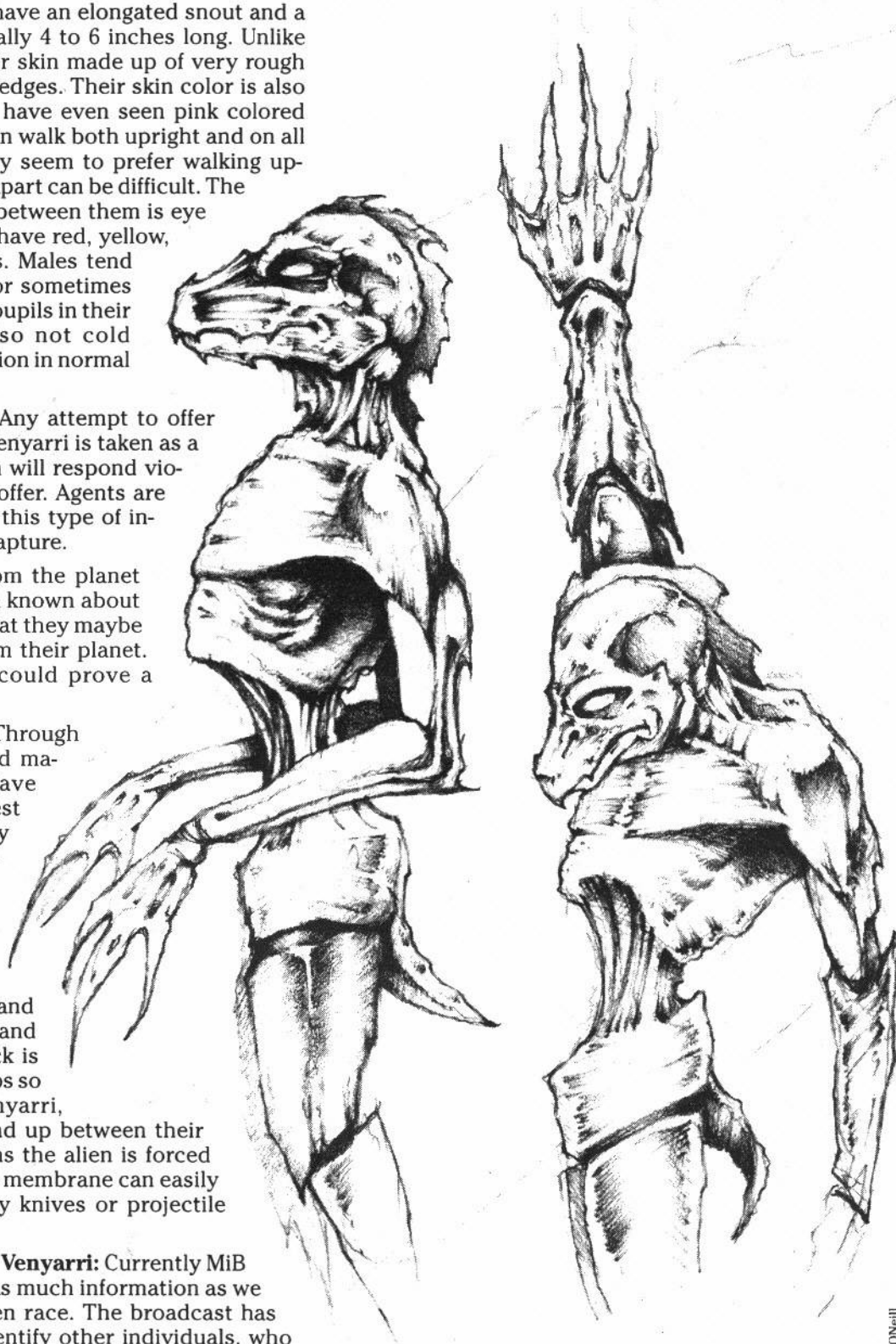
Description: In their natural form Venyarri are 4 to 5 feet tall reptiles. They have an elongated snout and a small tail which is usually 4 to 6 inches long. Unlike lizards from Earth, their skin made up of very rough scales that have sharp edges. Their skin color is also very wide ranging. We have even seen pink colored individuals. Venyarri can walk both upright and on all four legs, although they seem to prefer walking upright. Telling the sexes apart can be difficult. The only known difference between them is eye color. Female Venyarri have red, yellow, or orange colored eyes. Males tend to have brown, black, or sometimes blue. Venyarri have no pupils in their eyes. Venyarri are also not cold blooded; they can function in normal Earth climate.

Physiological Quirks: Any attempt to offer government help to a Venyarri is taken as a mortal insult. The alien will respond violently if given such an offer. Agents are encouraged not to use this type of insult when attempting capture.

Profile: Reportedly from the planet Varri, there is not much known about Venyarri. We suspect that they maybe permanent "exiles" from their planet. As such deportation could prove a problem.

Venyarri In Disguise: Through the use of a specialized machine, the Venyarri have developed one of the best human disguises of any of the alien races. With this machine they encase themselves in a leathery like membrane which not only appears human, but actually gives the look and feel of real human skin and hair. The one draw back is that the membrane wraps so tightly around the Venyarri, that their tails often end up between their legs. When this happens the alien is forced to walk bowlegged. The membrane can easily be cut or punctured by knives or projectile weapons.

MiB's Encounters With Venyarri: Currently MiB is still trying to gather as much information as we can about this new alien race. The broadcast has indirectly helped us identify other individuals, who



Venyarri (Ven-Yar-Ree)



could also be Venyarri, but getting close to them has been a problem. Because of the closed nature of the circles that these aliens move around in, agents have had a hard time getting any information or help with tracking them down. For now, we are only sending our veteran agents in to investigate the activities of this race.

We do know that individual Venyarri have become members of some very powerful social circles in Europe, North America, and the Far East. These circles are both protective of their members and suspicious of outsiders. We don't need an agent insulting a major industrial magnate or socialite, so be very careful when dealing with these situations.

Since the Venyarri appear not to care about wealth, they may not have a problem dealing with people who became powerful through criminal activities. This could offer an easier way to see what the aliens are up to.

Currently the agency is concerned about two things involving the Venyarri. First and most important, is finding out whether or not the Earth is being used as a dumping ground for those that the Venyarri government considers undesirable. If this turns out to be the case, then efforts must be made to capture as many Venyarri as we can. This will hopefully send a signal to their government that the Earth is not interested in being any sort of asylum for Venyarri rejects.

We also want to make sure that the Venyarri that are here are playing by our rules and not their own. We need to make sure that the aliens have not used things like extortion, bribery, or assassination against human competitors. This means that agents assigned to these investigations will have to be careful, and make sure they have a clear understanding of the rules being used before they attempt to capture a Venyarri.

Also be careful with any Venyarri that have become TV celebrities. We don't want another situation like the one we had happen when we tried to bring in Barney. Even though we have proof that Barney and his minions are all aliens who are trying to brainwash our children,

rushing the set after they finished taping proved not to be a good idea.

GM's NOTE: MiB does not know this yet, but the Venyarri government does believe that mankind is nuts. And that adding a few crazy Venyarri won't hurt much. They think humans are nuts because we threaten each other with weapons of mass destruction and still fight over things that happened several thousand years ago. You know, the usual stuff.

What to Expect in an Encounter:

Methods of Capture:

Be prepared for a long and dangerous chase. The Venyarri love it. To them it's one of the ultimate ways of testing their skills. They will use anything they can to avoid capture. They are not above putting bystanders in danger, but usually do not take hostages. They will try to cause distractions either by making things blow up, or otherwise causing a massive panic.

To avoid situations like that, agents are encouraged to use darts coated with a special sleeping drug. Once hit, a Venyarri usually falls asleep within the next three to five minutes. The aliens are aware of this weapon, so you will not have any element of surprise.

In a regular shoot out, you will find that between their natural armor and armor they wear, Venyarri can be quite hard to bring down. Also be advised that some Venyarri have taken to wearing a repulsor shield projector, which gives them and the membranes they wear additional protection against projectile weapons.

Alien Technology: Venyarri always carry at least one type of firearm, either energy or projectile. They have also been known to carry grenades, other types of small explosives, and their own type of protective shield.

Repulsor Shield: Worn as a necklace, this shield surrounds the Venyarri in a field of very weak anti-gravity waves. Any hard object that is thrown or shot at the wearer is slowed as it penetrates the field. This gives the wearer an additional 1D protection. Energy based attacks are not effected by the field.

MIB

MEN IN BLACK

Alien Race Dossier

NAME: _____

HOW THEY VIEW EARTH:

STANDARD _____

REFLEXES _____
 COORDINATION _____
 STRENGTH _____
 ENDURANCE _____
 KNOWLEDGE _____
 PERCEPTION _____
 CONFIDENCE _____
 CHARISMA _____

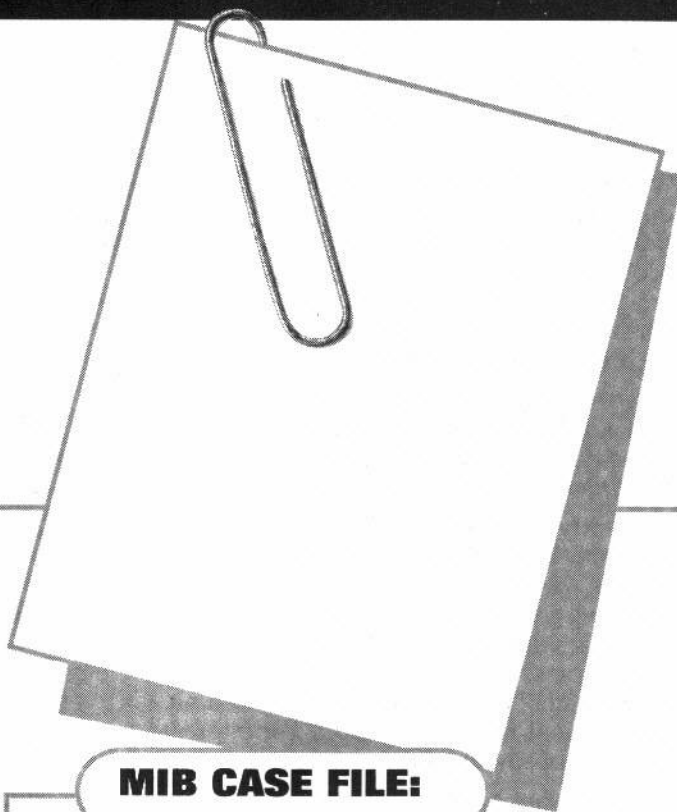
COMMON SKILLS

SPECIAL ABILITIES

SPECIAL SKILLS

WEAKNESSES

SPEED: _____ SIZE: _____



MIB CASE FILE:

COMPILED BY: _____

MIB CLASSIFICATION: _____

BUT YOU CAN CALL THEM: _____

ALSO KNOWN AS: _____

DISPOSITION: _____

HANGS MOSTLY IN: _____

OFTEN DISGUISED AS: _____

EARTH THING THEY'D LOVE TO BRING HOME: _____

THEY BROUGHT US: _____

DESCRIPTION: _____

PHYSIOLOGICAL QUIRKS: _____

PROFILE: _____

ALIENS IN DISGUISE: _____

MIB'S ENCOUNTERS WITH ALIENS: _____

WHAT TO EXPECT IN AN ENCOUNTER: _____

ALIEN TECHNOLOGY: _____

Stats

Character Dossier

Personal Data

Code Name: _____

Type: _____

Gender: ☐ M ☐ F ☐ ?

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Age: _____

Physical Description: _____

REFLEXES ____

Acrobatics _____

Climbing _____

Dodge _____

Jumping _____

Hand-to-Hand Combat _____

Piloting: _____

Riding: _____

COORDINATION ____

Lock Picking _____

Marksmanship _____

Missile Weapons _____

Sleight of Hand _____

Thrown Weapons _____

ENDURANCE ____

Ignore Pain _____

Resist Poison _____

Running _____

Swimming _____

STRENGTH ____

Lifting _____

KNOWLEDGE ____

Alien Tech _____

Computer Ops _____

Demolitions _____

Forgery _____

First Aid _____

Linguistics _____

Medicine _____

Navigation _____

Science _____

Scholar: _____

PERCEPTION ____

Artist: _____

Business _____

Conceal _____

Hide _____

Language: _____

Security _____

Shadowing _____

Surveillance _____

Tracking _____

CHARISMA ____

Charm _____

Disguise _____

Persuasion _____

CONFIDENCE ____

Con _____

Interrogation _____

Intimidation _____

Streetwise _____

Survival: _____

Willpower _____

Miscellaneous

Speed _____

Character Points _____

Fate Points _____

Body Points _____

Special Abilities _____

Useless Skills _____

Stats

Character Dossier

History

Background: _____

Personality: _____

Equipment

Combat Round Summary

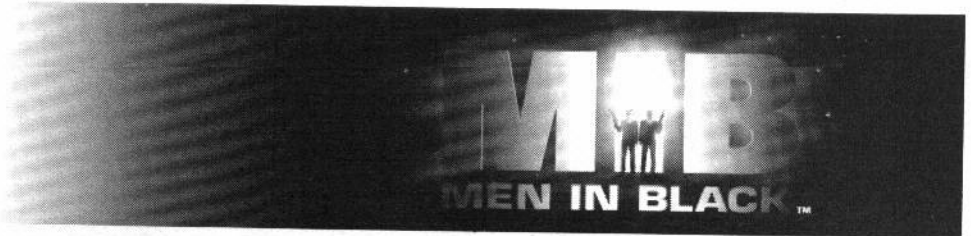
1. Make a Reflexes roll for initiative.
2. The character with the highest roll goes first, followed by the second highest, and so forth.
3. Determine number of actions for your character for the round.
4. Perform an action and make the appropriate roll (if necessary).
 - 4.a. To attack: determine attack roll modifiers, generate attack total, and compare to defense difficulty. If hit is successful, generate a damage total.
 - 4.b. To defend: if dodging, make dodge roll. If attack succeeds, generate Endurance total. Subtract Endurance total from damage total and decrease current Body Points by that amount.

Current Body Points _____ Reflexes _____ Endurance _____

Weapons

Combat

Name	Skill	Skill Level	Range	Damage
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____



Annelid Alien Classification Chart**

CLASS	ONE	TWO	THREE
ALPHA	SKULK*		
BETA	VARAH*	MAVIS12*	
GAMMA	CENTAURIANS*		
DELTA	SCALES*		
EPSILON	RiB		
ZETA	ANNELID*	TARKONIAN	
ETA	LORDAK	VENYARRI	
THETA	FRANK THE PUG*		
IOTA	BALTIAN*		
KAPPA	ARQUILLIAN*	PDB	ENICAN
LAMBDA	ELBY17*	GAROLIAN	
MU	PLETICAH	GAROLIAN	
NU	WILLIE*	GAROLIAN	
XI	TALMIR	CRYSTALOID	FOBORANS
OMICRON	SKOOK*	DORROM	
PI	TAROVAL	SKARNULK	
RHO	NJERRIN		
SIGMA	ARANOUK	ATHRELIAN	
TAU	GRILBACH		
UPSILON	SHIVVER		
PHI	SQUORP	TRELL	
CHI	ALTONIAN*	REMILIAN	
PSI	KARNOAN		
OMEGA	BUG*	BOBO THE SQUAT*	

* Aliens with a (*) after their names are found in *MiB: The Roleplaying Game*.

** The Gelbraen are not included because many classifications are known for this race.



MiB Assignment Debrief XA-91970/Q

Case File # _____

Team Members: _____

Assignment Description: _____

Assignment Outcome: ☐ Success ☐ Failure ☐ Other (please explain) _____

Total Collateral Damage (estimate): _____

Explanation of Damage: _____

Reason for Damage: _____

Number of Individuals Neuralyzed: _____

Reasons for Neuralyzing: _____

Number and Types of Aliens Involved: _____

Number and Types of Alien Technology Involved: _____

Favorite Food During Assignment: _____

Favorite Beverage During Assignment: _____

Summary of Assignment Events: _____

Reasons Participating Agents Should Not Be Dismissed from the Men in Black: _____

Request for Next Assignment:

- ☐ Meet & Greet ☐ Diplomacy ☐ Rescue
☐ Capture ☐ Protection of the Earth
☐ Scavenger Hunt
☐ Investigation of Mysterious (Possibly Alien-Related) Events
☐ Cover-up/Containment (Government Level)
☐ Cover-up/Containment (Civilian Level)
☐ Other (Please explain) _____

Illustration of Most Spectacular
Event During Assignment:



NEITY TNEIDENT

Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

ϑTHHTϑΦAKA

EARTH NAME:

JACK JEEBS

ZONE RESTRICTION:

5 BOROUGHS OF NYC



NEITY TNEIDENT

Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

ψOYNT ΦPEA

EARTH NAME:

MIKEY

ZONE RESTRICTION:

5 BOROUGHS OF NYC



NEITY TNEIDENT

Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

IPAΠΑΣITE

EARTH NAME:

EDGAR

ZONE RESTRICTION:

MIB HEADQUARTERS



NEITY TNEIDENT

Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

NEEBAEQOBBAE

EARTH NAME:

NEEBLE

ZONE RESTRICTION:

5 BOROUGHS OF NYC



NEITY TNEIDENT

Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

ΕΨΑΝΤςQHTOPT

EARTH NAME:

YANG

ZONE RESTRICTION:

5 BOROUGHS OF NYC



NEITY TNEIDENT

Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

ςOYAT ΦAIEς ΦOP

EARTH NAME:

BOBO THE SQUAT

ZONE RESTRICTION:

5 BOROUGHS OF NYC





THE BUG

REFLEXES 4D+1 Climbing 5D, Dodge 4D+2, Jumping 4D+2, Hand-to-Hand Combat 5D, Sneak 4D+2
COORDINATION 3D+2 Marksmanship 4D+1, Missile Weapons 4D+2 (Goo + 1D)
STRENGTH 5D Lifting 5D+2
ENDURANCE 5D
KNOWLEDGE 4D Computer Ops 4D+2, Linguistics 4D+1
PERCEPTION 4D+1
CONFIDENCE 3D+2 Con 4D, Interrogation 4D+1, Intimidation 5D+2, Willpower 5D+2
CHARISMA 2D+1 Disguise 4D

Character Points: 9 **Fate Points:** 2 **Body Points:** 50
Special Abilities: Stinger (STR+2D). Venom and Goo: See MiB Rulebook p. 105. Pincers (STR+1D). Shell: (END+1D to resist damage).
MiB Classification: Buffalo. Sulfur-based life form. Anthropophagous periplanetoid. Class Omega.
But You Can Call Him: The Bug; Edgar.
Disposition: Extremely hostile, valuing havoc above all else.
Hangs Mostly In: New York.
Often Disguised As: Human hick.

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THE VARAH

REFLEXES 3D+1 Climbing 3D+2, Dodge 3D+2, Jumping 4D
COORDINATION 3D+1 Marksmanship 3D+2
STRENGTH 5D+1
ENDURANCE 3D+2
KNOWLEDGE 2D Computer Ops 3D
PERCEPTION 2D Hide 3D+1
CONFIDENCE 3D+1 Con 4D+1, Intimidation 4D, Streetwise 3D+2, Willpower 4D
CHARISMA 3D Disguise 4D+1
Character Points: 3 **Fate Points:** 1 **Body Points:** 35

Special Abilities: Teeth (damage STR+1D+1); exploding goo: when shot with a projectile weapon, expels a shower of toxic blue goo that causes 6D damage to everyone within 20 feet.
MiB Classification: Coyame. Samarium-based life form. Amphibious bipedal bovine. Class Beta.
But You Can Call Him: Mikey.
Disposition: Downright evil. Violent. Wildly unpredictable.
Hangs Mostly In: Texas.
Often Disguised As: Dim-witted field laborer.

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THE SKOOK

REFLEXES 2D+2
COORDINATION 2D+2 Marksmanship 3D
STRENGTH 2D+2
ENDURANCE 3D
KNOWLEDGE 3D Forgery 3D+2
PERCEPTION 2D+2 Language: English 3D+1
CONFIDENCE 3D+1 Con 4D+2, Streetwise 4D+2, Willpower 3D+2
CHARISMA 2D+2 Persuasion 3D+2
Character Points: 4 **Fate Points:** 1 **Body Points:** 36
Special Abilities: Regeneration (heal 1D body points per round). Heads: see MiB Rulebook p. 108

MiB Classification: Pittsburgh. Dysprosium-based life form. Metamorphic felinoid.
But You Can Call Him: Jack Jeebs.
Disposition: Neutral, though will help MiB with the right form of persuasion.
Hangs Mostly In: New York.
Often Disguised As: Pawnshop owner.

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BOBO THE SQUAT

REFLEXES 3D+2 Hand-to-Hand Combat 4D
COORDINATION 2D+1 Marksmanship 3D+1
STRENGTH 2D+1 Lifting 4D
ENDURANCE 3D+1
KNOWLEDGE 2D+2 Forgery 3D+2, Scholar: Postal Procedures 3D
PERCEPTION 3D+1 Conceal 4D+1, Language: English 3D+2, Security 4D
CONFIDENCE 3D Intimidation 4D
CHARISMA 2D Disguise 2D+1, Persuasion 2D+2
Character Points: 3 **Fate Points:** 0 **Body Points:** 34

MiB Classification: Tuscola. Ytterbium-based life form. Reptilian bipedal arthropod. Class Omega.
But You Can Call Him: Bobo the Squat.
Also Known As: "Guy with Postal Pants."
Disposition: Hostile. Resents MiB authority. Aggressive and destructive when in an agitated state....which is almost always.
Hangs Mostly In: Northern California.
Often Disguised As: Exceedingly disgruntled postal worker.

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THE CENTAURIAN

REFLEXES 2D+2 Hand-to-Hand-to-Hand-to... (you get the idea) Combat 3D+1
COORDINATION 4D+1 Marksmanship 4D+2, Sleight of Hand 5D
STRENGTH 2D+1
ENDURANCE 2D+2
KNOWLEDGE 3D+1 Computer Ops 6D, Linguistics 4D+2, Navigation 4D+2
PERCEPTION 4D
CONFIDENCE 3D Willpower 3D+2
CHARISMA 3D

Character Points: 5 **Fate Points:** 1 **Body Points:** 30
Special Abilities: Centaurians' eight arms allow them to perform up to four actions in a round without incurring a multi-action penalty. Sticky stink spray: See MiB Rulebook p. 106.
MiB Classification: Perth (Muchea), Scotland. Iridium-based life form. Category 8-R peritrichous mollusk. Class 4.
But You Can Call Him: Yang.
Disposition: Friendly, but very arrogant, with an odd, wise-cracking sense of humor.
Hangs Mostly In: Upper East Side, New York.
Often Disguised As: Professional dog walkers.

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THE ANNELID

REFLEXES 4D Dodge 4D+2, Sneak 4D+1
COORDINATION 2D+1
STRENGTH 2D+1
ENDURANCE 2D+1
KNOWLEDGE 3D+2 Computer Ops 4D+2, Navigation 4D+2, Scholar: Alien Protocol 6D
PERCEPTION 3D+1 Hide 4D
CONFIDENCE 3D Intimidation 3D+1, Willpower 3D+1
CHARISMA 2D+2 Persuasion 3D
Character Points: 5 **Fate Points:** 1 **Body Points:** 26
MiB Classification: Manitoba. Lithium-based life form.

Bipedal rigid annelid. Class Zeta.
But You Can Call Him: Neeble.
Also Known As: "Worm Aliens."
Disposition: Friendly, but unpredictable. Watch your back around these guys; they love to play practical jokes.
Hangs Mostly In: New York.
Often Disguised As: Mob informants.

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Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

YYPYEEYEEQY64H2

EARTH NAME:


ROSENBERG


ZONE RESTRICTION:

5 BOROUGH OF NYC

RA#

8682695





Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

AOBYTER BOY

EARTH NAME:


ELBY 17


ZONE RESTRICTION:

5 BOROUGH OF NYC

RA#

644321T





Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

BYNIOP

EARTH NAME:


REDGICK JR.


ZONE RESTRICTION:

5 BOROUGH OF NYC

RA#

1630034





Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

BAINKEY AYAE

EARTH NAME:


UNTRANSLATABLE


ZONE RESTRICTION:

5 BOROUGH OF NYC

RA#

8232654





Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service

ORIGINAL NAME:

AYPXH

EARTH NAME:


UNTRANSLATABLE


ZONE RESTRICTION:

5 BOROUGH OF NYC

RA#

2290654






Planet Earth Immigration and Deportation Service


ORIGINAL NAME:

EARTH NAME:

ZONE RESTRICTION:

RA#





MIB

THE ALTONIAN

REFLEXES 4D Climbing 6D, Dodge 4D+2, Hand-to-Hand Combat 4D+1, Running 5D, Sneak 4D+1
COORDINATION 3D Marksmanship 4D
STRENGTH 3D+1
ENDURANCE 3D+1 Running, 4D, Swimming 4D
KNOWLEDGE 2D+2 Linguistics 3D
PERCEPTION 2D+2 Hide 3D
CONFIDENCE 3D Con 3D+1, Streetwise 3D+2
CHARISMA 2D+1 Disguise 3D
Character Points: 4 **Fate Points:** 1 **Body Points:** 30
Special Abilities: Gills (water breathing). Retractable

claws in finger tips cause 1D of damage.
Equipment: Altonians almost always are packing weaponry, usually energy weapons (far less messy than slug throwers).
MiB Classification: New York. Gallium-based life form. Selachian humanoid. Class Khi.
But You Can Call Him: The Altonian.
Disposition: Dedicated to his cause, whatever that may be.
Hangs Mostly In: New York.
Often Disguised As: Gang member.

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MIB

THE ARQUILLIAN

REFLEXES 3D+1 Dodge 3D+2, Hand-to-Hand Combat 3D+2, Jumping 3D+2
COORDINATION 3D Marksmanship 3D+1
STRENGTH 4D Lifting 5D
ENDURANCE 4D Ignore pain 4D+1, Running 5D
KNOWLEDGE 2D+2
PERCEPTION 3D Language: English 3D+2
CONFIDENCE 3D+1 Intimidation 4D, Willpower 4D
CHARISMA 2D+2
Character Points: 5 **Fate Points:** 2 **Body Points:** 38
MiB Classification: New York. Radium-based life form.

Antaeon equine. Class Kappa.
But You Can Call Him: The Prince of Arquillia; Your Highness.
Disposition: Friendly toward Men in Black, but only because he must.
Hangs Mostly In: New York (but for as little time as possible).
Often Disguised As: A businessman.

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MIB

THE BALTIAN

REFLEXES 2D+2 Hand-to-Hand Combat 3D+1
COORDINATION 3D Marksmanship 3D+2
STRENGTH 1D
ENDURANCE 1D
KNOWLEDGE 4D+1 Computer Ops 4D+2, Linguistics 4D+2, Scholar: Biomechanics 5D+2, Scholar: Electronics 5D+2
PERCEPTION 4D Business 4D+2, Hide 4D+2
CONFIDENCE 3D+2 Willpower 4D+2
CHARISMA 2D+1
Character Points: 6 **Fate Points:** 1 **Body Points:** 24

Equipment: Baltians are known to travel in biomechanical "bodysuits," which add +1D+1 to their *Endurance*.
MiB Classification: Minneapolis. Polonium-based life form. Virid anthropoid.
But You Can Call Him: Rosenberg.
Also Known As: "Little Green Man."
Disposition: Friendly. Will provide assistance to the Men in Black if requested.
Hangs Mostly In: New York.
Often Disguised As: Jewelry store owner.

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MIB

THE ARQUILLIAN

REFLEXES 3D+1 Dodge 3D+2, Hand-to-Hand Combat 3D+2, Jumping 3D+2
COORDINATION 3D Marksmanship 3D+1
STRENGTH 4D Lifting 5D
ENDURANCE 4D Ignore pain 4D+1, Running 5D
KNOWLEDGE 2D+2
PERCEPTION 3D Language: English 3D+2
CONFIDENCE 3D+1 Intimidation 4D, Willpower 4D
CHARISMA 2D+2
Character Points: 5 **Fate Points:** 2 **Body Points:** 38
MiB Classification: New York. Radium-based life form.

Antaeon equine. Class Kappa.
But You Can Call Him: The Prince of Arquillia; Your Highness.
Disposition: Friendly toward Men in Black, but only because he must.
Hangs Mostly In: New York (but for as little time as possible).
Often Disguised As: A businessman.

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MIB

ELBY 17

REFLEXES 3D Hand-to-Hand Combat 3D+1
COORDINATION 2D+1
STRENGTH 4D Lifting 5D
ENDURANCE 3D+2 Resist Poison 4D, Swimming 4D+2
KNOWLEDGE 3D Business 3D+2, Computer Ops 3D+1
PERCEPTION 2D+2 Language: English 3D+1, Language: French 3D+1
CONFIDENCE 2D+2
CHARISMA 2D+2 Charm 3D
Character Points: 4 **Fate Points:** 1 **Body Points:** 35
MiB Classification: Belgium. Nobelium-based life form.

Bipedal crustacean. Class Lambda.
But You Can Call Him: Elby 17.
Also Known As: "Lobster Boy."
Disposition: Neutral. Will neither cooperate with our forces nor join those who oppose us. Slow to anger.
Hangs Mostly In: Switzerland.
Often Disguised As: Sweet-toothed banker.

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MIB

REFLEXES _____
COORDINATION _____
STRENGTH _____
ENDURANCE _____
KNOWLEDGE _____
PERCEPTION _____
CONFIDENCE _____
CHARISMA _____
Character Points: _____ **Fate Points:** _____ **Body Points:** _____

MiB Classification: _____
But You Can Call Him: _____
Disposition: _____
Hangs Mostly In: _____
Often Disguised As: _____

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MIB

THE SCALE

REFLEXES 2D
COORDINATION 2D Missile Weapons 4D (Vomit + 1D)
STRENGTH 3D
ENDURANCE 2D+1
KNOWLEDGE 1D
PERCEPTION 1D
CONFIDENCE 2D
CHARISMA 2D+2 Charm 3D+2
Character Points: 2 **Fate Points:** 0 **Body Points:** 18
Special Abilities: Shapeshifting, scales (+1D to *Endurance* when resisting damage), teeth (damage STR+2)

MiB Classification: New Jersey. Rhenium-based life form. Reptilian cephalopod. Class Delta infant.
But You Can Call Him: Redgick, Jr.; Little Gickie.
Also Known As: "Squid Alien."
Disposition: Cranky, especially when he misses his afternoon nap.
Hangs Mostly In: Upstate New York.
Often Disguised As: Roadkill.

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MIB

MEN IN BLACK™
THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

ALIENS RECOGNITION GUIDE: VOLUME ONE

**By Ed Bolme, Tina Gharavi, Adam Gratun,
Evan Jamieson, and Richard Meyer**

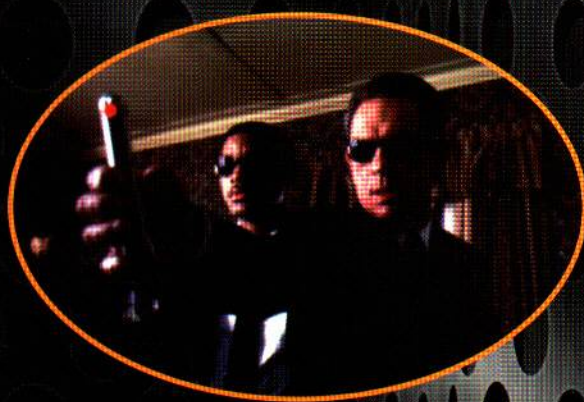
Know What You're Up Against
It's 490 light years to Beta Centauri.
You have a full tank of rocket fuel.

**Half a charge in your
Proto-cyclotron Blaster.**

It's dark.

And you're wearing your sunglasses.

Hit it.



You've been chosen. You've finished your training. You've become one of the elite. You are one of the Men in Black. Now it's time to start busting some alien scum.

The Alien Recognition Guide provides Directors with more aliens for their players to track down. Within these recently declassified folders you will find 25 new alien races ready to use for your campaigns. Some of them are well known to the MIB, some are virtually unknown... to everyone.

Quick: What's the difference between a dichoptic arthropod and a polymorphic ophidian?

Too late—you're dead. Next time you better know which alien is which.



35002

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