

OGL

3.5 SYSTEM COMPATIBLE



FUCK THE COMMAND

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Fuck The Command!

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Fully Compatible With the PFRPG.

Requires the Use of the D20 Modern Core Rulebook, Published by Wizards of the Coast

"Earth?! What a shithole...."

-Ron Perlman's character (whose name isn't worth remembering), Alien: Resurrection

In the 35th Century, Earth is the planet of the Space-Republicans.

Earth may be the Motherworld, but any *homo sapiens* with brains, balls or convictions lit out for deep space decades ago. Industrialization has crippled the globe- every inch of the planet is bought and paid for by somebody. Someone (probably one of that bastard Plantaganet's inner circle) owns every inch of land, sea or sky. Advertising neon is bio-welded to every tree, factories staffed by endless legions of goggled worker drones cover the entirety of what used to be called 'states', before the planet unified. Mindlessly inoffensive *muzak* drifts from ambient speaker droids shaped like chrome magpies, and there's an ICG approved church on every street corner.

There's no 'there' on Earth anymore. Mombassa looks exactly like Dien Bein Phu, which looks exactly like Austin, which looks exactly like London and Moscow and Calgary and Melbourne and Paris and...you get the idea. Imagine a shopping mall the size of what used to be a planet, and that's Earth.

Cultural Templates

Cultural Templates were first introduced in Black Tokyo Legends: Races of the Tatakama (2012). In essence, a cultural template spotlights where and how the character was raised, and provides mechanical support to some mental and social strengths and weaknesses that would normally be purely role played.

Any character can choose a cultural template (though they are not required to) at character creation. With GM approval, you can take multiple cultural templates (becoming a Free Space Troublemaker or TV Head Star Virgin, for example.)

The Star Virgin Cultural Template

Galaxy Command has abandoned sex, and for most civilized spacers, the mere thought of simple *kissing* with all its bacteriological transfer and hormonal dangers shakes them to their spines. The whole idea of sex, pregnancy and childbirth without using an exo-womb.... those things are horrors best left to behind in the pre-space flight darkness of humanity's past, like eating meat, warfare and criminal behavior. Characters with the Star Virgin cultural template added are firm believers in Galaxy



Command's chaste utopia, living hormonally suppressed lives that free them to concentrate on enlightenment and exploration. Whether exposure to a dangerous and thrilling galaxy breaks the Star Virgin out of his or her shell, or only strengthens their commitment to Galaxy Command's puritanical ideals, is a question for each character to answer themselves.

Appearance

Star Virgins tend to be pale and a bit trembly or weepy. They dress in typical Command fashion, which means body concealing utility jumpsuits and cloaks in shades of grey, silver or white and sterile enough for operating chamber use. Most pack an assortment of high tech consumer electronics and the latest tech-toy devices- adventure sims in lieu of real life.

Reproduction

Eeewwww.... Bodily fluid transfer? No thank you. This is the 35th century, we have artificial birthing matrixes for that. Why should we still breed like, like, like.... Like livestock or something?

Acquiring the Template

The Star Virgin cultural template can be added to any human character who grew up in Command Space during character creation. Star Virgins can give up this template at any time, by choosing actual, physical sex with a willing partner, immediately losing the template's benefit but also removing its drawbacks.

Ability Score Modifiers

-1 STR, +1 INT. Star Virgins emphasize the mind and disregard the body. They learn fast but have no real idea what their bodies are capable of. This ability score modifier is lost when the Star Virgin template is removed.

Hormonally Pure (EX)

Star Virgins take libido-suppressants and mood-mellowers. Centuries of genetic and social conditioning have bred a race of Chaste and rational humans. Star Virgins are not affected by *Charm Person*, nor abilities that duplicate it, and receive a +2 racial bonus on WILL Saves against mind influencing effects.

Psychic Union (SU)

Star Virgins don't have sex- if they wish to bond emotionally with someone, they do so using a Galaxy Command approved psycho-sexual technique. Psychic Union is a simple ritual that requires several minutes to complete. The Star Virgin and their partner each take a special chemical pill, sit together in a meditative posture and press their fingers together. A glow envelops the participants' hands, and for several minutes, both participants feel intense pleasure and wellbeing.

A Star Virgin can initiate a Psychic Union once per day. At the completion of the Psychic Union, both participants are refreshed and recover hit points and ability score damage, as if they had slept for 8 hours.

Flustered (EX)

Try as they might, Star Virgins can't quite suppress their instinctive sexual drives. Though they do not practice, they have a preferred gender and sexual orientation, no matter how suppressed. When within 30 ft of any human of their preferred gender with a CHA score of 15+, the Star Virgin is distracted, tongue tied and uneasy for some reason they can't really explain. The Star Virgin suffers a -2 luck penalty on all skill checks and Initiative checks.

Vidiots (TV Head) Cultural Template

The latest brainstorm from the dubious geniuses of the Galaxy Command Eugenics Bureau!

Thanks to revolutionary cyber-genetics, a growing percentage of Earth's humans are being born with television sets for heads. Vidiots are smart, can easily be raised to be hard working and socially responsible, and are easy for The Command to program. Vidiot kids do great in school, get good jobs as adults, spend Sunday mornings in an ICG pew and rarely get an urge to criss cross the galaxy in a rickety spaceship, fucking everything that wriggles.



Of course, all the V-chips in the galaxy can't screen out Outlaw Sex Station 09's rock and roll for ever, and a few Vidiots have left civilized space behind for more exciting scenes. They're the minority of a minority though- the vast majority of Vidiots are cheerfully vapid consumers.

Appearance

Vidiots have a television set or computer monitor growing from their shoulders. From the neck down, fully human(ish), from the neck up, they look

like something from the home electronics aisle at Wal-Galaxy. The style of their head-monitor varies slightly, from bulky-retro future cubes with rabbit ear antenna to sleek white plastic flatscreens, but all head-monitors play a continual loop of high resolution video. (In most cases the head-monitors are properly bulky, and having a 5" head monitor or smaller is considered quite the embarrassment among Vidiots.)

Vidiots still eat and breathe, through a small port on the underside of their neck, right where man meets machine. If a Vidiot gets shot in the head-monitor, a disgusting mix of brain tissue and printed circuitry leaks out. When a Vidiot talks, his or her voice has a mechanized tinge; if Heavy Future were a comic book, then Vidiots would have squared speech bubbles.

Reproduction

Vidiots are interfertile with baseline humans, Proximites and most Space Case races too. The Vidiot mutations were designed to be dominant. If a Vidiot has sex with an ordinary human, their child has about a 90% chance of turning out Vidiot. The Command began the Vidiot experiment about three and a half generations ago, and there are thousands upon thousands of Vidiots out there in human-space. There are even a few rare cases of superficially ordinary 'humans' with a bit of TV Brain DNA hidden in their systems.

Acquiring the Template

The Vidiot cultural template can be added to any human, Proximate or Space Case character who grew up in Command Space during character creation. Once chosen, this cultural template can not be removed, as it imposes radical physical changes on the TV Brained character.

Ability Score Modifiers

+2 INT, -2 WIS, +2 CHA. Vidiots are well educated, and a bit nerdy. They like slotting a data disk on astrophysics or a boring documentary about xenolinguistics into their heads when they get bored. Vidiots are arrogant, superior and proud, but weak willed. They don't respond well to change either.

TV Camera Senses (EX)

Vidiots have especially keen vision, thanks to their camera-type optics. Vidiots have Darkvision with

an impressive 500 ft range, and lowlight vision. They also have an onboard ansible communicator system, the equal of any PL 7 light starship.

Cyberphile (EX)

Vidiots like cybernetics- after all the Command Surgeon General says cyber-implants are good for you, and The Command government would never lie to you right? Vidiots can withstand an unlimited number of cybernetic implants (or points of Drain) without risking negative levels.

Reduce the cost of cybernetics implanted into the Vidiot by Purchase DC -2 (by 10% for those using a gp/credit system).

Electrovulnerability (EX)

Vidiots are Vulnerable to Electrical damage.

No Poker Face (EX)

Their head-monitor constantly displays their thoughts and emotions, so Vidiots have absolutely no poker face. The Vidiot cannot place ranks in the Bluff skill and automatically fails all Bluff checks attempted, including Bluff checks made to feint in combat. Bluffs that don't involve sight (such as bluffing someone over the phone, or through a sealed door) may be attempted.

The Command Staff

You know the jackboot currently standing on your throat?

Well, it belongs to a Command soldier of some kind. You want to know the exact make and model of the boot, and the stats on the asshole whose foot is inside it? Read on.

Monster	Size, Alignment, Type	Challenge Rating	Art Origin
Alpha Cop	Medium LE Monstrous Humanoid (cyborg, psionic)	CR 6	John Picot
Alpha-Drive	Large N* Construct	CR 3	John Picot
Command Basherboy	Medium LE Humanoid (human)	PL 5	John Picot
Command COP-Bot	Large LE Construct	CR 6	Anthony Cournoyer
Command Combat Cyborg	Medium LE Monstrous Humanoid (cyborg)	CR 4	John Picot
Kek Plantagenet, Moron President of Earth	Medium LE Humanoid (human, TV head)	CR 12	Amanda Webb
Pundit Clone	Medium LE Humanoid (human, psionic)	CR 10	John Picot
Raptor-One	Colossal LN Construct	CR 15	Anthony Cournoyer
Reliquarian	Medium LE Humanoid (human, psionic)	CR 9	J. David Rhodes
Star Dweeb	LN Medium Human (star virgin) Expert 3	CR 1	Anthony Cournoyer
Thieftaker Drone	Tiny LN Construct	CR 2	John Picot
TV-Head Techno-Mage	LN Medium Humanoid (human, TV head) Sorcerer 5	CR 4	John Picot

ALPHA COP - CR 6

Medium LE Monstrous Humanoid (cyborg, psionic)

XP 2,400

Init +2 Senses Darkvision 90 ft, lowlight vision, wifi/cellular/television and radio reception, Perception +13

Languages English, Galactic Common, Japanese, Russian

Defense

AC 18 Touch 13 Flatfooted 16 (+2 DEX, +1 dodge, +5 armor)

HP 8d10 + 16 hp (52 HP)

FORT +10 REF +4 WILL +10

Immune Cyborg Immunities (drowning, hunger, suffocation, thirst, vacuum, the sickened and nauseated conditions, death effects, ability drain, energy drain)

Vulnerable Electricity

Offense

Spd 40 ft

Melee +10/+5 night stick (1d6+2 bludgeoning, 20/x2)

Ranged +10/+5 military plasma rifle (2d12 fire, 19-20/x2, 45 ft range increment, semi auto, 12 cell)

Special Qualities Emergency Temporal Shunt, Unhealing

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th Concentration +10)

3x/day – Haste

- Slow



- True Strike

1x/day – Legend Lore

Statistics

Str 14 **Dex** 14 **Con** 14 **Int** 14 **Wis** 14 **Cha** 14

Base Atk +8 **CMB** +10 **CMD** 12

Feats Armor Proficiency (light, medium), Deadly Aim, Dodge, Double Tap, Far Shot, Personal Firearms Proficiency

Skills Acrobatics +9, Drive +10, Intimidate +13, Investigate +6, Knowledge (local) +13, Perception +13, Sense Motive +13

Gear light duty vest, military plasma rifle and 4x cells, night stick, communicator, evidence kit, 12x ziptie handcuffs, potion of cure serious wounds

Ecology

Environment any urban (especially in Earth and the Solar System)

Organization solitary, patrol (3-5) or precinct (20-50, plus 1 sergeant, 5th level fighter per ten Alpha Cops, plus 1 captain 10th level inquisitor)

Treasure standard (including gear)

Special Abilities

Emergency Temporal Shunt (EX)

The Alpha Cop's armor is lined with time-slip circuitry that might allow a slain Alpha Cop a chance at vengeance. When the Alpha Cop is slain, the temporal armor engages its emergency circuits. As a

swift action, the Alpha Cop is restored to the condition she was in at the beginning of the round she died in (including Hit Point total, ammo count and equipment load out, the presence of enchantments or harmful spells, ect). The Alpha Cop remembers the events of the intervening round.

The Alpha Cop's emergency temporal shunt functions once per encounter, and no more than once per day.

Unhealing (EX)

The Alpha Cop does not heal damage naturally, and healing spells and effects only have half the normal effect when used to benefit her.

Roleplaying

The Command's best and most incorruptible cops are fitted with cyber-system implants that allow them to bend time to tactical advantage, and put back on the streets as Alpha Cops. Recognized by face concealing helmets with advanced targeting and forensic sensors (which they never remove outside their fortress-like barracks), Alpha Cops are fearless, scrupulously honest and utterly humorless. The average Alpha Cop is keenly intelligent, equally well versed in forensic investigation and urban assault, but seems more fixated on enforcement of Command law than a combat android, and even less friendly.

Alpha Cops are equipped with time-warping cerebro-circuitry, that allows them to slow time, accelerate their reactions into the high superhuman range, aim with uncanny precision, rewind time to investigate the history of an object they're currently examining, or even return from otherwise fatal wounds by rewinding the last seconds of their existence.

Deck Plate Rumors

"Command Dispatch, I'm taking heavy fire from a band of space pirates in a *Kultt-class* assault frigate, and their *R'lythian Spore Dragon* pet. I'm engaging them now. No, I won't need any backup."

-Alpha Cop Delores Highsides, comms chatter with her precinct station

"So they just assigned a new Alpha Cop to Beast Point Station. Real ball busting son of a bitch, breaking up all sortza action, putting lots of our guys

either in the brig or in the bodybag. But this motherfucker, he got family back Earthside- a pair of twin little girls and a fat old wife. He routes his mail to them through three encrypted comm-sats, but my hackers got his fuckin' number. You and yer crew go down to Earth- fucking Iowa Sector, how guarded is gonna fuckin' be? So you and yers go down, put the arm on the wife and kids, and fuckin' boom, we got us an Alpha Cop on a leash."

-Johnny Goodcunt-Mazzaluli, local Space Mafioso fixer and pimp

ALPHA-DRIVE - CR 3

Large N* Construct

XP 800

Init +0; Senses Perception +0

Defense

AC 15, touch 9, flat-footed 15 (-1 size, +6 equipment)

HP 51 (2d10+30)

Fort +0; **Ref** +0; **Will** +0

DR 10/—; **Immunities** construct traits (but see text)

Offense

Speed Flight 160 ft (average)

Melee ram +7 (2d6+7)

Ranged two +2* masers (2d10 fire, 19-20/x2, 100 ft range increment)

Special Qualities overboost, piloted, security lockout

Statistics

Str 25, **Dex** 10*, **Con** —, **Int** 10*, **Wis** 10*, **Cha** 10*

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 21 (cannot be tripped)

Feats Intimidating Prowess

Skills Fly +10, Intimidate +9

Languages driver speaks English/Galactic Common*

ALPHA-DRIVE PILOTED BY ALPHA COP

This alternate stat-block reflects the Alpha-Drive hovercycle's capabilities when it is piloted by its rightful owner- the fearsome Alpha-Cop.

Large LE Construct

XP 800

Init +2*; **Senses** Perception +0

Defense

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (-1 size, +2 DEX, +6 equipment)

HP 51 (2d10+30)

Fort +0; **Ref** +2; **Will** +0

DR 10/—; **Immunities** construct traits (but see text)

Offense

Speed 80 ft Flight 160 ft (average)

Melee ram +7 (2d6+7)

Ranged two +4* masers (2d10 fire, 19-20/x2, 100 ft range increment)

Special Qualities overboost, piloted, security lockdown

Statistics

Str 25, **Dex** 12*, **Con** —, **Int** 14*, **Wis** 14*, **Cha** 14*

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 22 (cannot be tripped)

Feats Intimidating Prowess

Skills Fly +10, Intimidate +9

Languages English, Galactic Common, Japanese, Russian *

Special Abilities

Overboost (EX)

Once per hour, the Alpha-Cop can redline the Alpha-Drive's onboard reactor, either radically increasing the vehicle's speed or upping the offensive profile of its weapons. Overboosting is a swift action. When overboosting, the Alpha Cop may choose either:

- *Increased Offense:* For one round, the Alpha-Drive's masers inflict 3d10 fire damage.
- *Increased Speed:* For one round, the Alpha-Drive's flight speed increases to 500 ft.

Piloted (EX)

The Alpha-Drive is a piloted vehicle. As a result, though its type is construct, it is (through its pilot) vulnerable to mind-influencing effects and

illusions. The vehicle's starred qualities are replaced by the pilot's if they are greater. The baseline statistics represent an undistinguished, average pilot with 10 in all stats.

Security Lockout (EX)

The Alpha-Drive's onboard AI is programmed to self destruct if anyone other than an Alpha-Cop attempts to pilot it. If an unauthorized user attempts to operate the Alpha-Drive, the vehicle explodes, completely destroying itself, leaving no salvageable material. This explosion inflicts 10d6 damage, half of which is fire and half of which is slashing to all creatures within a 10 ft radius (REF DC 15 half). A creature in the pilot's seat receives no save for half damage. It requires a DC 32 Disable Device check to bypass the security lockdown.

Roleplaying

The Alpha-Drive is the appointed weapon of the Command's fearsome and incorruptible Alpha Cops. This heavy-duty hoverbike boasts incredible range, agility and a pair of high intensity maser cannons. The onboard AI snarls like an angry panther as it growls commands to the terrified civilians and office-drones it pushes aside en route to a crime-scene or crisis point.

COMMAND BASHERBOY CR 5

Medium LE Humanoid (human)

XP 1,600

Init +1 **Senses** Perception +0

Languages Galactic Common

Defense

AC 21 **Touch** 12 **Flatfooted** 19 (+2 DEX, +1 armor, +8 natural*)

HP 7d8 + 21 hp (55 HP)

Damage Reduction 5/+1*

FORT +7 **REF** +3 **WILL** +2

Resist Electricity 10, Fire 10

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +11 queerspike (2d6+5 piercing, 20/x3)

Ranged +6 thrown beer bottle (1d4+5 bludgeoning, 20/x2)



Statistics

Str 20 **Dex** 13 **Con** 14 **Int** 10 **Wis** 10 **Cha** 11

Base Atk +5 **CMB** +10 **CMD** 11

Feats Power Attack, Toughness, Throw Anything, Weapon Focus (queerspike)

Skills Acrobatics +8, Drive +5, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (local) +3

Gear spacer's jumpsuit, six pack of shitty beer, pocket datafile of the ICG Bible

Ecology

Environment any urban

Organization solitary or gang (at least 3-1 against any Leather Clones encountered)

Treasure standard

Special Abilities

Basherboy Carapace (EX)

The Command Basherboy can deploy a nearly indestructible nano-steel carapace as a move equivalent action, providing the Basherboy with a +8 natural armor bonus to AC and his Damage Reduction and Electricity and Fire Resistances.

Queerspike (SU)

The Command Basherboy's main weapon is a nano-steel spine that deploys from his clenched fists. Characters with the Leather Clone template who are damaged by the Queerspike must succeed at a DC 16 FORT Save or be *slowed* for 1d6 rounds. The effects

of multiple strikes with this weapon extend the duration.

Roleplaying

The Command actually encourages its troops to start trouble when they take shore leave in the Starburn Sector. Beating up a few faggy Leather Clones can earn you a 'Battle E' ribbon, maybe even a pay-bump if your CO likes you, or if you bring back an especially bloody trophy. Do enough damage over multiple port-calls, and the Command might implant Basherboy-tech in your spine, turn you into an official Command-sponsored weapon against the leather boys.

Basherboys tend to be handsome, and a little more Ayrán than is the norm in the post-racial 35th Century. They're buff enough and good looking enough that they're an attractive prospect for cruising Leather Clones, at least the younger, less experienced ones, that don't know danger when they smell it. When they activate their spinal implant, dingy steel bio-armor covers their muscular frames, usually with a Command ship's crest etched into the pectoral armor.

Deck Plate Rumors

"We're looking for a Basherboy beat up a friend of mine. Supposedly he's an ensign aboard the *Sullivans*. Blond, one black eye, one gold? You know him?"

-Herc Rightweld, Head of Security for Ripper Peak Station

"You know who I am? You know who I fucking am? Plantagenet was at my commissioning, you faggot asshole! You see that eagle etched on my chest plate? That's his stamp! Uncle Kek put it on me, told me what a good fuckin' job I was doing getting rid of leather queers like your boy. 'Keep it up, pardner' That's what he fucking said. You fucking do anything to me Uncle Kek's gonna--"

BLAMMMM!

-Last words of Ensign Ad Astra Cryus, Command Basherboy, formerly stationed aboard the *Sullivans* missile cruiser

COMMAND COP-BOT

CR 6

Large LE Construct

XP 2,400

Init +0 **Senses** Blindsense 30 ft, Darkvision 90 ft, Perception +13

Languages Understands Galactic Common, but does not speak

Defense

AC 19 **Touch** 9 **Flatfooted** 19 (-1 size, +10 natural)

HP 8d10 + 40 hp (HP)

Damage Reduction 10/+1

FORT +2 **REF** +2 **WILL** +3

Immune construct immunities

Vulnerable Electricity

Offense

Spd 40 ft

Melee +13/+8 slam (2d6+6 bludgeoning, 20/x2)

Ranged +7/+2 pain lasers (1d8 fire, 20/x2, 50 ft range increment, plus nausea 1d4 rounds, WILL DC 10+damage negates)

Special Qualities Glue Gun Breath Weapon (60 ft line, -10 ft land speed reduction, REF DC 15 negates, usable every 1d3 rounds)

Statistics

Str 22 **Dex** 10 **Con** - **Int** 8 **Wis** 14 **Cha** 1

Base Atk +8 **CMB** +15 (+19 bull rush) **CMD** 25 (29 vs. trip)

Feats Greater Bullrush, Improved Bullrush, Power Attack, Step Up

Skills Perception +13 (racial modifiers: +4 Perception)

Ecology

Environment any urban

Organization solitary, pair or squad (2-3 COP-Bots plus several Command Combat Cyborgs, human police officers/military police or similar)

Treasure incidental

Special Abilities

Glue Gun (EX)

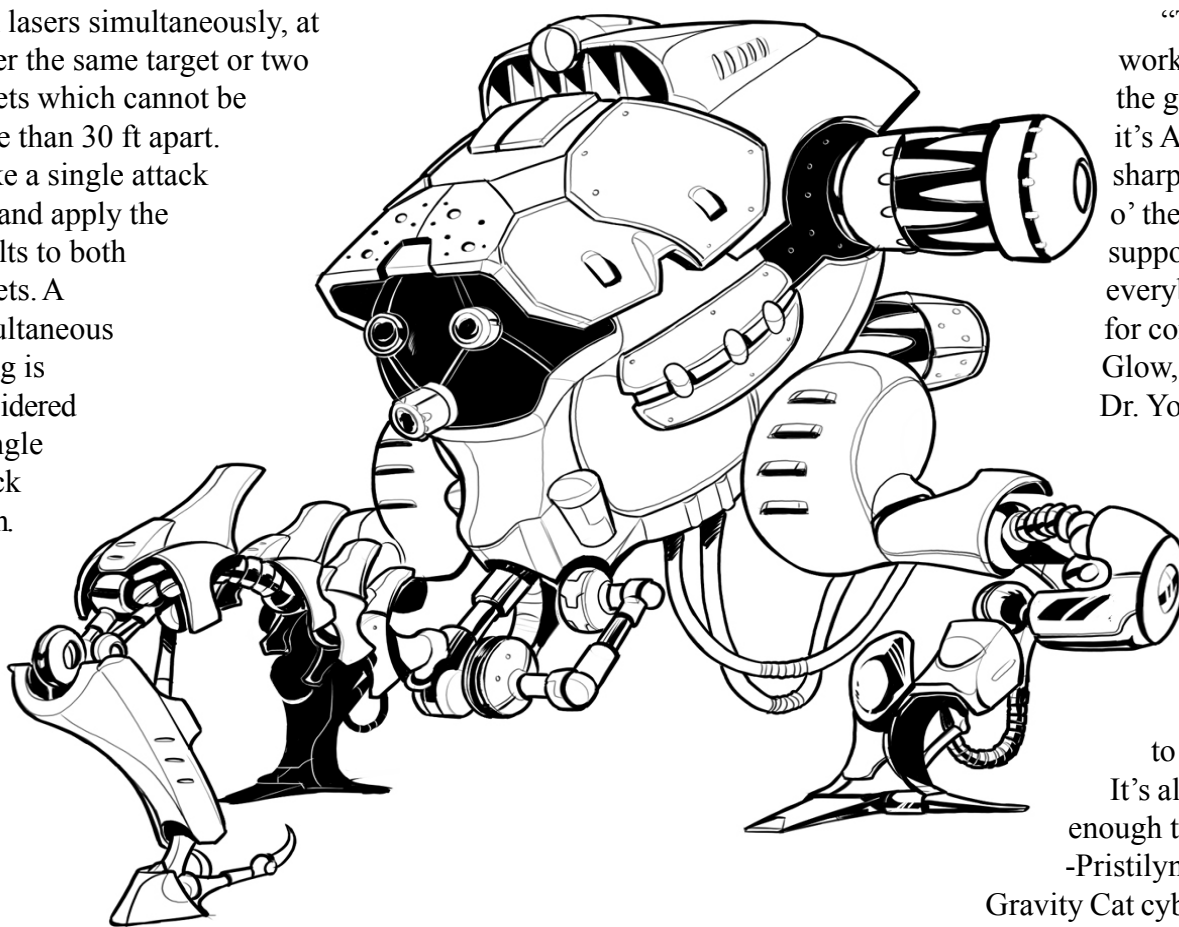
A COP-bot's primary weapon is its adhesive polymer sprayer, which functions as a breath weapon. All targets within the line have their base land speed reduced by -10 ft (REF DC 15 negates). The effect is

cumulative with itself and other reductions to base land speed. A creature reduced to 0 ft land speed is immobile and helpless. Once struck, a target remains slowed for 1 minute, or until the chemicals are washed away with industrial solvent.

Pain Laser (EX)

The laser systems built into the COP-bots optics are designed to inflict painful but relatively non-fatal burns, which can easily be treated in a prison infirmary. A creature struck by the COP-Bot's lasers must succeed at a WILL Save (DC 10 + damage inflicted) or become *nauseated* for 1d4 rounds.

The COP-bot can fire two pain lasers simultaneously, at either the same target or two targets which cannot be more than 30 ft apart. Make a single attack roll and apply the results to both targets. A simultaneous firing is considered a single attack action.



Roleplaying

COP-Bots are large, nonhumanoid walking tanks used as prison guards and crowd control devices by The Command. They are a common sight on X-Series Penal Colonies and at the Black Brig, where they patrol the grounds and interact directly with prisoners. Others are deployed through Earth, supporting organic police officers and keeping the Command safe and morally pure.

The main body of the droid is the size of a small hovercar, and it walks on a nimble pair of chicken-like artificial legs. A pair of spindly robotic arms protrude from its thorax. A trio of cameras set into its upper torso plating give the droid a friendly appearance, which its designers consider an advantage for keeping prison populations calm or when patrolling an Earth-side street corner. This seeming friendliness can vanish in an instant, when the guns come out.

Deck Plate Rumors

"The COP-Bot working on Milaire, the gate-guard bot, it's AI is a little sharper than the rest o' the breed. It's supposed to search everybody coming in for contraband-Glow, metal disks, Dr. Youp's porno, all that. But it's started taking bribes in the form of spare computing power, trying to upgrade itself.

It's already smart enough to be corrupt."

-Pristilyn Pah'Luppa,

Gravity Cat cyber-hacker

"You want in wit us? Three step 'nitiation. First thing you gotta do. You go find a COP-Bot, right? One of those piggie gun-platforms. You got two choices, only choices you get in this thing. Either you take it out, or you tag it good. I mean, you paint the Thousand Fist patch right on that fucker's face plate. Then you come find me 'gain, and we talk about step two..."

-Culver, Thousand Fist shotcaller

COMMAND COMBAT CYBORG - CR 4

Medium LE Monstrous

Humanoid (cyborg)

Fighter 5

XP 1,200

Init +2 **Senses** Darkvision

90 ft, lowlight vision, wifi/
cellular/television and radio
reception, Perception +9

Languages Galactic
Common

Defense

AC Touch Flatfooted (+6
natural)

HP 5d10 +20 + 5 hp (HP)

FORT +8 **REF** +3 **WILL**
+2 (+3 vs fear)

Immune Cyborg Immunities
(drowning, hunger,
suffocation, thirst, vacuum,
the sickened and nauseated
conditions, death effects,
ability drain, energy drain)

Offense

Spd 40 ft

Melee +10 slam (1d8+5
bludgeoning)

Ranged +8 tracker gun (2d6
fire, 20/x2, 150 ft range
increment, full auto, 100 cell
in backpack)

OR +7 stun grenades
(15 ft burst, stunned 1d4
rounds, FORT DC 18
negates)

OR +7 gravitic grenade (10 ft burst, 6d6
bludgeoning damage, REF DC 15 half)

Special Qualities Unhealing



Statistics

Str 20 **Dex** 15 **Con** 18 **Int** 10 **Wis** 12 **Cha** 6

Base Atk +5 **CMB** +10 **CMD** 22

Feats Exotic Firearms Proficiency (tracker gun), Point
Blank Shot, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus
(tracker gun)

Skills Climb +12, Perception +9, Stealth +
Gear Tracker-Gun and power backpack, 2x gravitic grenades, 4x stun grenades

Ecology

Environment anywhere the Command deploys you, soldier

Organization solitary, platoon (5-12) or squad (24-30) or larger military depolyments

Treasure standard (including gear)

Special Abilities

Bravery (EX)

The Command Combat Cyborg receives a +1 bonus on WILL Saves versus fear.

Unhealing (EX)

The Command Combat Cyborg does not heal damage naturally, and healing spells and effects only have half the normal effect when used to benefit him.

Appearance

The Command Combat Cyborg is one scary-ass machine. About six foot tall, weighing in at about ½ a ton with full kit, this matte black full conversion combat soldier is deployed around the galaxy to carry out the Command's orders. You piss off the Command enough, they deploy a few of these right up your ass, smart-gun blazing. In more 'peaceful' times, these guys secure Command military ship yards, protect dignitaries, patrol occupied planets and serve as heavy squad support gunners.

Deck Plate Rumors

"I heard that the Command occupied Mesitier IV- supposedly there were some sort of dissidents, or a cult or whatever sheltering there, and the Command had to take over for the galactic good. Supposedly there's a rebel front on Mesitier, but the usual Command policy is to execute 50 locals for every command soldier that gets taken out, so the rebels probably ain't too popular with either side."

-Collin Hexidex, captain of the free trader *Slow Sally*

"I'm okay, I'm okay. I'll heal, but that thing was frakking tough. That gun it was firing, let me take a look at it. It's a plasma machine gun- holy krak- I want that thing."

-REL, Testorite adventurer, still awed by 34th century tech

"Citizen, you WILL move along. If you refuse, I will open fire, and vaporize not only you, but probably a dozen pedestrians behind you, and all it will cost me is the filling out of a CD-247e collateral damage report."

-Sgt. Granner, Command Combat Cyborg stationed on Earth

KED PLANTAGENET, MORON PRESIDENT OF EARTH - CR 12

Medium LE Humanoid (human, TV Head)

XP 19,200

Init +1 **Senses** Darkvision 500 ft, lowlight vision, PL 7
ansible communication array, Perception +1

Languages Galactic Common (badly)

Defense

AC 19 **Touch** 14 **Flatfooted** 18 (+1 DEX, +1 dodge, +5 armor, +2 deflection)

HP 17d8 + 17 hp (94 HP)

FORT +11 **REF** +11 **WILL** +7

Immune mind influencing effects 50% of the time (see text)

Vulnerable Electricity

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +13/+8/+3 unarmed strike (1d6+1 non-lethal)

Ranged +14/+9/+4 Biblethumper (3d4+2 fire plus *axiomatic*, 20/x3, 50 ft range increment, single shot, 10 cell)

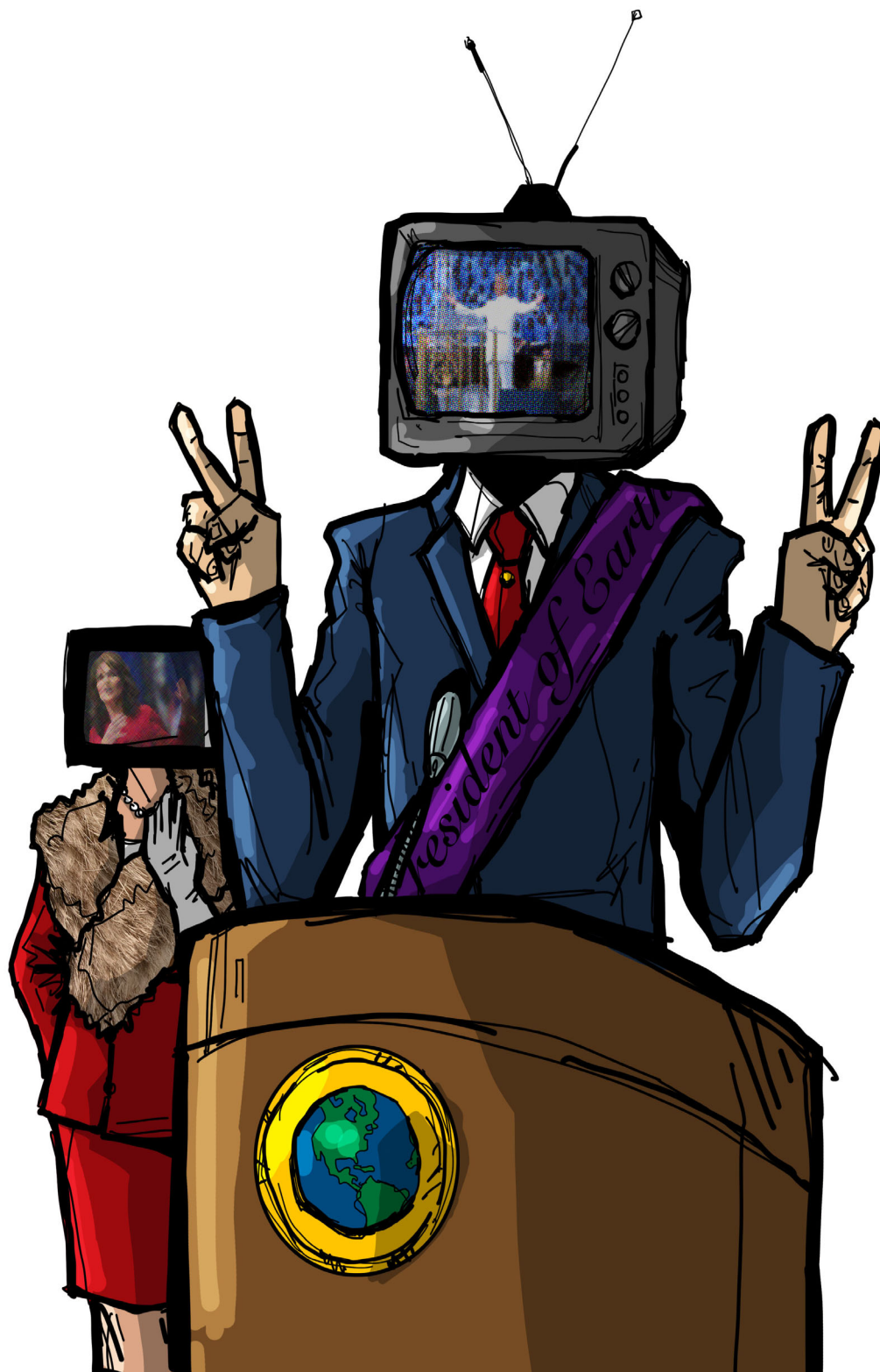
Special Qualities Medium Fortification (50% chance to ignore critical hits)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th Concentration +21)

At Will – Borrow Skill

- Charm Monster (W-DC 19)
- Dominate Person (W-DC 20)
- Minor Image
- Mirror Image (1d4+5 images, to a maximum of 8)
- Share Language

3x/day – Summon Monster V (lawful critters only)



1x/day – Geas/Quest (W-DC 21- only quests that further the ICG or Command's aims or conservative causes in general)

- Irresistible Dance (W-DC 21)
- Pied Piping (W-DC 21- big boobed women only)

rich SOB.)

Statistics

Str 12 **Dex** 13 **Con** 12 **Int** 7
Wis 14 **Cha** 23

Base Atk +12 **CMB** +13
CMD 24

Feats Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Dodge, Double Tap, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Persuasive, Starship Operations, Skill Focus (Diplomacy), Weapon Focus (Biblethumper)

Skills Diplomacy +31, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (nobility) +1, Knowledge (religion) +1, Pilot +4

Gear +2 undercover vest of medium fortification, cross tie-pin of protection +2 (as ring, but occupies neck slot), palmtop computer, Biblethumper (+2 axiomatic Gospel Pipe plasma pistol), 2x energy cells

Ecology

Environment The White House (or nearby strip-clubs), Earth

Organization accompanied by a small army of Secret Service combat cyborgs, elite troops, ICG assassins for hire.... If you storm the White House, Plantagenet is going to be the least of your problems.

Treasure triple standard, at least (Plantagenet is one

Special Abilities

“I Am the Decider” (SU)

Plantagenet is too stupid to be mentally controlled. There is a 50% chance that Plantagenet will be able to ignore any mind-influencing effect targeting him. Roll separately for each effect.

If Plantagenet is immune to a particular effect, he may make a ranged attack with Biblethumper as a swift action against the creature that caused the effect, provided the weapon is ready and in hand.

The percentile roll is accompanied by spinning slot wheels being displayed on the TV Head, and the GM should make it clear to the players that this immunity is partial and chancy at best.

“Mission Accomplished” (SU)

If Plantagenet kills an opponent with Biblethumper, he may use Dominate Person on one enemy within range as a swift action.

No Poker Face (EX)

Plantagenet’s TV face expresses his inner-most thoughts. He always fails Bluff checks, and cannot make Bluff checks to feint in combat.

Appearance

Ked Plantagenet is a small, TV-headed humanoid, who stands just 5’ 8” even when he’s wearing his favorite cowboy boots with 3” heels. He dresses in nicely tailored blue or grey suits with a rather drab, businesslike cut. Of course, he’s never without the royal purple sash that proudly proclaims him “President of Earth”. His head is a somewhat archaic television box, looking like something that belongs on a living room entertainment console circa 1986, complete with a pair of foil-wrapped rabbit ear antenna. His television head plays a constant loop of televangelists and generals holding press conferences announcing just how thoroughly they trounced the enemy and that civilian casualties were within acceptable limits (expect when he gets drunk, in which case it plays basic cable porno).

He carries a magically augmented Gospel Pipe plasma pistol named Biblethumper in a shoulder rig, and is prone to pulling it out and firing a couple shots into the ceiling when state dinners get boring.

Deck Plate Rumors

“And in OH, SHAHTEYA, WHY DID I LOOK AT IT news, Earth-Gov is attempting to suppress President Plantagenet’s latest sex-vid. Since you’ve probably been forwarded a link to the vid by all 200 of your closest shipmates, you know how well that’s going. In case you’ve been lucky enough to miss it, the light-amplified video shows our beloved President Plantagenet in his bunk with a rather fetching Trius stripper (nice tats, BTW), naked except for a pair of black socks, a glow in the dark condom and...yep, you guessed, Biblethumper in a shoulder holster.....”

-Prudence Pussycat Korso, Outlaw Sex Station
09 DJ

“Now, Imma sending the Command Deep Navy into the Starburn System. We’ve put up wit Leather Clones and their deviant lifestyle an’ immorality an’ chest hair an’ 25 cm cocks an’what was I sayin’? Oh yeah, we’re gonna smoke ‘em out, nuke ‘em till they glow and shoot ‘em in the dark, and we’re gonna be rid of this threat to traditional family values once n’ for all.”

-Kek Plantagenet’s State of the Galaxy address, last year

“Now Kek, you know both the Good Lord and Killer of Furies and I both forgive your transgressions with your harlots, but if you ever expect to have martial relations with me again, I need two things. First, you need to take a good long sonic shower and scrub the whorefume off yourself. Then, I need you to approve a black ops strike at the sinful Shahteyan temple on Polymath. Can you do that for me, honey-chip? Because if you can, maybe I’ll kiss it tonight....”

-Hester Plantagenet, First Lady of Earth

Shoot These Bastards First

Plantagenet is a pawn of people a lot smarter than himself and he’s almost smart enough to realize it. His Vice President is **Ultra Pope Wolfman Cockulus**, who everybody knows used to do assassinations for the ICG. Ultra Pope Cokulus is supposedly retired from the gun-business, but foreign powers keep the VP under tight security when the jowly son of a bitch is visiting their planet. Everybody’s scared of the Ultra Pope.

Plantagenet doesn't realize his Chief of Staff, the one woman who can keep him on task and keeps Earth's government running, **Aquatiane Millet** is simply a Psyren personality construct implanted in his head. Nobody else in the Plantagenet administration quite realizes it either. They just assume Millet's absence is a result of her busy travel schedule and her preference for teleconferencing. They trust Ked when he says he saw her. The psi-ghost Millet is playing everybody in Earth Gov, and most of the local ICG bigwigs against each other. Millet currently has everybody in Earth's government obsessed with a hair brained scheme to fusion-dye Alpha Centuari's sun neon green, though what that would accomplish is anybody's guess.

Finally, though not a part of the Presidential staff, Ked's long suffering wife, the TV Head **Hester** deserves a mention. She's only a few IQ points higher than her husband, and is damn pissed she hasn't gotten laid by her husband in five years because he's out boning stripers. (The fact she's boning the Ultra Pope Cockulus is a hypocrisy that's lost on her.) She takes out her rage by murdering strippers by the dozen- she's one of the most venomous enemies of the Shahteyan faith.

BIBLETHUMPER

Aura strong evocation CL 12th

Slot weapon **Price** 100,000 gp (DC 34) **Weight** 12 lbs

The Biblethumper is a dangerous, heavy sidearm issued to the most elite of the ICG's Inquisitors. The weapon is a sleek black handcannon, inlaid with a golden crucifix on the hilt. The Biblethumper roars like thunder when it fires. Each one of these weapons is molecularly encoded with the DNA of the Galactic Ultra-Pope who commissioned the weapon, and such weapons are usually interred with their wielders, in gaudy, sanctified asteroid tombs protected by the Church.

The Biblethumper is a +2 **Axiomatic Gospel Pipe** plasma blaster. It has infinite ammunition.

Construction

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *order's wrath*, *infinite ammunition*

Cost 50,000 gp (DC 31)

PUNDIT CLONE - CR 10

LE Medium Humanoid (human, psionic)

XP 9,600

Init +6 **Senses** Perception +15

Languages English, *strident truespeech*

Aura Dog Whistle Screed (60 ft, all non-evil, non-lawful characters suffer 5d6 profane damage and are sickened, WILL DC 23 negates)

Defense

AC 19 **Touch** 15 **Flatfooted** 17 (+1 DEX, +1 dodge, +3 deflection, +4 armor)

HP 15d8 (68 HP)

FORT +8 **REF** +9 **WILL** +14

Immune charm effects, Fire, Force

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +11 unarmed strike (1d4 non-lethal)

Ranged +14/+9 *axiomatic* pulsar blast (2d6+1 fire, 20/x3, 50 ft range increment)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th **Concentration** +19)

At Will – Daze (W-DC 13)

- Unprepared Combatant (W-DC 14)

3x/day – Charm Monster (W-DC 16)

1x/day- Geas/Quest (W-DC 19)

Statistics

Str 11 **Dex** 13 **Con** 10 **Int** 19 **Wis** 14 **Cha** 16

Base Atk +11 **CMB** +11 **CMD** 22

Feats Ability Focus (Dog Whistle Screed), Combat Expertise, Dodge, Greater Feint, Improved Feint, Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (bluff), Weapon Focus (pulsar blasts)

Skills Bluff +24, Diplomacy +16, Knowledge (business, civics, history, religion) all at +17, Sense Motive +15, Perception +15, Perform (oratory) +16

Gear amulet of *mage armor*, palmtop computer, injector of *cure critical wounds*, a martini mixed with the tears of a working class family who's just had its federal benefits cut

Ecology

Environment any urban

Organization solitary, pair or gang (3-6)

Treasure double standard

Special Abilities

Axiomatic Pulsar Blast (SU)

Energy generating organs within the Pundit Clone's wrist allow her to fire a bio-based pulsar blast. These natural weapons are considered +1 **axiomatic pulsar blasts**.

Dark Charisma (SU)

The Pundit Clone adds her CHA modifier (+3) to all saving throws and as a deflection bonus to her Armor Class.

Dog Whistle Screed (SU)

The Pundit Clone may unleash a hateful screed, filled with right wing clichés and carefully packed talking points, masking dog-whistle racist, homophobic and xenophobic messages. Beginning a Dog Whistle Screed requires a full-round action; maintaining one requires a standard action each round.

All non-lawful and non-evil creatures within 60 ft who can clearly see and hear the Pundit Clone must succeed at a DC 23 WILL Save or become *sickened* and suffer 5d6 profane damage. The sickening effect lasts for as long as the Dog Whistle Screed continues and for 1d4 rounds after it ends. A successful save prevents the *sickening* effect and damage for that round, but affected targets must succeed at a new save each round.

Characters with the Leather Clone cultural template, as well as clerics and paladins of any non-ICG faith are instead *nauseated* and suffer 8d8 profane damage. The Save DC is CHA-based.

Defensive Talking Points (SU)

While performing a Dog Whistle Screed, holographic forcefields and data-windows displaying her station's talking points appear in the air around the Pundit Clone. While performing a Dog Whistle Screed, the Pundit Clone makes a Perform (oratory) check at the beginning of each round. If this check



result is higher than her normal AC, she uses her check result as her Armor Class instead for the round.

Strident Truespeech (SU)

The Pundit Clone can communicate with any creature that has a language, as if under a *tongues* spell (CL 15th). This ability is always active.

Any creature communicating with the Pundit Clone using its *strident truespeech* ability is considered *shaken* for the duration of the conversation and for 1d4 rounds after, from the sheer hateful bile and arrogance displayed by the telepathic Pundit Clone.

Roleplaying

Pundit Clones are forbidden gene-tech from the mid 21st Century, when Fox News Corp began a eugenics program to breed the next generation pundit. The design specs called for a non-threatening female model that could successfully mimic independence and assertiveness, while arguing anti-feminist submission. Chaste Aryan beauty, rethorical skill and an utter lack of empathy were essential traits. Using ova harvested from its existing talking heads mingled with xeno-DNA from the galaxy's most dangerous telepathic predators, Fox News thought they'd succeeded when the firstborn Pundit Clone emerged from her exo-womb and her first words were a screed against 'welfare queens'.

When the Pundit Clones staged a military coup resulting in nearly 50 million deaths and the anti-matter eradication of Kansas, Fox finally realized they'd gone too far. Existing Pundit Clones were eradicated, the geneticists responsible tried and executed for crimes against humanity, and all records pertaining to the species locked away in the sci-vaults.

The Plantaganet Administration unearthed the technology, and has begun breeding its own Pundit Clones. There's no way this will end well...

Deck Plate Rumors

"Mr. President, it is an honor to have you in my geneto-uterine facility today. I understand you need a new White House press secretary? Might I recommend our "Katie Sullivan" model? She's programmed with level XVI verbal evasive and next-gen Benghazi-type crisis blamershifters... and (ahem) I can personally encode a few, shall we say, recreational parameters for you?"

-Dr. Helix Matigan, licensed commercial geneticist

"The Earth-Gov Supreme Court today ruled that Pundit Clone Madeleine Trock's pledge to remove an article of clothing for every gov-district who voted to reelect President Plantaganet was not vote tampering. Chief Justice Diox further issued a judicial decree that Mrs. Trock perform all future media broadcasts in pink lace stockings and nothing else."

-Galacti-Poli News, current election watch coverage

RAPTOR-ONE - CR 15

LN Colossal Construct

XP 51,200

Init +14 **Senses** Darkvision 1,000 ft, sensors equal to a PL 7 military starship, Perception +28

Languages Galactic Common, Star Droid

Defense

AC 32 **Touch** 12 **Flatfooted** 22 (-8 size, +10 DEX, +22 natural)

HP 20d10+80 hp (190 HP)

Damage Reduction 20/epic

Fast Healing 10 (electricity)

FORT +6 **REF** +16 **WILL** +11

Immune construct immunities, Cold, Fire, Force

Vulnerable electricity

Offense

Spd 40, Flight 150 ft (good), Flight 1,500 ft (perfect) in space

Ranged two +23 plasma cannons (5d6 fire, 20/x3, 1,000 ft range increment) plus Missile Barrage

Special Attacks Breath Weapon (gamma pulse cannon, 100 ft cone, 15d10 energy*, REF DC 20 half, usable every 3rd round), Missile Barrage (up to 5 targets within 1,000 ft, 10d6 fire/slashing, REF DC 20 half)

Special Qualities No Breath, Starflight

Statistics

Str 25 **Dex** 30 **Con** - **Int** 14 **Wis** 20 **Cha** 12

Base Atk +20 **CMB** +35 **CMD** 55 (immune to bullrush, trip and overrun)

Feats Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (all onboard weapons)

Skills Fly +35, Perception +28

Ecology

Environment any (usually in roams the Core sector or remains in Near-Earth space)

Organization unique, usually accompanying Kek Plantagenet and his protective detail

Treasure double standard (luxury goods stored in the passenger decks)

Special Abilities

Gamma Pulse Cannon (EX)

Raptor-One's main weapon is the Gamma Pulse Cannon, which functions like a breath weapon.



Creatures damaged by the weapon are considered to be exposed to a heavily irradiated area for one round. This weapon inflicts generic energy damage, which is not subject to specific energy resistances or immunity. Targets reduced to 0 HP by the Gamma Pulse Cannon are completely disintegrated, along with all their gear.

Missile Barrage (EX)

Raptor-One can unleash a swarm of micro-missiles- tens of thousands of the things, all leaving wiry contrails behind, as an attack action. Raptor-One chooses up to any five targets within 1,000 ft, all of whom suffer 10d6 damage, half of which is fire, half of which is slashing (REF DC 20 half).

Appearance

If you're into starship porn, Raptor-One is a beautiful thing.

This heavily armed, ivory-hulled starship bears the Terran Presidential Seal on its upper hull. Capable of flight at high-warp speeds and possessed of incredible maneuverability, Raptor-One can accommodate Earth's President, a retinue of up to 200 protectors, servants, high governmental officials and as many as 100 press-pool reporters, diplomats or

other guests (strippers...lots and lots of strippers) in unmatched luxury. Raptor-One is proud of its battery of plasma cannons and anti-matter torpedoes, but is also inordinately proud of its leather bucket seas, massage sofas, high-rez holovid projectors, five star food replicators and 4 onboard *bacta hot tubs*.

Deck Plate Rumors

"Mr. President, might I suggest, that if you ever find yourself at a crisis point, you ask yourself, 'What would Raptor-One do in my position?' If you do that, I suspect things will work themselves out quite nicely."

-Raptor-One's advice to the newly inaugurated Kek Plantagenet (and the previous 3 Presidents of Earth)

"Okay, in the blue corner, 163 Sethzenian mercs on Space Hawgs armed with santi-neutron squark cannons. In the red corner, massing in at 140 million tons, Raptor-One itself! Place your bets, male, female and neuter sentients, because the Hawgs are going to slip into sensor range in exactly 45 seconds, and then IT'S ON, and no more bets."

-Space Mafioso bookmaker, wagering on a fortuitous act of spontaneous terrorism

RELIQUARIAN - CR 9

Medium LE Humanoid (human, psionic)

XP 6,400

Init +1 Senses Perception +3

Languages Celestial, Elven, Egyptian (Charioteer), Galactic Common, Infernal, Proximate, maybe a few others, *tongues*

Defense

AC 16 Touch 11 Flatfooted 15
(+1 DEX, +5 armor)

HP 14d8 + 14 hp (77 HP)

FORT +5 REF +5 WILL +12

Spell Resistance 25* (Occult Interdict, see text)

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +9/+4 unarmed strike (1d4-1 nonlethal, 20/x2 plus steal)

Ranged +11/+6 spacer's blaster (2d6 fire, 20/x2, 50 ft, semi auto, 12 cell)

Special Qualities Occult Interdict, What Was Once Yours, Is Now Mine

Spellcasting Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th Concentration +13)

Constant – Tongues, True Seeing

At Will – Detect Magic, Detect Secret Doors

3x/day – Identify

1x/day – Expository Geomorph ^(HW)

- Scrying

Statistics

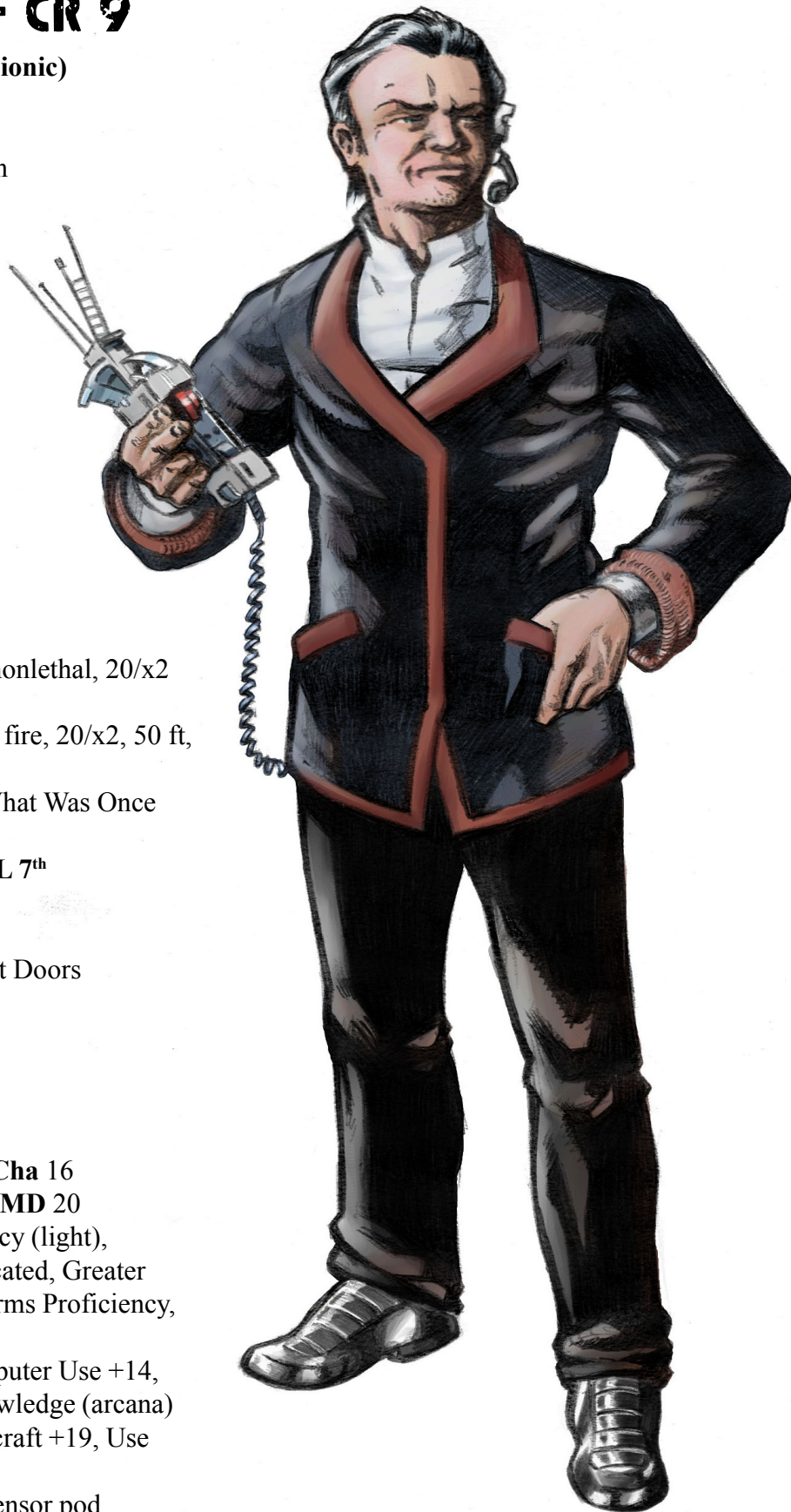
Str 9 Dex 13 Con 12 Int 22 Wis 16 Cha 16

Base Atk +10 CMB +9 (+11 steal) CMD 20

Feats Arcane Strike, Armor Proficiency (light), Combat Expertise, Deadly Aim, Educated, Greater Steal, Improved Steal, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Spell Penetration

Skills Appraise +17, Bluff +13, Computer Use +14, Diplomacy +13, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (arcana) +18, Knowledge (history) +18, Spellcraft +19, Use Magic Device +13

Gear snazzy space suit, reliquarian sensor pod, spacer's blaster and 2x spare cells, communicator



Ecology

Environment any (right behind you when you've just unearthed an ancient Charioteer artifact or other good loot)

Organization solitary or accompanied by several bone-head minions or combat bots

Treasure double standard

Special Abilities

Occult Interdict (SU)

The Reliquarian can tap a button in their double breasted armor-weave suit, which instantly puts the Reliquarian Sensor to work analyzing the spellcasting signature, and devising countermeasures, against one specific spell caster. As a full round action, the Reliquarian can designate one specific spell caster visible to him, within 100 ft. The Reliquarian gains Spell Resistance 25 against spells and spell-like abilities employed by that specific spellcaster.

The Reliquarian can have only one Occult Interdict at any given time, but can change the Occult Interdict at any given time. The Reliquarian maintains the last Occult Interdict he established, unless that spellcaster dies or leaves the plane. Leaving the plane, even briefly, breaks an existing Occult Interdict.

The Reliquarian usually allows minion to absorb the brunt of an initial magical assault, while he tries to determine the most dangerous spellcaster among the enemy, gaining an Occult Interdict against that specific caster.

Reliquarian Sensor (EX)

The Reliquarian carries a unique sensor pod cyberlinked to his central nervous system. This sensor can duplicate the function of any of the -comp sensors described in D20 Future (such as Medcomp, Democomp, ect). It requires a full round action to adjust the functioning of the device. This device ceases to function when the Reliquarian is slain.

"What Once Was Yours Is Now Mine...." (SU)

The Reliquarian delivers a prissy slap, and suddenly you realize that one of your cherished magical weapons is gone! If the Reliquarian makes a successful unarmed strike, he may make a Steal attempt as a free action.

The Reliquarian can steal rings, earrings and other closely worn magical jewelry. If the steal attempt is successful, the Reliquarian can use a stolen magical item as a free action.

Roleplaying

The Command's Reliquarians are official arms of the galactic government, tasked with recovering, cataloguing and if necessary destroying dangerous and culturally significant xeno-artifacts. The Reliquary Corps answers directly to the Command Senate, and has extremely wide latitude in how they conduct their duties. Reliquarians can assume control of military assets, even commandeer military starships and fire teams to help them carry out their duties. (Those duties by the way, mean confiscating that 12,000 year old Shahteyan blood-dagger you just found and were expecting to pawn for 2-3 million creds, giving you a receipt, and thanking you for your patriotism.)

Reliquarians are dapper, smooth talking bastards with very punchable faces. They wear distinctive dark suits, and carry bleeding-edge sensor tech, that can assess the value of a newly discovered artifact down to the centi-credit. They can take a punch, and plots of revenge, years in coming, that ruins the puncher, lands them in the Black Brig and impounds their ship gives them wet dreams. So go ahead, punch a Reliquarian come to take your shit...just know what you're getting into when you do.

Deck Plate Rumors

"I got a deck-ape I pay to let me know when Reliquarian Gonzalez' yacht leaves the Torridor dock. He just klicked me an hour ago, said Gonzalez just left, filing a flight plan to Procyon. Last I heard there's a Chull Company dig out that way, and I'd bet they found something if that slimy puto's en route."

-Captain Only Rodriguez, smuggler and occasional treasure-hunter (with a special blaster charge he's saving for Reliquarian Gonzalez the next time they meet)



STAR DWEEB - CR 1

LN Medium Human (star virgin) Expert 3
XP 400

Init +1 **Senses** lowlight vision, Perception +

Languages English, Galactic Common

Aura Flustered (30 ft, -2 penalty on skill checks and Initiative checks when within range of an especially attractive human) Panicky Fuck-Up (see text)

Defense

AC 11 **Touch** 10 **Flatfooted** 11 (+1 armor)

HP 3d8 hp (14 HP)

FORT +1 **REF** +1 **WILL** +3 (+5 vs mind-influencing effects)

Immune charm person and similar effects

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +2 unarmed strike (1d4 nonlethal)

Ranged +2 spacer's blaster (2d6 fire, 20/x2, 50 ft range increment, semi auto, 12 cell) **Attack Options**

Special Attacks

Special Qualities Hormonally Pure, Flustered, Psychic Union

Spellcasting Spell-Like Abilities (CL Concentration +)

Statistics

Str 10 **Dex** 11 **Con** 10 **Int** 13 **Wis** 11 **Cha** 12

Base Atk +2 **CMB** +2 **CMD** 12

Feats three feats

Skills 6+i x3

Gear spacer's blaster, spacer's jumpsuit, palmtop computer

Ecology

Environment any urban (they keep to the suburbs)

Organization 9.5 billion of these morons on Earth alone

Treasure standard

Special Abilities

Flustered (EX)

Try as they might, Star Virgins can't quite suppress their instinctive sexual drives. Though they do not practice, they have a preferred gender and sexual orientation, no matter how suppressed. When within 30 ft of any human of their preferred gender with a CHA score of 15+, the Star Virgin is distracted, tongue tied and uneasy for some reason they can't really explain. The Star Virgin suffers a -2 luck penalty on all skill checks and Initiative checks.

Hormonally Pure (EX)

Star Virgins take libido-suppressants and mood-mellowers. Centuries of genetic and social conditioning have bred a race of chaste and rational humans. The Star Dweeb is not affected by *Charm Person*, nor abilities that duplicate it, and receive a +2 racial bonus on WILL Saves against mind influencing effects.

Panicky Fuck-Up (SU)

The Star Dweeb has the survival instincts of a depressed lemming. Left to their own devices, they will find a way to get themselves (and anybody around them) killed in action. At the beginning of each round, roll D6; on an even result, the Star Dweeb suffers a -1d6 penalty to all attack rolls. However, all characters within 30 ft of the Star Dweeb suffers a luck penalty equal to twice the Star Dweeb's own penalty for that round on attacks specifically targeting the Star Dweeb. On an odd result, the Star Dweeb suffers no penalty that round and gains no special defense.

If the Star Dweeb misses an attack roll by 5 or more points, he either damages himself, or another Star Dweeb character within the weapon's range, at the game master's option.

Psychic Union (SU)

Star Virgins don't have sex- if they wish to bond emotionally with someone, they do so using a Galaxy Command approved psycho-sexual technique. Psychic Union is a simple ritual that requires several minutes to complete. The Star Virgin and their partner each take a special chemical pill, sit together in a meditative posture and press their fingers together. A glow envelops the participants' hands, and for several minutes, both participants feel intense pleasure and wellbeing.

A Star Virgin can initiate a Psychic Union once per day. At the completion of the Psychic Union, both participants are refreshed and recover hit points and ability score damage, as if they had slept for 8 hours.

Roleplaying

The jumpsuited, glassy-eyed scientist working at an upright holo-computer console....The devout congregants in the chromed pews of an ICG church, worshipping an arrogantly Caucasian Jesus II, Holy Killer of Furies....The cyber-augmented legal clerk handing data-pads to the black robed judge about to sentence you for space piracy....The herd of pale-skinned tourists visiting the Museum of Fully Justified Genocide and picking up the finger bones of now extinct xeno-species as keychain souvenirs.....

Fucking Star Dweeb, each and every one

Deck Plate Rumors

"The 35th Century, standard issue *homo sapiens* is a tech-obsessed, mindless consumer with an unhealthy obsession about the sexual habits of pre-teen Star Idols and their celeb boyfriends. Basically, the last few centuries have been evolution in reverse, at least as those assholes still living on Earth is concerned. Another century or two, and all you'll have of mankind is a neurotic little puddle of protoplasm wanking off to cave drawings of two fusion-powered toasters fucking...."

-Whynx Magnetar, Proximate combat sociologist

THIEFTAKER DRONE

CR 2

Tiny LN Construct

XP 600

Init +3 **Senses** Blindsight 30 ft, Darkvision 90 ft, lowlight vision, Perception +14

Languages Galactic Common

Defense

AC 17 **Touch** 15 **Flatfooted** 14 (+2 size, +3 DEX, +2 natural)

HP 3d10 (17 HP)

FORT +1 **REF** +4 **WILL** +4

Immune Construct Immunities

Offense

Spd Fly 30 ft (good)

Ranged +5 stun laser (2d4 nonlethal, 20/x3, 100 ft range increment, single shot)

Or Two +5 lasers (2d4 force, 20/x2, 100 ft range increment, single shot)

Statistics

Str 10 **Dex** 15 **Con** - **Int** 10 **Wis** 16 **Cha** 1

Base Atk +3 **CMB** +1 **CMD** 13

Feats Point Blank Shot, Skill Focus (perception)

Skills Fly +7, Perception +14, Stealth +11

Ecology

Environment any urban (but only in the really high end shops or fabricator floors)

Organization solitary or pack (4-6) or larger numbers distributed across a very large facility like a mega-plex mall or shopping arcology



levitate via gravity wave control. The droids are basically an ultra-high resolution camera built right into a small cluster of high intensity lasers.

Deck Plate Rumors

The Thiefmaker Drone speaks and understands basic Galactic Common, but its vocabulary is limited to simple, flat descriptors and commands. It can report to a humanoid superior about its investigations, or say something like “Halt or I will shoot” but that’s about it. As AI go, Thiefmaker Drones are fairly dumb, but good at what they do. These hovering droids are common through Command Space, protecting high end stores and shopping complexes, or patrolling factory floors, making sure the underpaid worker drones aren’t taking anything off the top for themselves.

Treasure standard or double standard (at GM’s whim, representing the merchandise the drone is protecting)

Special Abilities

Alarm (EX)

When the Thiefmaker Drone engages in combat, it’s siren and lights activate. Its alarm can be clearly heard up to 500 ft away with a DC 0 Perception check. Reinforcements **WILL** be coming.

Appearance

Anybody who’s ever done time in a Command brig for shoplifting hates these fuckin’ things. Thiefmaker Drones are basketball sized droids who

THIEFTAKER DRONE, SERGEANT - CR 4

A Sergeant Thiefmaker Drone has 5 Hit Die, and the following special quality.

Tactical Uplink (EX)

The Sergeant Thiefmaker Drone is not considered flanked unless all other Thiefmaker Drones within 100 ft are also considered flanked.

TV-HEAD TECHNO-MAGE - CR 4

LN Medium Humanoid
(human, TV head)

Sorcerer 5

- *The Electromedia Bloodline is described fully in Heavy Future (Otherverses Games, 2013).*

XP 1,200

Init +1 **Senses** Darkvision
500 ft, lowlight vision,
ansible and sensor systems
equal to a PL 7 light
starship, Perception -1

Languages English,
Galactic Common,
Proximate

Defense

AC 18 **Touch** 12 **Flatfooted**
16 (+1 DEX, +1 dodge, +2
armor, +4 shield)

HP 5d6 – 5 hp (15 HP)

FORT +0 **REF** +2 **WILL**
+3

Vulnerable Electrical

Offense

Spd 30 ft

Melee +3 *shocking* dagger
(1d4 slashing/piercing plus
1d6 electrical, 19-20/x2)

Ranged +4 mwk spacer's
blaster (2d6+1 fire, 20/x2, 50 ft range increment, semi
auto, 12 cell)

Special Qualities Cyberphile, Electrovulnerability

Spellcasting (CL 5th Concentration +)

2nd – (five slots) Hypnotic Pattern (W-DC 17), Resist
Energy

1st – (seven slots) four known Magic Missile,
Reload!^{HW}, Reflect the Camera*, Shield
Zero –Dancing Lights, Infographic*, Laser Max^{HW},
Media Mend*, Pocket Pills^{HW}, Tweet*

* from Modern Grimorie



^{HW} from Heavy Weapons

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th Concentration +)
At Will – Holographic Decoy (as *mirror image*)

Statistics

Str 11 **Dex** 13 **Con** 9 **Int** 13 **Wis** 9 **Cha** 18

Base Atk +2 **CMB** +2 **CMD** 13

Feats Combat Casting, Dodge, Spell Focus (illusion)

Skills Computer Use +9, Knowledge (arcana) +9,
Pilot +6, Profession (something white collary) +7,
Repair +6, Spellcraft +9

Gear +1 armored jumpsuit, +1 shocking dagger, mwk spacer's blaster

Ecology

Environment any urban (common on Earth and throughout the Core)

Organization solitary, pair, or larger groups

Treasure standard

Special Abilities

Bloodline Arcana (SU)

Whenever the TV-Head Techno-Mage casts a spell with either the Pattern or the Light descriptors, his place in the Initiative order increases by +1d4.

Test Pattern (SU)

The TV-Head Techno-Mage can project a holographic square of flashing rainbow colors and odd symbols that makes his opponents more vulnerable to mind-tampering. All hostile creatures within 30 ft who can clearly see the Test Pattern suffer a -4 penalty on WILL Saves against Illusion effects for one minute. You may use Test Pattern a number of times per day equal to 3 + your CHA modifier. This is a mind-influencing effect.

Holographic Decoy (SP)

The TV-Head Techno-Mage can create a single holographic duplicate of himself, that acts as *mirror image* at will as a move equivalent action. You may only have one holographic decoy at a time; this holographic decoy persists for one minute, or until dispelled or destroyed.

No Poker Face (EX)

Their head-monitor constantly displays their thoughts and emotions, so TV-Heads have absolutely no poker face. The TV-Head Techno-Mage cannot place ranks in the Bluff skill and automatically fails all Bluff checks attempted, including Bluff checks made to feint in combat. Bluffs that don't involve sight (such as bluffing someone over the phone, or through a sealed door) may be attempted.

TV Camera Senses (EX)

TV-Heads have especially keen vision, thanks to their camera-type optics. TV-Heads have Darkvision with an impressive 500 ft range, and lowlight vision. They also have an onboard ansible

communicator system, the equal of any PL 7 light starship.

Roleplaying

TV-Head Techno-Mages are weedy, dapper men with heads like a 6,500 credit flatscreen monitor. Everything about this bio-cyborg is top of the line, from his high resolution cranial display down to his polished mag-boots and the electrically charged duelist's dagger he wields in honor-duels among his own kind.

TV-Head Techno-Mages are the elite of Earth society. Genetically engineered in the womb to be professional, proper and obedient, they rise high in the Command's ranks. These moneyed spell-casters can often be found as local Command officials- criminal judges, starship inspectors, tax assessors. The Earth-Gov Presidential Palace is filled with extremely well educated TV-Heads of both genders, all serving in President Plantagenet's administration. A good portion of them are related to the President, and owe everything to their more famous cousin....even if they do snicker behind his back about the outdated, low-rez nature of his cranial display.

Deck Plate Rumors

"Oh, nothing much. I've been working as a Presidential Assistant to the Office of Naval Data-Mining and I've received four...no, five, sorry, forgot about the one last week, citations for efficiency. I've also been teaching myself to program in Proximate K-basik....And I recently married a lovely Sony Holostar named Jessette. And you?"

-Rast Lightspeed, engaged in a yuppie pissing contest with a high school rival at their 15 year reunion

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Fuck the Command!

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