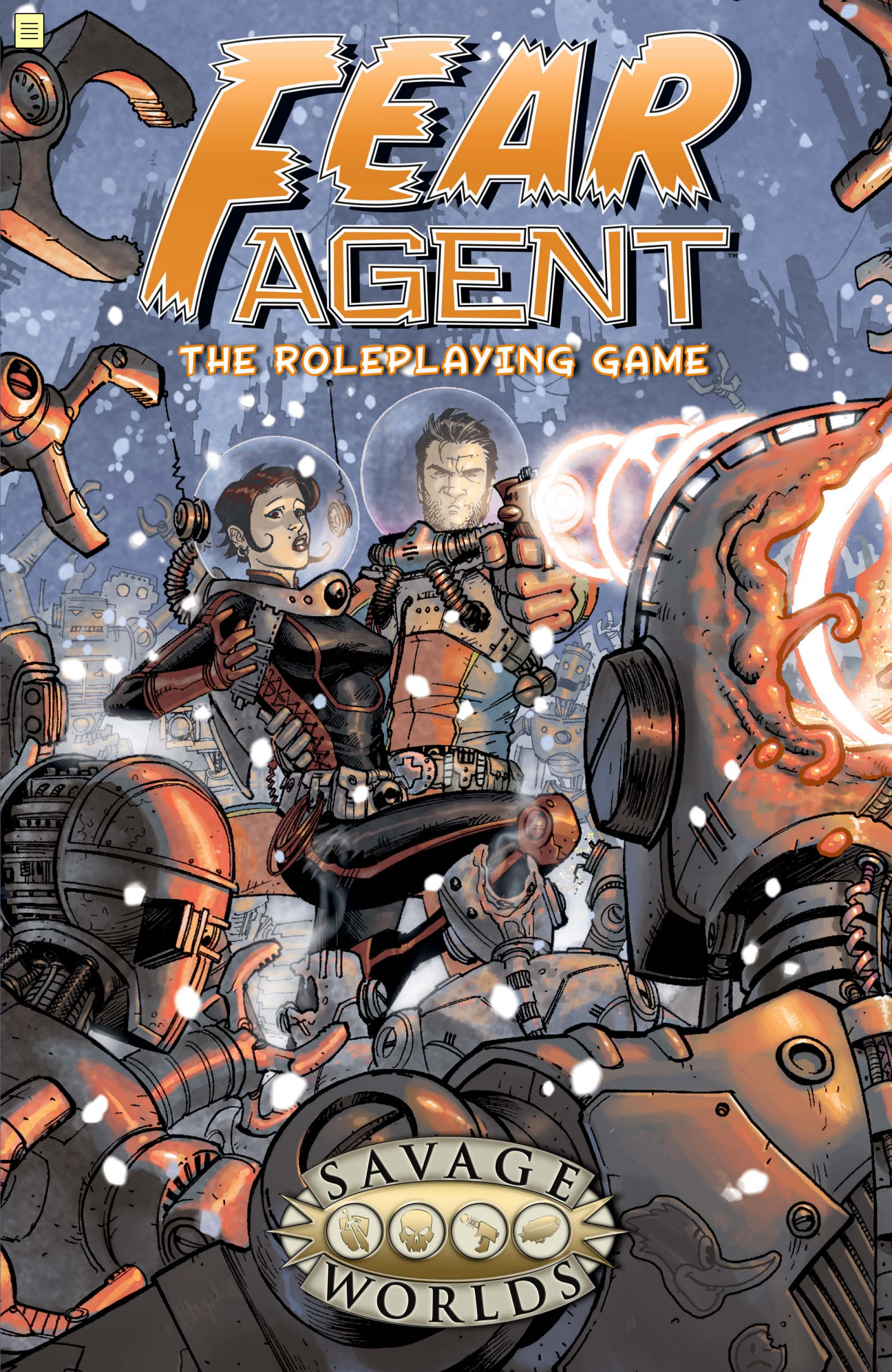


FEAR AGENT

THE ROLEPLAYING GAME



FEAR AGENT™

**Fear Agent™ Created by Rick Remender,
Tony Moore, and Jerome Opeña**

Published by Dark Horse Comics

Writing: John Goff

Additional Material: Shane Lacy Hensley

Editing: Shane Hensley, Thomas Shook

Art Director: Aaron Acevedo

Layout and Graphic Design: Alida Saxon, Aaron Acevedo

Cover Art: Tony Moore, and Jerome Opeña

Interior Art: Tony Moore, and Jerome Opeña

Cartography: Alida Saxon

Savage Worlds Created by Shane Lacy Hensley

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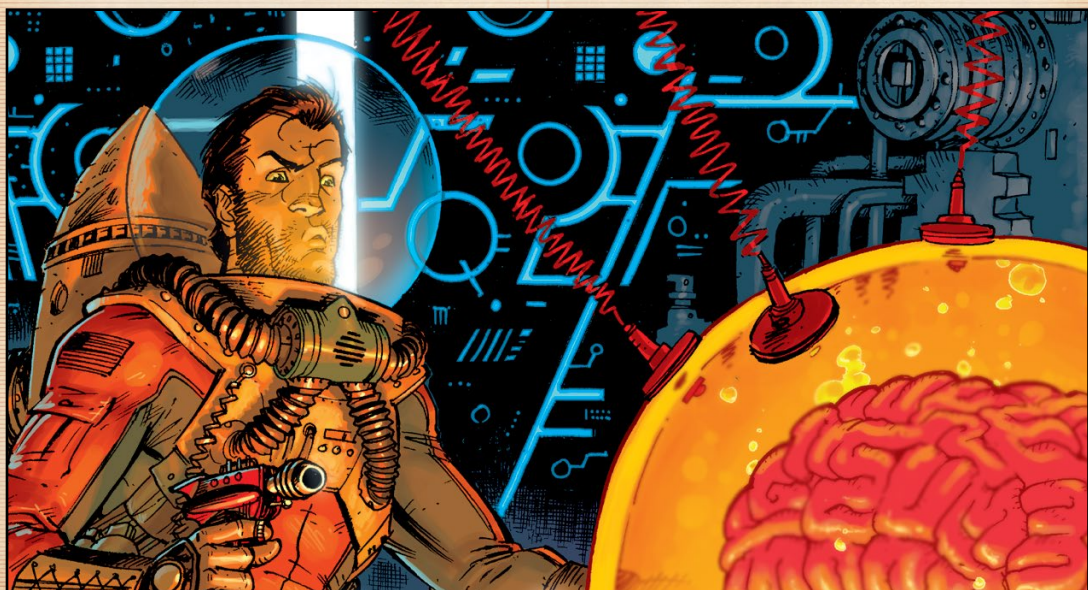
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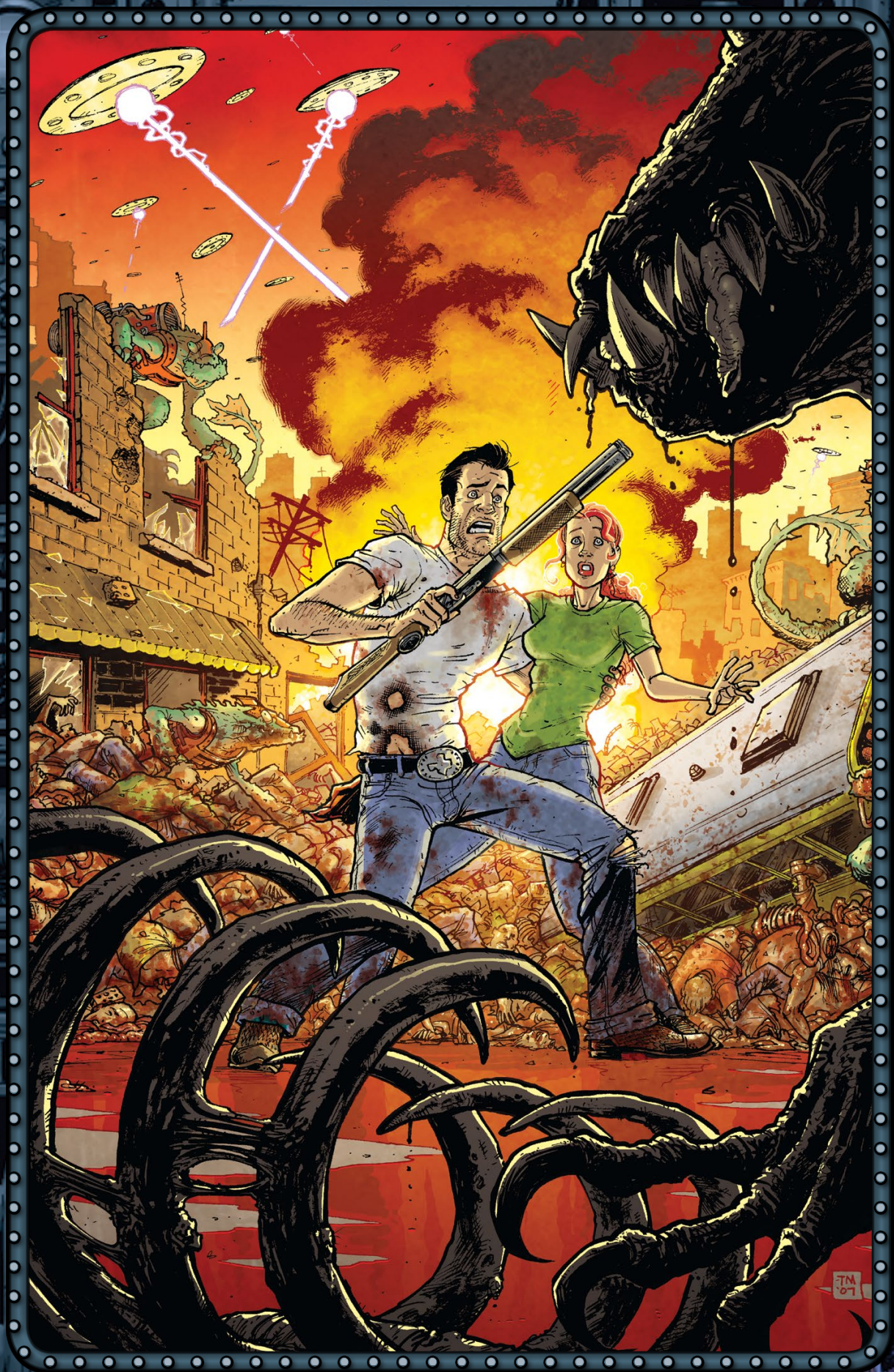
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CHAPTER ONE: INTRODUCTION

"When you have prayed for victory you have prayed for many unmentioned results which follow victory — must follow it, cannot help but follow it."

—The War Prayer, Samuel Clemens

Fear Agent™ is a pulp science fiction setting, but one seasoned with a touch of horror, a little bit of military action, and a splash of a good, old-fashioned Western. There is a strong element of exploration, not only of unknown worlds, but also the strange alien races that make up the United Systems.

Thanks to interstellar war, humanity is dragged kicking and screaming into a complex intergalactic society—one which thus far has little respect or need for them. Humans are only just beginning to interact with the United Systems, meaning that millennia-old, well-established cultures are utterly new to them. Fortunately, there's plenty of things out there to shoot, and more than a few folks willing to pay to have them shot, so strap on your blasters, grab the joystick for your favorite spaceship, and let's go!

THE ANNUBIUS CONFLICT

For most people, the war began when honest-to-God flying saucers appeared in the skies, and alien bombs and laser blasts began carving bloody chunks from human civilization. What very few realized was the roots of the war lay several decades in the past.

First Contact

Decades ago, alien envoys from an interplanetary coalition known as the United Systems approached the leaders of the most powerful nations on Earth. They brought with them a dire message. Earth was in a no man's land between the United Systems and the Tetaldian Empire. The two had been at war for thousands of years.

The Tetaldian Empire was commanded by a group of alien consciousnesses residing in robotic shells. Their automaton legions ravaged planet after planet for natural resources—and to harvest the life forces of other sentients to power their undying bodies.

The United Systems recognized human culture would be shattered by the idea of a vast universe populated by countless other intelligent species. To protect this fledgling planet, they reached a tenuous agreement with the Tetaldians to render Earth neutral in the conflict.

After eons of fighting the Tetaldians, the United Systems knew betrayal was inevitable. Its representatives began infiltrating Earth governments, hoping to prepare humanity for its inevitable entry into the interstellar war.

Humanity may never know whether the Tetaldians learned of the United Systems' presence on Earth or they just decided to attack out of spite. Either way, the end result was the same.

The Battle for Earth

During the summer of 2007, Tetaldian saucers appeared over most major population centers on Earth and began a ruthless campaign of slaughter. The Tetaldians started their attack with indiscriminate laser and conventional bombardment. Hundreds of millions died within the first minutes as Earth's largest cities were reduced to smoking rubble.

Hot on their metal heels were the Dressites, the United Systems' frontline troops in the war against the robotic marauders. At this point, many of the planet's militaries were starting to realize someone had just opened up a whole can of space whoop-ass on Earth. When the Dressites appeared, only a few people even realized they were, at least on paper, on Earth's side.

All humanity knew was it was under attack from space. The fact that very few of the initial Dressite soldiers were equipped with translators didn't help the situation. When humans fought back against what they perceived as their invaders—weird, amoeboid creatures in battle suits and their robot minions—all Hell broke loose.

As humans began to rally, they did so as often against the Dressites as they did the Tetaldians. The Dressites responded in kind, and soon a three-way battle began to rage across the face of the planet.

To make matters *even* worse, all across the globe strange, extra-dimensional portals began opening and disgorging the reptilian Zerins. Looking very much like sentient velociraptors wearing rocket packs, the Zerins proved quickly to be every bit as vicious and carnivorous as they appeared. While the Zerins took bloodthirsty glee in butchery, they often employed human traitors to lead other Earthmen into their clutches. Countless numbers of captives were transported offworld to points unknown where they were kept as cattle...for later consumption.

In the end, all the effort spent protecting humanity from the knowledge it wasn't alone proved to be not only wasted, but actually served to make sure Earth was caught with its proverbial pants around its ankles.

Nuclear Winter

Earth's militaries lasted only slightly longer than its cities did. The most advanced fighter jets at humanity's disposal were about as outclassed as a kindergartener in a heavyweight title fight. Earthmen quickly learned the old adage about never bringing an airplane to a rocket ship fight.

It wasn't completely one-sided. Human weapons could bring down Dressite soldiers and even occasionally tougher opponents, like Dressite walkers and Tetaldian automatons. The aliens packed weaponry capable of disintegrating tanks with a shot, though. Humanity's armies quickly became an afterthought as the Dressites and Tetaldians began to duke it out in earnest.

There was still one big trump card to play, the nukes. Once it became clear a stand-up fight was unwinnable, it was only a matter of time before someone started pushing big red buttons. While nuclear weapons did inflict

some damage on the alien invaders, they did far more to the Earth and its original inhabitants.

The initial launches caught a few of the attackers off-guard, but then the aliens were alerted. Their improved sensors could detect the incoming warheads long before they were a threat. And spaceships can fly away from Ground Zero; cities can't.

Between the dust raised by the alien bombardments and Earth's own nukes, the sky turned gray—and stayed that way for nearly a year. The alien slaughter, collateral damage, harsh weather, and dwindling food stocks cut humanity's population from billions to millions in less than a year.

Fear Agents

Infrastructures failed, governments collapsed, and armies routed. Humanity was reduced to a fraction of a percentage. Some of the survivors, however, fought back, relying on a tactic underdogs have used for millennia to successfully resist overwhelming forces—guerrilla warfare.

Across the globe, small groups of resistance fighters rose up against the alien aggressors. Hiding in underground bunkers, subway tunnels, and caves, they evaded the invaders' advanced detection equipment. And by far the most successful of these was a Texas group calling itself "Fear Agents."

Composed of ex-soldiers and police officers, farmers and business owners, NASA scientists and conspiracy theorists, they were led by a trucker named Heath Huston. They lived up to their name, teaching the invaders there was indeed something to fear from humanity.

Fear Agents made hit-and-run attacks, laid ambushes, and placed booby traps. They raided Dressite and Zerins convoys, capturing superior alien weapons to use against their former owners. Their researchers discovered weaknesses in both the Tetaldian's robotics and Dressite biology.

The Alamo

The Fear Agents made considerable progress in just a little more than a year. Using a captured Zerins portal device, they made scouting expeditions to the Moon and even Dressin itself. During one of these expeditions, one of their number discovered the Dressites

were constructing a massive cannon, heavily cloaked and shielded from detection.

Realizing the cannon was a weapon of mass destruction of some sort, they launched a desperate attack to destroy it before it could be fired. Virtually every Fear Agent capable of carrying a weapon marched through the Zerin portal into what was very likely Earth's last stand.

Betrayed!

When the Fear Agents arrived at the Dressite moonbase, they found the cannon much farther along than they had expected. Not only was it completed, it was readying to fire at the Earth. They had only minutes to act, but fortunately the base was only lightly guarded.

As they hastily began planting explosives, they discovered the Dressites had laid a trap for them. Hordes of the amoeboid soldiers and attack ships swarmed the Fear Agents. The resistance fighters were quickly overwhelmed by the superior numbers, and before they could detonate the explosives, the Dressites fired the cannon.

The few surviving Fear Agents watched helplessly as waves of energy pulsed across

the Earth's surface. They readied themselves to go down fighting—determined, as the last members of their species, to make the Dressites pay for their crimes in blood, or whatever closest analogy the weird aliens had for it.

Then, a message came from Earth: The cannon had fired only a kind of electromagnetic pulse. Across the globe, Tetaldians were falling over dead, but humans were left unharmed. Before celebration could start though, perimeter alarms began sounding at the Fear Agents' home base; the Dressites were attacking there as well.

The remaining strike force retreated home to save their families and loved ones. Upon arriving, they discovered the entire raid had been an elaborate ploy by the Dressites to finish both the Tetaldians and human resistance in a single stroke—a plan aided by a turncoat in their own ranks! Before collapsing from his own wounds, Huston himself made sure the filthy double-crosser got his just desserts, but not before losing the last of his friends to the fighting.

Fighting in the Texas base was violent and merciless. Only a handful of Fear Agents were standing when suddenly the alien forces



pulled back without explanation. Within less than a day, the entire Dressite force retreated not only off-world, but out of the solar system.

Aftermath

Within mere days of the Dressite retreat, more alien spacecraft arrived on Earth. Fortunately, these visitors did not appear guns a-blazin'.

They identified themselves as representatives of the United Systems. The United Systems offered Earth a place in the interplanetary coalition. Obviously, the whole extraterrestrial cat was out of the bag at this point.

In addition, due to their failure to protect Earth from the Tetaldians during what they were calling the Annubius Conflict, the United Systems opened its coffers to help rebuild—and help humanity advance its own technology, bringing it closer to the standard for other coalition species.

The Dressite Genocide

The representatives explained the Dressites were acting on behalf of the United Systems in fighting the Tetaldians. The speed of the

Tetaldian assault prevented the coalition from coordinating with Earth governments, and when they resisted the Dressites, the aliens far exceeded any reasonable response. Instead, the Dressites began treating all Earthmen as just a new enemy.

This was due in large part to the makeup of the Dressite forces, the representatives explained. Dressite culture was actually largely pacifistic. While they were one of the few races to enjoy success battling the Tetaldians, their populace ostracized their soldiers, viewing them with suspicion. The Dressite military had taken their frustration out on Earth.

The Dressites also paid a terrible price. Just as they were defeating the Tetaldians on Earth, the cyborgs had delivered a chemical weapon to Dressin, the Dressite homeworld. Virtually every Dressite on the planet died in terrible agony.

Since the Dressites kept their females and children at home, sending only males off to war, the blow to the race was even more severe. The Dressites had lost the vast majority of their species and the ability to repopulate in one terrible blow.

Not surprisingly, with humanity reduced to little more than a million souls as a result of the Dressites' actions, condolences and flowers from Earth didn't exactly flood the amoeboids' planet.

The Quintala Convention

The Quintala Convention is one of the bodies of law that governs interaction between member planets of the United Systems. It primarily concerns itself with acts of war and other violent crimes within the boundaries of the coalition. Or more accurately, it administers the licensing requirements for engaging in said activities. In government, everything has its price, after all.

The accord is a major source of frustration to spacers who regularly earn their living with the business end of a laser, as it is constantly being updated, tweaked, and altered by bureaucrats. A creature you might have been able to charge billable hours for incinerating just yesterday might suddenly cost you a few decades in an Outer Quad prison station the next.

THE UNITED SYSTEMS

Earth is now a full voting member of the United Systems, more out of guilt than anything else. The planet's current representative is Thomas Yorke, a former Fear Agent. Navigating a vast, interstellar coalition is new ground for humanity, and Earthmen are discovering aliens have perfected forms of bureaucracy even the best pen-pushers back home couldn't have theorized about.

Largely, the United Systems concerns itself with interactions between planets, trade agreements, and fighting the Tetaldians. This is probably a good thing as it's literally impossible to get the hundreds of representatives from different species to agree on what air they breathe. Instead, administrators and paper shufflers handle most day-to-day business.

Earth is discovering in an area encompassing more than one galaxy, nearly anything is possible, but it's also learning nearly everything requires a license, and to justify their salaries, the clerks and jerks in charge constantly update the paperwork requirements, governing regulations, and fee structures.

Humans don't necessarily have a whole lot to offer the rest of the United Systems. They're behind the curve technologically, aren't any smarter than any other member species, and don't really have any physical attributes that make us unique. What humans do have is cussedness.

The humans surviving the Tetaldian invasion are the toughest (or at least wildest) members of the species. Where many of the other races of the United Systems have become used to a life of relative ease and complacency, the survivors of the Annubius Conflict are used to scraping the bottom of a can of pork-and-beans that may have expired a month ago for that last bit of protein.

What Earthmen are finding is there are a lot of dirty jobs out there with no one to do them. Whether it's colonizing a festering swamp of a planet with ticks the size of elephants, tracking down the worst criminals in one or more galaxies, or just cleaning out an infestation of nematodes the size of anacondas, humans are just the guys to do it!

Human Colonies

Even though the Annubius Conflict reduced the Earth's population to barely a million, humanity has rushed to establish a foothold in the galaxy. Part of this is due to the importance the United Systems places on a race's colonies and terraforms, but another factor is the psychological composition of the survivors of the war.

Most of the folks who weathered the year-plus battle between the Dressites and Tetaldians are made of pretty stern stuff—the sort of stuff that early frontiersmen were made of. When the stars opened up to them, many of those brave (or some would say foolhardy) souls charged into the void, almost like prospectors to a gold rush. The United Systems runs a tighter ship than the Klondike

Interstellar Communication

Spaceships in the *Fear Agent*™ universe travel fast. Real fast. Like hundreds of light years an hour fast. However, most methods of communication have to obey the universe's speed limit—that of light.

This can lead to embarrassing situations. Situations like receiving a time-lagged message moments after you exterminate a nest of vermin and learning the species was upgraded by the United Systems to Class D last week. Suddenly, that “nest” is a multi-family living unit. Congratulations, you're now an ex-post-facto murderer!

Fortunately, most large space stations and planetary communication arrays use a variation of Henronian quantum string technology to enable instantaneous connections across the coalition. Any message originating from one of these arrays is delivered in real time to a ship's commlink. The recipients can respond and interact normally for as long as the array maintains the connection.

The downside is these arrays require colossal amounts of energy to operate. Individual ships, even most military vessels, simply can't supply the necessary power to run those arrays. That means a ship that initiates contact with a distant target may face a time lag ranging from minutes within the same star system to years or even centuries if it's trying to communicate across an interstellar gulf!

did a century and a half ago, but there's still a lot of unclaimed space out there.

There are dozens of planets with unofficial tiny outposts populated by a few dozen individuals or even a small town or two, but Earth has only established three official claims.

Charamanta: Humanity's first colony, Charamanta is located about 70,000 light years away and is home to a thriving city of over 15,000. The planet itself is slightly warmer than Earth, enjoying a subtropical

climate over most of its surface. Although home to numerous alien plant and animal species, none has thus far been identified as particularly dangerous to human life. Charamanta now serves not only as an ideal model for further settlements, but also as a staging ground for other exploratory missions further from Earth.

Syreen: Considerably closer to home is the planet Syreen, at only 15,000 light years distance. The planet is an airless iceball and not suitable for habitation itself, but it is the site of a self-contained station housing a few thousand humans. The vast majority of these serve the United Systems as either soldiers or government officials, monitoring the movements of both Tetaldian and Dressite forces in the vicinity of Earth. There is a small civilian sector on the base, serving as a refueling station and trading post for human vessels.

Tetran: This planet orbits a red dwarf approximately 45,000 light years from Earth. While Charamanta is humanity's first colony, Tetran marks humanity's first attempt at a terraform. Tetran's climate is too cold to support human life naturally, but its atmospheric makeup is close enough to Earth to make it a suitable candidate for the terraforming process. There are a couple of thousand Earthmen on Tetran, mostly engineers and scientists, as well as several thousand members of other United Systems' races who are providing hands-on training and assistance to their human counterparts.



MAJOR RACES

Humanity has yet to encounter all the sentient races in the United Systems, let alone all those in the universe. The Annubius Conflict did introduce three alien species to Earth rather more informally than humans would have liked. Those three—the Dressites, the Tetaldians, and the Zerin—are the ones with whom most humans are best familiar.

Unfortunately, they're also the ones who've set the expectations for most interactions humanity has with new alien species going forward.

Dressites

The Dressites are sentient amoebas from the planet Dressin. They use armored spacesuits to give them a semi-humanoid shape, albeit one with four legs and four arms. Although the race was dispatched to thwart the Tetaldian invasion of Earth, the Dressites approached it in an exceedingly heavy-handed fashion, killing nearly as many humans as the Tetaldians did over the long run.

Ambassadors from the United Systems explained the Dressites are normally a very peaceful race. Their soldiers serve out of a sense of duty to their people and the coalition, but their violent actions led to them being ostracized by their own people. Many have spent lifetimes away from home fighting a war not supported by their own kind. The members of the Dressite military have become angry and hardened, and used humanity's resistance as an excuse to engage in slaughter.

With their own homeworld now devastated, the Dressites who are not engaged in trying to rebuild their own civilization have been stationed in the Outer Quads in the hopes of stemming further Tetaldian invasions of United Systems' territories.

It seems many Dressites hold humanity at least tangentially responsible for the mass deaths on Dressin. Likewise, many Earthmen harbor more than a small grudge over what they perceive as Dressite war crimes during the Annubius Conflict. In other words, neither race is on the other's Christmas card list this year.

Tetaldians

The cyborg Tetaldians have withdrawn to beyond the Outer Quads for now. The Dressites' new EMP weapon poses a significant threat to them, at least in the short run. In the past, Tetaldian circuits had proven sufficiently hardened to resist EMP pulses. Short-circuiting a Tetaldian isn't just an inconvenience; it's a death sentence, and for a race so obsessed with immortality they saw their brains out and stick them in robot bodies, that's a real kick in the crotch.

Currently, the Tetaldians can't be certain any Dressite force they encounter won't be armed with similar EMP weapons, so they have pulled back to begin upgrades. Their skittishness doesn't carry over to their automaton armies. However, while they can certainly use those to powerful effect in wrecking entire planets, true harvesting efforts require the presence of the cyborg overlords.

Zerin

The Zerin hail from somewhere outside the United Systems, and so far, all contact with them has been in conjunction with Tetaldian invasions. In every case, the Zerin have been every bit as vicious as one would expect velociraptors wearing rocket packs to be. Their home planet remains, as of now, unknown, but the Dressites have become more invested in locating it, since the attack on Dressin appears to have been delivered via a Zerin portal.

The technology of these devices has yet to be deciphered, as no member species has captured one intact. Although the guerilla Fear Agents did get their hands on one, it was reportedly destroyed during the Dressite reprisals following their raid on the aliens' moonbase.

The exact nature of the relationship between the Tetaldians and Zerin remains uncertain, but human survivors noted not a single case of the two races coordinating attacks. Analysis of other United Systems' encounters with the species has led many to believe the Zerin are interstellar jackals, stealing meat from the lion's kill—in this case the Tetaldians. However, there is also no evidence of the Tetaldian forces engaging the Zerin on any scale, so some tacticians believe while the races may not be truly allied, they may enjoy a symbiotic relationship of some sort.

Intellect Classes

The United Systems evaluates every known sentient species within its borders and assigns each an intellect Class. The Class is determined by the race's evolutionary status on its home world, technological and cultural achievements, number of planets colonized and terraformed, and any manifest psionic ability common to the species. These are all plugged into a formula bordering on the arcane to arrive at a letter value for the given race.

The letters range from A through at least H, with A being the highest level. Most spacefaring species fall into Class C or B. There are precious few Class A intellects in the known universe. This fact sits well with most sentient species, as all Class A intellects encountered thus far have been both powerful telepaths and also total dicks.

Humanity has been granted a probationary Class C rating, largely due to the bureaucrats in the United Systems' classification offices feeling a rare sense of guilt over the planet's near-destruction at the hands of the coalition's military arm. The rating is contingent on Earth establishing self-sustaining colonies in the near future and completing at least one terraform. Taken solely on its own merit, the human race manages to meet the requirements for Class D. Or at least most members do.



CHAPTER 2: MAKIN' HEROES

"All you need in this life is ignorance and confidence, and then success is sure."

—Samuel Clemens

The *Fear Agent* game takes place in the period just a few years after the Annubius Conflict by default. You're welcome to set your game during the Annubius Conflict or a little later (although in that case we highly recommend you read the awesome comic on which the game is based—if you haven't already), if that better suits your fancy. We've chosen this time because humanity is both just getting back on its feet and beginning to explore the universe.

Here are a number of sample character types to help you decide what you want to play. These are by no means the only options available, but should give you some ideas to work with.

SAMPLE CHARACTERS

Adventurer: After you've ridden a six-legged bug the size of a horse in a dinosaur round-up under a purple sky, who's going to settle for standing on a board as the tide washes you ashore? BASE jumping, whitewater rafting, or mountain climbing just can't compare to the rush you get from traveling the cosmos, visiting new worlds, and seeing what they have to offer.

Bounty Hunter: A nearly infinite universe means there are a nearly infinite number of criminals on the loose. That also means there are a nearly infinite number of folks willing to pay to apprehend those folks. Whether your employers want those miscreants brought in to face a court of law or a more personal form of justice really doesn't make you no nevermind, as long as you get a cut of that nearly infinite reservoir of cash.

Colonist: Earth took a hard hit during the Annubius conflict. More importantly, it made

a lot of people realize that putting all our eggs in a single planetary basket might not be such a bright idea. A few individuals like yourself are brave—and forward-thinking—enough to shake off Mother Earth's embrace and spread humanity to new worlds. Unfortunately, you've learned the hard way most of the available habitable planets are available for a reason...

Engineer: Not everyone on a spaceship can be a hotshot pilot. Sure, the guy holding the joystick is the one who gets all the credit, but you're the one who keeps that rustbucket running long after it should have been retired to the scrapyard. Anyone who's spent much time staring out at the black void on the other side of a thin, steel bulkhead eventually realizes just how much they owe you.

Explorer: The Annubius Conflict was one of the best things that ever happened to you. Earth was getting boring. Even the top of Mt. Everest had seen so many visitors the trail to the top was strewn with trash. Now, there are countless galaxies with untold planets just waiting for their first human footprint, and you've got just the boots for it.

Exterminator: If it's one thing you've learned since the first aliens landed on Earth, it's that life takes many forms throughout the cosmos. And most of those forms are disgusting pests making someone's life difficult. There's good money to be made squashing bugs, worms, and whatever else the universe spits out, as long as you're not afraid to get a little dirty to do it.

Fear Agent: There weren't a lot of Fear Agents still standing at the end of the Annubius Conflict, but you were one of them. While Fear Agents came from all walks of life, years of fighting Dressites, Tetaldians, and Zerin made them all tough hombres with a formidable set of skills for kicking alien behind. It also left most of them with talents that aren't needed on Earth anymore. Fortunately, there's an entire universe full of aliens waiting out there with one or more butts each that need kicking.

Pirate: You make your living stealing cargos from merchants and transport vessels. Maybe you only rob alien ships out of some misguided sense of payback for the destruction Earth suffered, or maybe you just figure anything not nailed down is yours. Either way the one thing you have lived long enough to learn is you don't start fights you can't win.

Researcher: You're not content to sit in a lab and mull over data collected by others. For millennia, humanity was stuck on the ground looking up at the stars through a pair of carefully polished lenses trying to guess what was really going on out there. Now that you've got the chance to travel the galaxies and study first hand phenomena that were only guessed at even just a few years ago, there's no way you're going to miss it.

Smuggler: Some smugglers are guided by high-minded morals, driven to thwart totalitarian governments, but honestly, most are just out to make a quick buck. Which ever one motivates you, you're a sharp pilot, a fast talker, and more than a little sneaky.

Warp Scientist: Humanity is just getting its hands on warp drives, so someone who understands them inside and out is worth her weight in gold. Of course, to gain that knowledge, you've probably had to work closely with members of alien races, and at times your grasp of alien cultures might be just as valuable to your crew.

MAKING CHARACTERS

Once you've come up with a concept and background for your spacer, you can begin figuring out her game statistics. *Fear Agent*™ follows the same rules as most *Savage Worlds* settings. You can find a character sheet designed specifically for this setting at our website, www.peginc.com.

Race

Since *Fear Agent*™ is about humanity finding and fighting for its place in the universe, the only race available to player characters is human. As usual, humans begin the game with a free Edge of their choice.

Traits

The next step is to assign your hero's attributes and skills. Your character begins play with a d4 in each of his five attributes: Agility, Smarts, Spirit, Strength, and Vigor. You have 5 points to distribute among these attributes. Raising an attribute a die type costs 1 point. As a general rule, you may not raise an attribute above d12.

After attributes, you have 15 points to buy your skills. Each die type costs 1 point, beginning with the initial d4, as long as the skill is equal to or less than the linked attribute. It costs 2 points per die type to raise a skill above its linked attribute. No skill can be raised above d12.

The following skills are available in *Fear Agent*™:

Skill	Linked Attribute
Boating	Agility
Climbing	Strength
Driving	Agility
Fighting	Agility
Gambling	Smarts
Healing	Smarts
Intimidation	Spirit
Investigation	Smarts
Knowledge	Smarts
Lockpicking	Agility
Notice	Smarts
Persuasion	Spirit
Piloting	Agility
Repair	Smarts
Riding	Agility
Shooting	Agility
Stealth	Agility
Streetwise	Smarts
Survival	Smarts
Swimming	Agility
Taunt	Smarts
Throwing	Agility
Tracking	Smarts

Languages

Each player character speaks their native language from Earth. In addition, thanks to the unified government on the planet following the Annubius Conflict, he also gains the skill Knowledge (English) at d4 if his birth language is different.

The United Systems has a standardized language, Common, spoken—or at least understood—by nearly all members of the planetary coalition. All player characters gain Knowledge (Common) at a skill equal to their Smarts die.

Secondary Statistics

Charisma is a measure of your hero's likability and is added to Persuasion and Streetwise rolls. Your Charisma modifier is +0, unless changed by Edges or Hindrances.

Pace is 6", unless altered by an Edge or Hindrance.

Parry is equal to 2 plus half your Fighting die. If you don't take the Fighting skill, it's just 2 (and you're in for a world of hurt!)

Toughness is equal to 2 plus half your Vigor die.

Hindrances

Your next decision is whether you want to take any Hindrances. One of the advantages to taking a Hindrance is you may use points gained from them to purchase any of the benefits below. You may take up to one Major Hindrance (worth 2 points) and two Minor Hindrances (worth 1 point each). You can certainly take additional Hindrances beyond that limit, but you won't gain any points for them.

You can gain bonus Bennies during the game by acting out your character's Hindrances.

For **2 Hindrance points** you can:

- Raise an attribute one die type, or
- Choose an Edge

For **1 Hindrance point** you can:

- Gain another skill point, or
- Gain an additional \$500

Gear

Your character begins the game with the clothes on his back, a simple spacesuit, and \$500 to spend on starting equipment. Any funds left over after you've purchased everything you want (or at least can afford) is converted to unicreds (\$1 = 1 unicred).

Background

If you haven't already by this time, take a moment to flesh out your hero's history. Think about where she was born and grew up, what happened to her during the Annubius Conflict, how she survived, and how she got where she is now. Consider her hopes and aspirations, any enemies or allies, how she plans to earn a living, and any unique traits she may have.

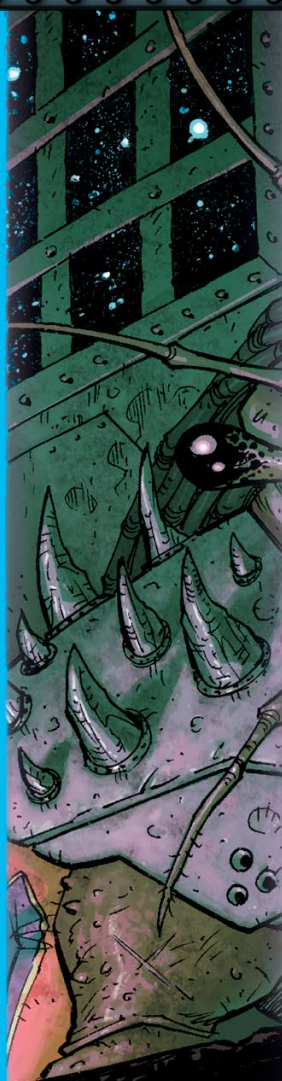
Your hero's background will likely come into play in many ways during the course of the campaign. It could make a difference to how she interacts with alien species, which ones she already dislikes, and which ones she might view more favorably. It could also play a role by reintroducing old enemies or allies—often when it's either most disastrous or fortuitous.

NEW HINDRANCES

Characters in *Fear Agent*™ are more often defined by their flaws than their strengths. Many times, struggling with the albatross they've hung around their own necks is what makes them truly heroic. Other times, it's just what makes them fail in truly epic, rocket-fueled explosions while wearing dead birds around their necks.

Amorous (Minor)

Your rocket jock has a weakness for others he finds attractive, at least in "that way." He can't seem to turn down requests from alluring characters, and he pays an uncomfortable amount of attention to them in social situations. This weakness isn't necessarily limited to his own species, as there are plenty of races out in the stars that are close enough—or at least have most of the right parts in some of the right places.



Amorous characters suffer a -2 penalty to resist Tricks and Tests of Wills by any character with the Attractive Edge (or -4 if Very Attractive) by the gender determined by the player—male, female, or both.

Dark Secret (Major)

Many folks had to cross some ethical boundaries to survive during the Annubius Conflict, but your spacer drove through at least one or two of them with a bulldozer. Maybe he sold out his fellow humans to Zerine raiders or committed war crimes so heinous even the conditions at the time couldn't justify them. Usually the secret involves some sort of terrible crime, but sometimes it can be something not exactly against the law but just as awful in most people's eyes.

Whatever is in your character's past, you need to keep it hidden. Your Charisma takes a -4 penalty to anyone who learns your secret. If it ever becomes public knowledge, you lose the Hindrance and replace it with either Wanted (Major) or Enemy (Major) depending on the nature of the crime, as well as keeping the -4 Charisma modifier.

And remember, the only way two people can keep a secret is if one of them is dead.

Impulsive (Minor)

Your adventurer has always put more credence in "He who hesitates is lost," than in "Look before you leap." She has a tendency to act before thoroughly thinking things through. She's not overconfident or foolhardy; she's just prone to running with the first option that comes to her mind.

Rebellious (Minor)

Your spacer doesn't handle authority figures well. Maybe he learned to fend for himself during the war or maybe he just never got along with bossy types. Regardless, he runs his mouth, disobeys direct orders, or just sits and stew, but however his disrespect manifests itself, it's very evident to any observer. Not surprisingly, this makes your character very unpopular with the folks in charge, whether they're United System representatives, loud-mouthed clients, or even just a local town sheriff.

On top of the obvious drawbacks, your hero gets a -2 penalty to Charisma with any person in a position of authority.

Short Temper (Minor)

This anger management candidate has a short fuse. She might not be one for holding a grudge, but she's definitely not one for holding her temper. How she responds is up to you, but she's not likely to let any slight—real or otherwise—pass without some reaction.

This also makes her an easy target for provocation and gives her a -2 penalty to resist Taunt attempts.

Trouble Magnet (Minor or Major)

Trouble always finds this hero. Things never go as planned and the center never holds. Once a session, trouble wanders across your character's path. This could come in the form of a hot but crazy person of the opposite sex, a law enforcer who immediately dislikes the hero, an unexpected ship malfunction, or maybe just being the character targeted by some foe's random attack. With the minor version of this Hindrance, the trouble is inconvenient but generally shortlived. The major version places the character in the middle of more serious or long-lasting trouble.

Xenophobe (Minor)

Maybe your hero's viewpoint is skewed by the fact that humanity's first encounter with aliens involved an army of murderous automatons and a horde of man-sized germs with acidic skin devastating Earth while a gaggle of rocket-powered dinosaurs used humanity like a buffet table. Or maybe he's just got a thing about folks who look different than him. Whatever the cause, your character doesn't take to aliens and isn't shy about saying so.

Even when he bites his tongue, his body language is so obviously hostile that even a Sepilot feels a little awkward. He suffers a -2 Charisma toward any non-human he interacts with.

Zero-G Sickness (Major)

The lack of gravity makes your hero upchuck. He becomes nauseous and begins to throw up sporadically whenever exposed to zero-g environments for more than a moment or two. This causes an automatic level of Fatigue if he is in zero-g and not restrained. This Fatigue can cause Incapacitation, but not death (although he might find himself wishing for it). It is recovered after one hour in any other type of gravity.

NEW EDGES

The following Edges are not available in *Fear Agent*™: Arcane Background (Any), Power Surge, any Power Edges, and those that require Arcane Background as a prerequisite. We're not saying heroes won't run into aliens with access to weird powers, just that the universe doesn't play fair.

Here's a few new ones to fill that void.

Background Edges

Background Edges can be picked up during play with a good enough reason (GM's call).

Captain

Requirements: Novice, Command, Knowledge (Astrogation) d6, Piloting d8+

Your spacer has a light cargo hauler or scout ship of her very own. She may have inherited it, stolen it, or even bought it legitimately. She's responsible for maintenance and fuel costs, hiring crew, securing charters, and all the other responsibilities that come with owning your own spaceship.

This Edge gives you the opportunity to start out a campaign with a spaceship. We recommend speaking with your GM if you want to take this Edge as she may have other plans, but especially so if you want to do it after character creation as an Advance.

In general, acquiring a ship during the course of a campaign should be as a result of actual roleplaying.

Clone

Requirements: Novice

Your character is actually a clone of someone else. He's carrying a fairly complete imprint of his "parent's" brainwaves, and as a result has a pretty full set of life experiences to call upon. He starts with +20 XPs, which means he has four additional Advances. Since most characters start at Seasoned Rank with 20 XPs (see **The Searchers**), he would have 40 XPs to build with.

Don't think this is an easy route to success. While your hero is more experienced than most starting characters, he's also carrying a lot of baggage from that other life. If you decide to take this Edge for your rocket jockey, draw a single card from the Action Deck and show it to your GM. She compares it to the table on page 52 to see what sort of complications your hero might face as a result of his background.

Take care when choosing this one. Cloning technology isn't exactly an exact science in some systems, and your character could face anything from a subpar immune system to mental instability to old enemies he's never even met!



Hard

Requirements: Seasoned, Spirit d8+

Whether it's a will of iron or a brain too dim to realize when it's time to give up, your adventurer is just a tough SOB. She adds +1 to her Toughness and gets a +2 bonus to the Vigor roll after Incapacitation (Aftermath roll for Extras).

Combat Edges

Iron Jaw

Requirements: Novice, Vigor d8+

Your spacer can shrug off hits like he's plated with titanium. He may roll his Vigor instead of Spirit when recovering from Shaken.

Professional Edges

Fear Agent

Requirements: Seasoned, Spirit d8+, Vigor d6+

During the Annubius Conflict, your hero was one of the notorious Fear Agents who fought a guerrilla war against both the Dressites and Tetaldians. Not many survived to see peace, but not because they were easy to kill. Fear Agents are harder to kill than a cockroach.

Whenever hit by an attack which would cause enough damage to Incapacitate your hero, he gets a free Soak roll (without spending a Benny). He cannot spend a Benny for a second Soak roll but may use one to reroll the Vigor roll for the first.

Gravitic Acclimation

Requirements: Novice, Agility d6+

Exposure to a variety of gravitational fields has taught your spacer how to operate in different gravities without breaking her stride. She ignores the usual -2 penalty for operating in a gravity other than her own.

Top Secret Scientist

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d8+, Spirit d8+, Knowledge (Engineering) d8+, Persuasion d6+

Your character is one of the rare scientists who worked on top secret projects for the government, specifically access to alien technology discovered before the invasion. Due to your experience, you suffer no penalty

when working with any technology due to its alien nature. Additionally, your training in keeping secrets grants a +2 bonus to resist Intimidation and for Persuasion rolls to successfully lie.

This Edge may only be taken during character creation, but your character may take the Knowledge (Astrogation) and Knowledge (Warp Science) skills during character creation as well (normally they may not be taken until Seasoned Rank, see page 65).

Warp Scientist

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d10+, Knowledge (Warp Science) d8+, Knowledge (Astrogation) d6+

They don't give doctorates in Warp Theory to just anyone. Your adventurer has invested significant time and effort in learning the complexities of warp fields and warp drives. Warp scientists are valued not just because of all the fancy words they know, but because they understand how to eke the most out of a spaceship's warp engines. His knowledge of warp fields and the cosmos gives him +2 to all Knowledge (Astrogation) rolls to plot a spaceship's course. With a raise on the roll, his ship uses half the hyper-fuel normally necessary for the journey.

Wrench Spinner

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d8+, Repair d10+, Knowledge (Engineering) d6+, and at least one other scientific Knowledge skill at d6+

Your character is more comfortable in the engine room than on the bridge. Other crewmembers may call her a knuckledragger or spanner monkey, but she's at least as valuable to the ship as the gloryhound playing with the joystick up top. She knows how to keep machines running when by all rights they should be dead in the void—and bring them back to life with bubblegum and tape when they do die.

She adds +2 to all Repair rolls. With a raise, your hero halves the time required to fix something. If a Repair job states a raise allows a repair in half the time, your adventurer can fix it in one-quarter the time with a raise.

Yes, this is a variation of the Mr. Fix-It Edge from the *Savage Worlds* core rules



CHAPTER 3: EQUIPMENT

"Clothes make the man. Naked people have little or no influence in society."

—Samuel Clemens

Currency

All United Systems planets accept unicreds as well as their own currency. The rate of exchange for unicreds is standardized across countless worlds in the alliance. Even planets that aren't members of the United Systems frequently accept unicreds, although sometimes at a markup of percentages anywhere from 5% to 500% or more, depending almost entirely on what the seller thinks he can swindle out of his customer.

GEARNOTES

Personal Gear

Batteries: Most high-tech items use batteries to provide power. If a device requires batteries, it indicates the type in its description. Batteries can be connected to a charger on a spaceship, generator, or power grid to recharge. Small batteries require one hour of charging, medium batteries two, and large batteries three. (Small: .25 lb, \$25; Medium: 1 lb, \$50; Large: 4 lb, \$100)

Clerion Patch: Advanced medical science sometimes spins off unwanted side effects. Clerion patches were originally intended to be easily-applied sedatives which would work on virtually all sentient races. It is now more frequently encountered as a recreational—and highly addictive—drug.

While wearing the patch, the user suffers no wound modifiers. However, it also places the wearer in a euphoric state, barely capable of interacting with his surrounding environment. After the patch is removed, the wearer gains two Fatigue levels. Every hour thereafter, he

makes a Vigor roll. Each success and raise recovers one level. This Fatigue cannot cause Incapacitation.

A user who critically fails the Vigor roll or simply wears the patch for more than an hour must make a Spirit roll or become addicted to clerion, gaining the Habit (Major) Hindrance.

The duration of the patch's effectiveness is dependent on the user's species. On a human, a single clerion patch lasts 1d4 months. (—, \$2500)

Cold Weather Gear: This suit includes a parka, snow pants, mittens, and boots. It provides +1 Armor due to its thickness and a +2 bonus to all Vigor rolls to resist Fatigue caused by cold conditions. (10 lb, \$300)

Digital Binoculars: These binoculars are digitally-enhanced and provide magnification up to 100×. They also have light-amplification technology and allow the user to ignore all penalties to Notice rolls for Dim or Dark lighting conditions. They provide a +2 bonus to Notice rolls at a distance. The binoculars require a small battery, operating for roughly 50 hours from a fully charged one. (2 lb, \$250)

Gravity Boots: This footwear is usually worn in conjunction with a space suit. These boots create artificial gravity for the wearer in zero-gravity. They have three settings (low, normal, or high) allowing her to act as if she were in the equivalent environment. (4 lbs, \$250)

GR-12: This chemical is usually administered in hypodermic form. It eliminates up to three wound levels sustained from cold or cold-based attacks, but leaves the patient with a Fatigue level due to the pain of blood recirculating into the effected areas and nerves regaining sensation.

It can also fully revive a victim Incapacitated by a freonium gun, making it a popular combination for bounty hunters or field researchers seeking to capture their prey alive. Used in this manner, it gives the patient two Fatigue levels.

In either case, the recipient recovers a Fatigue level each hour after the administration of the GR-12, with or without rest. (—, \$50 per hypo)

Helmet, Mind Shielding: This is a process applied to a sealed helmet, usually on a spacesuit, that provides considerable protection against telepathic attacks. The wearer receives +4 Armor to any psionic attack and a +4 bonus to any roll to resist a psionic Power. It provides no additional protection to conventional attacks. (1 lb, \$1000)

Matter Cutter: Depending on the culture that developed them, matter cutters use sonics, lasers, or even molecular disruption to make narrow cuts through most any substance. They're used by workers (and worker bots) in construction, soldiers to breach ship hulls or fortifications, and salvage crews to cut down scrap. They can make a .5" wide, 12"-long cut in a round (real-world measurements, not game inches) in most materials. That time is doubled for each full 30 points of Armor the substance possesses. Used as an improvised melee weapon, it causes 3d6 Damage, with

AP 10, but imposes a -2 penalty on its user's Fighting rolls and Parry. (15 lbs, \$5,000)

Medikit: This is a typical medical kit available to most field personnel or crew. Fully stocked, it contains a variety of basic medical equipment and medications. Spacers with this kit receive a +2 on Healing rolls. If a user rolls a 1 on a Healing die (regardless of the Wild Die), he has run out of some necessary item in the kit, inflicting a -1 penalty until it is restocked. (\$100, 4 lb)

Personal Commlink: A voice-activated communications device designed to be worn on the ear. It has a range of one mile. (—, \$100)

Repair Patch: Small squares made of the same material as a spacesuit, repair patches allow a user to quickly repair a breach. Applying a patch is an action. Each breach of a suit requires one patch. (1 lb, \$20)

Thruster Pack: Unintentionally introduced to humanity by Zerin raiders, these rocket boosters are worn like backpacks. Other backpack equipment (like a flamer or freonium gun) cannot be carried at the same time as a thruster pack.

They use a combination of several fairly common molecules to generate a powerful but heatless reaction thrust for lift. A thruster pack grants flight at Pace 25 and Climb 4. While flying at top speed, attacks against the wearer are at a -1 penalty due to the difficulty of hitting an erratically moving target traveling at such velocity.

The pack's Pace and Climb are halved if the wearer and his gear total more than 250 lb. The maximum load a thruster pack can carry is 400 lb.

A fully-fueled thruster pack carries enough fuel for two hours of flight time. A refuel costs \$25. (30 lbs, \$1,000)

Translator Chip: This tiny processor can be worn as a nearly undetectable earpiece or implanted directly under the skin next to the wearer's ear. The chip is keyed to its user and translates other spoken languages into her primary language. The chip does not maintain a database of known languages, but instead uses context, syntax, and other elements to create translations each time it is exposed to a different language. This means it is not always completely correct in its renderings, requiring a Smarts roll by its user to interpret the correct meaning of the translation. It only works with relatively advanced spoken communication



and is useless for attempting to communicate with species of Class F or lower. (—, \$750)

Armor

Body Armor: Body armor is made of lightweight materials, usually ballistic fabrics, and can be worn over or under other clothing or even built into a uniform. The basic design is just a vest, but arms and legs can be covered as well at an additional cost of \$100 for each and an additional 2 lbs of weight.

Breastplate: Breastplates are a primitive form of armor, commonly found only among Class E or Class F species. Depending on the planet and creature wearing them, breastplates may be made out of metal, wood, chitin, or even bone.

Type	Armor	Weight	Cost
Body Armor	+4	4	\$200
<i>Notes:</i> Torso only, negates 4 AP, see notes.			
Breastplate	+3	15	\$75
<i>Notes:</i> Torso only.			
Force Field, Personal	+4	4	\$4500
<i>Notes:</i> Entire body, negates all AP, see notes.			
Spacesuit	+1	20	\$1000
<i>Notes:</i> Entire body, airtight, see notes.			
Spacesuit, Armored	+4	26	\$1500
<i>Notes:</i> Entire body, airtight, negates 4 AP, see notes.			

Force Field, Personal: A very rare piece of tech, at least as far as Earthmen are concerned, this device is typically worn as a belt. It provides protection against all types of attack (except psionic) and is not affected by AP. It runs for 24 hours on a small battery. Unlike other types of protective gear, a force field stacks with all other types of armor except force fields. It is considered sealed armor for the purposes of attacks.

Spacesuit: An airtight spacesuit made of flexible fabric. It provides air, heat, and cooling, and can be fully sealed. It includes a helmet and personal commlink with a 20-mile range. Cannisters for breathing contain an eight-hour supply.

A sealed spacesuit provides complete protection against cold, vacuum, and heat up to 250° F. It's also shielded against normal interstellar background radiation and provides +4 to rolls to resist more intense sources.

A wearer who suffers a wound in a vacuum must apply a repair patch (page 22) or suffer the effects of decompression (see **Vacuum**, page 41).

Spare breathing canisters cost \$50 and weigh 5 lbs. For an additional \$500, a small thruster system can be added to allows the user to maneuver in zero-gravity for up to eight hours.

Spacesuit, Armored: This is the same spacesuit with ballistic plates, fabric, or similar reinforcement.

Grenades

EMP: Electromagnetic pulse grenades are designed to use against electronics and similar targets. They knock out electronic devices in a Medium Burst Template. For constructs, powered armor, or shielded devices, instead roll 3d6 damage and apply it against the target's base Toughness (no Armor). These weapons cause no damage to non-electronic targets. Dressite soldiers enjoyed initial success against Tetaldian constructs with these weapons, but the cyborg race has long since learned to shield themselves and their robotic soldiers. MBT, HW.

Frag: Good, old-fashioned, blow-stuff-up grenades. These were favorites of the Earth resistance during the Annubius Conflict, and many human exterminators and bounty hunters still use them for tough jobs. Damage 3d6, HW, LBT.

Smoke: These grenades do no damage, but create an area of dense smoke in an LBT. This obscures vision, applying a -4 penalty to any Trait test relying on vision that passes into or through the area—including most attacks. For double the price, the smoke contains particulates that halve the damage from energy weapons.

Thermal: Thermal grenades have a smaller burst radius than other grenades, but fill that area with volatile liquid, gas, or plasma. Damage 3d10, HW, SBT. Ignores all but sealed armor and may set targets on fire, as described under **Hazards**, in *Savage Worlds*.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	Shots	Weight	Cost
Grenade	5/10/20	By Type	1	1	.25	\$50

Weapons

For those prone to solving their problems with guns, knives, explosives, or a liberal dose of good, old fire, there is a large variety of weapons available in the known universe. In general, most members of a species tend to gravitate to the type of killing instrument most common on their planet, but thanks to the wonders of interstellar trade, it's possible to be shot or stabbed by nearly any weapon on any given planet. While a particular version of a weapon may look markedly different depending on which species manufactures it, for game purposes, they function the same.

Finding ammunition for a weapon exotic in a given area might be problematic, especially for nostalgic Fear Agents who pack Earth firearms or tote some of them high-falutin' disintegrators. For that reason, many rocket

jockeys favor either lasers or blasters, as both are fairly ubiquitous throughout the United Systems. But not all planets are advanced enough to traffic in even the most common high-tech weaponry, so savvy spacers remember that an old-fashioned Bowie knife never runs out of ammo.

Blaster

Blasters are to firearms what lasers are to flashlights—well, if flashlights were already effective weapons, anyway. They use electromagnetic accelerators to fire tiny particles of matter at their targets at ridiculously high speeds. The ultra-high velocities cause more damage than traditional slughtrowers, and thanks to the minute size of each individual particle, can hold large quantities of ammunition. For that reason, blasters are very popular among explorers who are going to be away from resupply for extended periods.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	AP	Shots	Weight	Cost
Pistol	12/24/48	2d6+2	1	2	100	1	\$300
<i>Notes:</i> SA. Particle pack: \$20, .25 lb							
Rifle	24/48/96	2d8+2	1	2	100	5	\$500
<i>Notes:</i> SA. Particle pack: \$20, .25 pounds.							



Disintegrator

These beam weapons are feared by any intelligent being who's stared at the business end, because they function by disrupting matter itself. A target hit by the weapon suffers the listed damage, but if the disintegrator causes a wound, roll a hit location using the Injury Chart. The victim must make a Vigor roll. Failure means the affected location is completely disintegrated (causing death on a torso or head hit). Success means the location is crippled until the wound is healed, and a raise indicates there is no additional result beyond the damage. Inorganic matter hit by a beam is disintegrated in a 12-inch diameter, 4-inch deep disk per attack.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	AP	Shots	Weight	Cost
Pistol	3/6/12	3d10	1	—	5	5	\$3k
<i>Notes:</i> HW, SA, Special. Ammo pack: \$20, 1 lb.							
Rifle	5/10/20	3d10	1	—	5	12	\$10k
<i>Notes:</i> Min Str d6, HW, SA, Special. Ammo pack: \$20, 1 lb							

Dressite Hand Weapons

For a peaceful race, the Dressites seem to have a love for making vicious weapons. Here are the two most common melee weapons carried by their troops.

Energy Spear: These alien weapons resemble high-tech versions of a common spear, albeit with a head that has two prongs. They use small batteries to generate a plasma charge between the two prongs, giving the weapon greater damage and penetration. The spear can be thrown (Range 3/6/12), but if the attack misses...well, now the target has an energy spear.

A battery provides enough energy to power the spear for one hour. When not charged, the weapon functions as a normal spear (Str+d6).

Vibro Saw: This small, handheld circular saw uses a small battery to run its blade at ridiculously high speeds, enabling it to cut any enemy foolish enough to get within reach to pieces with no fuss but lots of muss. Dressite soldiers usually have at least one of these on their belt easily accessible to their secondary “hands” for close combat.

A small battery can run the saw for up to 30 minutes. When the battery is drained, the saw causes only Str+1d4 and loses its AP bonus.

Type	Damage	AP	Weight	Cost
Energy Spear	Str+d8	4	10	\$150
Notes: Parry +1, Reach 1, Two Hands.				
Vibro Saw	Str+2d6	2	4	\$100
Notes: AP 2.				

Freonium Gun

A freonium gun is a backpack weapon that blasts cold freonium at its target. It fires either a Cone template or concentrated jet 12” long and 1” wide at its wielder’s option. Each target in the area of effect must make an Agility roll against the firer’s Shooting roll or take the listed damage.

Targets who are Incapacitated by a freonium gun are covered in a sheet of ice and frozen solid. They can be revived by an application of GR-12 if applied within one hour of the freezing effect.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	AP	Shots	Weight	Cost
Freonium Gun	Special	2d10	1	—	30	30	\$2k
Notes: Min Str d6, Cone or 12” line, Special. Fuel pod: \$100, 3 lb							

Flamer

When in doubt, set it on fire. At the user’s option, flamers blast flames in either a Cone template or a concentrated jet 12” long and 1” wide. Each target in the selected area of effect must make an Agility roll against the firer’s Shooting roll or take the listed damage. Flamers affect the target’s least Armored area and are Heavy Weapons. A flamer may set targets on fire as detailed in *Savage Worlds*, under **Hazards**. A flamer uses a backpack-mounted fuel supply and cannot be used with other gear that requires a backpack attachment.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	AP	Shots	Weight	Cost
Flamer	Special	3d12	1	—	30	30	\$1k
Notes: Min Str d6, HW, Cone or 12” line. May set targets on fire, Special. Fuel pod: \$60, 3 lb							

Laser

Lasers are the most common hand weapons in the United Systems. They use intensely focused beams of light to cause damage and inflict no recoil penalty when fired on full-auto. Lasers cauterize the wounds they cause, and anyone Incapacitated by a laser adds +2 to his Vigor rolls to keep from Bleeding Out. These weapons may also be overcharged, causing an extra d6 damage, but if any of the Shooting dice are a 1, the weapon must recharge for a full round before being fired again.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	AP	Shots	Weight	Cost
Pistol	15/30/60	2d6	1	2	50	2	\$250
<i>Notes:</i> SA, Special. Energy pack: \$20, .5 lbs							
Rifle	30/60/120	3d6	3	2	100	8	\$700
<i>Notes:</i> 3RB, SA, Special. Energy pack: \$20, .5 lb							
Gatling Laser	50/100/200	3d6+4	4	2	800	20	\$1000
<i>Notes:</i> Full Auto. No recoil penalty. Energy drum: \$50, 4 lb							

Missile Launcher, Portable

This shoulder-fired ordinance is for when a smaller weapons just won't do. Targets often include tanks, Tetaldian attack saucers, or really big critters that just ordered "Human, rare," a la carte. Guided missiles cost twice as much and grant a +2 bonus to attack rolls.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	AP	Shots	Weight	Cost
Missile Launcher	50/100/200	6d6	1	20	1	8	\$700
<i>Notes:</i> HW, SBT, Snapfire. Missile: \$10k, 3 lb (each)							

Stunner

Popular among both pacifists and bounty hunters looking for that premium for bringing in a fugitive "Alive," stunners can put a target on his back without also putting him in a coffin, (or his species' equivalent). After the target is hit, he must make a Vigor roll or fall prone and Incapacitated. At the start of each of his subsequent Actions, he makes a Vigor roll to revive. On a success, he revives but is Shaken and cannot attempt to recover until the *next* round. A raise revives him completely and instantly, and he is not Shaken.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	AP	Shots	Weight	Cost
Pistol	5/10/20	—	1	—	12	1	\$300
<i>Notes:</i> Ammo pack: \$40, .25 pounds.							

SPACESHIP WEAPONS

Below are weapons usually found on spaceships, although military ground, air, and sea vessels might also sport them in a war zone—or if the natives are suitably restless. Some might also be used in fixed fortifications or as booby-traps by resistance fighters (bombs).

Bombs (Flying Craft Only)

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	Shots	Mods	Cost
Small	Dropped	6d10	1	1	12/1*	\$500K/12
<i>Notes:</i> AP 10, HW, LBT. (Up to 250 lb bombs)						
Medium	Dropped	8d10	1	1	8/1*	\$1M/8
<i>Notes:</i> AP 20, HW, 10" radius. (251 to 500 lb bombs)						
Large	Dropped	10d10	1	1	4/1*	\$1M/4
<i>Notes:</i> AP 30, HW, 20" radius. (501 to 1000 lb bombs)						

Cannons

A primitive weapon by the standards of most United Systems' planets, cannons are still pretty effective at putting holes in other spaceships. The damage listed is for the most common load. High explosive rounds reduce the damage die type to d8 and halve AP, while increasing the Burst Template to Large (or a 10" radius if already Large). Ammo costs \$6000 and weighs 300 lb per full load.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	Shots	Mods	Cost
Medium	75/150/300	4d10	1	40	3	\$600K
<i>Notes:</i> AP 20, HW, MBT. (41mm to 60mm)						
Heavy	100/200/400	5d10	1	30	4	\$800k
<i>Notes:</i> AP 30, HW, LBT. (61mm to 80mm)						

Laser (Vehicular)

Lasers of this size don't use the rules for personal lasers on page 25. They simply burn through solid materials and flashboil flesh.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	Shots	Mods	Cost
Light	150/300/600	2d10	1	100	1	\$100k
<i>Notes:</i> AP 5, HW, Reaction Fire. Power cores cost \$200.						
Medium	150/300/600	3d10	1	100	2	\$500k
<i>Notes:</i> AP 10, HW. Power cores cost \$1000.						
Heavy	150/300/600	4d10	1	100	3	\$1M
<i>Notes:</i> AP 15, HW. Power cores cost \$2000.						
Super-Heavy	150/300/600	6d10	1	100	7	\$4M
<i>Notes:</i> AP 25, HW. Power cores cost \$5000.						
Mega	150/300/600	10d10	1/2	100	10	\$10M
<i>Notes:</i> AP 50, HW. Size 16 and Larger mounts only. Power cores cost \$25K.						

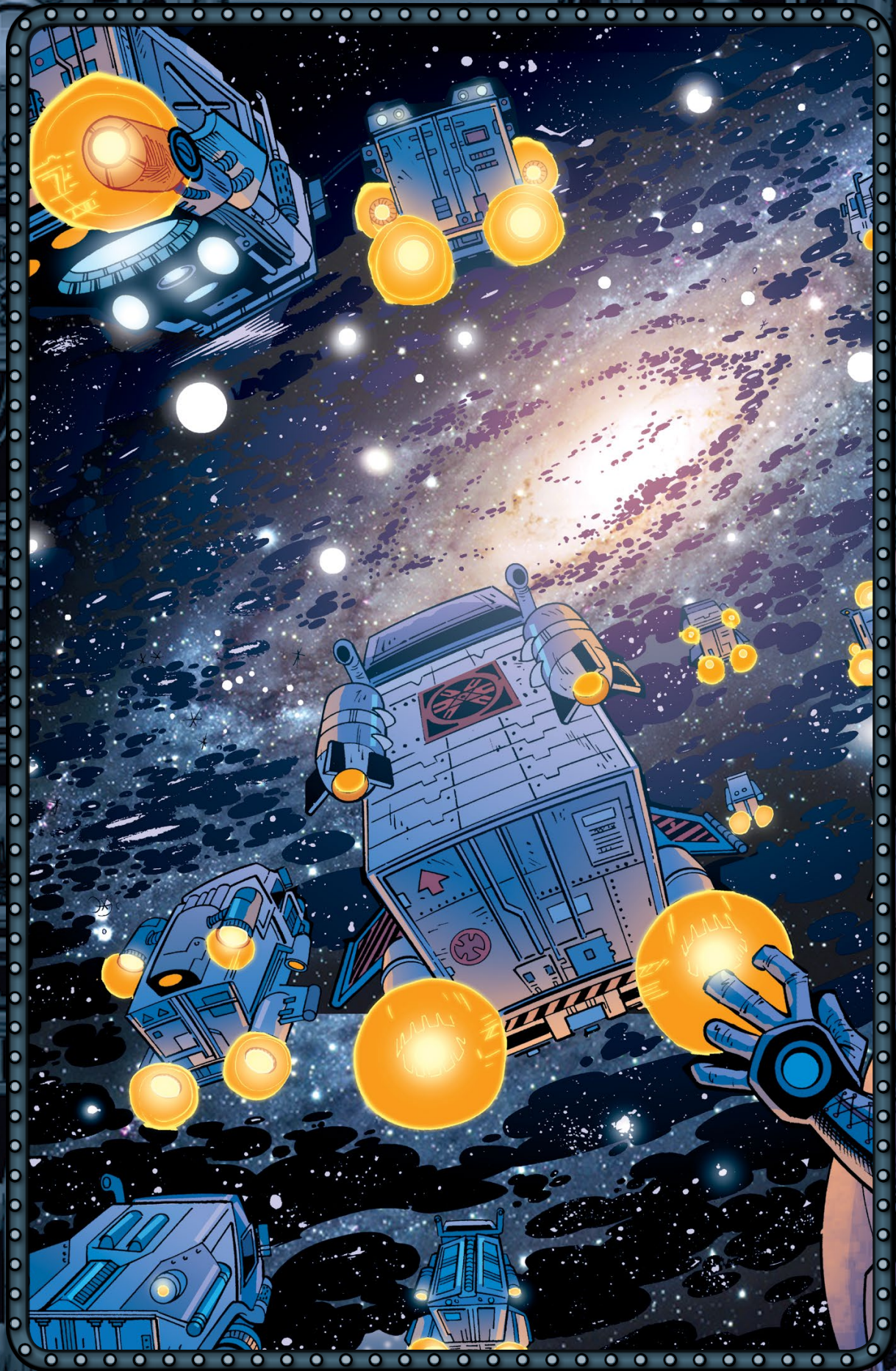
Torpedoes

These weapons use the rules for missiles in *Savage Worlds* and require missile launchers or torpedo tubes to mount and fire. Use Shooting if firing directly or Knowledge (Electronics) if fired indirectly from a bridge or weapons station. To evade, a defender uses Piloting if dodging directly or Knowledge (Electronics) if trying to jam or disrupt a targeting lock.

If a ship gets a lock, it may fire all the missiles or torpedoes it's allowed by its launchers/tubes. Defenders evade each weapon fired individually.

Type	Range	Damage	RoF	Shots	Mods	Cost
Missile, Light	200/400/800	6d6	1	1	12/1	\$50K/4
<i>Notes:</i> AP 8, HW, SBT.						
Missile, Heavy	200/400/800	8d6	1	1	8/1*	\$100K/4
<i>Notes:</i> AP 15, HW, MBT.						
Torpedo, Light	300/600/1200	8d12	1	1	8/1*	\$1M/8
<i>Notes:</i> AP 40, HW, LBT. Space or watercraft only. Half Range in water.						
Torpedo, Heavy	300/600/1200	10d12	1	1	4/1*	\$1M/8
<i>Notes:</i> AP 80, HW, LBT. Space or watercraft only. Half Range in water.						

*An entry such as 8/1 means 8 torpedoes take up 1 Mod slot.



CHAPTER 4: SPACESHIPS

"The gentle reader will never, never know what a consummate ass he can become until he goes abroad."

—Samuel Clemens

It's a little too far to walk from one planet to another, so getting around the universe usually requires a spaceship. Of course, having your own personal starship isn't always puppy-dogs and sunshine.

Size: This is an indication of the general size, energy efficiency, and capacity of the spaceship. It scales logarithmically at higher levels.

Acc/TS: Acceleration and Top Speed in atmospheric conditions, as described in *Savage Worlds*. In space, use the same values, but increase the Top Speed by a factor of 100. See **Warp Drives**, page 30, for details about traveling at warp speeds.

Climb: This is a measure of the vessel's maneuverability. It mainly factors in during Chases, detailed in *Savage Worlds*.

Toughness: The ship's Toughness with its Armor in parentheses.

Crew: The amount of space for crew and passengers. The first number is how many crew it takes to actually pilot the ship, while passenger space is listed in parentheses. Ships of Large or greater Size include living space, bunks, kitchens, and everything else required to live on a vessel for extended periods.

Cost: The price listed in thousands (\$K), millions (\$M), or billions (\$B).

Remaining Mods: The number of remaining Modifications that can be made to the ship. Unused Mod slots grant approximately 125 cubic feet of cargo space.

Spaceship Upkeep

It takes more than a can-do attitude and elbow grease to keep a spaceship flying. These rules are simple enough to make sure a group has to pay attention to their vessel

without getting too mired in accounting and bookkeeping to enjoy the game. And of course, earning enough to fill your ship's fuel tank makes a great excuse for taking on the odd extermination job or hunting bounties.

Fuel

In *Fear Agent*™, spaceships use hyperfuel to power both their engines and warp drives. A ship can carry enough fuel to fly for a number of days equal to the Fuel rating for its Size listed on the **Fuel/Provisions Table**, below. In other words, a Small ship can go 25 days before needing to refuel, a Medium 100 days, and a Large can last up to 300 days without refueling.

Hyperfuel costs \$100 × the ship's Size per day of energy. Hyperfuel is readily available at most spaceports, stations, and pavilions in the United Systems. Beyond the Outer Quadrants, a crew is on their own though.

In an emergency, a ship can double the number of days it can squeeze out of its fuel supply. It does so by powering only critical systems and making minor maneuvers, but not actually traveling. Obviously, this is not a good situation to find yourself in beyond the frontier where the odds of another vessel stumbling on your crippled ship are low!

Provisions

Air, food, and water are tracked the same way as fuel. For example, a medium ship can carry enough provisions for a full crew and passengers for 100 days. Those stores cost \$10 × crew member per day.

If shortages or just a skimpy captain results in a vessel having inadequate provisions for its crew, make a group Vigor roll at the end of each week. Failure results in a level of Fatigue for the crew from starvation, thirst, etc. This Fatigue can lead to death and is recovered at a rate of 1 level per day once access to sufficient food, water, and air is available.

Fuel/Provisions Table

Size	Fuel/Provisions
Small	25
Medium	100
Large	300
Huge	500
Giant	1000

Repairs

Whether damage comes from combat or just busted maneuvers, spaceships take three wounds before they're wrecked, just like other vehicles. Getting repairs completed at a spaceport or station cost 10% of the vessel's total cost per wound.

Hull damage (non-Critical Hits) can be repaired away from port. This requires crew members to go out—into space, if the ship has not made planetfall—and weld patches onto the ship. This takes a Repair roll modified by -1 for each wound and 1d4 hour time per wound. A success removes one wound and each raise removes another.

Critical Hits are repaired the same way, but depending on the system(s) damaged, they may not require crew members to go extra-vehicular.

Unless a mechanic rolls a 1 on her Repair die (regardless of the result of the Wild Die), the crew may attempt repairs as many times as necessary until all wounds are repaired. If that happens, any remaining wounds (or system if repairing a Critical Hit), require proper facilities to fix, such as a station or port.

Warp Drives

Spaceships in *Fear Agent*™ travel at speeds significantly faster than light. Normally, physics prevents an object from exceeding the speed of light, but ships equipped with warp drives cheat. The drive contracts the space in front of the ship while expanding it behind. Within the bubble, the area of contracted space allows it to travel much further while never technically breaking the universe's speed limit.

As an added bonus, the warp drives allow space travelers to avoid one of the nastier side effects of moving at or above the speed of light. That normally causes a nasty side effect called "time dilation." Almost three years on

Earth would pass during the time a single year elapsed from the viewpoint of a rocket jockey voyaging at merely 90% the speed of light.

Warp drives avoid all that unpleasantness because the ships never come close to the speed of light within their warp bubble, even though they appear to be traveling much faster to observers outside the warp.

Navigating

Distances in space aren't measured in miles. They're measured in light years—or more often hundreds and even thousands of them. You see, space is pretty darn big and there's not a lot in it, so it takes a bit of effort to get from one tiny pinprick to another in the vast canvas of the universe.

Even the most battered and abused freight hauler has a fairly advanced navigation computer. Most inhabited planets and space stations are carefully indexed in the ship's data banks, making plotting a course to a known location relatively routine. Uncharted destinations are more challenging, but even then, there's still a lot of processing power on hand to help a navigator lay in a route.

Plotting a course requires a Knowledge (Astrogation) roll, applying the modifiers shown on the **Astrogation Table**. A failed roll to a known location increases the ship's travel time (and resulting fuel consumption) by 1d10 × 5%, rounded up to the nearest day.

Astrogation Table

Destination	Modifier
Indexed planet or space station	—
Uncharted destination	-4
Under 1,000 light years away	—
1,000 to 10,000 light years	-2
10,000 to 100,000 light years	-4
100,000 to 500,000 light years	-8
500,000+ light years	-10

Should a pilot try to reach an uncharted destination, like a secret pirate base or uncharted planet, a failed roll means he can't find his destination at the end of the trip. The full amount of time and fuel for the flight's duration is expended, but the ship is effectively sitting in the middle of nowhere. He has to

make another Knowledge (Astrogation) roll to either try to find his original target or limp back to an established base to refuel. In other words, it's not a good idea to go looking for hidden outposts without enough fuel to get back home.

In either case, a critical failure on the Knowledge (Astrogation) roll indicates something has gone seriously haywire, either with the calculations or the ship's engines. When that happens, let the GM know. She has all the details on what fate awaits the ship and its crew.

A pilot must have an actual destination to plot a course. He can't simply hear a passing rumor about an undiscovered planet, do some fancy math, and fly there, no matter how well he rolls on the Knowledge (Astrogation) check. He needs at least a set of coordinates to work from, not just hearsay from a space bar and a good calculator.

Warp Speed

Warp drives enable ships in *Fear Agent*™ to cover amazing distances in relatively short times. To measure those distances without resorting to filling a page with a number followed by *all* the zeroes, we use light years instead of miles.

At top speed, a ship equipped with a warp drive can travel a distance equal to its top speed in light years. For example, a frigate with a top speed of 600 can fly 600 light years every hour. Even so, it can still take several days or even more to get to some destinations in the United Systems.

It does take a little time for the drive to get fully up to speed as the warp drive builds the warp bubble. Starting from sublight speeds, each hour the ship increases the number of light years it travels in a hour equal to its ACC. To build on the first example, the frigate can travel 50 light years in the first hour, then 100 in the second (for a total of 150 light years), another 150 light years in the third hour, and so on until it reaches its top speed after 12 hours.

Powering the warp drive does require hyperfuel, and each day spent in warp uses up two days of fuel—one for the regular engines and one for the warp drive.

Spaceship Combat

Spaceships usually engage in combat while they're blasting through the unimaginably vast emptiness of the void. Seldom do those involved pull to a stop, square off, and start shooting. As a result, battles between spaceships are most often handled using the Chase rules from *Savage Worlds*, with a few minor tweaks.

Before we get into the fine points, one clarification: whenever the rules refer to Piloting rolls, we're talking about maneuvering the ship in some way. Ships of Large Size and greater usually have a crew of specialists with each member responsible for specific set of jobs, instead of a joystick jockey handling everything by his lonesome. In the case of larger vessels, the roll is Knowledge (Astrogation) instead of Piloting, as a computer system is controlling the actual movements of the ship.

Warp Speed Combat

Or perhaps more accurately, the lack thereof. Ships traveling within warp bubbles are exceeding the universe's established speed limit (light), often by an enormous amount. Granted, they're using a loophole to do so and are technically obeying the law within their warp bubble, but once anything leaves the bubble, reality steps in and says, "Nope."

Any missiles, projectiles, and even lasers fired from inside a ship's warp bubble lose the space-warping effects of it when they leave. And when a ship might be traveling upwards of a few hundred light years per hour, even light gets left behind so fast it doesn't even show up in the rearview mirror.

In other words, the projectile or beam of any weapon fired under warp basically becomes space litter millions of miles behind the ship the second it leaves the bubble. Those projectiles, laser blasts, and what-have-you are still moving at incredibly high speeds, but those speeds pale next to a ship at warp. What we're trying to say is combat between ships at warp is just downright impossible with the technology available, at least in the United Systems.

Physics is a harsh mistress.

Boarding

Spaceships travel in three-dimensional space, usually at relativistic speeds, which makes it effectively impossible to board one that doesn't want to be boarded, unless it's been disabled. Even a ship that's been knocked out of action still continues to move, spin, and drift unpredictably. Boarding a disabled ship requires a Piloting roll to match its speed and direction, and if the roll fails, each ship suffers 1d6 damage times the other vessel's Size.

Even once the boarders have mirrored the other ship's speed and direction, unless there's an open airlock someone conveniently forgot to close, the attackers have to cut their way in using a laser cutter or similar device. Use the ship's regular Toughness and armor for the hull and exterior doors. Interior walls and doors aren't usually as heavily reinforced and typically have a Toughness 14 (4). Secure areas or heavily pressurized areas have Toughness 27 (15).

Once the boarders have breached their target, the Game Master may choose to run shipboard combat normally for smaller ships. Since ships of Huge Size and larger can have hundreds of crew members, she may want to instead use the Mass Battle rules from *Savage Worlds*. If so, defending crew gains a +2 bonus to their Knowledge (Battle) rolls thanks to their familiarity with the ship's layout. Unless the vessel is equipped with escape pods or similar devices, there's no real opportunity for retreat, and crews usually just surrender if they fail a Morale roll.

Firing Weapons

Ranges: Weapon Ranges list standard tabletop inches and are meant to represent effective combat ranges rather than true maximums in open space.

Size: Add +2 if the target is at least two Size points greater than the attacker, or subtract 2 if it's 2 points or more smaller.

Unstable Platform: Vehicle weapons fired in space don't suffer the Unstable Platform penalty. If a spaceship enters atmosphere or encounters another source of disturbance, like the tail of a comet or a strong gravity well, however, apply the usual penalty.

Weapon Arcs: When using the Chase rules, a ship that has both Advantage and a Jack or higher has managed to maneuver itself into a position where it can fire all of its weapons. A ship with Advantage and an Action Card lower than a Jack can only fire half its weaponry, rounded down, and none of its Fixed Weapons. The player handling the fire controls decides which weapons can be brought to bear. Linked weapons count as a single weapon for this purpose.

Reaction Fire (Chase Rules Only)

Reaction Fire is a weapon special ability that comes into play only during Chases. It represents an ability of a weapon, such as range, speed, or quick cycling time, that allows it to fire effectively even when it isn't mounted in the most desirable position.

A weapon with the Reaction Fire ability may be fired even if the ship mounting it doesn't have Advantage, as long as the target of the attack has an Action Card of 10 or lower. The gunner suffers a -2 penalty when using a weapon for Reaction Fire.

Out of Control & Crashes

Earlier, we said space is big. On the other hand, it's also pretty empty, so usually there's very little for a spaceship that goes Out of Control (or fail a Minor or Major Complication in a Chase) to crash into. Unless the space battle occurs in a region of space cluttered with debris, asteroids, or the like, don't roll on the **Out of Control Table** (see *Savage Worlds*). Instead, the spaceship loses its next action.

On the rare occasion a ship happens to be in an area where it could actually hit something, the pilot makes a second Piloting roll at -2. The difficulty can be raised to -4 in a thick cluster of asteroids or the like. If he fails the second roll, the ship suffers a collision as detailed in **Collisions** in *Savage Worlds*. The maximum damage a collision can cause, regardless of relative speeds, is 20d6.

A ship whose pilot fails a Piloting roll on a Disaster result during a chase in open space suffers a wound (and resulting automatic critical hit).



Teleportation

Some races have perfected methods to teleport over very long distances, most notably the Zerin and the Henronians. The Zerin method uses a stationary generator to open a warp portal to another known location. The Henronian method relies on quantum strings to enable instantaneous, individual transit. Both have basically unlimited range.

So why doesn't everyone just teleport around the galaxy, you might ask. That's a good question, and there are several answers.

The first is both methods only transport to or from one specific location. The Zerin portals only open at the site of the generator and can only target another known spot. A race called the Henronians have teleportation belts that can be activated by an individual, but they only return the wearer to the quantum anchor point, which is also a stationary generator, usually on their home planet.

Both methods require enormous quantities of energy to operate. Zerin portals take almost as much power to

operate as a large human city, for example. While the Henronian belts are more efficient, they only work for small amounts of mass—roughly a single passenger. Neither is cost-effective for most purposes, and both races rely on spaceships for most of their travel, particularly exploration.

Finally, both races fiercely protect their technology. Most Henronians sport a teleportation belt when away from one of their home planets, but very few outsiders have ever even seen the base quantum generator, much less looked at its inner workings. And the Henronians protect their tech with draconian United Systems patents. Even think about copying it and they'll sue your entire planet back to the Stone Age.

There is seldom any risk of another species getting its hands (tentacles, claws, whatever) on a Zerin portal, as the other species is usually too busy being harvested by the Tetaldians. Since the portal might provide evidence Earth was somehow involved in the Dressin genocide, humanity's leaders have kept its existence quiet and haven't used it. It's currently mothballed away in a secret warehouse.

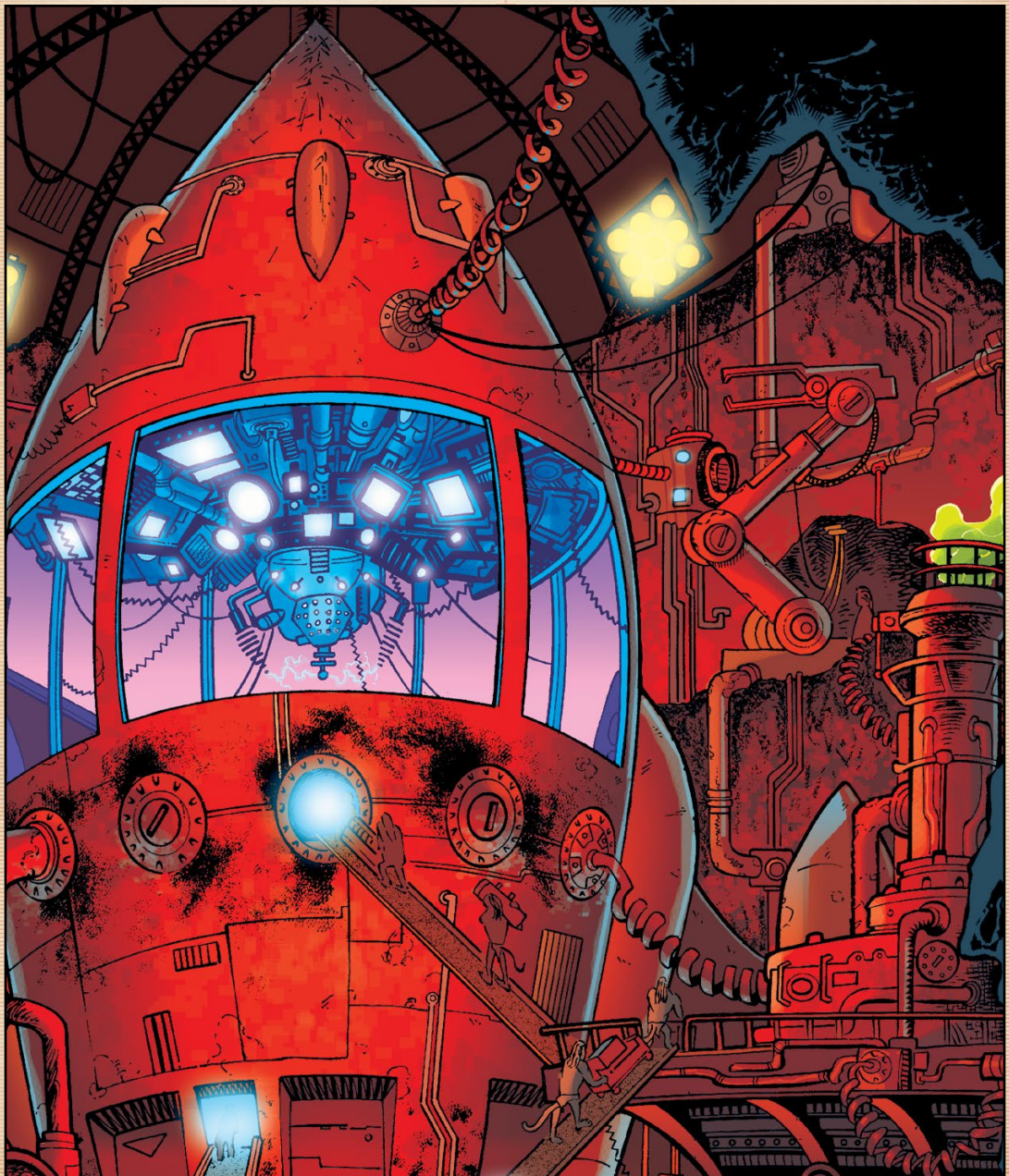
Spaceship Modifications

All ships are equipped with commlinks, and those of Medium and larger Size are equipped with artificial gravity generators. These are included in the base cost of the vessel.

The number in parentheses is the number of times a Mod may be taken on a given spaceship. U means unlimited; round fractions up.

Type	Mods	Cost
AI (1): Most ships in the United Systems are equipped with Artificial Intelligence to assist in operation of all the vessel's systems, from weapons to life support to the engines. The AI has a skill of d8 in any task related to operation of the ship, but counts as an Extra (and does not receive a Wild Die). It acts on the captain's Action Card (if relevant) and does not suffer multi-action penalties if given simultaneous tasks. Giving an AI a short, verbal command is a free action.	—	\$10K × Size
AMCM (1): Anti-Missile Counter Measures include integrated jammers and decoys. They add +2 to Piloting, Knowledge (Astrogation), or Knowledge (Electronics) rolls made to evade missile attacks.	1	\$5K × Size
Armor (Size): Increases an ship's Armor value by +2. All spaceship armor is considered to be Heavy Armor.	1	\$10K × Size
Atmospheric (1): The ship can enter planetary atmospheres. This includes heat shielding and additional work to handle the stress and strain of entry, as well as vertical take-off and landing (VTOL) capability.	Half Size	\$5K × Size
Crew Space (U): Crew space for four permanent members, including basic living accommodations like a galley, head, etc.	1	\$100K
Fixed (U): Fixed weapons cannot rotate. On the table-top, they have a 45° firing arc. In the Chase rules, they may only fire when the vessel has both Advantage and an Action Card of Jack or higher. Total all like Fixed weapons, then halve their Mod cost.	SeeNotes	—
Fuel Pods (U): Each Fuel Pod increases the vessel's energy capacity by 50%.	Half Size	\$100K × Size
Garage/Hangar (U): A small hangar (or garage or external lift-hooks) that can carry up to 8 Size points of ships or vehicles. Each vehicle can be no larger than half the ship's Size.	4	\$1M
Linked (U): Weapons of the same exact type may be dual- or quad-linked and fired as one. Dual-linked weapons add +1 to hit and +2 to damage; quad-linked ones add +2 to hit and +4 damage. Triple-linked weapons are inefficient in game terms; treat them as dual-linked. Total all Linked weapons in a set first, then halve the required Mods.	—	—
Passenger Pod (U): Small and Medium ships only. These are rows of seats with safety harnesses designed for short travel—24 hours at most. Each pod seats 10.	1	\$50K
Sensor Suite, Planetary (1): Similar to the Galactic Sensor Suite, but with a max range of 10K miles. Adds +2 to Knowledge (Electronics) rolls made to detect designated types of targets, like biological beings, chemical signatures, types of metal, etc.	1	\$50K
Shields (1): The ship is protected by ablative energy fields capable of absorbing 10× Size points of damage before they are depleted. All damage is applied to the shields first, then any left over to the ship, with AP counting as usual. Active shields detonate missiles and torpedoes before they hit, reducing the damage total by half. A craft can regenerate its Size in shield points if it makes no attacks in a round.	Half Size	\$25k × Size

Type	Mods	Cost
Sloped Armor (1): Non-energy, ballistic attacks against this ship suffer a -2 penalty. Sloped armor has no effect on energy attacks.	2	\$5K × Size
Speed (U): Each purchase increases the ship's Acc by 5 and Top Speed by 50.	1	\$100K × Size
Speed Reduction (3): The ship trades power and speed for additional room. Each time this is taken, reduce Acc by 5 and Top Speed by 50 to gain Mods equal to half the ship's Size.	—	—
Targeting System (1): A computer linked to the ship's weapons compensates for movement, range, multi-actions, and so forth, negating up to two points of Shooting penalties from those sources.	1	\$10K × Size
Warp Drive (1): This includes both the drive and astrogation system required to use it.	Half Size	\$2M × Size



Sample Spaceships

Here are some of the most common designs encountered in the United Systems. Each race may build its vessels slightly differently, but overall they are functionally the same.

Cargo Hauler, Light

Light cargo haulers are little more than space trucks. They're slow, lack any advanced sensor systems, and make no pretense at pilot comfort. These ships aren't intended to operate far from established space lanes or civilization centers. Instead, they're designed to maximize cargo hauling capacity while keeping non-essential costs to a minimum. It's also typical for a transport company to keep light cargo haulers in service many, many years past their intended operational lifetime. Slow and defenseless, light cargo haulers are easy pickings for pirates. The only saving grace they possess is most pirates know these ships are almost never used to carry valuable cargoes.

Small Starship: Size 6, Acc/TS: 40/600, Climb 3, Toughness 20 (5), Crew 1, Cost \$14.36M, Remaining Mods 20

Notes: AI, Atmospheric, 2×Speed Reduction, Warp Drive

Weapons: None.

Cargo Hauler, Heavy

These vessels are designed to carry more cargo over longer distances. Like their smaller cousins, heavy cargo haulers sacrifice speed for hold space. Their larger fuel tanks let them service destinations out of range for light haulers. Longer trips and more cargo mean more temptation to pirates though, so these ships carry some defensive weaponry and countermeasures. However, they're as poorly equipped as they are slow, so most heavy hauler crew surrender at the first sign of pirates.

Huge Starship: Size 16, Acc/TS: 20/250, Climb 0, Toughness 45 (10), Crew 300, Cost \$84.09, Remaining Mods 45

Notes: AI, AMCM, Fuel Pods, Sensor Suite (Planetary), 3×Speed Reduction, Warp Drive

Weapons:

- 2 × Dual Linked Light Lasers

Frigate

Frigates are typically most planetary defense forces' top-of-the-line warships. Occasionally, a particularly lucky pirate band gets its hands on a frigate. These vessels are designed primarily to hunt pirates or defend against another relatively limited assault force, and occasionally, serve as escort vessels for diplomatic missions or other important vessels. Frigates are more than adequately equipped for their intended roles, but are quickly outgunned by a major opponent, such as a Tetaldian invasion fleet.

Large Starship: Size 12, Acc/TS: 50/600, Climb 1, Toughness 47 (20), Crew 50, Cost \$32.73M, Remaining Mods 0

Notes: AI, AMCM, 6×Armor, Fuel Pods, Planetary Sensor Suite, Sloped Armor, 2×Speed, Targeting System

Weapons:

- Dual Linked Medium Lasers
- Dual Linked Super Heavy Laser (Fixed)
- 2 × Torpedo Tubes with 8 Heavy Torpedoes

Exploration Vessel

These ships are designed for extended travel beyond the boundaries of civilization, seeking new planets and new life. Although it cannot enter an atmosphere itself, the ship's hangars are usually stocked with at least one shuttle (see page 37) and one or more ground vehicles. Exploration ships aren't intended for combat, but when facing the unknown, it's best to be prepared for any eventuality. The remaining Mods are usually filled with additional supplies, a laboratory, or even holding pens for capturing new species.

Large Starship: Size 12, Acc/TS: 40/500, Climb 1, Toughness 32 (8), Crew 50, Cost \$49.37M, Remaining Mods 6

Notes: AI, Fuel Pods, 2×Garage/Hangar, Planetary Sensor Suite, Warp Drive

Weapons:

- Dual Linked Heavy Lasers

Fighter

This is a typical short-range, space and atmospheric fighter. Fighters are designed primarily to protect larger ships or fly relatively short patrol routes. They are popular with planetary defense forces, and a few have found their way into the hands of pirates operating in asteroid belts or from fixed bases.

Small Starship: Size 6, Acc/TS: 70/900, Climb 3, Toughness 24 (9), Crew 1, Cost \$7.25M, Remaining Mods 0

Notes: AI, AMCM, 2×Armor, Atmospheric, Sensor Suite (Planetary), Sloped Armor, 4×Speed, Targeting System

Weapons:

- Quad Linked Medium Lasers (Fixed)
- Missile Launcher with 12 Light Missiles

Scout Ship

A wide variety of scout ships are found throughout the United Systems. These ships are designed for long-range missions with little outside support, but their design is usually modular enough to allow for customization. They are most often the foundation for ships piloted by bounty hunters, freelance exterminators, and other adventurer types.

Medium Starship: Size 8, Acc/TS: 55/700, Climb 2, Toughness 29 (10), Crew 5, Cost \$24.71M, Remaining Mods 5

Notes: AI, AMCM, 2×Armor, Atmospheric, Fuel Pods, Planetary Sensor Suite, 2×Speed, Targeting System, Warp Drive

Weapons:

- Medium Laser (Fixed)

Shuttle

This is a common civilian vehicle used for short hops between orbiting spaceships or stations. Many larger ships incapable of atmospheric travel maintain hangars containing one or more shuttles for just that purpose. More rarely, with modifications for increased fuel storage and passenger comfort, shuttles may be employed for trips between nearby planets in the same system.

Small Starship: Size 6, Acc/TS: 50/700, Climb 3, Toughness 20 (5), Crew 1+60, Cost \$2.74M, Remaining Mods 9

Notes: AI, AMCM, Atmospheric, 6×Passenger Pod, Planetary Sensor Suite

Space Stations

There are hundreds upon hundreds of space stations throughout the United Systems and even beyond. Scientific survey posts, stellar mining rigs, and communication hubs are common enough, but the stations most likely to draw a group of adventurers are known as fueling and trade pavilions.

Pavilions are sort of a cross between interstellar truck stops and old-time trading posts, where freight haulers, exploration ships, and the like can refuel and refill their provision stocks. Along popular trade routes, they are often massive structures that are more akin to highly-polished shopping malls. Out in the middle of nowhere, they are more of the “Last Gas for 10,000 Light Years” variety: tiny one-man operations, complete with taxidermy displays and bathrooms that qualify as biohazards.

Yacht

Yachts are both interstellar starships and status symbols for the ultra-rich. The additional crew space is converted to lavish cabins for one or at most two occupants. Owners invest millions above and beyond the barebones cost of the vessel, outfitting it with opulent furnishings and even works of art. Not surprisingly, this makes them ripe pickings for pirates, so yachts are almost always protected by state-of-the-art defenses.

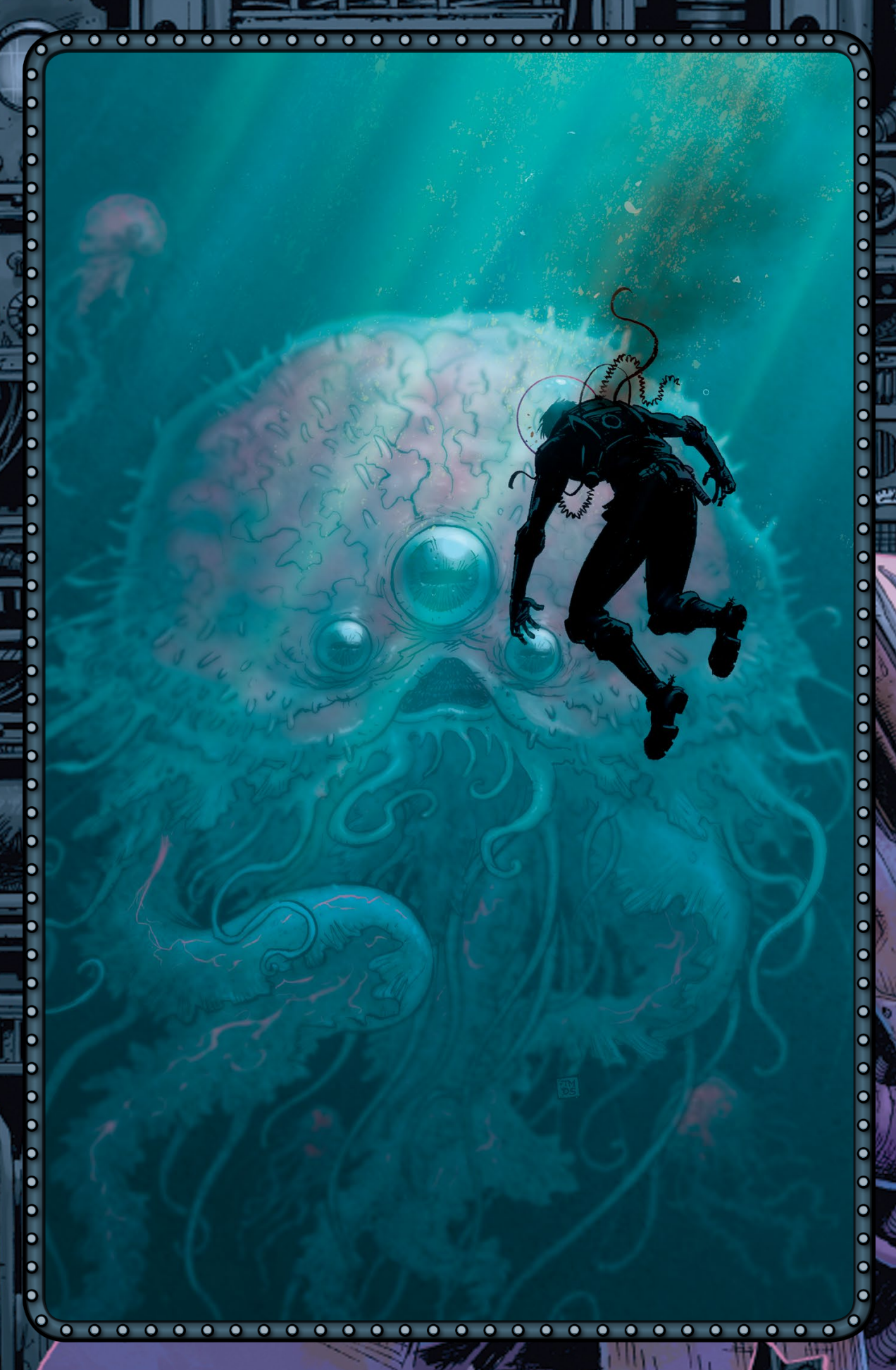
The price listed is for a relatively low-end yacht, including décor. It is possible for the cost of a truly extravagant vessel to be double or more the listed price.

Medium Starship: Size 8, Acc/TS: 55/700, Climb 3, Toughness 25 (6), Crew 5+8, Cost \$30.72M, Remaining Mods 4

Notes: AI, AMCM, Atmospheric, 4×Crew Space, Shields, 2×Speed, Warp Drive

Weapons:

- Dual Linked Medium Lasers



CHAPTER 5: SETTING RULES

"If you hold a cat by the tail, you will learn things you cannot learn any other way."

—Samuel Clemens

The universe is a tough place, and few know that better than Fear Agents and their companions. Most of the time, they came by this knowledge while studying for finals at the School of Hard Knocks. And most have also learned there's often truth to the old saying that it's better to be lucky than good.

For those reasons, *Fear Agent* uses the following Setting Rules from *Savage Worlds*. You can find the full details in the core book, but here's a brief summary:

- **Critical Failures:** Whenever a character rolls a 1 on both his Trait and Wild dice, he cannot spend a Benny to reroll.
- **Joker's Wild:** Whenever a player draws a Joker during combat, in addition to the usual effects, every player receives a Benny.

CATCHING A BREAK

In *Fear Agent*™, when things are at their worst is when the hero finally catches a break. Whenever a player suffers from a critical failure, she gets a Benny from the GM.

HEALING

Natural healing occurs at the normal rate in *Fear Agent*™ with one exception. Patients who are cared for in hospitals with advanced gear and medical bays may make natural healing rolls at a rate of one per day instead of once every five days. Fatigue from bumps and bruises improves one step every four hours under the same conditions.

All ships and most space stations have medical bays. A ship's medical bay can treat a maximum of 20% of the crew (rounded up) at any given time. Treatment is administered by dedicated systems controlled the ship's AI and provides a +2 to Vigor rolls to recover. The medical supplies are considered part of the ship's stores and are replenished whenever the vessel is reprovisioned.

Most stations have considerably larger medical bays and don't have to worry about exceeding capacity except during major catastrophes and wartime.

DIFFERENT ENVIRONMENTS

Since a Fear Agent may find herself virtually anywhere in the known universe, she's likely to run into a fair number of different environments. The two biggest factors complicating a would-be explorer's life are atmospheres and gravity.

Atmosphere

Once he's shaken off Earth's loving embrace, an intrepid explorer can't take anything for granted, not even something as simple as just taking a breath. Not everything breathes the same air we do. To be honest, not everything even breathes air at all.

Earth-like atmospheres are considered normal and have no special effects. Below are the other types of atmosphere spacers may encounter. Dense and Thin are Earth-like in gaseous content, but extreme variations in air pressure pose their own dangers.

It's also possible for a Hazardous atmosphere to be Thin or Dense, but only apply the worst effect. When you're on a planet covered solely in chlorine gas, how much or how little of it really doesn't matter that much in the long run.

Dense

Too much of a good thing may not always kill you, but it can hurt. A planet with a Dense atmosphere has breathable air, but at a much higher air pressure than Earth. Human adventurers not wearing some sort of breathing apparatus must make a Vigor roll every 30 minutes or suffer a level of Fatigue. This Fatigue can cause Incapacitation but not actual death.

An explorer recovers a Fatigue level every 10 minutes once she returns to standard atmospheric pressure.

Hazardous

Many races inhabit planets where the atmosphere is outright poisonous to human life. It may be high in gases like ammonia

or methane, or just have too much carbon dioxide or another gas that humanity cannot handle in small doses.

Any hero without a spacesuit or at least a rebreather in a Hazardous atmosphere must make a Vigor roll each round or suffer a Fatigue level that can lead to death. For less toxic environments, the Game Master may only require a roll every minute or even hour. Spacers can recover Fatigue levels acquired this way at a rate of one every 10 minutes they receive normal air at standard pressure.

Thin

Thin atmospheres have all the right stuff to support human life, just not enough of it. The low pressure can cause actual physical injury to a hero who's exposed to it, as blood vessels



and lung sacs burst. An unprotected character in a Thin atmosphere—or one whose suit has suffered a breach—must make a Vigor roll every minute to avoid suffering a level of Fatigue, which can lead to death. This Fatigue is recovered at a rate of one level for every 10 minutes in a standard, breathable atmosphere.

Vacuum

There's a reason they call it space. Outside of a few trace particles, there's nothing filling the void between planets and other celestial bodies but, well, space. Since most intelligent species, including humans, need to breathe, this is something most space travelers have to take into account. Or at least most *successful* ones do, anyway.

On top of the whole suffocation thing space has going on, there's also no atmospheric pressure. It turns out, folks who're used to having that find its absence causes blood (or whatever weird, alien, facsimile the creature uses) to boil, lungs to burst, and other reactions that are usually detrimental for purposes other than generating business for an undertaker.

Luckily, fully sealed spacesuits protect wearers from all environmental effects of a vacuum. Any character without a suit or in a suit that has been breached somehow must make a Vigor roll each round or suffer a wound from decompression.

Incidentally, assuming your hero hasn't gotten his hands on a fancy alien weapon, good, old-fashioned Earth firearms work perfectly well in a vacuum. Ammunition contains its own oxidizer, so it doesn't require an atmosphere to function.

Gravity

Most intelligent species in the United Systems developed on worlds with gravitational fields roughly the same as Earth's. That means most worlds these races colonize or terraform also have similar gravities, and nearly all star-faring species have perfected artificial gravity of one type or another for use on space ships and stations.

Older or more primitive space stations rely on spin to generate a simulated gravity through centrifugal force. "Gravity" on these structures is usually about one-third to one-half that of Earth's. Likewise, bases on small

moons or asteroids sometimes rely on the weaker natural gravity, either to save power, or more often, money. These locales use the modifiers for Low gravity on the **Gravitational Effects Table** below.

Gravities different to which a character is accustomed are physically disorienting (unless he has the Gravitic Acclimation Edge). This inflicts a -2 penalty to Agility and Agility-based skill rolls until the spacer has had time to adjust. These penalties are in addition to the effects listed on the **Gravitational Effects Table**. The amount of time this requires is up to the Game Master, but should always take at least a week or so.

Gravitational Effects

Gravity	Jump	Str	Pace
Normal	—	—	—
Low	×2	+2	+2
Zero-G	See Below	+2	+4

Zero-G

There's low gravity, then there's *no* gravity. In a zero-g environment, virtually any physical activity can quickly become awkward. Movement of any sort—particularly physical combat—is made far more tricky by the absence of gravity and its close friend, inertia. Any character in zero-g who rolls a 1 on a physical Trait die (regardless of the Wild Die) loses control of her movements and begins to tumble. This gives her a -2 penalty to all further Trait rolls. This penalty remains until she makes an Agility roll as a free action on a subsequent turn—and has some way to stabilize herself.

On the other hand, lack of inertia has benefits. A hero can propel herself at a Pace equal to her Strength by jumping from a stable platform. This effect lasts until she either contacts a larger object or somehow generates an equal amount of counterthrust.

Physical attacks and shots from conventional firearms push the character 1" back away from the blast or 2" for large caliber weapons and high melee damage rolls at the Game Master's option. Lasers, blasters, disintegrators, and other recoilless weapons do not cause this effect.

FRAGGOON



CHAPTER 6:

GAMEMASTER'S BACKGROUND

"Get your facts first, then you can distort them as you please."

—Samuel Clemens

Things largely played out as described in **Chapter 1**, at least initially. The plot thickens considerably as time progresses, which you already know if you've read the *Fear Agent* comic series. If you haven't yet, we don't want to spoil all the twists and turns things take, but suffice it to say things get a lot messier down the line, and neither the Dressites nor the Tetaldians are finished with Earth just yet.

EARTH'S BIG SECRET

What very few people know is that Heath Huston was responsible for the destruction of the Dressite homeworld. Upon arriving back at the resistance's headquarters, he found his friends and family dead, dying, or missing. Consumed with rage, he fired up the Zerin portal and drove a tanker truck full of the Tetaldian chemical agent through it—and onto Dressin itself.

Rigging the tanker with an explosive charge, he dived back through the portal just as it detonated, releasing the weapon of mass destruction.

Battered from the fighting on the moon and his excursion to Dressin, Huston lost consciousness. When he awoke in a hospital bed, he discovered his wife Charlotte, also a Fear Agent, had survived the Dressite raid.

Just as they were reunited, the United Systems' representative arrived on Earth to notify humanity of the destruction of the Dressite homeworld. Charlotte realized what her husband had done and was horrified. Over the next few months, their marriage fell apart under the weight of his crime.

The few other survivors who pieced together Heath's actions knew they couldn't reveal the truth. Huston would be found guilty of

virtual genocide and humanity might well suffer severe punishment as well. Instead, a massive cover-up began. The Zerin portal was disabled, all evidence the Fear Agents had ever recovered a chemical agent was destroyed, and each party aware of the truth vowed to keep the silence for the good of their own people.

Missing in Action

Unbeknownst to anyone, Andi Bigley, the niece of Heath's lifelong friend Otto, was on Dressin at the time the chemical weapon was released. She had been pushed through the portal by her uncle who was trying to protect her from the fighting with the Dressites. Although she saw Heath arrive with the tanker, she wasn't able to catch his attention. When he detonated the tanker, she was left behind on Dressin.

Humans are immune to the Tetaldians' poison, so Andi survived the massacre. As one of the very few things left alive on the planet, it was very easy for the returning Dressite soldiers to find her. She was subjected to weeks of torture and interrogation, inevitably telling the sentient amoeboids everything she knew. Then she was subjected to years more of torture as they vented their anger on her.

The long and short is the Dressites know who murdered their homeworld. And they're just waiting for a chance to exact a terrible vengeance, both on Heath Huston and humanity as a whole...

GAZETEER

The known universe is vast, and even the United Systems covers several galaxies, so we're touching on only a tiny fraction of the potential worlds out there for your heroes to explore. With that much space to play around in, the exact placement of most star systems isn't that important. Most inhabited worlds

are hundreds and even thousands of light years from other systems.

The descriptions below are for the planets within the few years immediately following the Annubius Conflict. Big changes occur on some of them over the next decade, but the entries below describe them as your players are most likely to experience them—at least initially.

The Deep

The area between galaxies is commonly referred to as the Deep. Even in a galaxy with a high density of star systems, space is big and empty. In the Deep, it's vastly bigger and emptier. Still, contrary to what many humans may imagine, it is not devoid of stars or even habitable worlds. It is, however, much further between them, and there are precious few refueling stations or pavilions to restock a ship's supplies.

Black Ice

This unnamed frozen world sits on the fringes of the Outer Quadrants. The planet has only two resources: ice and black ore, a relatively common metallic compound. It's uninhabited, and for a very good reason, and not just because it's relatively unknown in the United Systems.

See, the other thing the planet has lots of is a plague of voracious, blob-like creatures called feeders. Visitors to this wasteland invariably become fuel for the nigh-unstoppable terrors.

The Bog

The Bog is a nasty, fetid world orbiting a star out in the Deep. It's perfectly capable of supporting life, and human life in particular, it's just no one is likely to want to live there. In case the planet's common nickname doesn't



give it away, it is a humid, wet world covered with water-logged landmasses that are barely distinguishable from the algae-filled waters that surround them.

The planet averages temperatures and humidity levels just far enough above the averages for Earth to make sure human visitors are at best uncomfortable, at worst courting heat stroke, and always, always miserable. Adventurers spending any time on the Bog must make regular Vigor rolls to avoid Fatigue from heat, as detailed in the *Savage Worlds* core rules. The temperatures cool a little at the poles, which means any explorers in those regions are instead slogging through damp, cold marshes.

The parasites and diseases that fester on the Bog aren't quite adapted to human physiology, but that's small comfort. Flitters and crawlers add the potential injury to the insult that is a visit to the Bog, but a far worse threat is the bloated "frogres" that seem to lurk in nearly every body of water on the planet larger than a mud puddle.

Center of the Information Mega-Junction

Once imagined as a repository for the accumulated knowledge of the known universe made freely available to all, the Information Mega-Junction was a planet-sized computer server. Now, it's one of the lowest pits of squalor in the United Systems.

Imagine that Bangkok and Las Vegas had a child who grew up rebelling against its parents' uptight, sanctimonious moral codes, dropped out of school, formed a rock-and-roll band just to score groupies, but later drifted so far into drug addiction that the band fell apart and it was left penniless and rolling in its own filth in a gutter. The Information Mega-Junction would write, direct, and produce the reality show documenting that child's train wreck of a life—and the individuals desperate enough to engage in a series of demeaning tests for a chance to date said train wreck.

Free access for citizens also translated to free access for con artists and sex merchants. Once austere towers of processors are adorned by garish neon advertisements and stains of unpleasant, distinctly biological origins. Every type of scam, ripoff, gambling, and pornographic pursuit is readily available

on the Mega-Junction. Even black-market cloning services are easy to come by for the buyer with enough creds. It goes without saying both the cloning techniques and the purposes to which said clones are used are degenerate and suspect.

A nasty race called the Sklerpions have overrun the planet, realizing the ease to which such a pit of iniquity could be used to their advantage. They frequent the bars and alleys of the planet looking for subjects from whom they can mine emotions. As such endeavors are *always* unpleasant for the minee, such transactions are usually conducted with unsuspecting, intoxicated, or simply kidnapped off-worlders.

Dressin

Dressin was once home to billions of the amoeba-like Dressites, but that was before Heath Huston teleported a tanker full of a chemical weapon onto the planet at the end of the Annubius Conflict. Very few survived the attack, and the majority of those were off-planet serving Dressite military. And since the race's culture dictated females remain at home, they and the Dressite young were disproportionately represented in the casualties inflicted by the attack.

Dressin is densely covered by strange, coral-like towers. Due to the Dressites' unique physiology, their architecture has few right angles, and most structures, corridors, and entryways are circular in shape. Each building is connected to others around it by several transparent tubes to allow easy travel between. Now, cities that once housed millions upon millions of inhabitants stand empty.

The Dressite homeworld lies near the edge of the United Systems' boundaries, but it was not always so. The Dressites were the first members of the United Systems to successfully resist the incursion of the Tetaldian Empire, a fact that earned them both the duty to protect the rest of the coalition and the undying hatred of the Tetaldians. They've held the robotic conquerors' incursions into United Systems' territory to a virtual standstill for thousands of years. Many conflicts that arise between the Dressites and Tetaldians now are less a result of Tetaldian harvesting operations than the cyborgs simply devastating planets to spite their amoeboid rivals.



Parts of the planet are still inhabited, mainly primary government, support, and military facilities. These have been sparsely repopulated by former and current members of the Dressite military and returnees from outer colonies.

The Border Lands

The strip of space between Dressin and the fringes of the Tetaldian Empire is referred to as the Border Lands. It's largely a no-man's-land avoided by other members of the United Systems due to the ever-present threat posed by the robot overlords of Tetaldia. Following the Annubius Conflict, the Dressite military took advantage of its isolated nature to set up a few outposts free from coalition oversight. There, they plan and prepare for their terrible, final revenge on both humanity and the war criminal, Heath Huston, for the devastation of their species.

Flin

At a distance of 3000 light years from Earth, Flin is the nearest habitable planet for humanity, as long as you consider a place run by fly-people in a perpetual conflict with a race of intelligent spiders. So maybe "habitable" isn't exactly the right word. Let's try again: Humans can breathe the air here without melting. Okay, that's probably more accurate.

To a casual, outside observer, Flin appears to be controlled by the fly people, who respond more favorably to the term Flitorian. They are relatively technologically advanced, have urbanized areas, and most importantly, bars. Their culture has marked overtones of Earth's Old West, particularly at the edges of their civilization, but they seem remarkably accepting of off-worlders.

The Sepliot—those are the intelligent spiders, for those keeping score—keep a much lower profile, usually residing in burrows or dens populated by dozens, or even hundreds of their kind. As a result, most uninformed visitors tend to buy the Flitorian propaganda that Sepliot are an infestation of vermin rather than the Class C species the United Systems has declared them to be. The Flitorians regularly try to bring in outside contractors to eliminate the Sepliot "blight."

Otherwise, Flin is fairly Earth-like, at least on a galactic scale. It is a dry world, covered by deserts and badlands. Its gravity is only a fraction weaker than humanity's homeworld, making it comfortable for landing parties.

Particulates in the atmosphere cast a yellowish haze over the landscape when exposed to sunlight. While breathable by humans, it contains various particles that react disastrously with Zerin thruster packs. Any spacer who tries to use a thruster pack causes a explosion doing 2d10 damage in an LBT centered on himself.

Glorphe

An unincorporated planet in the Outer Quadrants, Glorphe has a reputation as a place where money can buy anything. While the universe has plenty of unregulated destinations where there is little to no law to impede hedonism, what sets Glorphe apart is catering exclusively to the ultra-rich.

Numerous high-end restaurants specialize in the preparation of dishes consisting of members of other intelligent species. Vanity film companies allow visitors to participate in all sorts of depravities. Every imaginable vice is available here, at a premium, which somehow makes it more acceptable to the wealthy patrons. Regardless, without United Systems' oversight, visitors are effectively untouchable—at least under the law.

Kif

Located in the Deep, Kif is an unaligned planet populated by a race of Class E, four-armed bipeds known as the Kipferi. The world has a temperate climate and is still relatively young, in a geological sense. Tectonic activity has resulted in numerous jagged mountain ranges with deep valleys filled with dense, deciduous plant life. The atmosphere of Kif prevents thruster packs from operating, which makes the rugged terrain even more of an obstacle for explorers.

The surface teems with a wide variety of life, including skyfish, lava turtles, and other reptile, mammal, and fish analogues—usually of significant size. At least a few species of predatory plants make the vast forests of Kif their home. Some—like the huge mantrap

flower—are even large enough to prey on victims man-sized and larger.

The Kipferi people tend to respond aggressively to any “invaders.” In many ways, they appear tribal in their customs, but actually their government is that of totalitarian city-states. The planet is currently ruled by a dictator in the subterranean metropolis of Kipferia, which sits above a sea of lava. Although the Kipferi are fairly primitive technologically, they have had contact with more advanced species and covet knowledge and advanced gear.

Neavsivia

This planet is located in the Deep, hundreds of thousands of light years from Earth. Although easily capable of supporting life, it is uninhabited. The reason for this is Neavsivia is the universe’s equivalent of a haunted house.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago, the Neavsivians settled this world as religious outcasts from another planet lost to time, Ocleweian. Unlike many advanced races, the Neavsivians remained a spiritual and religious people. Their scientists believed they found a way to create a gateway to Heaven, transversable only by souls, by creating a low density singularity—in effect a weak black hole.

To make the transition, the entire race would have to perish simultaneously. On the day the scientists opened the black hole, a lethal sonic blast was simultaneously broadcast across the planet, slaying all Neavsivians. Their spirits were drawn into the black hole, presumably taken to Heaven.

Unfortunately, not all of the Neavsivians were deemed worthy of that honor...



Neavsivia Now

Its surface is approximately 50% water, but all of its land masses are covered with abandoned structures of a vast, planet-spanning metropolis. Although incredibly ancient, preceding the United Systems by untold millennia, the buildings on Neavsivia remain in remarkably good shape, a testament to the technological advancement of their builders.

Tall, gothic spires with flying buttresses and enormous stained glass facades loom over mile upon mile of smaller structures. Graceful, elevated highways span the voids between the towers and only show the beginnings of decay despite their advanced age. Encroaching vegetation is the most obvious sign of the world’s emptiness, as long vines and creepers climb over nearly every structure.

At closer look, the planet is revealed to be a giant necropolis, the bodies of countless Neavsivians lay where they fell hundreds of thousands of years ago. Any examination reveals the corpses are curiously undecayed. That’s because at irregular intervals the black hole reopens and regurgitates the spirits of the “rejected dead” when it does. They roam the planet as a type of zombie, seeking to devour the life force of any creature they encounter.

A planet-wide artificial intelligence continues to operate even now and is a testament to the achievements of the Neavsivians. It is capable of analyzing and communicating in virtually any language, known or unknown. Beyond a malfunctioning tachyon communicator, no other systems remain available for it to access, so sadly it mostly serves as a harbinger, warning any visitors of the danger they face.

Tetaldia

All land masses and much of the ocean surfaces are densely covered by enormous structures and complexes. The planet is so heavily overly developed in many places it resembles a circuitry board rather than a world. The heaviest construction lies around the numerous manufacturing facilities where the Tetaldians process the resources they’ve harvested from other planets, turning them into automatons and new bodies for the select few who’ve been granted a technological version of eternal life.

However, there are areas reserved for pastoral estates and regal mansions that would do any 18th-century Earth aristocrat proud. There, the ruling class of Tetaldian cyborgs retire when not pillaging other worlds. The greatest of these is the palace of Jentu, ruler of Tetaldia. His private holdings alone cover the same area as an average state back on Earth.

The current Tetaldian civilization stands on the ruins left by their progenitor race, the Astorgians. While the cyborg overlords stripped most of their own planet's resources like starving locusts early in their empire, in a few places, the foundations of Tetaldian structures rest atop ancient Astorgian buildings.

Jellybrains

Once the oceans of Tetald were home to the most advanced telepathic species in the known universe, the jellybrains. Heath Huston—or more accurately his clone—convinced the jellybrains to rise up and ally with the last of the Astorgians to destroy the Tetaldians in the distant past, but the Keepers intervened and erased the changes to history, returning the universe to its original timeline.

Although Huston's intervention was nullified, the jellybrains recognized the danger the Tetaldians posed to their race and fled the planet. This diaspora apparently weakened jellybrain culture to such a degree that they were unable to recover, and despite living for tens of millennia, the race is virtually unheard of now.

Zerinia

As you'd expect of a world that spawned a race of intelligent raptors, Zerin is a hot planet covered in dense jungles interspersed with wide swaths of desert. It lies outside the fringes of the United Systems in a nearby galaxy, over 500,000 light years from Earth.

No large, wild animal species remain on the planet as the early Zerin clans hunted these to extinction, either for food or self-protection. There are vast herds of domesticated animals which the Zerin raise for food, as their species is nearly entirely carnivorous. These large concentrations of cattle produce similarly large concentrations of waste and methane, which has served over the centuries to elevate

the average temperature on the already hot planet.

The planet is ruled by several different clans of Zerin, who have divided the planet's geography, much like countries on Earth. Although open warfare is rare on the planet, the clans often have drastically different laws, cultures, and morals. The culturally advanced Zerin clans distance themselves from those that still embrace their ancestor's predatory instincts.

The differences in the clans are evident even in their architecture. The marauding Zerin clans tend toward more simple structures and settlements, favoring more natural building materials, like adobe and wood. The cities of those clans that have channeled their drives to technological advances and scientific study reflect this, with soaring structures of alloy and plastic. However, even the more simplistic clans embrace sophisticated weaponry and other machines (like the portal devices) that can aid in their raiding on other planets.

A few clans are allied with the Tetaldian Empire. Well, allied in the sense a jackal allies with a lion at least. The Zerin cull victims from worlds the Tetaldians invade, sowing confusion and helping to weaken any defense. In return, the Tetaldians turn a blind eye to the lizards' existence and even drop homing beacons for the Zerin portal devices.

Cattle Worlds

Scavenger clans sometimes hold their "cattle" in pens on Zerinia itself, but more often they house them on any number of cattle worlds. These aren't usually actual Zerin colonies, but rather outposts they establish on desolate, hinterland planets. And there are few worlds less desolate than those harvested by the Tetaldians.

While the cyborg conquerors usually strip most resources and life from the planets they invade, Zerin raiders don't require much to construct holding facilities for their prisoners. They seldom provide more than the bare minimum shelter, a pasty gruel designed to fatten up their cattle, and water. After all, none of their prisoners are expected to live that long in the first place...



CHAPTER 7:

MORE SETTING RULES

“When we remember we are all mad, the mysteries disappear and life stands explained.”
—Samuel Clemens

CLONES

While the technology isn't necessarily widely available, many races have the means to either replicate or go full-blown duplicate on a body. Occasionally, this might serve as a way to allow a character a loophole to avoid at least one half of death and taxes, if you're feeling generous. More often, it can provide a thorn in the hero's side that just happens to look exactly like him.

Grown Clones

Old-fashioned, vat-grown clones are the most commonly encountered. Jellybrains have long had the technology, for example. Since most of the universe doesn't know the race exists though, they're probably not the first choice on most people's clone shopping list.

Luckily, anyone with a DNA sample and enough unicreds can usually find someone with a petri dish and a degree in biochemistry—or at least a piece of paper saying they do—at the Center of the Information Mega-Junction. There, cloning facilities advertise with neon lights. Of course, since they're often right beside shops specializing in interspecies fetish porn, we're just going to say “Caveat Emptor,” and back slowly away.

While a clone can be grown with a single sample of the original's DNA, all that gets you is a brain-dead lump of flesh less useful, in most cases, than a mirror. To become a functioning duplicate the clone needs either a complete mind transfer, a brain transplant, or at least a brain pattern upload.

The strain this places on the original is dependent on the method used. A pattern upload can leave the original's mind intact,

for example, while a transplant is a *bit* more invasive. In any case, the final product is nearly mentally identical to the original at the time of the imprinting.

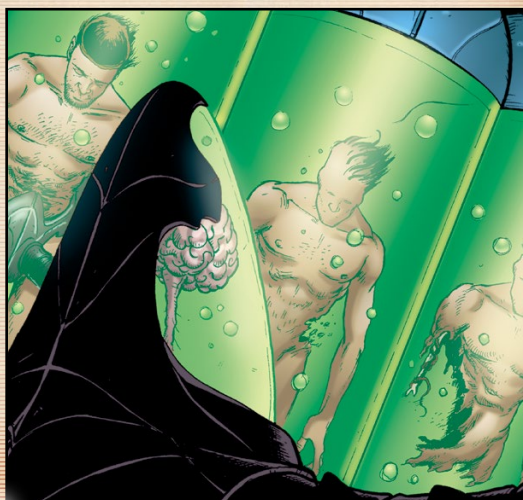
Not all clones receive the original's imprint. Some of the shadier cloning operations are willing to imprint nearly any pattern on a clone, even that of another species, or just leave it a blank slate—no questions asked.

Alternate Timelines

Another way duplicates can come into being is as a result of an anomalous timeline or alternate dimension. These doppelgangers aren't true clones, but independent entities with their own experiences and personalities. They may be nearly identical to this reality's version, or they may be drastically, even diametrically different.

Regardless, they pose many of the same problems for the original. Someone who looks, acts, and sounds like him is running around the universe. And in *Fear Agent*™, that invariably leads to trouble.

We've provided this table for those power-junkies who decide they want a few free advances at character creation. In many cases, you may want to keep the result secret from the player. Ain't no such thing as a free clone, after all!



Card

Clone

- 2 Flashbacks:** The hero is plagued by random memories dredged from the original's life. He has no control over when these occur, and when they do, they are so strong as to cause him to lose focus on reality. Anytime the clone is dealt a 2 for an Action Card, he is Shaken as the vivid hallucinations leave him reeling. This applies even if the character has an Edge or other effect that allows him to draw more than one Action Card, like Quick or Level-Headed. He can attempt to recover from Shaken normally.
- 3 Hunted:** Not only did the clone get her original's DNA, she also got her enemies as well. Somewhere down the line, the original made a powerful foe who's still gunning for her—and any clones she might have left running around. It might be a Tetaldarian overlord, a jellybrain, or another character or group of your own devising. Depending on the nature of her nemesis, he might settle for making her life a living hell instead of just sending her there in person.
- 4 Debt:** The clone is left holding the tab for a bill her original rang up before selfishly dying. Or maybe the bill is for the cloning process itself; immortality doesn't come free, after all. The Keepers, the United Systems, or another powerful group or entity has a handle on the clone, either through blackmail, outstanding criminal charges, or just straight financial debt. And when they need dirty work done, they know just who to call...
- 5 Dependent:** The character has to take a medication or supplement to keep his body functioning properly. Treat this as the Major Habit Hindrance, except that the penalties persist indefinitely if the clone can't get access to his drugs. At your option, if the hero finds suitable—and highly advanced—medical treatment, he may buy off this Hindrance by sacrificing an opportunity to Advance, but this should be a rare occurrence.
- 6 Night Terrors:** The brain scan from the clone's original was taken at or near the time of death. This leaves the poor dupe with a disturbingly clear memory of the event which causes her to relive the experience in her nightmares every time she gets some shuteye. Each time she sleeps for the night, she must make a Spirit roll or suffer a level of Fatigue. The Fatigue is recovered the next time she sleeps—but she has to fight her bad dreams all over again! (If you're skipping over a long period of time, like during a voyage, roll once instead of each night.)
- 7 Bad Copy:** The DNA sample used to make the clone suffered some degeneration, and it's caused the copy to suffer some degradation. Roll 1d6 and reduce the relevant Trait by one die type: 1) Agility; 2) Smarts; 3) Spirit; 4) Strength; 5) Toughness; 6) Roll twice, ignoring any further results of this. This is applied after character creation and doesn't affect the cost of skills or prerequisites for Edges purchased at the start. It does affect any skill increases or Edges purchased with later Advances, though.
- 8 Malformed:** There are no major issues with the clone's body, but his features didn't quite set correctly. Perhaps his eyes are visibly misaligned, his ears are obviously asymmetrical, or his nose is as straight as a sidewinder's back. The character has the Ugly Hindrance whenever his face is visible.
- 9 Short-Circuit:** The wiring in the clone's attic isn't up to code, if you know what we mean. His brain has made some odd connections, giving him a Major Delusion.
- 10 Aberrant:** Although everything functions more or less correctly, the clone's chemistry and organ systems aren't quite standard. Any attempt to heal the character with the Healing skill or a power suffers a -2 penalty. Fortunately, the penalty does not apply to natural healing rolls.
- Jack Afflicted:** The clone's internal physiology is compromised, either by poorly developed organ systems or an incurable debilitating condition. He has the Anemic Hindrance. If the character already has Anemic, the penalty increases to -4.
- Queen Doppelganger:** There is more than one copy of the clone running around the galaxy. The hero from time to time is held accountable for the actions of these other clones, and on occasion, they take advantage of any good will she's built on her own.
- King Knock-Off:** The original is still alive and kicking. The hero may have been created by the enemies of the original as a foil or maybe it was just an honest mistake. Either way, the original is none too pleased to learn he's no longer a unique butterfly and makes it his business to rectify the situation.

Card	Clone
Ace	Original: The character is actually the original character who, whether by accident or design, has been misled into believing she's a clone. There are no other drawbacks beyond the false assumption that she's a copy of another living being. Don't let the player know and have fun with it!
Black Joker	Second Generation: This poor clone is more than a single iteration removed from his original. Draw twice more and apply both results, ignoring any results of an Ace or Red Joker. Another Black Joker, on the other hand, just means the unlucky spacer is a clone of a clone of a clone and gets another extra draw!
Red Joker	Upgrade: The cloning process resulted in the character's physiology actually being improved over that of the original, making her harder and more resilient. She gains a +2 to all Vigor rolls.

WARP FAILURE

Occasionally, a navigator may make a disastrous error in performing the calculations for engaging a ship's warp drive. The results of these sorts of mistakes are both unpredictable, and perhaps more importantly, impossible to reproduce. Any time a character gets a critical failure on a Knowledge (Navigation) roll to set a course for a ship using its warp drive, draw an Action card and consult the **Warp Failure Results** table below.

Some of the effects are immediately obvious, but others—like time or spatial dilations—the crew doesn't realize the effects until the vessel drops out of warp. Regardless, once the unlucky adventurers begin to suffer the consequences, it's almost always too late to take steps to correct.

Card	Warp Failure Results
2	Warp Field Failure: The warp field fails catastrophically, jerking the ship out of warp and into real time. Each crew member suffers 4d6 damage from the sudden shift, flying debris, etc, and the warp drive must be repaired, as in Breakdown , below.
3	Fuel Dump: The warp generator consumes the ship's remaining hyperfuel in a massive surge. The ship instantly travels 1d4 light years in the burst, but then is effectively dead in the water until it is refueled.
4	Breakdown: The warp containment generator shorts out, a hooter valve locks up, or the like. Roll 1d10 and multiply that by 10% to determine where in the journey this occurs. The warp drive fails and it can't generate a warp field until it is repaired. For repair purposes, treat this as if the vessel had suffered a critical hit to the engine, causing 1d3 wound levels.
5	Debris: Debris gets caught in the distortion of the warp field and impacts the ship during the voyage. This does 3d8 damage to the ship, and counts as a Heavy Weapon.
6	Stutter: The warp field fails to fully energize, causing it to fade after an hour of travel. This doesn't cause any damage to the ship or crew, but getting the drive back online takes an hour and a successful Repair roll. After the ship is repaired, the course must be replotted before the trip can continue.
7	Faulty Containment: The containment bubble loses integrity, causing the warp field to be less effective. The trip takes twice as long as normal, costing double the fuel and provisions.
8	Miscalibration: The warp field either lasts too long or cuts off too soon. The ship comes out of warp 4d10 light years from its intended destination. (The roll for this determination can Ace.)
9	Internal Distortion: Space is distorted inside the warp bubble. Each crew member must make a Vigor roll or suffer a level of Fatigue due to disorientation and nausea. This Fatigue cannot lead to Incapacitation and is recovered after an hour in normal space.



Card

Warp Failure Results

10	Subjective Time: Inside the containment field, the passage of time becomes subjectively longer. Although time progresses normally outside, inside the field, it appears to pass at a rate of 1d6 times faster. This causes an equivalent increase in both fuel and provision use.
Jack	Time/Space Distortion: The ship is suddenly thrown a vast distance in a random direction. Roll 1d6, then draw another card. Multiply the result by the value determined by the card's suit: Clubs (100), Diamonds (1000), Hearts (10,000), Spades (100,000). The ship is now that far from its original starting point. Worse, the crew must spend a day and make a Knowledge (Astrogation) roll at -4 to even calculate where they are!
Queen	Chronal Entropy: Upon completion of the journey, the crew discovers they've aged 1d10 years. No Traits change as a result, although this does move the unlucky spacers closer to the grave...
King	Rejuvenation: Upon completion of the journey, the crew discovers they've grown younger by 1d10 years. No Traits are changed as a result.
Ace	Hyper-Efficient: A miscalculation somehow coaxes the warp field to function far beyond design parameters. The journey takes twice the normal fuel, but half the time to complete.
Red Joker	Dimensional Warp: The warp drive opens a portal to an alternate dimension, and the ship is drawn through.
Black Joker	Time Displacement: The ship is thrown through time. Roll 1d6, then draw another card. Multiply the total of the die roll by a value determined by the card's suit: Clubs (10), Diamonds (100), Hearts (1000), Spades (10,000), and Joker (100,000). The ship has been thrown that many years back in time!

TIME TRAVEL

Time travel is a staple of sci-fi in general. Exploring causation paradoxes, alternate histories, and just general I'm-my-own-grandpa tomfoolery is rich with narrative possibilities.

As of the end of the Annubius Conflict, no known species has mastered intentional time travel in the *Fear Agent™* universe. Not even the jellybrains or Tetaldians have managed to crack that nut just yet. But it does happen.

Warp drives already deform space, and as any warp scientist can tell you, space and time are closely intertwined. A malfunctioning warp drive can send a crew and their vessel thousands of years in the past. A previously undiscovered alien ruin may hold a device that harnesses tachyons or other theoretical particles, making personal time travel possible—once. A Zerin portal may go on the fritz and open into an alternate timeline. The possibilities are almost endless.

Time travel can alter the present in either large or minute ways. Significantly major changes to the past, such as the extinction of a major species, may even cause time to splinter manifesting multiple timelines. Ultimately,

it's your call as to whether stomping that one butterfly changes the course of evolution for an entire planet or just makes for a messy boot.

The key to time travel events in game are to use them as necessary for your adventure or campaign. Since heroes can't reliably replicate the triggering events, you don't have to worry too much about players mucking about with history, but even if they do, there's already somebody there waiting to clean up their messes.

The Keepers

The Keepers, or Tribunal of Eternal Keepers if you're opposed to brevity, monitor the universe's timeline for anomalous activity. The organization is large, immensely powerful, and very, very secret. Few creatures outside the Keepers even know of their existence, because most who come into contact with them do so by violating the one law they enforce: No Time Travel.

They profess to be neutral to the morality of events in the timestream, only that they not be altered by outside forces.

The organization looks for anomalies in the timestream caused by time travelers. Left unchecked, these anomalies and paradoxes can result in the end of this dimension's very

Tachyon Toads

Very little is known about these strange amphibian quadrupeds. About the size of a man's hand, they are covered in a warty, green skin and share more than a passing resemblance to Earth toads. Horn-like projections at the tops of their heads and bony protuberances on their forelimbs give away their alien origins.

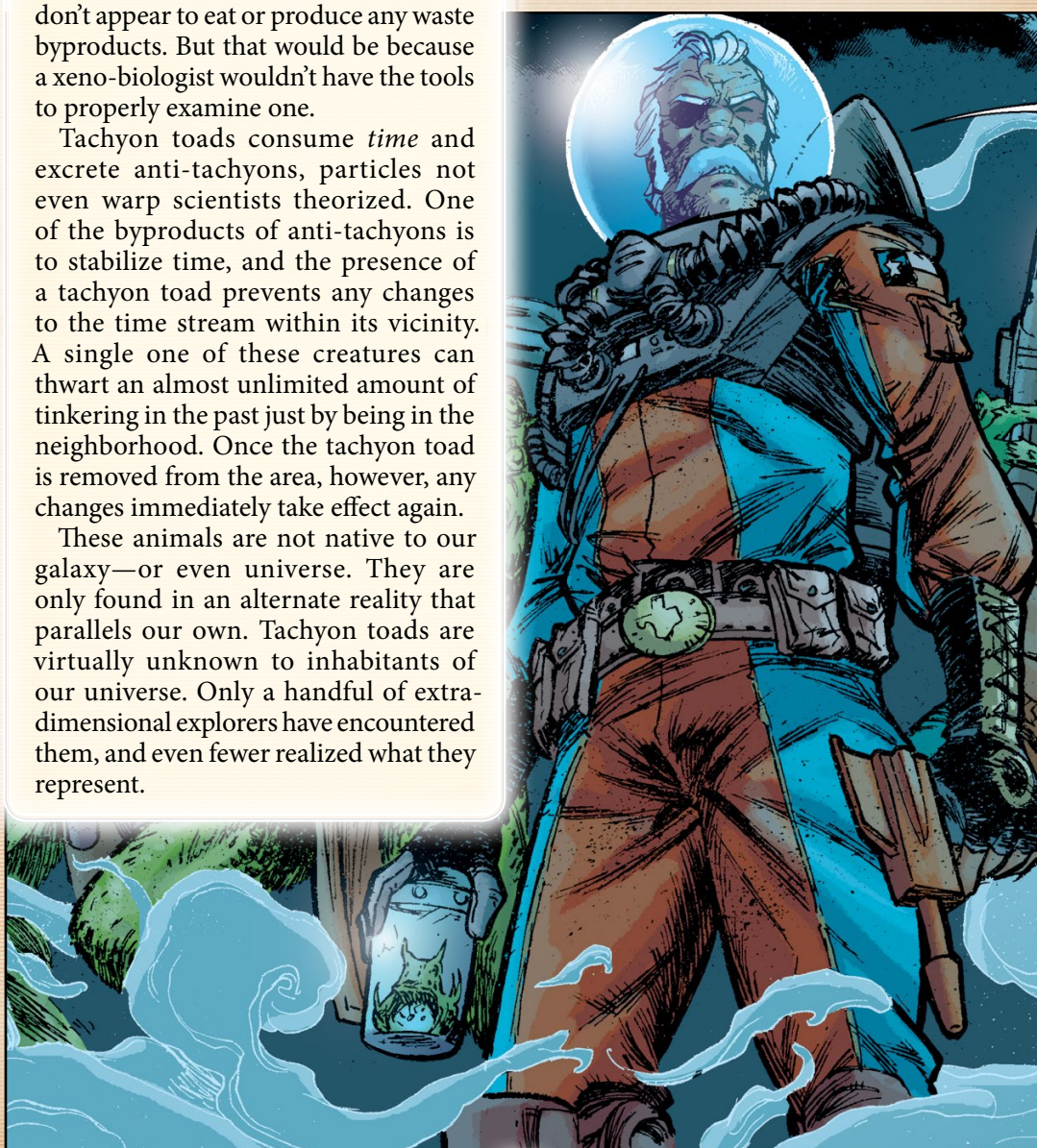
To a casual observer, there is nothing remarkable about tachyon toads. In fact, the most a xeno-biologist would learn from observation is that these creatures don't appear to eat or produce any waste byproducts. But that would be because a xeno-biologist wouldn't have the tools to properly examine one.

Tachyon toads consume *time* and excrete anti-tachyons, particles not even warp scientists theorized. One of the byproducts of anti-tachyons is to stabilize time, and the presence of a tachyon toad prevents any changes to the time stream within its vicinity. A single one of these creatures can thwart an almost unlimited amount of tinkering in the past just by being in the neighborhood. Once the tachyon toad is removed from the area, however, any changes immediately take effect again.

These animals are not native to our galaxy—or even universe. They are only found in an alternate reality that parallels our own. Tachyon toads are virtually unknown to inhabitants of our universe. Only a handful of extra-dimensional explorers have encountered them, and even fewer realized what they represent.

existence, so their mission is pretty important. When they discover any, they deploy enormous vessels known as World-Menders to erase the divergent anomalies, eradicating both time and space in that area in the process. Any suspected time travelers, intentional or not, are brought to trial for their crimes.

The Keepers are comprised of a number of Class A and B races from across the entire dimension. They have access to technology, weaponry, and knowledge far beyond the ability of humanity to imagine, much less duplicate. It should become quickly apparent to any adventurers blasters and lasers are woefully inadequate against a force that can simply remove you from the time stream.



Trial and Punishment

Characters taken captive by the Keepers for violating the proscription against time travel face a council of judges. There, they can argue their case. The council also appoints a representative to advise the accused and explain the proceedings. It's not unusual for one to communicate with the accused as if he has the mind of a child—to a Class B intellect, humanity is pretty childish.

Treat the trial as a Social Conflict (see **Situational Rules** in *Savage Worlds*). By the Keepers' statutes, anyone who loses his case almost certainly faces life imprisonment or death. This might seem harsh, but the Keepers' main goal is more about preventing the knowledge that time travel even exists rather than stopping individuals from doing it. Eliminate everyone who does it, and occasionally someone stumbles across it by accident. Make it a law, and suddenly every yahoo with a physics degree starts thinking about how to change prom night so they don't end up wedged in the locker room.

Of course, since it's unlikely your hapless time travelers even knew about the law in the first place, this is also an excellent opportunity for an alternative punishment for first-time offenders—one that leads to yet another adventure!

Anomalous Individuals

Perhaps most importantly, any character who experiences time travel also becomes something of an anomaly. Even after the Keepers rectify any changes to the timestream, the time traveler maintains her memories of the events. This is because she has become an alternate timeline in and of herself.

The reason this matters is she now stands apart from the primary timeline. She still experiences it and can still interact with it. In fact, to an outside observer she appears to be a normal part of the universe.

However, any further changes to the timestream, whether or not the Keepers correct them, do not affect her. She keeps her memories of the original past and she is unaffected by changes to history—up to and including killing her ancestors!

ALTERNATE DIMENSIONS

In addition to inadvertent time travel, your spacers might also have to deal with other timelines and dimensions. There's no set rule or pattern for these alternate dimensions. These can vary from relatively small, pocket dimensions that encompass areas as small as a single planet (or even smaller) to full-blown alternate timelines nestled in their own universe. The jellybrains proved on at least one occasion they possess the technological ability to create a "pocket" alternate dimension, in the hopes of diverting one of their foes.

Unlike time travel, there's little worry about paradoxes or changing the time stream when messing around in an alternate dimension. Sometimes, if a time traveler gets up to significantly disruptive behavior, she can even create an alternate timeline, complete with an entire dimension that evolves according to the changes she's caused. This can be an excellent way to allow your heroes to experience the effects of their mucking about with history, as the Keepers generally don't concern themselves with the bastard offspring of this sort of chronal mismanagement as long as it keeps its hands to itself.

And nothing says an alternate dimension has to mirror the primary reality. You can use an alternate dimension to throw your heroes into an entirely different genre of game for a while as a change of pace. Maybe it's a world trapped in the Old West or some other setting pulled from the backstory of one of the characters. Maybe it's one where sentient dogs rule Earth or magic works in the place of technology. Stretch your imagination.

Finally, while events in an alternate dimension have no effect on the timeline in the primary dimension, in *Fear Agent*™ few actions are without consequences. Enemies created there might follow the spacers back home to exact revenge, or an unexpected ally from another timeline might pop in to pull their bacon out of the fire at the last minute.



CHAPTER 8:

ADVENTURE GENERATOR

"All good things arrive unto them that await and don't die in the meantime."

—Samuel Clemens

There's plenty of opportunities for heroes to find danger, adventure, and even an occasional paycheck in *Fear Agent*™. The rest of this book includes *Savage Tales* and even a complete Plot Point Campaign. If you've read the original comics, odds are you've got a freight hauler full of ideas of your own for trouble to throw at your players—and if you haven't read them, get to it!

Sometimes though, you might want a quick framework for a scenario you can run on the fly. Or maybe you're just looking for the foundations for a new adventure you can flesh out more fully. For those occasions, we've provided the Adventure Generator on the following pages.

The Adventure Generator provides you with the pieces to the puzzle. It's up to you to put them together to form a complete story. There is no "right" way to do it, either. Whatever makes the best—and more importantly, most fun—narrative for you and your group is what matters.

With that in mind, consider the spacers your players have created. If the heroes are more action-oriented, you might want to skew your scenarios toward pulp adventure. On the other hand, if they've opted for more cerebral types, exploration or character interaction might be more up their alley. And of course, don't be afraid to toss a curve ball their way every now and then, just to keep them on their toes.

USING THE ADVENTURE GENERATOR

Draw a card from the Action Deck for each element of the adventure. Both the suit and the value play a role in determining the exact outcome. Occasionally, a result may ask you to roll a die or two as well.

We recommend determining all the elements of the scenario with the Adventure Generator first, then figuring out how they fit together. Sometimes, your results might not seem to make a lot of sense, at least at first. However, a bit of imagination and mental gymnastics can often turn those types of draws into the most memorable adventures.

Regardless, if a draw doesn't work for you, feel free to draw again—or just pick a different result. You can also just skim the tables for ideas, picking and choosing what appeals to you at the time.

Adventure Type

The card's suit determines how the heroes get drawn into the adventure, and the card's value decides *what* the objective of the adventure is.

Clubs (Innocent Beginning): The party finds themselves thrust into the action through no fault of their own...for once.

Diamonds (Work for Hire): The opportunity to put unicreds in the bank should be hard for any adventurer to pass up.

Heart (Character Motivation): In *Fear Agent*™, most heroes have plenty of Hindrances. Maybe the adventurer finds himself in a moral quandary or gets the chance to right an old wrong.

Spades (Old Friend or Enemy): An old acquaintance seeks out the spacer.

Objective

Value	Result
2	Exploration: The goal is to reconnoiter a location for a potential colony, to follow up on rumors of a pirate base, etc.
3	Recovery: The team has to recover an item, bit of data, or other object. This could include a sample of a rare alien species.
4	Bodyguard: The heroes need to protect an important individual from potential attack.
5	Rescue: The characters are called on to rescue another person, human or otherwise, from captivity somewhere in the galaxy.
6	Bounty Hunt: The spacers seek to collect a bounty on a wanted criminal or pirate.
7	Courier Run: Transport a package from Point A to Point B—what could be simpler? As it turns out, a lot of things...
8	Extermination: A nest of pests needs removal. You can choose a critter from the Bestiary or roll on the Pest Table (see below).
9	Scientific Survey: The group must either conduct an important scientific expedition or protect a bunch of pencil-necks while they do.
10	Treasure Hunt: One of the heroes hears a rumor of a trove of ancient artifacts, an abandoned Tetaldian weapons cache, or maybe a pirate's horde.
Jack	R&R: The spacers get a chance for a little downtime, or maybe they just get a job handling easy drudge work on a luxury resort. Of course, it doesn't stay relaxing or easy!
Queen	Diplomacy: The spacers are entrusted with a mission of peace or trade negotiations between two governments, whether local, planetary, or otherwise.
King	Espionage: The explorers find themselves thrust into the role of spies. The target might be political, but corporate spies are in just as high demand.
Ace	War!: Shooting has broken out between planets (or at least races), and the team finds itself drawn into the middle of it.
Black Joker	Goose Chase: The mission is just smoke and mirrors to distract the spacers or another party while a third group goes after another objective. Draw twice more—once for the distraction and once for the <i>real</i> job. The characters should have a chance to discover, and even thwart, the action.
Red Joker	Civic Duty: The government of Earth itself calls on the team to undertake a mission of utmost importance. Draw another card to determine the Objective, ignoring the suit.



Pests

d6	Pest
1	Bot: 2d6 workers or 1d6 combat
2	Crawler: 2d10 crawlers
3	Drake: 2d4 drakers
4	Flitter: 2d8 flitters
5	Devourer: 1d4 devourers
6	Void Eater: 2d6 void eaters

Obstacle

The second card determines what barrier there is to the adventurers' mission. The obstacle might be combat opponents, a Dramatic Task or a Social Conflict (see *Savage Worlds*), or just a series of related Trait rolls. The suit determines the number of opponents, or in the case of non-combat obstacles, the penalty to any Trait rolls to overcome them, like Astrogation, Piloting, etc. The value gives you the general nature of the roadblock.

Clubs: A walk in the park. Only a single Wild Card or 1d6 Extras stand against them, if they're facing an opponent. If non-combat Trait rolls are instead required to succeed, there are no penalties to them.

Diamonds: The group is up against 2d6 Extras, or any necessary non-combat Trait rolls they make against to overcome the obstacle are at -2.

Hearts: A Wild card with 1d6 Extra henchmen opposes the team. If it's a non-combat task, it's more involved, possibly requiring a Social Conflict or other opposed rolls to succeed.

Spades: The spacers just stuck their hand in a hornet's nest. The heroes are faced with a Wild Card with 2d6 Extras. For non-combat obstacles, it takes a Social Conflict or Dramatic Task—with a -2 penalty to the heroes' rolls!

Card	Result
2	Mercenaries: Someone has brought in hired guns to stonewall the team. Choose a race and apply the Soldier template (page 183).
3	Low Class: A band of Class E or lower aliens (similar to the Kipferi, Zlasfon, or demons) stand in the way. Stone knives, bearskins—that sort of thing.
4	Red Tape: Updating permits, flight plans, whatever—the wheels of bureaucracy need greasing.
5	Environmental: The spacers face some form of environmental hazard, such as a poisonous atmosphere or more mundane one found in Hazards , in the <i>Savage Worlds</i> rulebook.
6	Celestial Phenomena: The adventurers just blundered into a meteor storm, miniature black hole, living moon, or some other weird stuff. Whatever it is, it poses a threat to their ship—and therefore their lives.
7	Competition: A bounty hunter or group of bounty hunters is convinced there's money to be made, either off the heroes or the heroes' objective. Pay 'em off or fight 'em. Chose a race and apply the Bounty Hunter template (page 179)
8	Xenoform: Some strange alien lifeform, such as a Tidok or feeder, menaces either the heroes or their objective.
9	Pests: You just never know where a nest of vermin is going to appear. Roll on the Pests Table , page 60. Modify the results by the card's suit instead of the standard table amount.
10	Local Unrest: A band of citizens opposes the spacers. They may be vigilantes or just concerned citizens. Choose a race, and use the default stats for it.
Jack	Thugs: A gang of criminals is horning in on the characters' action. Chose a race and apply the Thug template (page 183).
Queen	Government Enforcers: The crew must deal with local or United Systems law enforcement officers to accomplish their goal—hopefully without laser fire. Choose a race and apply the Law Enforcement template (page 181).
King	Nemesis: The Tetaldians, Zerín, or Dressites are mixed up in the team's efforts.
Ace	Zealots: Somehow, the objective is tied to a race's religious beliefs. By hook or crook, the characters must overcome one or more diehard fanatics. Choose a race and use the default stats.
Black Joker	No Luck at All: As in, "If it weren't for bad luck..." Draw twice more.
Red Joker	Doppelgangers: Duplicates of one or all of the spacers make an appearance. They could be clones, time-traveling versions, androids, or just identity thieves, but they are determined to thwart the originals.

Complication

It's never as easy as it looks on a commlink. Complications represent an additional hurdle the team has to overcome to complete their mission. The card's suit determines the general nature or origin of the trouble, and the value identifies the specific problem.

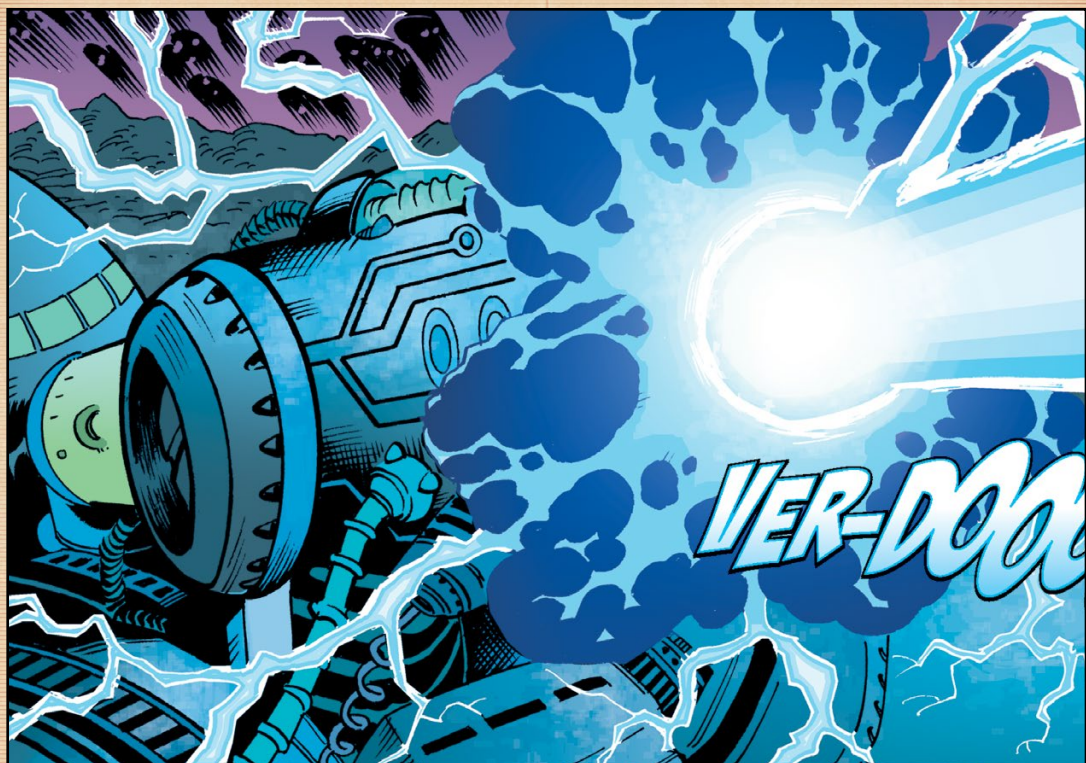
Clubs (Distraction): The problem is no more complex than it seems on its face. The spacers might not realize it, though...

Diamonds (Monetary): The predicament is one which requires money being thrown at it, or at least some really fast talking. For a rough estimates of costs, multiply the card value by \$500, with face cards counting as 10.

Hearts (Emotional): The source of the quandary is somehow tied up with one (or more) of the heroes' affections, prejudices, fears, or other powerful emotion.

Spades (Betrayal): Sold out! Someone wants to see the team fail and is throwing roadblocks in their way. It could be an old nemesis, a new foe, or even their current employer.

Card	Result
2	Mistaken Identity: Someone on the team is confused with another person. Whoever it is—a celebrity, vicious outlaw, or war hero—the identity comes with plenty of baggage.
3	Comm Problems: Maybe the transmission broke up, and a crucial piece of info was lost in the void. Or maybe the heroes just can't call for help when they most need it.
4	Rivals: There's someone else looking to do the same job—and they don't want competition!
5	Shortages: The spacers run low on fuel, provisions, or oxygen unexpectedly. Getting resupplied becomes a priority.
6	Non-Lethal: For some reason, the adventurers can't use deadly force. No disintegrations!
7	Malfunction: An important piece of equipment malfunctions, fails to meet regulatory standards, or just goes missing at the worst possible time.
8	Disaster: The group is racing time. Within 2d4 days, a massive disaster occurs, spelling, at the least, failure for their entire mission if they're not done by then.
9	First Contact: During the course of their adventure, the heroes encounter a previously unknown alien species. Whether it's friendly or not may depend entirely on their actions.
10	Outbreak: A virulent illness plagues the region—and the team. Each day, the crew must make a Vigor roll or gain a level of Fatigue. The disease can be treated, but not until the afflicted complete their mission.
Jack	Organized Crime: A major organized crime syndicate has taken an interest in the heroes or their mission.
Queen	Celebrity: A well-known figure such as a diplomat, pop star, or even a war criminal becomes involved in the events of the plot.
King	Corruption: A governmental official of some sort meddles in the characters' affairs.
Ace	Shocking Revelation: The events unearth some unexpected information. It may be merely something embarrassing about one of the explorers, or it might threaten the entire balance of power between planetary governments.
Black Joker	Class A Jerks: One or more Class A intellects, like the jellybrains, is working against the team behind the scenes.
Red Joker	It's About Time: Time travel puts a twist on things. The intergalactic hijinks can involve the heroes, their opponents, or the object of their mission.



Example #1

On your first run, you draw a Six of Spades for the Objective, Six of Diamonds for the Obstacle, and a Five of Diamonds for Complications. Checking the tables, you find the Objective is a bounty hunt involving an old enemy or acquaintance, the Obstacle is a celestial phenomena with no penalties, and the Complication is some sort of shortage caused by monetary issues.

Putting all those together, you decide one of the heroes learns a pirate she once had a run-in with now has a sizable bounty on his head. Leads don't come cheap, leaving them a little short when provisioning for the trip. Finally, rumors point them at a distant star system where they find the pirate and his vessel, but both ships are trapped in the gravity well of an uncharted black hole.

That's when they discover most of the cheap provisions turn out to be past their expiration date, leaving them with less than subsistence levels. To escape, the pilot must succeed at a Dramatic Task while the rest of the crew battles the pirates.

Example #2

You pull a King of Hearts for the Objective, Nine of Spades for the Obstacle, and a Three of Clubs for the Complications. You see the Objective is espionage motivated by a character Hindrance, the Obstacle is a band of 2d6 primitive humanoids, and the Complication is some sort of first contact involving a betrayal.

Looking over your group's Hindrances, you see one of the adventurers has Heroic. You decide he is approached by an activist who asks the team to visit a frontier planet where a Henronian corporation has started mining toxic minerals. The activist group believes there is an indigenous, sentient species there which should negate the Henronians' rights to exploit the world.

Upon arrival, they find there is indeed a native race and the Henronians are definitely exploiting them for cheap labor in the poisonous mines. However, the leaders of the race are completely enthralled by the Henronians' advanced tech and are secretly selling their people out to the corporation. To preserve the status quo, the primitive leaders send a war party to stop the heroes from leaving with incriminating evidence.



...BREAK.

CHAPTER 9: THE SEARCHERS

“There is more real pleasure to be gotten out of a malicious act, where your heart is in it, than out of thirty acts of a nobler sort.”

—Samuel Clemens

The Searchers is a Plot Point Campaign for the *Fear Agent*™ roleplaying game. Beginning shortly after the Annubius Conflict, it focuses on the player characters’ efforts to rescue at least some of the humans taken captive by Zerin scavengers before they make it onto some extraterrestrial’s menu as the Special of the Day.

The heroes are among the first humans to explore the vast universe outside our own solar system. Not only are they going to be hunting down renegade aliens, they’re also going to be learning just what life in the United Systems entails. Humanity has virtually no experience as a member of a trans-galactic civilization, and it’s likely the group finds the learning curve pretty steep.

In many cases, they are also going to be taking the roles of not only adventurers and explorers, but also first-contact emissaries of the human race.

Hardened Survivors: Fortunately, the new spacers have a little head start. Characters begin as survivors of the alien invasion, toughened by over a year of living hand-to-mouth, scavenging their livelihood from the ruins of Earth, all the while fighting back against not one but three invading alien races.

To reflect this, have your players build Novice level characters, then advance them to Seasoned. Some Edges are inappropriate for Novices—at least before humanity is exposed to the higher tech of the United Systems. The Warp Scientist, Clone, Captain, and Fear Agent Edges don’t even become options for humans until after the Annubius Conflict, so characters can only select them with their final, Seasoned Advance if they want them.

While many Hindrances aren’t really applicable for Earth-bound human characters—Dark Secret, Xenophobe, and Zero-G Sickness, for example—you may

choose to allow them to reflect the effect of the war on the hero. In that case, you and the player are assuming the Hindrance arose over the course of the invasion, possibly even replacing another character flaw (or at least overshadowing it).

Likewise, it’s not likely many humans had skill in Knowledge (Astrogation) or Knowledge (Warp Science) before it started raining aliens, so that skill can’t be taken by the base, Novice-level hero—at least not without a really good bit of justification. The future spacer can take it with any of the initial Advances though, reflecting interaction with alien technology and a growing understanding of the science behind it.

Campaign Summary

Here’s a quick rundown of the Plot Point Campaign. The campaign is also designed so you can intersperse the various installments with scenarios from **Blasts from the Past** (page 95), other *Savage Tales*, and adventures of your own devising.

1: Bloodhounds: The spacers are charged with tracking down and locating humans kidnapped by the Zerin during the Annubius Conflict.

2: Bad Bet: The beginnings of their search lead them to a sleazy pavilion on the outskirts of the United Systems. There, they meet a human who worked as a traitor for the Zerin. He points them toward another planet raided by the Tetaldians.

3: A Day Late: The heroes visit a post-apocalyptic world where the inhabitants faced the Tetaldians and fared worse than humanity. They find a Zerin cattle enclosure, but it’s filled with aliens from another planet. They discover a clue to another possible Zerin outpost on the far side of the galaxy.

4: Doorway: The team lands on a seemingly uninhabited planet where they meet a team of Zerin researchers. The Zerin scientists prove to be friendly and offer to help the heroes—but they need help first. Other members of their

team are trapped in an alternate dimension and need rescuing.

5: Intervention: Using override codes obtained from the researchers, the team travels to a world under attack by Tetaldians to find an active Zerin teleporter. They have to fight past robot war machines, alien raptors with rocket packs, and acidic Dressites to get to it though.

6: The Great Raid: Having learned the location of an active Zerin cattle planet, the heroes lead a rescue attempt to free thousands of captives.

I: BLOODHOUNDS

The campaign begins with the soon-to-be spacers on an impromptu launch pad on the outskirts of Austin, Texas. Nearby sits a sleek, otherworldly spacecraft with the name “Hope” painted in sweeping flourishes near the front. A risqué drawing of a scantily clad woman sits astride the name, reminiscent of old WWII aircraft nose art.

The team watches as a ground crew loads the spaceship with cases of provisions and personal gear. Each hero is wearing a spacesuit and equipped with a laser pistol.

A woman dressed in a sharp business suit approaches the group. The heroes recognize her as Charlotte Huston, one-time Fear Agent and defacto leader of humanity’s survivors. With her is a man dressed in an official-looking uniform bearing the insignia of the United Systems. The team has made his acquaintance as well. He’s Thomas Yorke, another former Fear Agent, now the human representative to the vast coalition which the Earth joined in the aftermath of the devastating Annubius Conflict.

The Old Me

If you’re planning on using the scenarios in **Blasts From the Past**, be sure to have them hold onto a copy of their Novice-level character sheet. They need those versions of their heroes for use during the flashback scenarios presented in the next chapter.

Addressing the crew, he begins:

“You are among the first humans to head out into the galaxy as representatives of our planet. That’s both an honor and a burden. It’s up to you to make sure we get off on the right foot with the rest of the United Systems.”

“Understand many of you may understandably harbor some ill will in light of what we’ve just endured, but it’s imperative that you present humanity in a positive light. Personally, I’d rather we send an official delegation than a band of guerrillas who managed to get their hands on a starship as our first emissaries, but I’m not calling the shots around here—at the moment—so I just remind you once again to behave yourselves. It’s a whole new galaxy out there.”

Marching Orders

With that Yorke moves off, officiously issuing directions to anyone who listens to him—and many who don’t. The woman steps up, making small talk and watching Yorke until he’s out of sight.

“Tom takes his role—like most things—a bit too seriously. But he’s right. He’s not calling the shots, I am.”

“You all proved yourselves plenty of times during the war, and you did it without any of us looking over your shoulder. I’m counting on you to do it again. We’re cutting you loose into the great unknown. You’ll be on your own out there, but I need you to do something for us—for Earth—while you’re out there.”

“I can’t give you orders, but I also don’t need to tell you we’re running low on manpower. Estimates put us at maybe one million humans left alive on the planet. But we also know the Zerin kidnapped thousands, maybe even millions, during the war. Find as many of those as you can and get them home safely.”

“We might have to play by the United Systems’ rules, but we can’t afford to not cheat from time to time if we plan to survive, which is what I call winning. Do what you have to to find them, short of dragging us into another war.”

“Earth won’t be of much help beyond fully fueling and provisioning your ship. We don’t have the resources or the juice in the coalition to do much more. You’ll have to make your own way once you leave home, but your mission might be one of the most important any human has been given.”

Maiden Voyage

Huston escorts them aboard the spaceship. Inside, it's nearly as alien, but clearly designed for a race at least close to humanity in size and shape. Strange curves and odd angles are a little disorienting at first, but the characters quickly adjust.

"Tom didn't want you taking Hope, but I don't see how we can stop you. If it weren't for you, we wouldn't have the ship in the first place."

Huston points the team toward a few crates just inside the vessel's main airlock. Inside are space suits, laser pistols, and earbud translator chips for each member of the crew. There is also a pair of thruster packs and a single disintegrator pistol.

She guides the team onto the bridge of the vessel.

"I've had our best techs go over it and convert the control panels to work with just two hands. We've also installed a translation program for the AI and given it a human voice. It might slip back into its original language from time to time, especially with words we don't have in English, but other than that, it seems to work fine."

The woman gives the group a serious look and says:

"We've also done some...remodeling on the ship's identification beacons. We still haven't figured out what species built her, but since the government shot her down back in the late 1940s, we don't think it's all that likely you'll run across a former owner out there."

"It goes without saying you don't have the registration or title, so don't go trying to pawn her off to a used-spaceship lot."

She ends the tour near a bank of data readouts. *"The Zerins aren't members of the United Systems, so there's not much on them in the coalition libraries. We don't know where their home world is, so we can't even point you in the right direction."*

"However, we do know that the lizards occasionally paid people off to lead other humans into traps. We think that's your best lead. You should be some of the first humans out among the stars. If you find another, particularly one who's living high on the hog, you might have discovered one of these traitors."

"Our best guess is to poke around the pavilions—that's what they call big, independent

The Hope

The *Hope* is an alien ship the heroes (or another group, if you'd rather—and you're not using **Blasts from the Past**) obtained from Area 51 near the end of the war. It's a small, atmospheric exploration vessel shot down over Roswell back in the 1940s. Roughly triangular in shape, in many ways it resembles an old flying wing.

Its AI has been equipped with a translator and personality overlay, but occasionally lapses into an alien language incomprehensible to anyone without a translator chip. The design is clearly not human, and after the spacers have spent a month or so onboard, allow them to make Smarts rolls at -2 to decipher its previous owners may have been insectoid in nature.

The ship is well-armed for its size and equipped with shields—a valuable upgrade not common in the United Systems.

Medium Starship: Size 8, Acc/TS: 55/700, Climb 2, Toughness 25 (6), Crew 5, Cost \$24.95M, Remaining Mods 2

Notes: AI, AMCM, Atmospheric, Fuel Pods, Planetary Sensor Suite, Shields, 2×Speed, Targeting System, Warp Drive

Weapons:

- Dual Linked Light Laser
- Medium Laser (Fixed)

space stations—on the edge of United Systems space. You'll find plenty of them in the Hope's databanks.

"That's all I got. Good luck, and Godspeed."

With that, Huston sees them off. She can answer basic questions, but humanity is still pretty in the dark about what's going on in the United Systems. She does know freelance work, especially for anyone with their own ship, is fairly common out in the galaxy and recommends they keep an eye open for lucrative work. Not only can it provide the funds to keep fuel in their ship, but it's also likely a good source for leads or at least contacts who can help them in their search.

The Hunt Begins

Like Huston said, humans are new enough to the United Systems for a sharp-eyed alien to notice them. Space is still a big place, and on a galactic scale, there aren't really that many traitors out there.

Exactly how long you want your heroes to search before finding their first lead is up to you. This is an excellent spot for you to introduce the players to life in the United Systems by inserting a *Savage Tale* or other scenario as they find their fuel and supplies dwindling.

Allow the team one Streetwise roll at each location they visit. Each pavilion or other location suitable for canvassing is $1d6 \times 1,000$ light years from the next, so this isn't something they're likely to accomplish in a day or two.

The explorers can make this roll cooperative. On the first visit, the roll is at -4 , the next at -2 , and the third and all subsequent checks are made at no penalty. Once the adventurers have accumulated three successes, they get a solid lead to another human out in the Outer Quadrant. Raises count as a success for these purposes.

2: BAD BET

Once they've identified a possible starting point, another Streetwise roll points them toward Blorm-Lorp, a planet known for its

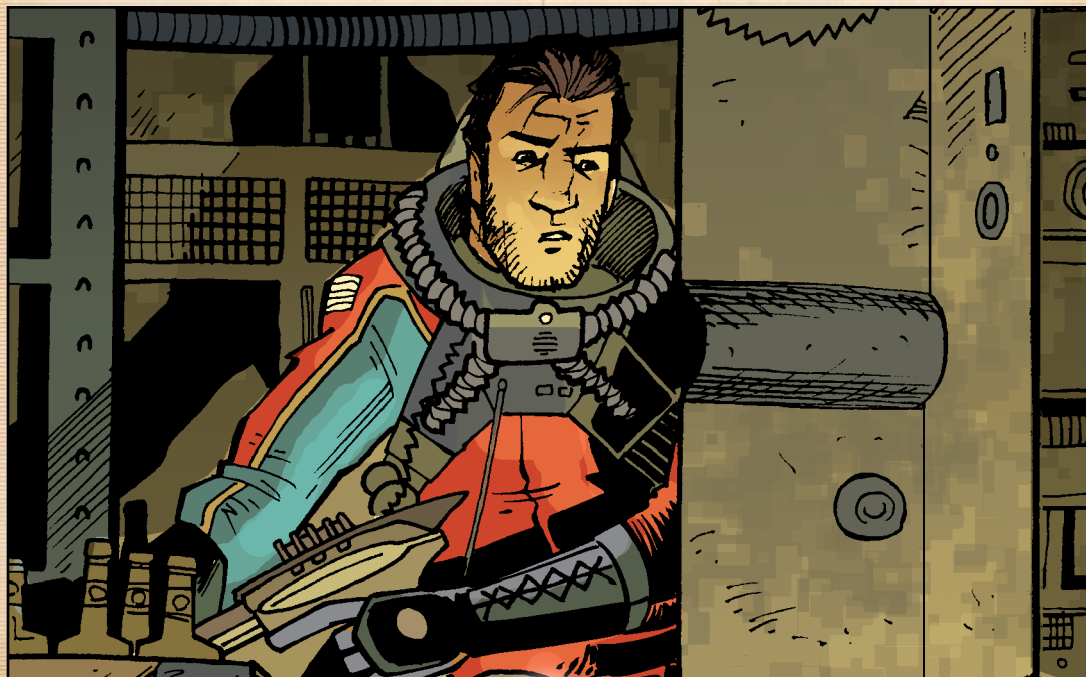
lax regulations and frontier-like atmosphere. The human apparently recently came into possession of a casino there which he promptly renamed the Longshot. A raise identifies the owner as David Long—a name the spacers may recognize if you're using the flashback scenarios (see **Blasts from the Past** on page 95).

Alternately, a Knowledge (Computer) roll can produce the same information by scanning datafeeds.

On Blorm-Lorp, finding the casino, the Longshot, is a simple task—no roll necessary. Like most casinos, the Longshot makes an effort to help gamblers find it. The building is a garish, neon-lit affair that's clearly seen better days, but is still hoping to lure a few folks with bulging wallets through its doors. Inside, the carpets are a little threadbare and stained, and the dealers of various games of chance all seem almost as down on their luck as the gamblers at their tables.

During afternoon and evening hours, Long can be found on the casino floor wearing his fedora and chatting it up with customers or playing a game of chance. He's always got two bodyguards with him. Several other security personnel patrol the gaming pit, able to come to their boss's aid within a single round if a fight breaks out.

If the team is openly threatening or tries to kidnap Long, his goons don't hesitate to shoot—a lot. His crew is a mix of various alien



races. Although they may be purple, orange, have three eyes, or other visible differences, in game terms none are significantly different from humans.

- **Casino Guards (2, plus 1 per hero):** Use the stats for Human (page 162) by the Thug template (page 183). All wear body armor (+4) and are armed with laser pistols (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2), and nightsticks (Str+d4).

Over the Coals

David Long is a habitual gambler and did, in fact, spend his blood money buying a casino on Blorm-Lorp. However, he is also a *bad* habitual gambler and never met a bet he didn't like. He's already far in the hole on debts he's accrued over the last year.

Any hero who spends any time gathering info on Long or his establishment can make a Streetwise roll at a -2 penalty. Success reveals Long is up to his eyes in debt to the local criminal syndicate, and it's only a matter of time before the gang calls in its marker.

Long has a few hired thugs on his payroll, but he's not paying them enough to go up against the planetary syndicate. If the heroes try to pass themselves off as enforcers, let them make an Intimidation roll.

With a success, Long's leg-breakers back off without a fight and stop just short of offering to take the spacers' coats before the heroes rough up their boss.

Whether the investigators use hook or crook to lay hands on Long, they discover pretty quickly he doesn't think they've been sent by his loan sharks. After all, they're human, and Long was betting humanity's number was already up. We said he made bad bets.

If the heroes don't try a direct approach, his first gambit is to greet them as long lost friends. He tries to sell himself as an escapee from a Zerin cattle planet who just got lucky. (Of course, if you're using the flashback scenarios from **Blasts from the Past**, the heroes know this is a bald-faced lie.)

Should the party call his bluff, he next tries to extort some unicreds for the information. He starts with enough to pay off his debts—\$100,000—but can easily be negotiated down to the price of a ticket off-world. Or even just a ride on the group's ship.

If they stand firm, he offers them a nice lump sum to let him go—one which he doesn't have, but he's hoping the team doesn't know that. If they take him up on it, he tries to use their greed to either escape or get help from his guards if they're still around.

Ultimately, if they can't wheedle the information out of him through clever banter, bribery, or roleplaying, an Intimidation Test of Wills gets Long to spill the beans. Give the interrogator a +2 bonus if she threatens to turn him over to the syndicate. He's much more afraid of them than an interim Earth government thousands of light years away.

A Persuasion roll can also get him to talk, but it's opposed by Long's own Persuasion roll. He's a pretty slick talker himself and prone to see through most ruses.

❖ **David Long:** See page 189.

Lankt'on

Once he's tried his excuses or one of the heroes succeeds at one of the opposed rolls above, Long owns up to his crimes. He's full of justifications, of course—most boiling down to claiming the people he betrayed would have died anyway, he just made a little money in the process.

He confesses to leading hundreds, maybe even thousands, through Zerin portals. Once on the cattle planet, the captives were herded into cages for holding.

"I'm not sure where they took all of them, but I'm pretty sure some went directly to Zerin for their private herds. You'd need half the Dressite fleet to get at them there. I think they took some to holding pens on other planets for sale, though."

In exchange for his traitorous acts, the Zerin gave him a tidy lump sum. He lived high on the hog for a while, eventually buying the casino on Blorm-Lorp in an attempt, in his words, to "go straight." His story then devolves into a self-pitying whine about how he's been preyed upon by unscrupulous card cheats, creditors, and ungrateful customers, a tale he's happy to spin for as long as the spacers listen. Eventually, the investigators learn the name of the planet where the Zerin took their prisoners: Lankt'on.

Final Justice

How the heroes handle Long afterwards is pretty much up to them. It's unlikely the characters want to just let him go. The United Systems could prosecute him for war crimes, but that entails taking him to the nearest outpost, which is more than 1,000 light years away. Since there's no bounty on the man's head, that is also 1,000 *unreimbursed* light years.

There's precious little in the way of law enforcement on Blorm-Lorp. The locals have no interest in Long anyway; he's committed no serious crimes on that planet. Of course, for a suitable bribe, evidence could be *found* of such a transgression...

Finally, there's always the local syndicate who'd probably be fairly grateful for the delivery of someone as far in debt as Long is. And if it's one thing criminals aren't known for, it's their fair and equitable punishments of people who cross them.



3: A DAY LATE

How difficult you want to make following up Long's lead is up to you. Long arrived and departed the planet via Zerin gateway, after all, so he doesn't have coordinates for the system. If you want to make their next destination easy to find, you can allow the adventurers to locate Lank'ton in the United Systems' databases.

On the other hand, if you want to make it harder, maybe Lank'ton is unknown to the coalition. Or maybe the Zerin used a different name for it than the one in the databases. Identifying the world could take days or weeks of research—and at least a few Investigation rolls.

If you want to put a twist on it, perhaps Long provided a digital image of him on the planet taken as a memento of his big strike. One in which the night sky appears in the background!

With time and a few Knowledge (Computer) or Investigation rolls, the heroes can narrow it down to a searchable quadrant of space.

Regardless, even once they have the name of the planet, getting there is no stroll in the Milky Way. It turns out Lank'ton is located well outside the United Systems. It lies nearly 300,000 light years from the nearest refueling stop, an isolated pavilion on the edge of coalition space.

Unless the group has an abundance of hyperfuel hidden somewhere, that's nearly at the *Hope's* point of no return. In other words, the team has to fill up at the sign that says "Last Hyperfuel for 10 Parsecs." That probably also means the team needs to raise enough money to top off the *Hope's* tanks, which gives you an opportunity to throw in a *Savage Tale* or adventure of your own design!

Dead World

The trip to Lank'ton can be as simple or complicated as you like. Just keep in mind the spacers likely are going to be on fumes when they get back to the United Systems, so any diversions could leave them stranded literally in the middle of nowhere.

If you want to throw in a flashback scenario to fill in the space between civilization and Lank'ton, **A New Hope** (page 109) gives the heroes a bit of background on their rather unique ship.

Burnt Husk

Lank'ton orbits a sun not unlike Earth's, and its orbit is very similar. Once they are close enough to begin scans, the explorers find the planet is a desolate wasteland. Although there are several oceans and other abundant sources of water, most major landmass appears to be a windswept desert.

Further readings find no signs of current habitation, but the explorers identify the remains of buildings, roads, and other construction. From the state of the ruins, whatever civilization once flourished here has been gone for centuries, if not longer. The spacers also detect strong radioactive storms sweeping across the planetary surface, easily powerful enough to be dangerous to any unprotected humans.

If the team looks for life signs, give them a Knowledge (Electronics) roll at -2 every hour they spend on sensor sweeps. With a success, they find a small concentration near the ruins of a city in the center of one of the landmasses. A raise also reveals it is the only area of the planet with significant concentrations of metals.

No higher life forms show up on the scans, no matter how long the spacers man their instruments.

Apocalypse Not Long Ago

Lank'ton was a thriving planet of sentient beings only a few years ago. The planet was targeted by the Tetaldians for harvesting. The cybernetic reavers fell on the planet like robotic locusts.

The Lank'tonians fought back as best they could. Although they hadn't mastered space flight, they had developed nuclear weapons. When it became clear how outclassed their militaries were by the Tetaldians, the Lank'tonians began using their nukes—often against their own cities.

The nuclear weapons weren't much more effective against the invaders than conventional weapons, but they were devastating against the Lank'tonians themselves. Lingering radiation killed the few who escaped the Tetaldian conquerers and Zerin scavengers.

As usual, the Tetaldians stripped the planet to the bone and moved on. The Zerin raiders initially planned to use the dead world as a holding area for their "cattle." While their own environment suits shielded them, they soon discovered the powerful radiation

storm rendered it unlivable for unprotected creatures.

The Zerin were forced to move their holding pens—and most of their captives—from Lank'ton within a few months of the beginning of the Annubius Conflict. There are still some clues for the team to discover on the surface, though.

Landing Party

The concentrations lie within an area covered by fairly extensive ruins. The crew can find a landing spot no closer than a mile from the target area. As noted above, the *Hope's* AI recommends they remain suited while on the surface due to the risk of a radiation surge. The storms seem random, or at least currently unpredictable given the limited data the heroes have on them.

The surface is every bit as bleak as the images and scans they received from orbit indicated. The ruins of several buildings stand near the landing area, but none are more than a single story high. Any explorer examining them can make a Notice roll at -2 to realize the buildings were destroyed no more than a few years ago, at most.

Is Anyone Home?

Although low-lying, the ruins turn the landscape into a rolling mass of debris. Line of sight is effectively blocked beyond more than a few yards. Picking through the broken terrain is tedious and time-consuming, and it takes the better part of a half-hour to reach the location the *Hope's* sensors identified.

A hero with a thruster pack can obviously reach the destination much quicker, but unless the team has invested in extras, it's unlikely they have more than the original two Charlotte Huston equipped them with. Of course, if the team decides to split the party on an unexplored, ghost planet, that's their business...

The readings lead to an area cluttered with hundreds of vast, empty metal cages. Each is easily capable of holding 50 or more humans. Some still contain torn clothing, waste, and even a few skeletons—or at least scattered bones. As the heroes examine the cases, they can make a Notice roll. With success, they see while most appear to have been simply unlocked, some of the locking mechanisms have been forced or otherwise broken.

Before the crew has time to really explore the area, they discover the source of at least some of the life readings.

Lunch Is Served!

Some of the human captives broke free during the transfer, others were deemed too sickly to be worth transporting, and still others simply got left behind on Lank'ton when the Zerín moved their holding pens. At first the survivors felt like they'd dodged a bullet, but then they found out how bad their situation was. The only thing the planet had in abundance was radiation, and among the many things it *didn't* have was edible food.

Most of the survivors were forced to choose between becoming cannibals or becoming a cannibal's dinner. Adding to their bestiality, exposure to the planet's radiation caused horrible mutations as well. By the time the *Hope* arrives on planet, the majority of the humans still alive see the heroes as little more than an interstellar pizza delivery.

The cannibals have gotten pretty good at sneaking up on other humans. Give the explorers a Notice roll at -2 to spot something amiss before the cannibals attack. Deal those who succeed Action Cards as normal, while any who fail lose a round to surprise.

Although they gladly accept any surrender, the cannibals aren't too concerned with taking any of the team alive. In the end, they plan to kill everyone anyway.

When the team outnumbers them, the remaining cannibals try to flee back into the ruins. Killing or otherwise taking down the leader doesn't affect their morale, as it just means more meat for the rest of the tribe.

- ❧ **Mutant Leader (1):** See page 166.
- **Mutant Cannibals (4, plus 1 per hero):** Use the stats for Mutant Cannibal on page 165.

Not Quite Empty-Handed

Once they've dispatched or routed the cannibals, the heroes can finish exploring the holding area. Counting the cages reveals the Zerín could have held as many as 20,000 captive here at one time. The number of bones the spacers find represent less than 100, so the majority of the prisoners may still be alive somewhere.

As they wander through the cages, the team eventually discovers a damaged Zerín portal generator. The device is partially disassembled and has suffered some from exposure to the planet's harsh environment. Even if it were functional, there is no power source on Lank'ton capable of generating even a fraction of the power the generator requires to open a portal.

As they're examining it, a young woman covered in thick, dirty robes hails them as she approaches from the ruins.

"Don't shoot! I'm not like those others. Are you really human? I was afraid you were the lizards come back to take what they left."

Assuming they speak with her, they learn she is one of about a dozen humans who've survived without descending into cannibalism. She tells them the Zerín evacuated most of the captives shortly after arriving here. She doesn't know where they took the rest of their prisoners, many thousand went through the portals before she was able to escape.

She and the rest of her group took shelter in an underground structure nearby, which shielded them from the worst of the radiation. They've been living off a combination of food left behind by the Zerín, edibles scavenged from the ruins, and even by eating insects. Her group is slowly being whittled down by cannibal raids—and the group the team defeated isn't the only tribe of mutants in the area. There are now only nine survivors left.

Annabelle tells the team the portal generator they discovered was in use by the Zerín during the early stages of the evacuation. They tried to repair it initially, but as more and more captives escaped, they focused more on keeping control of their prisoners. Eventually, she thinks they either gave up on repairing it in time—or forgot it.

If none of the team thinks of it, let the heroes make a Smarts roll to realize the coordinates for the last destination may still be programmed into the device. Getting to that location is entirely another matter, but at least they have a starting point.

Home Again

Annabelle begs the team to take the rest of her group with them when they leave. If the heroes agree, it's a tight squeeze for the ride



back and food becomes a precious commodity for the last week, but they can manage.

Once the *Hope* makes it to a United Systems pavilion or planet, the team can use a communications array to contact Earth. If they do, Huston encourages them to transport the survivors they've rescued home. She also tells them to keep the Zerin portal generator secret for now and bring it back as well. Although she doesn't go into details, she says there are some human techs with some experience with the devices. They may be able to glean something from the generator.

If the heroes return the refugees and generator to Earth, Huston sees to it their ship is completely refueled and refitted. In addition, she awards them a \$20,000 bonus (unicreds)—which is the most she can siphon off the books without risking the attention of the United Systems. While she's working to help Earth integrate into the coalition, she still doesn't entirely trust every alien to have humanity's best interests at heart.

Charlotte promises to contact them as soon as her techs have made any headway on deciphering the data on the portal generator.

If they opt not to return to Earth, it's up to the crew where they take the refugees. The Lank'ton survivors have no money, no translator devices, and not the slightest idea where they are with relation to their home planet. In other words, dropping them off at the first space station the *Hope* encounters is probably not a great idea.

4: DOORWAY

At some point after they drop the Zerin portal generator off on Earth, Charlotte Huston contacts the *Hope* to pass along what the techs have discovered. How long this takes is up to you, but we recommend at least a few weeks pass before the scientists back home can make any breakthroughs. And due to the vast distances space travelers tend to cover, the group can only receive the message when they are at a station or planet with a communications array. What we're saying is you've got some wiggle room here to fit in more adventures.

Lone Wolves

If the team doesn't turn over the portal generator to Huston, they're left to their own devices to make sense of the alien contraption. This is no easy process, as the heroes are trying to decipher the programming of a highly complex machine crafted by aliens capable of defying the laws of physics as humanity currently understands them. Even the labels on the generators are written in an indecipherable script—translator chips only work for spoken languages.

Fortunately, the *Hope's* AI is of tremendous help, allowing the spacers to eventually make some sense out of what they found on Lank'ton. This should take at least a few weeks and probably longer, but it's your call.

Allow any adventurers working on the generator to make appropriate Knowledge rolls when working on the project during their downtime. You can accelerate or delay their eventual success based on the outcome of the rolls. However, regardless of their successes or failures, they ultimately do glean the same information the Earth techs provide below.

Rosetta Stone

Whether Huston provides the information or they work it out on their own, the team learns the generator they recovered is unrepairable. Several important parts are fused while others are simply missing, removed by either the mutants on Lank'ton or the Zerin themselves. That doesn't mean the device is worthless, though.

Only Half the Battle

First, the generator's memory buffer is still intact. This means the techs working on it—or the heroes—were able to recover the coordinates of the last location the generator accessed. Unfortunately, the coordinates do not appear to correlate to any known mapping system.

However, if the team can access a working Zerin portal generator, the coordinates can be used to open a gateway to the intended destination. Luckily, the generator provides enough insight to its function to allow construction of a sensor capable of detecting portal activations, even across vast distances.

The sensor applies existing Henronian quantum technologies to register warps in the

dimensional fabric of our universe. Because it uses quantum strings, the detection is virtually instantaneous, regardless of the distances involved. And the sensor has a functional range of nearly 40,000 light years, which covers a whole lot of space.

Building the sensor can be as simple or as difficult as you like. It could be something the team can assemble with spare parts they have around the ship and a Repair roll. Or it might require components from a Henronian teleportation belt—which the hedonistic little squats are loathe to sell to non-Henronians, and even then only at an atrocious price.

In the end, it depends on how many hoops you want your spacers to fly through before beginning the meat of this installment, because within days of completing it, the explorers get a reading on the device of an operational Zerín portal!

Bungle in the Jungle

The portal activation corresponds with an unexplored and unnamed planet in the Deep, but not too far outside the boundaries of the United Systems. How far from the *Hope's* current position depends largely on where in coalition space the team is, but we recommend it be no more than a few days flight time—about 50,000 light years or so. Otherwise, you may need to alter the adventure's timeline.

Hot Enough For You?

The signal originates from a planet in orbit around a binary star. The twin suns in themselves are striking enough upon first sight, but they're made more so by the fact that they're orbiting a small black hole. Plasma streams off both stars, spiraling into the event horizon like an enormous flaming whirlpool.

The planet, Razzeen, orbits far enough from the strange stellar formation to allow life to not only develop, but flourish. Razzeen is a tropical world covered in dense plant growth. Approximately half its surface is water, with three continents comprising the majority of its land mass. Its atmosphere is breathable, although the average daytime surface temperature approaches 100° and humidity hovers near 90%, making it a fairly uncomfortable climate for humans.

Scans of Razzeen's surface detect no signs of civilization, either present or past, but there

are abundant life readings, both animal and plant. Correlating the portal detector with the ship's other sensors lets the team home in on a plateau near the planet's equator. There is a suitable landing site near the signal's point of origin.

Welcomed with Open Jaws

As the adventurers prepare to land, they discover another ship already on the ground. It's a blocky, squarish design unlike any other vessel they've encountered. A hero who succeeds on an Investigation or Knowledge (Computer) roll while searching the onboard database identifies it as very similar to the few Zerín spacecraft coalition members have encountered.

There is no activity around the vessel. Scans show there is a small power source nearby, but the ship itself is dead or at least powered down. As they land in the clearing near the ship, a Notice roll at -2 tells an observer the vessel seems to have suffered some minor damage, mostly to minor secondary structures like antennas and sensor arrays.

Why Not Use The One We Have?

Although the characters won't necessarily know this, the techs on Earth haven't had much luck cracking the coordinates for the portal device the Fear Agents captured back during the war. That's because the Zerín portals are actually cross-dimensional conduits rather than teleporters in the strictest sense. The coordinates aren't to locations in our universe, but instead to points in another dimension which are in close proximity to the gates in our own.

The Earth techs could open a portal using the coordinates with the captured generator on Earth, but Huston rightly believes keeping the device a secret from the rest of the United Systems is of higher priority than the lives of thousands of captured humans. If humanity is implicated in the genocide on Dressin, there is no telling how dire the consequences would be for Earth.

Due to the terrain, the team can't land the *Hope* in the same clearing as the Zerín vessel. There is one nearby, separated from the alien ship by about 100 yards of jungle. No Zerín emerge upon their landing, and there is no sign of activity from the ship.

When the spacers reach the Zerín vessel, they discover why. Lurking nearby in the jungle is a huge predator, a clacker. As soon as the heroes move into the second clearing, the creature charges from the undergrowth and attacks!

- **Clacker:** Use the stats for Clacker on page 143.

A Hiss for Help

Once the team has dispatched the clacker, they have a little time to examine the encampment.

The vessel is sealed and the door lock is broken. Scratches in the metal around the door and elsewhere on the ship makes it pretty obvious the damage was caused by the clacker before the heroes arrived. A Repair roll at -4 gets the door open, but there is nothing of immediate interest inside the ship itself.

The shredded remains of sleeping tents are strewn about the area, as are empty food containers and other supplies. All are badly damaged. A smaller version of a Zerín portal generator sits about 30 yards from the ship.

When the spacers get near the generator, they hear a hissing voice weakly calling from nearby. A badly injured Zerín lies hidden beneath a fallen tree. The damage to both it and the tree look to have been caused by a large beast—probably the clacker—but also appear to be more than a day or two old.

It takes a moment for the team's translator chips to process the language, but once they do, the Zerín says:

"Thank the Lifegod someone came. I am soon to die, but you must save the rest of the team."

Wait...What?

The team may be surprised by the Zerín's response to their arrival. "She" is Clera, and does not seem the least bit like the bloodthirsty reptoids they have encountered in the past. Any further interaction with the lizard-woman strengthens this impression. It becomes obvious very quickly Clera has never

encountered humans before—or even knows of the existence of Earth.

Adjust Clera's responses as needed.

Who are you? *We are a band of scientists and explorers exploring other dimensions. We came to Razzeen—this planet—as the nearness to the singularity weakens dimensional boundaries here.*

Where is the rest of your crew? *The other five members traveled through the portal a few days ago. (The timeframe corresponds with when the characters' sensor detected the portal.) I expected them back over a day ago, but they have not returned.*

Why did you attack Earth? *The clans that attacked your planet are considered outcasts and criminals by the rest of our people. They have chosen to embrace their predatory origins and are little better than vultures. We do not have any congress with them.*

Where are the captive humans being held? *I do not know. As I said, the rest of our people do not traffic with the outcasts. It is possible some are imprisoned in the clans' holdings on Zerín, but more likely they keep them at unknown locations off-world.*

Can we access a portal device? *Our portal device only penetrates into nearby dimensions. Unfortunately, due to tenuous inter-clan relations, you would not be allowed to use a full portal device on Zerín. To aid an alien species so openly in interfering with other clans' activity would cause outright war—and war between Zerín clans is a terrible thing indeed.*

Can you help us find them? *The coordinates you have do not translate to locations in our universe, but rather to points traversed in another dimension, so we cannot interpret them. However, we could provide you with codes that should suffice to activate a full portal transporter should you locate one.*

The Catch

Clera is clearly badly wounded. She's not much longer for this world, and beyond even the advanced medical bays of either the *Hope* or her own ship. The grilling from the spacers

hasn't done her condition any good either. Clera's not physically capable of providing the strangers the assistance they need.

The alien does however have an offer. *"My team is most certainly in trouble. I received an initial message confirming they had arrived safely in a hospitable environment. They had set up a base for explorations.*

"The last message they sent indicated they had seen evidence of a sentient, if somewhat primitive, species. They were preparing to make contact. I have heard nothing since.

"My team can provide the assistance you require—but you must find them and return them to our universe before they can help."

Clera estimates they have enough supplies to last another couple of days at most. The readings they sent back indicated the environment was habitable to her race—and presumably humans.

She can open the portal into the other dimension and will try to man the console until they return, but in case she cannot, she provides her new friends with a beacon that can reactivate it from the other dimension when they're ready to depart.

Once activated, the beacon opens a smaller portal back to this dimension. It only has enough power to open the portal once, and only for a single minute, so she advises they use it as a last resort.

Clera is clearly fighting to remain conscious by this point. There is little more she can do to help the heroes at this point, beyond open the portal.

Through the Looking Glass

The portal once activated creates a shimmering oval slightly larger than man-sized. From the front, it grants a hazy view of another location, one where the grass and trees appear astonishingly Earth-like, but the sky seems to be a shade of purple. Viewed from the rear, it is invisible; in fact, it doesn't even exist. Spacers can walk through the portal from behind without being transported.

Getting Their Bearings

Assuming the heroes agree and eventually cross the portal, they arrive in an area that looks surprisingly like a forest meadow on Earth. The only difference is there is no sun

in the sky. Instead, the world is lit by a general radiance from the purple sky above. The team is now in another dimension and the laws of physics don't necessarily apply the same as back home. See the sidebar **Law of the Land** on page 77.

The portal closes behind the last adventurer, and the travelers discover moving between dimensions is a bit disorienting. Each explorer must make a Vigor roll or suffer Fatigue as they discover if what they had for lunch tastes any better the second time around. Fortunately, the nausea is brief and passes without any long-term effects after one hour.

Law of the Land

The dimension the team has arrived in is a pocket dimension. It's not really an entire universe, but merely a portion of one. And in this case, the entirety of the dimension is the world on which they stand. The world is roughly as large as Earth, so they're in little danger of running off the edge during the course of the adventure.

Much of the dimension seems unnaturally similar to Earth. There are many subtle differences, however, and over time, these may begin to cause the characters confusion or even consternation.

The most noticeable difference is the strange sky and lack of a sun. There is no true night in the dimension, and the spacers soon discover the natives don't sleep—and the fact that the heroes do causes them to believe the spacers suffer from some strange malady.

At some point, the group discovers their energy weapons don't work as advertised here either—hopefully before their lives depend on it. Lasers still project a focused beam of light, but cause no damage. Disintegrators likewise just make a pretty light show. The electromagnetic accelerators in blaster weapons fail to produce a charge, causing the projectile to simply roll ineffectively out the end.

Once they've cleaned the yuk from their suits, the team can take a better look around the immediate area. While there is no sign of the team or any equipment, a Notice or Tracking roll discovers a few signs they're in the right place. There are five indentions in the grass roughly the same size as a one-man (or Zerin) tent. A few clawed footprints are visible in areas where there is exposed dirt, and a food wrapper or two lie scattered about the meadow.

A fairly well-traveled trail emerges from the surrounding woods and crosses the far side of the meadow. It's not immediately obvious from the location where the spacers emerged from the portal. Once they begin exploring the area, they stumble upon it fairly quickly.

Hail and Well Met!

A Tracking roll on the trail finds signs of recent traffic, including several sets of Zerin footprints. The Zerin appear to have been moving in a line and in relatively close proximity with each other. There are other sets of tracks, as well: a number of booted prints that are roughly human-sized and shaped, and a few sets of larger prints from an unidentified species of quadruped.

While the team is examining the trail, anyone making a Notice roll hears the sound of a group approaching on the trail. The heroes can hide or meet the newcomers openly. Either way, they see a small band of bipeds who look very much like humans.

Another Notice roll spots a few cosmetic differences—the strangers' ears are nearly completely smooth, their pupils fill their entire eyes, and their thumbs are as long as their



other fingers. Additionally, their hairlines are much higher than a human's, forming a small bowl ending well above the ears. Other than that, the aliens could easily pass for human.

They lead wagons pulled by draft animals very close to Earth oxen, except they have four horns instead of two and are a greenish hue. The new arrivals look to have a technological level roughly equivalent to Earth's Middle Ages.

If the characters approach them, the strangers hail them in an unknown language. It takes a sentence or two for the translation chips to kick in, but then the spacers can communicate freely.

The leader of the traveling group introduces herself as Kot'lak. The alien language is filled with glottal stops and clicks. (The translator chips eliminate most of these, but for proper names, the strange pronunciations remain.) While she looks the team over with a bit of uncertainty, she appears to accept them as members of her own race.

Kot'lak tells them she is a merchant taking her small caravan to a nearby stronghold where they plan to trade foodstuffs for local furs. If the strangers describe the Zerin to her, neither she nor her drovers have seen them. They do, however, respond to the spacers' descriptions of the Zerin with a word the chips translate as "dragon."

Kot'lak says that perhaps the soldiers of Baron To'klat, the lord at the nearby stronghold would have more information. She welcomes the group's company if they would like to accompany her entourage.

The Road to Castle To'Klat

Along the way, if the team travels with the merchant caravan, they have the opportunity to both learn about the local culture—and lay the foundations of their own cover story if they want. Kot'lak seems to assume they are foreigners and new to the region. After all, they are dressed oddly and have small differences in general appearance. She and her crew accept nearly any explanation along those lines.

Claiming they are from another dimension draws uncomprehending stares. The aliens simply have no concept of such a thing. If the strangers insist on maintaining that story—even though true—the merchants become increasingly uncomfortable.

A Streetwise roll lets the heroes gather several insights into the social structure. The people call themselves Ch'Ka-tun. While males are the primary hunters, soldiers, and physical laborers, the leadership of their society is matriarchal. Kot'lak apparently holds a position of some importance in the local equivalent of a merchant's guild. The governmental structure is primarily feudal, although local rulers like Baron To'Klat are largely independent except in times of war.

A raise on the Streetwise roll reveals an odd fact to the budding anthropologist: the natives of this dimension have no ranged weapons beyond those which can be thrown—rocks, spears, etc. Should any of the crew try to impress the locals with their fancy shootin' irons, they learn how ineffective they've become. It may be an embarrassing discovery, but better now than when it becomes a fatal one!

Going Solo

It's possible the dimension-hopping adventurers decide to hide from Kot'lak's caravan and let it pass. If so, they can either follow it to Castle To'Klat or opt to follow the trail by themselves.

If they tail Kot'lak's group, you can allow them Notice rolls to pick up some of the details above—the general tech level, lack of missile weapons, and with a raise, the matriarchal aspect of the culture. Alternately, should one of the team actually be an anthropologist, historian, or similar social scientist, that character can make a Common Knowledge roll at -2 to determine the same thing.

Should they instead wait for the merchants to pass and then follow the trail alone, they eventually reach Castle To'Klat as well—just with less understanding of the natives. Regardless, the only clue they have, the Zerin footprints, leads them to the nearby stronghold.

Castle To'Klat

The trail leads to an almost stereotypical medieval castle set atop a steep-sided hill. The tops of the walls lack crenulations, as there are no effective missile weapons. The defenders simply drop rocks, boiling oil, and the like on attacking forces. Siege warfare apparently favors the defenders in this dimension.

A small town of wattle-and-daub buildings with thatched roofs surrounds the base of the hill. The community is obviously a center for commerce, as there are numerous small squares in the village, each filled with a variety of merchant stalls.

Papers, Please

Soldiers wearing red and black tabards are posted near the edge of the town. They're wearing oddly designed—but no less effective—chainmail and armed with swords and spears. They briefly question each person entering the village.

If the heroes are with Kot'lak, she introduces them as travelers from a foreign realm anxious to obtain an audience with the baron (provided they've not insisted on maintaining the claim they're from another world). If the team arrives alone, they've got some fast-talking to avoid arousing the guards' suspicion. However, a simple Persuasion roll convinces the soldiers they're nothing more than foreigners here to pay respects to the area's ruler.

In either case, one of the guards leads the spacers through the town and up to the castle.

- **Guards (2):** Use the stats for Ch'Ka-tun Soldier (page 157). Armed as listed.

Meet the Baron(ess)

Whether they're brought as foreign visitors or weirdoes caught trying to break into the castle, it's likely the newcomers eventually meet Baron To'Klat. The audience takes place in a large, rather plain room that doubles as the keep's dining facility when the baron isn't holding court. There are at least four guardsmen in attendance at all times.

If they traveled with Kot'lak or spent time observing the locals, they're probably not surprised when the baron turns out actually to be a baroness. Baron To'Klat is a middle-aged woman with a stately bearing and a large scar on the left side of her face. She is well-spoken, and while she projects a stern air, she's quite rational and measured in her decisions.

The Baron questions the group briefly about the differences in their appearance, then follows up with polite questions about



their homeland. If the team maintains they're just travelers from another land, a simple Persuasion roll sells their story to the baron. Long-distance communication is conducted by a story told to a messenger third- or fourth-hand, so the natives are surprisingly open to outlandish tales of other lands.

On the other hand, should they try explaining extradimensional travel to a medieval feudal lord, she quickly becomes bored, then annoyed, and finally angry, convinced they're having light at her expense. Even displaying their advanced devices fails to convince her, with the baron dismissing them as merely "foreign parlor tricks."

Let Our Lizards Go

When the topic of the Zerin comes up, the baron admits her soldiers captured some "dragon hatchlings" a few days ago. They are being held in her dungeons at the moment. No matter what approach the spacers try, she refuses to release them.

The baron explains, *"We have recently been plagued by an adult dragon, no doubt the mother of the hatchlings. As I'm sure you know, the beast is duplicitous and flies out of the reach of my soldiers' spears, raining down fire upon us until they are forced to flee to save their own lives. With its hatchlings, we can lure the monster to the ground where my men can defeat it."*

Should the crew persist in obtaining the Zerin's release, Baron To'Klat eventually agrees to turn them over to the adventurers—if they slay the dragon for her. Upon their return, she promises to exchange the "hatchlings" for the adult dragon's head. She warns them if they cannot slay the beast within three days, she has no choice but to go ahead with her plan to use the Zerin as bait.

With a Persuasion roll, she can be convinced to allow the spacers to view her captives. They are locked in a cell in the bowels of the keep, guarded at all times by two soldiers. The cell door is a massive wooden and iron portal, with only a small, shuttered window allowing visitors to look into the room.

The Zerin are worse for wear, but without serious injuries. Like their companion back on Razzeen, they have never seen humans before, and don't recognize the minor differences in the races at first. If the heroes speak with them, the Zerin welcome their assistance

Breaking and Entering

If the characters decide to try to sneak into town instead of taking the direct approach, treat all the guards as active for Stealth purposes (see the *Savage Worlds* core rules). Worse, there's no night in this dimension, so the heroes are stuck pulling off their infiltration in the equivalent of broad daylight. Even if that's successful, they face scaling the 40' tall sheer walls of the castle—which are manned by more soldiers around the clock.

Successfully penetrating the castle, locating the Zerin, and getting back out without arousing the guard is virtually impossible. Give the players ample opportunity to realize this before they get in over their heads. Fortunately, if caught early on, a Persuasion roll at -2 convinces the baron's soldiers to take the spacers to meet the baron. Once they've killed one or more of the local inhabitants, negotiation is off the table.

- **Ch'Ka-tun Soldiers (40):** Use the stats for Ch'Ka-tun Soldier on page 157. Armed as listed.

and promise to aid them upon return to their own universe. If the explorers haven't yet discovered the ineffectiveness of their own weapons, the Zerin can warn them, possibly saving them from a deadly mistake later.

Dragon Hunters

No one has yet managed to locate the dragon's lair, but finding the monster isn't difficult. The baron explains the creature has a weakness for the local equivalent of cows, and particularly the smoke produced by large amounts cooked over an open fire. As a result, her barony has recently been forced to abandon outdoor festivals—or at least those featuring roasted meat—entirely.

She's fairly certain that roasting one of the herd animals or three will suffice to lure the monster to the heroes. Baron To'Klat warns them that attracting the dragon isn't the problem; it's getting it to land. It's usual modus

operandi is to strafe anyone on the ground with its flames, then snatch the bait and fly away to eat in safety.

Stone Knives and Bear Skins

The baron supplies the team with a pair of cattle to use as bait, as well as a sword and spear for each member who requests it. Beyond that, the adventurers are on their own. She won't risk any of her soldiers in some hare-brained scheme concocted by strangers from another land.

If the spacers haven't discovered their weapons don't work yet, sit back and watch the fun. If they have, they may decide to construct more effective missile weapons or other means to engage the dragon or force it to the ground. The baron's deadline means they don't have enough time to cook up siege engines or primitive firearms, but that still leaves a number of weapons on the table for resourceful adventurers.

Crude bows and arrows (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1) are relatively simple to create, requiring only a Repair roll (-2). A Streetwise or Persuasion roll turns up enough treated wood, cord, and iron to craft

three such weapons. The knowledge of how to create such an "advanced" weapon can be bartered for goods or other services with a Persuasion roll.

Harpoons are simple to devise, and only need a Repair roll. The team can also create lassoes or nets with a Repair roll. If they choose their site wisely, they can even rig primitive catapults to hurl the netting or ropes by bending saplings over.

More inventive groups may concoct tar bombs, incendiary devices, or a combination of any of the above. Just assign appropriate Knowledge and Repair rolls as you see fit, but award creativity as well.

Finally, the McGyver Edge substitutes for any Repair roll to craft any of these weapons.

Roast Beast

Once the group is ready and the bonfire lit, they don't have to wait long for the aroma of burnt flesh to draw the dragon. Less than 15 minutes after they begin roasting the meat, the creature soars overhead.

True to the baron's reports, the dragon begins its attack by swooping down and



breathing flame on any heroes in the open. The monster remains almost fifty feet above the ground as it does so, and on each pass, its flame covers a twenty by fifty foot swath. Any adventurer in the path of the flame must make an Agility roll at -2 or suffer damage from the dragon's breath (2d10).

The dragon can make one such pass every three rounds. It spends the other two rounds maneuvering into position.

The heroes can bring the dragon down in a number of ways. Flight doesn't come easy to something the size of a dump truck, so if they manage to get a net over it somehow, the dragon plummets to the ground—incidentally suffering falling damage (5d6+5) in the process.

Roping the monster lets the team make an opposed Strength roll against the dragon, which they can make cooperatively. With a success, they hold it motionless, while a raise on the roll lets them pull it to the ground. If the group anchors the ropes to fixed objects like a tree, the dragon is automatically held in place, but they still need a raise to ground it. Using pulleys or the like grants a +2 bonus on their Strength roll, and if they think to use draft animals, they can roll the animals' Strength instead of their own.

The most direct route is to make called shots to the dragon's wings. The skin there is thin, without the thick scales the beast has over the rest of its body. A Shaken result to one of its wings forces the dragon to land until it recovers, while a wound prevents it from flying until it is healed. Wounds to the wing don't count against the dragon's total wounds for purposes of Incapacitation.

❖ **Ch'Ka-tun Dragon (1):** Use the stats for Dragon, Ch'Ka-tun on page 145.

Back in the Universe Ours

Once the spacers have vanquished the dragon, Baron To'Klat is true to her word and releases the Zerin to the crew.

On the other hand, if they fail (or never even bother to try), all hope is not lost. The team can try to rescue the Zerin when the baron puts her own plan into play. She accepts nearly any reason for allowing the strangers to accompany her and her men to the chosen site

for the ambush. It takes only a little effort for the heroes to get close enough to trigger the emergency beacon and escape back to their own dimension with the reptilian aliens.

Regardless of how the adventurers secure their release, the Zerin are extraordinarily grateful. After the group returns to their home dimension, the scientists are very interested to know why a group of aliens went to such length to rescue them. They confirm what their first member told the crew: The Zerin who raided Earth are considered outcasts by their own people.

The rescued aliens are more than happy to help the team, at least as far as they can. As promised, they can provide a set of override codes allowing the Earthmen to seize control of a portal generator. With the codes, the team can reroute it to the coordinates they obtained on Lank'ton.

Sadly, the friendly reptoids have no information on where they can find a renegade portal generator. The only advice they can offer is to seek out likely targets for the scavenger raids—in other words, a world undergoing a Tetaldian invasion.

5: INTERVENTION

When you're ready, the heroes get the lead they've been waiting for—a Tetaldian invasion of another world. We recommend the spacers be at least Veteran level before beginning this adventure, as there's a good chance they're going to earn their hero wings getting through this one!

Tip-Off

The dimensional rift detector on the *Hope* goes haywire, pointing toward Turst, a world on the edge of the Outer Quadrants. A quick scan of the United Systems' planetary database tells the crew the planet is not yet a member of the coalition and hasn't quite mastered spaceflight yet. However, it is on the cusp of moving to the stars, so the United Systems has been monitoring it.

The heroes can verify this in a number of ways. A Streetwise roll or Contact uncovers rumors the Dressites have been deployed to the region of space surrounding Turst. Knowledge

(Computers) lets the spacers hack into the United Systems' communications network and intercept high-level communications saying the same thing. And of course, you can allow any attempt you find reasonable to succeed.

Regardless, the crew receives a message from Charlotte Huston on Earth telling them what they likely already know: A Tetaldian invasion is occurring on Turst, and the Dressites are moving to engage the robotic invaders. Huston also sends along a highly encrypted data packet.

The Mission

Once they decode it, they discover Charlotte's sent them some very vital information. First, the message contains transponder codes the Fear Agents recovered from wrecked Tetaldian and Dressite ships left behind after the Annubius Conflict. Although they can't guarantee they are still valid, the technicians believe the codes may allow the *Hope* to pass blockades and pickets by either race's navy—as long as they aren't subjected to too much scrutiny.

Perhaps more importantly, Earth technicians have managed to create a coded algorithm capable of calculating the proper coordinates for Earth from any given starting point in this universe. When plugged into a Zerin gateway generator, it allows them to open a portal directly to home. The code takes some time to process, meaning the team has to secure and hold a generator site until it completes its programming.

A second message by Huston tells the group she hopes the program will allow them to subvert the Zerin's own generators to send any human captives home virtually instantaneously. The only hitch is the team must capture a working Zerin portal generator, use the coordinates they discovered on Lankh'ton to travel to the world where they're holding the human prisoners, and possibly hold off untold numbers of the carnivorous aliens while the code runs its calculations.

In other words, a walk in the park—albeit one where every plant is poisonous and a ravenously hungry tidok hides behind every bush.

Blockade Runners

Turst is a few days travel from wherever the heroes happen to be when they find out about the invasion. The exact distance depends on what best fits your campaign at the time, but the planet is on the outskirts of United Systems' space. Also, as it's a pre-spaceflight world, the team had better make sure the *Hope's* fuel tanks and stores are adequately provisioned.

These Had Better Work!

When the spacers reach the outskirts of the Turst system, their sensors detect large numbers of spaceships in the vicinity of the planet. The *Hope's* AI quickly identifies them as heavily-armed Dressite and Tetaldian warships. Flying into the massive space battle blindly is guaranteed to activate the heroes' life insurance plans.

Piloting the *Hope* through stealthily is a Dramatic Task (see **Dramatic Tasks** in the *Savage Worlds* core rules). The task takes five rounds and requires five successes on a Piloting roll (–2) to get through unscathed. Other characters can assist the ship's pilot with Knowledge (Astrogation), Knowledge (Electronics), or any other skill for which the player can provide a compelling argument. Shooting or other combat skills are *not* of any help, since once the heroes start shooting, they blow their cover!

Five successes within the required actions lets the spacers thread the needle and enter Turst's atmosphere unmolested. Four successes means they avoid detection, but the *Hope* takes a wound from a stray missile or laser blast. Three means a Tetaldian attack saucer engages them. With only two successes, a Dressite assault ship attacks them. Should they only manage a single success, they must face off against a Tetaldian mothership. The only saving grace is both the mothership's attack saucers are deployed to the planet's surface.

All vessels fight until they suffer at least two wounds, at which time they try to break contact and retreat. If the adventurers try to escape the alien ships use the rules for a standard, 5-round Chase (see **Chases** in the *Savage Worlds* core rules). At the end of 5 rounds, the alien warship breaks off and returns to its patrol route.

Into the Fire

Once through the space battles above, the *Hope* enters Turst's atmosphere. The gateway sensor indicates the only active portal on the planet is located in an urban area, which makes sense given the Zerin are trying to round up as many captives as possible. The only hitch is it's also near the scene of some of the heaviest fighting between the Dressites and Tetaldians.

If the players haven't already guessed, the ship's AI reminds them their deceptive transponder codes won't do a thing to protect them once an alien warship gets a good look at them. In other words, it's probably best if they land quickly to avoid being shot down. Trying to fly directly to the site of the portal generator means navigating a massive air battle and is like committing suicide—just a little faster.

Should the spacers insist, they immediately encounter a pair of Tetaldian attack saucers. If they flee, use the Chase rules as above, but if they try to muscle through, the dogfight attracts two Dressite assault ships by the third round, commencing a three-way battle. Another pair of saucers arrive three rounds after that, and reinforcements alternate every 1d4 rounds thereafter until the heroes get the hint and flee, or more likely, get shot down.

Infiltration

Once the team either chooses discretion or has it forced on them at laser-point, they can find a fairly well-hidden landing site a couple of miles from the edge of the city. Turstian society is far more communal than Earth's, leading the population to concentrate more densely. There are no outlying suburbs; the city rises up rather abruptly from the surrounding countryside.

Artificial drainage channels provide the group a means to get into the city proper without attracting too much attention. If the heroes decide to forgo a stealthy approach, feel free to throw a patrol of several Dressite soldiers and a Dressite walker or a handful of Tetaldian automatons—or patrols if they don't get the clue after the first one. This is a war zone, after all, and the adventurers are heavily outnumbered and outgunned!

- **Dressite Soldiers (5):** Use Dressite Soldier (page 157).
- **Dressite Walker (1):** Use Dressite Walker (page 159).
- **Tetaldian Automatons (3):** Use Tetaldian Automaton (page 172).

Storming the Gateway

The Turstians like to stay in close proximity with each other, and this is reflected in their architecture. The city streets are more like canyon floors, as the smallest buildings are nearly fourteen stories tall, although few rise above fifty stories. The buildings have a more organic look than those on Earth, and each one seems more like an extension of those around it than a separate structure in itself.

War has taken its toll on the city, as neither the Tetaldians nor Dressites are particularly worried about the well-being of the Turstians themselves. Rubble lines the streets, while burning vehicles and collapsed buildings completely block passage on some avenues. The heroes seldom catch glimpses of the planet's native inhabitants—at least the live ones, anyway. But like on Earth, the Zerin scavengers have done a remarkable job policing many of the dead bodies, which hides the horrendous casualties the Turstians have already suffered.

The Zerin portal generator is located not too far from a hotly contested section of the city, in a sector controlled by the Tetaldians. The *Hope's* computers, linked to the portal sensor, can guide the heroes to the Zerin incursion point, but the ship warns the team they're likely to face heavy resistance from both the Zerin and Tetaldians.

There are a number of ways the spacers can choose to reach the Zerin gateway, but for most purposes they can be summarized as simply pushing ahead by themselves, sneaking past the Tetaldian lines, or leading the Turstians themselves against the Tetaldians and Zerin.

Each is detailed below. Use the one that most closely matches the players' plan. Remember, barring unusual circumstance nothing prevents the team from changing its approach to one of the others, even once they've put their original in motion.



The Direct Route

This is the least complicated plan, but also the one least likely to result in success. The heroes face a sizeable Tetaldian force, and while the Dressites' efforts ensures it isn't entirely arrayed against them, the robotic army still poses a serious threat.

The trip through the devastated streets takes the team two hours, an hour of which is through Tetaldian-controlled territory. Each ten minutes they spend in the robots' sector of the city, draw a card from the Action Deck. On a face card, they encounter a Tetaldian patrol comprised of 1d4 automatons.

Each character must make a Notice roll (make a group roll for the Tetaldians). If a battle with a patrol lasts more than five rounds, reinforcements arrive in the form of three automatons and a Tetaldian Overlord. Anyone who fails is surprised and gets no card in the first round. The Tetaldians automatons fight to the death and aren't looking to take prisoners, although they don't pursue anyone who flees back toward the edge of their territory.

- **Tetaldian Automaton:** Use Tetaldian Automaton (page 172).
- **Tetaldian Overlord:** Use Tetaldian Overlord (page 172).

Stealth Fighters

Should the spacers try to avoid entanglements with the Tetaldians, the journey takes half again as long, with an hour and a half in the robots' territory. As above, every 10 minutes draw a card from the Action Deck. A face card indicates a Tetaldian patrol. On a red card, treat the automatons as inactive guards, while on a black, they're active (see **Stealth** in the *Savage Worlds* core rules).

If combat breaks out, it follows the same process as above, including the potential for reinforcements.

- **Tetaldian Automaton:** Use Tetaldian Automaton (page 172).
- **Tetaldian Overlord:** Use Tetaldian Overlord (page 172).

Rebel Allies

The last option is for the heroes to raise a small force of impromptu Fear Agents of their own. The Turstians are a communal species, but far from cowardly. The Tetaldians may

have rapidly neutralized their military like they did Earth's, but there's plenty of fight left in the Turstians themselves.

The first step is to locate places where the locals have taken refuge. Any number of skills can help—Notice rolls spot fortified positions, Streetwise rolls might identify likely hiding spots, Tracking detects signs of large groups moving into a building, and so on. Each hero can choose to employ *one* of the listed skills.

Locating enough Turstians to build a force large enough to force through the Tetaldian patrols takes six hours. Each success and raise on one of the skill rolls reduces that time by one hour, to a minimum of one hour.

Once the spacers have gathered a group of Turstians, they must then convince them to join the fight against the invaders. This is a Dramatic Task, using Persuasion and lasting five actions. As usual, there is a -2 penalty to the roll, but if the heroes relate the story of their own experiences during the Annubius Conflict, they receive a +1 bonus. Promising to rescue any Turstian captives of the Zerine gives them an additional +1 bonus.

The fight itself is handled using the **Mass Battle** rules from the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook. A total of 210 Turstians aid the spacers. They face a force of 70 automatons and Tetaldians, led by a Wild Card Tetaldian Overlord with Knowledge (Battle) d8.

Although the heroes and their allies aren't engaging but a portion of the invasion force, the advanced robotic war machines are vastly more powerful. The Tetaldians receive ten tokens and the Turstian resistance fighters seven. The Tetaldians have medium air support, but this is completely offset by the Turstians' knowledge of terrain.

The heroes can assist in the battle as detailed in *Savage Worlds*. If none of the heroes take charge of the Turstian force, assume the locals have a Wild Card leader with Knowledge (Battle) d6. The spacers can fight to the bitter end with their allies, or opt to use the battle to sneak through the Tetaldian lines and reach the Zerine gateway. They can also choose to break from the battle at the end of the first round to slip past the robots' lines. Either way, the attempt is automatically successful.

The Mouth of Hell

By this time, the heroes are probably at least a little worse for wear. After all, they've just

flown into a warzone and staged a commando raid behind enemy lines patrolled by angry death robots. Once they pass through Tetaldian lines, they find themselves at the edge of the Zerín encampment.

The Enemy of My Enemy

Truly ambitious groups may try to convince the Dressites to join them in their assault on the Tetaldian lines. As unlikely a set of allies as the Dressites might seem, it's not totally outside the realm of possibility.

First, the spacers must make contact with the amoeboid soldiers without catching a fatal case of laser burns in the process. This requires scouting the side of the battle lines controlled by the Dressites. Just like with the Tetaldians, every ten minutes the team spends roaming the streets, pull an Action Card. A face card means they've encountered a Dressite patrol.

Thanks to their translators, the adventurers can communicate with the Dressites, an advantage they lacked during the Annubius Conflict. However, the Dressites aren't particularly favorably disposed toward humanity at this point. A Persuasion roll at -4 is necessary to get the Dressites to even give the team a chance to talk.

Once they've managed to open a dialogue, the heroes must then convince a Dressite commander to put aside past hostilities in the face of the Tetaldian threat. This is a Social Contest, with the characters rolling Persuasion—again at -4—against the Dressite's Spirit.

With less than three successes, the Dressites simply let the group depart in peace. Three success mean the Dressites agree to provide brief air support for the first round of the battle, negating the Tetaldians' air support and allowing the Turstians to take full advantage of their terrain bonus. With four successes, the Dressites provide air support for the entire battle. Five successes gains the air support *and* a small contingent of Dressite soldiers, raising the Turstian token count to nine.

The lizards have seized control of the Turstian city's equivalent of a sports arena, turning it into a large holding pen for their captives before they transfer them off-world. The Zerín man the walls, guards on a vast, open-air prison, and they're not alone.

As they arrive, the heroes see the massive, movie-monster-sized head of a Zerín gargantua rise above the coliseum's walls.

Things are about to get interesting.

6: THE GREAT RAID

We recommend the crew be at least Veteran rank before beginning this adventure. The heroes must break into a Zerín holding pen on Turst, then follow dimensional portals to two other planets—fighting the reptilian raiders at every step. At the end, they finally reach the goal that has had them wandering the galaxy and beyond and finally rescue one of the groups of Earthmen captured by the Zerín during the Annubius Conflict.

Assuming, of course, they manage to stay alive that long...

Spectator Sport

The Turstian coliseum is a large, open air structure roughly the size of a major Earth football (either type) stadium. The arena is nearly 450' long and the walls stand over 150' tall, except for a section along the southern end. The Zerín demolished a portion there to allow the gargantua to more easily move into and out of the arena. (This provides a fairly easy entry point for the adventurers, as a rubble pile allows for a quick scamper over the wall from the outside.)

A strange, mesh-like fence surrounds the venue, but has been torn down, blasted away, and otherwise breached in several spots, allowing for easy ingress. Several Zerín are visible either atop the coliseum walls or blasting overhead with rocket packs.

Once they can see inside the arena's walls, the heroes note the unmistakable shimmer of an open dimensional gateway near the northern end of the field. There is no generator on this side, which means to reach it, the adventurers must pass through the portal to whatever world lies beyond it.

If there is any good news, it's that Turstians are by nature more amenable to public transportation than humans. Combined with the smaller urban footprint of the city that enables many attendees to travel to the games on foot, it makes for a much smaller parking lot than one would expect on Earth. Instead of hundreds of yards of open ground, the lot is only the size of that belonging to a good-sized department store back home.

If the characters succeeded in enlisting the Turstian resistance fighters to get past the Tetaldians in the last installment, and if any survived, they agree to assist in the assault on the arena. Up to twenty—assuming that many made it through the original battle alive—remain with the crew as Extras.

- **Resistance Fighters:** Use the stats for Turstian on page 175. Half armed with laser rifles (Range 30/60/120, Damage 3d6, RoF 1, 3RB) and the rest with Turstian rifles (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, AP 2).

The Opposing Team

All told, there are 30 Zerín at the coliseum at any given time, along with a single gargantua that serves as their artillery, armor, and general deterrent to Dressite ground forces.

Four Zerín are stationed atop the walls along each side of the coliseum's sides, but they are mainly watching for escape attempts from the inside. Treat them as inactive guards if the heroes try to sneak in. On the other hand, the two entry points into the arena are guarded by four Zerín each, and these aliens are very much watching the outside; treat them as active guards.

The gargantua largely remains inside the arena, to conserve energy if nothing else. It takes a lot of calories to fuel the monster, and the Zerín don't want to burn through more of their captives than necessary feeding it.

- **Zerín Marauders (30):** Use Zerín Marauder (page 177). Only 10 are equipped with rocket packs.
- **Zerín Gargantua:** Use Zerín Gargantua (page 177).

Gate Crashers

The Zerín respond quickly to any direct assault. Reinforcements begin arriving at the

scene of any incursion the round after the heroes make themselves known, either by attacking other guards or failing Stealth rolls. The Zerín arrive at a rate of two per round, with the rocket-pack equipped marauders usually arriving before their ground-pounding brethren, swooping in from above if possible.

The gargantua does not join combat unless it's in an open area sufficient for its bulk—in other words, the arena field or parking lot. If the team moves quickly enough, they can avoid fighting the monster by making a fast run through the portal. It's currently too small to allow the giant alien to pass through, although it can reach through the dimensional gateway to claw or grab at characters who loiter around the other side for more than a round.

If the heroes decide to simply run-and-gun their way through the portal rather than try to engage the entire Zerín complement at the coliseum, odds are they're successful. While the aliens equipped with rocket packs can overtake them on open ground, only a few grounded Zerín are likely to close the distance before they jump through the gateway.

Any Turstian resistance fighters in their company can be used as the characters see fit. The Turstians are completely committed to their cause and willing to fight to the death to help free their fellows. The adventurer's allies, however, refuse to travel through the portal with them.

- **Resistance Fighters:** Use the stats for Turstian on page 175. Half armed with laser rifles (Range 30/60/120, Damage 3d6, RoF 1, 3RB) and the rest with Turstian rifles (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2).

Liberators

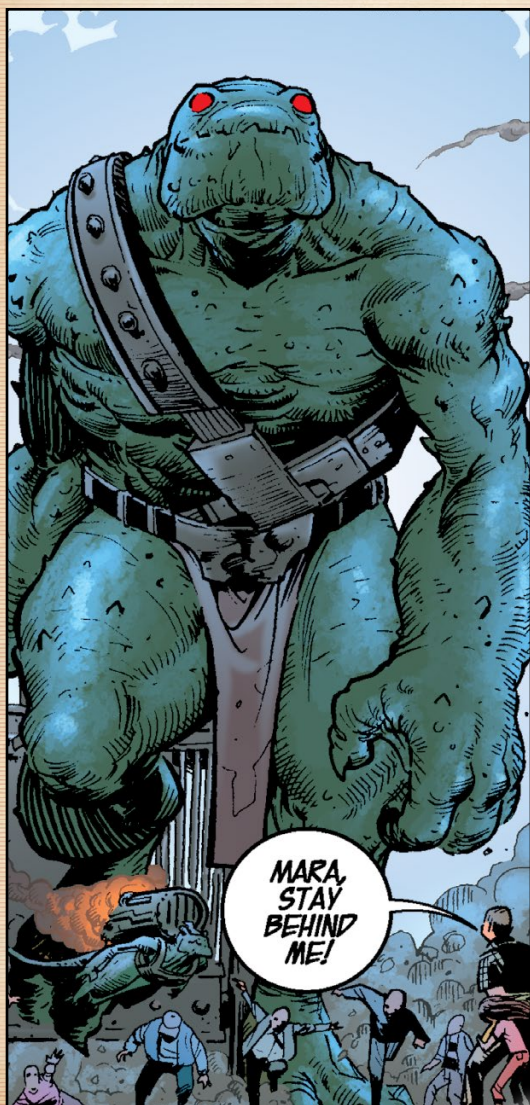
Should the spacers decide to make good on any promises they made to Turstian allies in the last installment of the Plot Point Campaign, they face a tougher fight. There are over 200 captives on the arena's field. They're kept in 20 sturdy metal cages, secured by padlocks.

The locks can be picked, but unless the group is powerful enough to defeat all the Zerín and the gargantua, they're likely to be overwhelmed before they can do so. Another option is to shoot the locks. The locks have Toughness 8, but require a called shot at -4 to hit them.

A success and raise on a Persuasion test inspires any released captives to help fight the Zerin. This causes enough distraction to keep the gargantua occupied. Additionally, the Zerin the spacers have to fight during any given round is reduced to no more than half the total heroes while they try to free the rest of the Turstians.

Out of This World

Once through the portal, the crew finds themselves in a vastly different landscape. While it's obviously night, the sky is a shade of deep orange that crackles with a constant display of lights similar to the aurora borealis on Earth, while the ground is covered in purple grasses. The overall effect is almost psychedelic.



Like other worlds from which the Zerin marauders have staged their raids, this one shows the aftereffects of a Tetaldian invasion. Strange, ruined buildings, constructed of translucent, plastic-like material, surround the portal on this side. The structures were obviously huge once and apparently oval shaped, giving the impression the heroes are standing in the middle of some vast dinosaur hatchery.

Nestled among the rubble are dozens more of the cages they encountered on Turst, many of which are tightly packed with more of the captives from that planet. The portal generator sits just to one side of the gateway itself. Camped around the area are more than a hundred marauders. Fortunately, the majority of the Zerin aren't aware of the group's arrival...yet.

Near the portal are several Zerin manning the generator controls who are none too welcoming to the aliens who just jumped through their interplanetary doorway uninvited. The Zerin fight until at least half of their number is Incapacitated, at which time the survivors realize they're outgunned. They then try to retreat and gather reinforcements.

- **Zerin Guards (1 per hero):** Use Zerin Marauder (page 177). None are equipped with rocket packs.

Hacking and Slashing

While the heroes have instructions on how to reprogram the generator from the Zerin explorers on Razzeen, it's not a simple matter of typing in a few numbers. There are several routines and procedures to align the portals, calibrate the power levels, and then rip a hole into two dimensions not just once, but twice.

Reprogramming the generator controls is a Dramatic Task requiring 5 successes (see the *Savage Worlds* core rules). Of course, the generator sits in the middle of a staging area for a major Zerin raiding incursion, and there are plenty of the reptoid marauders in the area who take exception to the heroes' presence, much less tinkering with their fancy gadgets! At the end of the fifth round, if the heroes haven't successfully managed to reprogram the device, they find the entirety of the Zerin staging area has mobilized, leaving them no choice but to retreat back to Turst and possibly facing any Zerin they left behind.

Even if the team managed to take out the Zerin guards at the portal before they escaped, the sounds of combat draw the attention of the other marauders who rapidly converge on the gateway. Roll 1d4 to determine how many Zerin arrive the first round. Add one to the number for each successive round—1d4+1 on the second round, 1d4+2 on the third, etc.

As in the arena, the characters can begin releasing the Turstian prisoners, which distracts the Zerin. The holding cages and locks are identical to those on Turst and can be opened the same way. Each round the spacers successfully release at least one cage of captives, reduce the number of marauders arriving that round by two, to a minimum of zero.

On the off chance the spacers somehow managed to eliminate the initial guards quietly, the rest of the encampment doesn't notice immediately. However, should the acting hero have a Club for her Action Card, the group somehow catches the attention of the reptoid aliens and has to fight.

- **Zerin Guards (1 per hero):** Use Zerin Marauder (page 177). None are equipped with rocket packs.

Moral Dilemma

If the heroes agreed to help free the Turstians in exchange for aid in reaching the original portal, they may find themselves in a quandary over leaving the captives in the staging area.

Make it clear they simply cannot defeat the Zerin marauders at this time. Staying to fight is effectively signing their own death sentence—and ensuring the Turstians are *never* freed. That doesn't mean the honorable members of the crew can't fulfill their promise.

The heroes can certainly settle for helping those they can free get back to Turst before the crew departs for the next planet. They can also obtain the coordinates for the staging ground from the generator's control panel before they depart, allowing them to come back later with reinforcements from Earth using another portal generator. Alternately, the spacers can capture images of the sky and use the United Systems' star data to calculate the physical location of the planet.

The Final Voyage

The next leap ends with the team inside a vast natural cavern. Although the group may not realize it right away, the cave is actually carved inside an asteroid orbiting a star far out in the The Deep. A portal is the only way to reach it.

The chamber stretches hundreds of yards in either direction, while the ceiling extends nearly a hundred feet overhead. The area is illuminated by artificial lights hanging from above, but most of the fixtures are currently unlit, leaving much of the area in darkness or at least shadow.

The room is filled with a large number of cages. The cages are 12' square and four feet high, with the bars extended across the top of the pen. The majority appear to be empty, but further back in the cavern humanoid figures are visible inside many of the pens.

Initially, there are only a few Zerin guards in sight, which is a good thing, as the raiders have obviously rearranged their lair since the team discovered the original coordinates. The heroes find their gateway has opened inside one of the cages, trapping them there!

Moments after the last member steps through, the Zerin on the other side of the portal close the gateway, stranding the spacers in their prison.

Fish in a Barrel

The portal opening draws the attention of the guards who rush to the cage. The Zerin immediately recognize the heroes are armed and dangerous and attack. The heroes have two rounds to act before the Zerin arrive. While the cage protects them from the lizards' vicious claws, it also severely confines their movements, making them easy targets for ranged weapons. The Zerin receive +2 to all ranged attacks against the spacers while they're trapped inside the cage. While trapped in the cramped cage, the spacers receive a -2 penalty to all attack rolls, and for the most part, the Zerin are smart enough to stay out of melee range.

Unlike the temporary pens the group has encountered in the marauder staging areas, these cages are closer to animal pens or kennels. The bars are still too thick to break or bend by hand. Each bar is Toughness 10 and can be damaged by cutting weapons, lasers, blasters, or disintegrators (see **Breaking**

Things in the *Savage Worlds* core rules). Due to the mesh-like construction of the cage, the heroes must break four bars to make a space large enough to escape through.

Fortunately the cage is secured by a primitive padlock. Of course, the lock is on the outside of the cage door, forcing anyone trying to pick it to do so not only without seeing it, but in an awkward position. Any Lockpicking rolls suffer a -2 penalty as a result. Alternately, a character can shoot the lock at a -4 penalty to Shooting rolls due to its size and position of the bars; the heroes can't use hand weapons due to its location outside bars. The padlocks are Toughness 8 to disable.

The guards are well aware of the disadvantage at which being in the cage places the team. At least one of them targets any hero attempting to pick or destroy the lock each round. The guards fight until all but one or two are incapacitated, then the survivors try to flee to gather reinforcements.

- **Zerin Guards (1, plus 1 per hero):** Use Zerin Marauder (page 177). None are equipped with rocket packs.

Last Stand

Once the rescuers deal with the initial guards, they have two rounds before the rest of the Zerin garrison begins to respond, whether any of the first aliens survived to escape or not. The spacers can hear activity and the hissing of Zerin voices in the farther reaches of the cavern, so they get plenty of warning before the alien reinforcements arrive. If they're still in the cage at the end of the fight, it therefore behooves them to remedy that situation.

The Zerin arrive in waves, with one third of their total number entering combat each round. These guards are all equipped with rocket packs, and the ceiling is high enough to allow them to reach the combat both quickly and from above. Once they've been reduced to a quarter of their number, the remaining aliens attempt to flee toward the portal generator located elsewhere in the cavern.

The adventurers once again have their backs to the wall with no immediate escape route. If the party is heavily wounded from its previous encounters reaching the final holding area, the guards try to take the heroes prisoner rather than simply kill them outright. The stock of human cattle is beginning to dwindle, after all.

Should the group be captured, they're disarmed and imprisoned, two to a cage. After they've had time to recover at least somewhat from their wounds, they should find ample opportunity to stage an escape.

- **Zerin Guards (2, plus 2 per hero):** Use Zerin Marauder (page 177). All are equipped with rocket packs.

Prison Break

After they've dealt with the Zerin guards, the spacers locate the portal generator rather quickly, especially if any of the guards fled through it. Turning it off ends the threat of any immediate retaliation from the lizards, although the characters may not realize it. The portal was set to a planet without a generator of its own, leaving any escapees without any way to get back to the cavern in the near future.

The prisoners taken by the Zerin over the intervening months (or years) are all in poor shape, both physically and emotionally, having been held in the claustrophobic cages since the Annubius Conflict. Many require assistance to walk through the portal to safety, but there are plenty of other Earthers to help them along.



Reprogramming the generator is much easier without a horde of sentient raptors armed with lasers and rocket packs trying to murder everyone in sight. As long as the team has the coordinates Charlotte Huston provided them for Earth, doing so is a simple Knowledge (Electronics) roll. A critical failure shorts out the generator. Fixing it requires 1d6 hours and a successful Repair roll at a -2 penalty (halve the time with a raise). Once properly programmed, the portal opens in front of the Alamo, in San Antonio, Texas.

God Bless Texas

By the time the last of the former captives come through the portal, Charlotte Huston and a sizeable delegation of the leadership of Earth are on hand. While the immediate concern is for medical aid, food, housing, and the like for the returning Earthmen, there's no shortage of thanks and praise for the rescuers.

Huston arranges for a gathering to honor the team within the next few days. Representatives from nearly every surviving nation present the characters with their countries' highest honors in a ceremony broadcast around the world. For a short time, the heroes are possibly the most famous people on the planet. Of course, the total population is only about a million, so that's not as impressive a claim as it would have been a few years earlier.

Still their notoriety comes with perks, like not having to pay for drinks at a bar anywhere on the planet, complimentary luxury accommodations, and possibly even an endorsement deal or two. If they've not been back to Earth in a while, they discover while the planet is thinly populated, the areas that are have experienced an amazing level of not only recovery, but even technological advancement, thanks in a large part to the United Systems' assistance. Even if it is motivated mostly by guilt in playing a major part in the planet's devastation in the first place.

Where Do We Go From Here?

After they've had time to enjoy their celebrity, Charlotte meets with the crew to discuss plans going forward. The portal generator they captured on the asteroid is a major coup for Earth, although humanity

lacks a thorough understanding of the device's operation. The Zerin may eventually make a concerted effort to recapture the asteroid, but until then, Earth plans to take advantage of it to the best of their ability.

What humanity does have is access to the generator's memory buffer, which can provide its technicians with the coordinates for other planets to which the Zerin transported some of the missing captives. Huston is looking for teams to lead further rescue missions—or at least retaliatory strikes against aliens who've trafficked in human lives. The heroes are near the top of her list of candidates if they're interested.

The *Hope* was likely left behind on Turst, so recovering it may be a high priority for the group. While Earth lacks the manpower to devote to such an endeavor, Huston is happy to give the adventurers access to the asteroid portal to return to the planet, as well as outfitting them with the best weapons and gear humanity has to offer. Alternately, Earth's leadership offers to put the group at the top of the waiting list for a new ship, especially since the characters sacrificed theirs in service to the planet.

The team may also feel compelled to honor any promises they made to the Turstian freedom fighters, especially when it comes to freeing the captives held off-planet. If they explain this to Huston, she agrees to put it to the planetary council for a vote. It takes a few days, but the leaders of Earth come to the conclusion it's not only the right thing to do, but it may also help build an alliance with an alien race—something Earth is in dire need of at the moment.

A well-armed troop of soldiers is put at the disposal of the spacers to organize a rescue operation for the Turstians. Planning and executing the mission might be only the beginning as the team also has to get them home as well. There they discover the Dressites are proving more successful and less heavy-handed than on Earth, but there are still plenty of battles to be fought before the Tetaldians are defeated.

In short, Earth is grateful to the heroes for their efforts and sacrifices. Within reason, they're provided anything they need to pursue new goals or complete old ones left unfinished in the aftermath of the campaign.



CHAPTER 10: BLASTS FROM THE PAST

“The minor events of history are valuable, although not always showy and picturesque.”

—Samuel Clemens

The Plot Point Campaign starts after the end of the Annubius Conflict as humanity begins the long road to trying to recover. The war is likely a defining event in all *Fear Agent*™ characters’ lives. How did they react to the invasion, how did they survive, and what did they do for those fifteen or so months are all very important questions for players to consider—and the answers probably play a major role in shaping their heroes motivations, choices, and agendas.

Flashback!

In the *Fear Agent*™ comic, much of the back story for Heath Huston and Mara Esperanza is revealed by flashbacks at critical points in the plot. To tell the tale of your heroes’ experiences during the invasion, we’ve provided four flashback scenarios designed to do the same. These are completely optional and not necessary to the completion of the main Plot Point Campaign, but they add some real depth and emotion to the story, so we recommend you give them a try.

Flashbacks are designed to occur during the main Plot Point Campaign and call back to the characters’ early experiences. In a way, they become extended Interludes, but ones in which the players actively participate. They can also serve as a way for you to insert new allies or enemies into the heroes’ pasts after the fact.

The players use the Novice version of their characters to play the flashback adventure. It’s not necessary to play them in order—just pick one that feels most relevant to events in the game at the time. Maybe the team is wondering about the origins of their unique vessel or a xenophobic hero’s Hindrance recently came up and you want to explore one of the possible causes of it.

Each scenario describes how many Advances the players should apply to their base Novice character. To match with the character in the

present, those Advances should be spent on skills and Edges the Seasoned version of the character possessed. If your players are using the *Fear Agent*™ character sheets, you can just follow the list under Edges and Advances, referring to the appropriate Advance.

Likewise, we’ve placed a note at the beginning of each adventure telling you where in the campaign we think the scenario best fits to make the events contained within best tie to the main plot. You’re in no way bound by that; if you have a better idea for when you want to implement the flashback, by all means use it!

Most of the flashbacks begin without preamble, almost in the middle of the action. Players are probably going to want to know more about the world than the scenario immediately provides them, but that’s intentional. Feel free to give them enough information to get into character, but keep as many of your cards hidden as you can as this can help build anticipation for the next flashback—or let them have the fun of suddenly understanding something they experienced in another flashback.

Learning the Hard Way

No experience is awarded for these flashbacks—after all, they’ve got to pay for that free Seasoned Rank somehow! However, each spacer who survives the flashback sequence gets a bonus Benny at the start of the next session (and draw from the Adventure Deck if you’re using it).

Any character “killed” during the course of a flashback scenario is instead gravely injured, knocked unconscious, or otherwise somehow escapes certain death. This might take a little creativity on your part, but you’ve got ultimate control over the progress of the action in the scenario, so don’t be afraid to adjust results as necessary.

There is a downside though. Any character who “dies” in a flashback scenario doesn’t get the bonus Benny or draw due to the emotional trauma reliving the experience causes.

FLASHBACK I: INVASION!

*(If you're running this as a flashback, characters begin this adventure at Novice rank with no Advances. A good spot for inserting this flashback is just prior to the final installment of the Plot Point Campaign, **Intervention**.)*

The invasion begins on an unseasonably warm Thursday afternoon in early March, 2007. The default location for the scenario is Denver, but any city in a state bordering the Rocky Mountains works just as well.

Whether they know each other or not, the soon-to-be heroes have converged on a suburban Mega-Mart to grab a few items before heading home for the day. The usual assortment of patrons is at the retailer, and the parking lot is about three-quarters full. It's very unlikely any of the characters is packing a firearm, unless the hero's back story provides a compelling reason as to why he'd be armed at the department store.

As one (or more) of the characters is standing in the checkout line, he hears the customer immediately in front of him speaking to the cashier, as he pulls a wrinkled pile of bills from the pocket of an equally wrinkled—and dirty—pair of work pants.

"No, I don't use debit cards. There's no way I'm lettin' the government track what I'm buyin' and when."

The man's graying, somewhat unkempt beard and shoulder-length hair place him in his late 40s or early 50s, and a worn, tan work jacket has a patch proclaiming "Wacks Wrecking and Salvage" on it. He looks back at the hero and nods his head in acknowledgement. Should a character engage him, he gladly expounds on any number of fringe conspiracy theories, but does so with surprisingly educated speech—not at all what one might expect from a junkyard owner who believes aliens have infiltrated the government.

With a Bang

Just as the man finishes his transaction, a resounding boom rocks the building. The sound is followed almost immediately by a series of other explosions, all at various

distances. Any characters who rush to the front doors to look out see several unmistakable mushroom clouds erupting in the distance, both within the city itself and scattered throughout the suburbs. None looks large enough to be a nuclear explosion, but each is certainly large enough to devastate a number of city blocks.

Allow each hero who's watching Armageddon begin to make a Notice roll. Any who succeed spot dozens of aircraft in the sky above the explosions. Many of the flying objects are moving erratically, stopping suddenly to hover, then speeding off in a random direction. Others appear to be engaged in dogfights. Spears of light lance between them as they zig-zag across the sky.

With a raise on the Notice roll, the sharp-eyed observers can tell the strange craft aren't winged aircraft, but actual flying saucers and other unconventional designs.

Fender Bender

The parking lot is a chaotic nightmare. Cars trying to get out of parking spaces, others stopped in the middle of lanes watching the carnage, and still more trying to squeeze around other vehicles. A cacophonous chorus of horn blowing begins.

The noise from the lot is overshadowed by a low, thrumming rumble. One of the saucer-like craft passes over the store before coming to a stop hovering above the lot. The ship is nearly as big as the lot itself, throwing a shadow over an acre in size.

A brilliant beam of light descends from its center to the ground. Within the light, the heroes see bipedal, larger-than-man-sized shapes floating down to the parking lot's surface. A large, robotic figure emerges from the shaft, and a multi-barreled device on its shoulder immediately begins to spin, firing beams of even more intense light at the nearest cars.

The laser blasts melt steel, ignite gas tanks, and vaporize any human unlucky enough to be caught in them. More automatons appear from the transport beam. Then larger lasers fire from the saucer, leaving craters of melted asphalt where they strike. Within moments, the parking lot becomes a slaughter house.

Anyone watching the horrible scene must make a Fear check or suffer fear/nausea as described under **Fear**, in *Savage Worlds*.

MEGA MART



In the background, the characters hear the store manager nervously call over the PA system for staff to begin tornado protocols and move customers to the rear of the building for safety.

Inside Information

The conspiracy theorist from the checkout line steps up to the shoulder of one of the soon-to-be spacers and says, “The robots are Tetaldians. I expect the Dressites’ll be along anytime now.”

If any of the group asks the man to explain, he introduces himself as Peter Wacks. Wacks then gives them a quick rundown of the situation that, even with the obvious extraterrestrial invasion occurring all around them, seems insane.

“Decades ago, world leaders were approached by representatives of the United Systems, a coalition of dozens of alien species. The United Systems is at war with the Tetaldians, a bunch of cyborgs who harvest other worlds for resources and life force. Somehow, they use it to power their robot bodies. I never understood exactly how that worked, but there you go.

“Everyone pretty much agreed if humanity learned about the existence of aliens, we’d lose our collective minds, so they decided to keep it hidden. The United Systems struck up an agreement with the Tetaldians to stay off Earth. At the same time, the Dressites—they’re these weird amoeba-like aliens—worked behind the scenes to advance our technology and get us ready to join the coalition.

“Looks like that went to Hell. Anyway, the man on the PA might be right. It’s best to get away from the windows—the fighting’s likely to heat up here in a minute. And it won’t be long until the Zerin get here.”

Should someone ask who the Zerin are, he says, “Them? They’re a race of lizardmen scavengers. They follow the Tetaldians around and pick up their scraps. Real nasty buggers.”

The team may be wondering how Wacks knows all of this. If asked, he says, “The information’s been out there forever, if you stop listening to the crap the media shovels in between commercial breaks. Heck, I’d point you to a ton of websites so you can get up to speed on it yourselves, but it’s half-past too late now.”

He backs into the store and urges the characters to follow him.

The Next Wave

If the heroes remain to watch the slaughter in the parking lot, a second set of aliens arrives. Dressed in yellowish-orange space suits, their four legs and four arms immediately give away their unearthly origins. Atop the suit sits a clear bubble helmet and the interior appears to be filled with semi-transparent vomit—obviously the Dressites the junkyard owner spoke about.

The two alien groups begin firing on each other, but the Tetaldian war machines continue to inflict heavy casualties on the innocent bystanders in the lot. At first, the Dressites seem to ignore the humans, but when a few charge the space-suited soldiers, the aliens don't hesitate to mow them down with their own lasers and energy spears. Within no time, the parking lot becomes a shooting gallery where Earthmen are the targets.

It's always possible one or more the heroes decides to try to mix it up with the aliens. Unless they're already armed or have a shotgun (or a similar weapon) in a rack in their pickup, the group is limited to what weapons they can find easily at hand. There are some landscaping and gardening tools near the front of the store they can use as improvised weapons. See **Improvised Weapons**, in *Savage Worlds*. When Wacks see them doing this, he tries to talk them out of suicide-by-extraterrestrial by pointing out, *"Uh, guys—you know there's a sporting goods department in the back...with guns, right?"*

If they're feeling bloodthirsty, they spot a small group of Dressite soldiers engaged with a Tetaldian robot not far from the entrance. Unless directly engaged, the aliens largely remain focused on each other. A bunch of peasants with pitchforks aren't really a threat, but the invaders still throw a laser blast or two at the group each round. Hopefully, your group quickly learns a garden weasel or hoe is no match for a walking tank with a Gatling laser.

- **Dressite Soldiers (2, plus 1 per hero):** Use the stats for Dressite Soldiers (page 157). Armed as listed.
- **Tetaldian Automaton (1):** Use the stats for Tetaldian Automaton (page 172).

Reload on Aisle 6

Assuming the characters either follow Wacks or arrive there on their own, they

discover the sporting goods section does indeed have a decent collection of weaponry.

There are several hatchets and machetes, neither suitably balanced for throwing, but both do Str+d4, a case full of hunting and survival knives (Range 3/6/12, Damage Str+d4), a pair of compound hunting bows (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), and 50 arrows.

A locked case holds the real treasures. Inside are two pump-action shotguns and three AR-15 semi-automatic rifles. The shotguns are identical to those listed in *Savage Worlds*. The semi-automatic rifles use the stats for an M-16, but have only a Rate of Fire 1. There is also one lever action rifle; it's .30-.30 caliber, but otherwise use the stats for Winchester '76 from *Savage Worlds*.

Another nearby locked case holds 500 rounds of 5.56 mm ammunition, 250 .12 gauge shotgun shells, and 100 rounds of .30-.30 cartridges. There are numerous boxes of various pistol rounds as well, but Mega-Mart does not carry pistols. If the heroes still stock up on it, assume they get 150 rounds each of .22, .45, .40, and 9mm ammunition.

Both the gun and ammo cases are locked. A Notice roll at -2 produces a key from behind a nearby counter, or the heroes can find a store employee. Convincing the worker to open the cases takes either an Intimidation or Persuasion roll.

There are plenty of other options throughout the store. The hardware department has wood axes, mauls, and sledgehammers, for example. A really enterprising scavenger can scrounge up a few bottles of kerosene to make Molotov cocktails (the store does not sell hard alcohol), and these do 2d6 in a Small Burst Template with a chance to ignite anything in the area (Range 3/6/12). Use the rules for improvised weapons from *Savage Worlds* if the players get really creative.

Back-Door Robot

Once they've had time to outfit themselves, the back wall of the store explodes inward. The sporting goods department is located nearby, so any characters in that area can see the cause of the collapse. If the heroes aren't in that part of the store, the explosion and screams should quickly draw them that way.

A Tetaldian automaton stands in the rubble. There are nearly a hundred people trying to



take refuge in the rear of the building. The robot does not immediately enter the store, but begins spraying the customers and employees huddled nearby. The alien construct seems intent on causing as many casualties as possible rather than accomplishing any specific goal.

Let the adventurers engage the automaton if they choose. Unless they succeed in actually achieving a Shaken result, it largely ignores them, focusing instead on slaughtering the helpless people cowering from its attack. Once the heroes manage to get its attention, it engages them. Wacks doesn't fight, instead taking cover from the searing laser blasts. He offers tactical advice as needed or tends to Incapacitated characters.

Luckily for the group, a small group of Dressite warriors is nearby. One round after they draw the automaton's wrath, the Dressites attack from behind. If the humans choose not to fight the automaton, the robot rains laser blasts onto the trapped victims for three rounds before the Dressites begin their counterattack.

This fight draws both the automaton and Dressites back out of the store, leaving the survivors to catch their breath. Should the heroes follow the combatants, let the fight play out. If they're better armed, this time both sides of the battle take them more seriously—although they continue trying to eradicate each other as well.

If the heroes somehow have too easy a time with the fight, feel free to reinforce either of their opponents. The object here is to enforce the idea that humanity is being overwhelmed by alien invaders—but without wiping out the party.

- **Tetaldian Automaton (1):** Use the stats for Tetaldian Automaton (page 172).
- **Dressite Soldiers (3):** Use the stats for Dressite Soldier (page 157).

Into the Fire

Once the Dressites and Tetaldian war machine either take the fight outside or are defeated by the heroes, the surviving customers and employees begin to clamber out of the debris and rubble. More than a few were killed by the automaton and several are injured.

Don't worry about trying to account for the exact number of folks cowering in the wreckage at the back of the store. There are

more than the characters can get a quick count of—several dozen at least—and most have at least a few scratches or bruises.

No one outside of Wacks and the player characters as yet has any idea of the true scope of what is happening. If anyone takes time to explain what's really going on to the other survivors, she's met with a mix of disbelief and shocked acceptance. Angry voices weigh in on both sides of the argument, with people leveling accusations of insanity or pig-headed denial against their opponents. Nothing gets settled—but it does distract most of the crowd enough for the next round of Hell to get in a sucker punch or two.

Space Vultures

Whether the survivors are busy trying to treat the wounded or arguing over the real cause of the current suburban apocalypse, a Zerin raiding party literally swoops into the store on thruster packs. Unless the heroes set a watch on the hole in the back wall, the lizardmen get a free round of attacks thanks to the unexpected nature of their arrival. And really, who wouldn't find a bunch of space raptors flying into a big-box retailer on rocket packs a bit surprising?

Luckily for the characters, there are enough targets in the area that the Zerin don't initially zero in on them. The reptilian marauders dive onto other survivors, making mincemeat of them in the first round of fighting. Once the heroes begin to fight back, the Zerin take note, and half their number break off to deal with them. The rest continue to prey on the helpless survivors, slaughtering as many as they can.

The Zerin weren't expecting much resistance though, so they don't have their laser rifles readied. They prefer to feel their prey's flesh part under their claws, after all. Until at least half their number has been Incapacitated, they don't draw their ranged weapons.

The aliens aren't suicidal, so once they've been reduced to less than three members, they retreat, using their thruster packs to exit the store and break line of sight with any attackers.

- **Zerin Marauders (2, plus 2 per hero):** Use the stats for Zerin Marauder (page 177). Armed as listed.

Retreat

After the fight with Zerin, Wacks approaches the heroes:

"You probably guessed it already, but it isn't safe around here. I have a shelter back at my place that's as safe as anywhere now. There ain't a lot of room, but I reckon I got a little extra space."

"I figure anyone who wants to live through this is gonna have to lay low for a few weeks—if not months. That's not exactly a one-man job. You folks look like you can handle yourselves, and things are only going to get worse for humans as time goes on."

The cagey survivalist tells his new friends to gather up as much canned food as they can and follow him out to his junkyard. In the ensuing chaos, the characters pretty much have the run of the store and can round up several carts worth of food and other basic supplies before heading out.

Wacks loads any Incapacitated heroes onto his work truck. *"I've got some medical supplies back home,"* he volunteers.

Left Behind

If any of the heroes have family or loved ones not present, Wacks won't detour to pick them up, but won't stop other characters from doing so. He gives them a dirty and well-worn business card with his salvage yard's address on it, and tells them he'll wait as long as he can.

Along the way, they spot a Zerine gargantuan a mile or so away, striding through the devastated landscape. Feel free to throw in a fight with the various alien invaders so the players understand the full scope of the disaster. Recommended numbers of members for each faction are listed below.

You may have to improvise to compensate for each character's back story. However, no matter how hard the heroes fight to rescue their loved ones, they don't succeed. Either their friends or family are killed in the initial onslaught like much of humanity, or they are simply nowhere to be found—possibly in hiding or captured by the Zerine. Try to match the outcomes to each character concept, as the anger, sorrow, or hope each survivor carries away from the Annubius Conflict is a great motivating factor for their later actions in the campaign.

- **Dressite Soldiers (1, plus 1 per 2 heroes):** Use the stats for Dressite Soldier (page 157). Armed as listed.

- **Tetaldian Automaton (1):** Use the stats for Tetaldian Automaton (page 172).
- **Zerine Marauders (1 per hero):** Use the stats for Zerine Marauder (page 177). Armed as listed.

Hole in the Ground

Wacks' salvage yard is located about 10 miles out of the city. Towering piles of rusted and wrecked automobiles form the walls to labyrinthine alleys and corridors. A steel workshop with about equal parts paint and rust sits off to one side.

Wacks has pulled his truck in there when the characters arrive. A small group of other refugees the conspiracy theorist rescued along the way piles out of the back of the vehicle as the heroes arrive.

"I built this place on top of a decommissioned nuclear silo. I bought the land in an auction twenty years ago when everybody was making nice. The government didn't even bother to fill in the bunkers, so there's plenty of space down there."

"I've been sprucing it up over the years, moving in supplies, a generator, and so on—just in case. It's no four star hotel, but it beats gettin' vaporized by some space robot's energy gun."

A hatch leads to a ladder that descends down into the underground complex, which sits more than 30' deep. True to his word, Wacks has kept the place in livable—if not exactly pristine—condition. He has a few spare cots for sleeping arrangements, electricity from generators, and even a room dedicated for medical supplies and treatment.

"It's not much, but nothing short of a direct hit from a nuke is likely to get to us—and a big nuke at that." Almost as if to challenge his statement, the entire complex rumbles and shakes for nearly a minute. A few cracks even appear in the hardened surfaces of the bunker.

When the dust settles, Wacks leads the group to a small room with several lockers along the walls. With a smile, he opens one revealing a rack of assault rifles and other military hardware.

"Now, assuming you're in, we start prepping to fight back."

Clean Up

This marks the end of the first flashback sequence. Wacks' bunker turns out to be surprisingly well-stocked with medical supplies. The salvage yard owner won't explain where he got some of the higher end pharmaceuticals beyond, "I've got connections." He—any heroes with medical training—manage to nurse any characters who fell during the initial fight at the Mega Mart back from the brink.

FLASHBACK 2: STALKING HORSE

(Heroes playing this adventure as a flashback begin this adventure at Novice rank with one Advance. The best place to insert this scenario into the Plot Point Campaign is just before the Bad Bet installment, as it makes the hunt for Cecil Long somewhat personal.)

This installment takes place a few months after the beginning of the Tetaldian invasion. The group has found shelter with a scrap yard owner and survivalist, Peter Wacks, and ridden out the worst of the opening shots of the Annubius Conflict. Also holed up in Wacks' underground bunker are a handful of other survivors either the heroes or Wacks rescued during the initial extraterrestrial attack.

Supply Run

The survivalist clearly outfitted the old base as a bolt-hole. It was well-stocked with medical supplies, food, and a disturbing number of military-grade weapons. He never planned for it to support a group of this size.

"We're going to need to poke our heads out and find more food if we plan to make a go of it down here," Wacks says. "We've got plenty of room, but I didn't expect this many bodies when I was stockpiling supplies."

Wacks splits the survivors into two groups: the player characters in one, and the rest of the refugees, led by himself, in the other. If questioned about the division, he says, "I saw you handle yourselves back at the Mega-Mart. I think you'll do all right out there on your own."

Wacks can outfit each hero with a Kevlar vest (+2/+4, see the *Savage Worlds* core rules). For weaponry, he provides each with a semi-automatic AR15 rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2), a combat knife (Str+d4), and two spare magazines (30 rounds each). For each team, he adds a walkie-talkie and a pair of smoke grenades.

When they emerge from the bunker, the heroes find even though it's early summer, a blanket of snow covers the countryside. "Looks like all those predictions of nuclear winter weren't all that far off," Wacks says. Still, the survivors see no sign of any of the alien invaders as they travel through the countryside east of the city.

Once they reach Denver's city limits, Wacks and his group heads north. He sends the characters' group south. The walkie-talkies have a range of 30 miles, which should be more than enough to keep in contact. Wacks warns them if one of the groups runs into trouble, odds are it's going to be over long before the other group can get there—one way or another.

A-Scavenging We Will Go

Saying Denver is in bad shape is like saying getting hit by a truck might sting a little. Aerial bombardment and heavy ground fighting have taken their toll. The downtown skyline is non-existent, and the smoke from countless fires clouds the air.

In the suburbs, the damage isn't as grand in scale, but it's no less extensive. Wrecked cars almost completely block most intersections, and entire blocks have burned to the ground. For the first hour or so, the team sees no signs of other survivors.

Scrounging the ruins for supplies is pretty easy. The invading alien races are treating Earth as a free-fire zone, Dressin, Tetaldian, and Zerin alike. The initial assault alone inflicted tremendous human casualties, and they've not let up during the intervening time. There just aren't that many people competing for supplies anymore.

Scavenging is a simple Survival roll or a Notice roll at -2. Each hero can make this roll once every 30 minutes. On a success, the survivors come across a useful find like a small cache of food, a box of ammunition, a case of batteries, or a can of gas. With a raise, the sharp-eyed adventurer spots another group of

other survivors picking their way through the ruined suburbs (see **Pied Piper**, below).

If no character gets a raise on one of the rolls, the team stumbles across the refugees after two hours of searching—or when they decide to head back to their bunker if they don't last that long.

If anyone rolls a 1 on his skill die (regardless of the Wild Die), or if the group scrounges for more than an hour and a half, it encounters a Dressite patrol. The alien soldiers have given up all pretense of defending Earth at this point and immediately open fire. The Dressites fight to the death—which means the heroes can loot their bodies for some weapon upgrades after the battle, if they're so inclined.

- **Dressite Patrol (4):** Use the stats for Dressite Soldier (page 157). Armed as listed.

Pied Piper

When the scavengers run across the other humans, the refugees are moving cautiously through backyards and alleys. The second group has more than twenty people in it though, so they're not particularly stealthy. Should any of the team hail them or otherwise try to catch their attention, they stop. If it looks like the characters are likely to instead let them pass without making contact, one of the other survivors spots one of the heroes and calls out to her.

Mob with a Mission

The other survivors turn out to be a hodge-podge crowd of about 20, composed of nearly every age, occupation, and social strata of humanity. The one thing the rag-tag band is short on is protection. Only two members appear armed. One is a non-descript man carrying a well-worn pump shotgun, and the other is a police officer in a tattered uniform with a 9mm pistol.

When the heroes make contact, the policeman introduces herself as Officer Shea and explains:

"A government representative by the name of Long has been going around rounding up people. FEMA is supposed to have set up a refugee center about a mile from here in a

warehouse that's still standing. They're staging evacuations from there."

She invites the team to travel with them to safety. Even if the heroes aren't interested in joining the evacuation, the officer implores them to help her escort the rest of the group to the pick-up point. The refugees are woefully under-armed, and just lucky they haven't run into any alien patrols. The band could certainly use the team's help in guarding the civilians.

Robot Killers

Sure enough, within only a few blocks of meeting up with the heroes, the motley group crosses the patrol area of a Tetaldian hunter-killer unit. If the group is moving cautiously through alleyways and backyards, give them a group Stealth roll to avoid the robots. If they fail the roll or are careless, they have a fight on their hands.

Luckily for the heroes—and conversely for the other survivors—the hunter-killers focus their initial attacks on the main body of unarmed refugees. The robots' programming is to inflict maximum casualties and attack anything that isn't Tetaldian. Once the humans engage the alien constructs, the robots' shift their attacks to the more immediate threats.

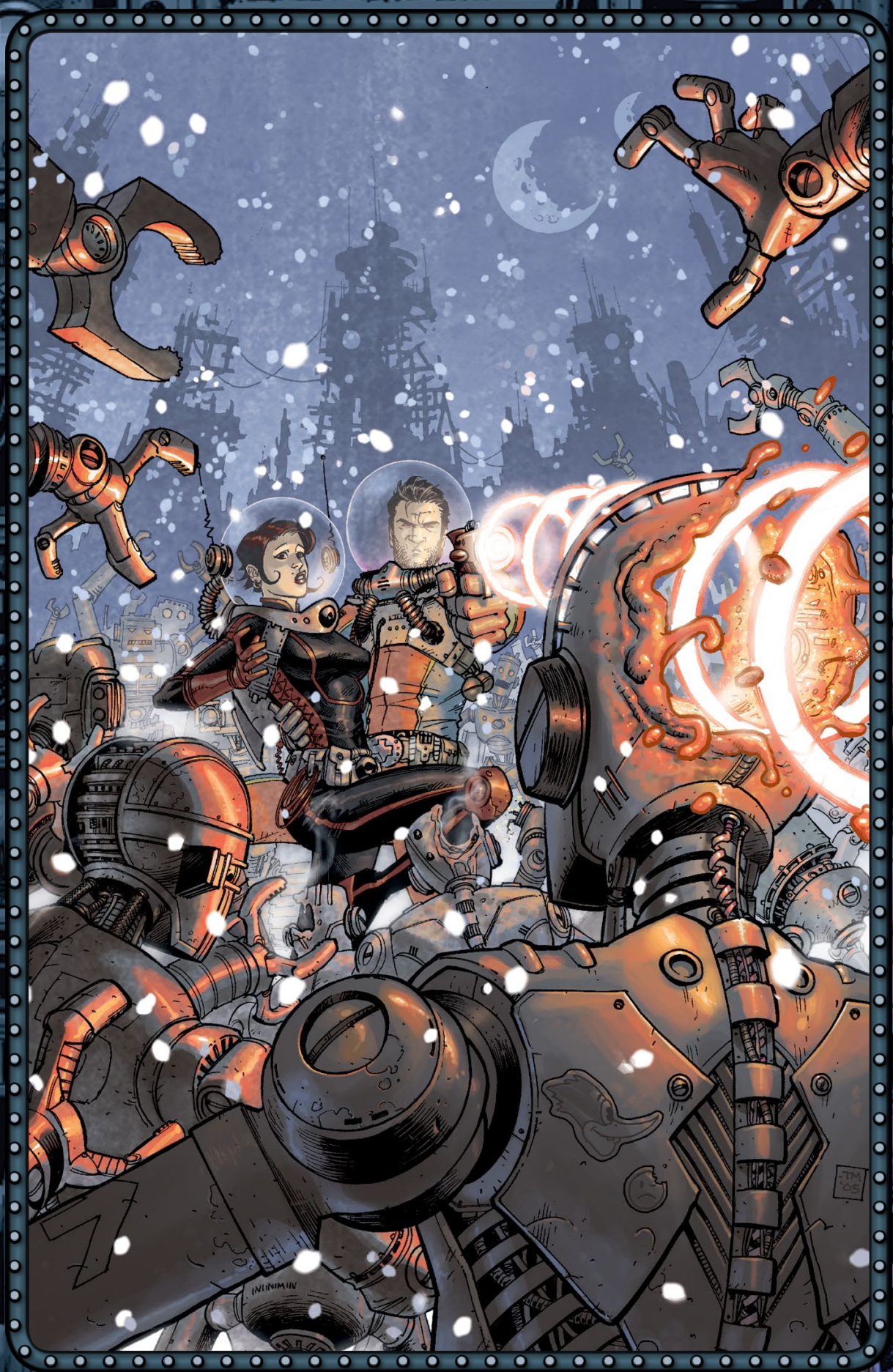
Officer Shea knows from experience her pistol is of limited effectiveness against the Tetaldians and instead focuses on getting as many of her charges to cover as possible. The shotgun-wielding survivor unwisely stands his ground in the middle of the street, and is likely one of the first casualties.

The robots do not retreat or offer any quarter. If the group tries to flee, they pursue using the **Chase** rules (see *Savage Worlds*). Should the survivors split into smaller bands, the Tetaldians do as well, focusing on the largest numbers.

- **Tetaldian Automatons (1, plus 1 per 2 heroes):** Use the stats for Tetaldian Automaton (page 172).

No Safe Haven

Once the Tetaldian automatons have been defeated or at least escaped, the remaining refugees regroup and make their way to the warehouse. The building is a nondescript steel



structure with a small parking lot in front. It appears to be largely intact—a fact which distinguishes it from most of the other nearby buildings. A large, rollup door stands open on a loading dock to one side.

Any hero who thinks to ask sees no government or military vehicles anywhere in the vicinity. As the group approaches, a bald man with a moustache and goatee wearing a black fedora emerges and vigorously waves them toward the loading dock.

“Hurry,” the man calls out in what can only be described as a shouted whisper. “*Before the aliens catch sight!*”

Officer Shea breathes a sigh of relief and identifies the man as the government agent, Long. The rest of the refugees find the energy to begin a trot toward the assumed haven. Shea asks if the team is going to join the evacuation or stay behind. Regardless of their answer, she asks them to cover the rear of the refugee band until the civilians make it to safety.

It's a Trap!

The Zerin have opened a portal just inside the doorway. It's not immediately obvious from the outside as it opens into another enclosed space, albeit on the other side of the galaxy.

Should one of the adventurers specifically state she's looking for an ambush or something similar, allow her to make a Notice roll at -4, but don't tell the player the modifier. Just apply it after she tells you her result. If she makes it, she catches sight of one or more Zerin lurking on a rooftop or in a nearby alley.

Depending on her actions, the Zerin may or may not know they've been spotted. Once they realize it, they attack, attempting to chase as many victims through the doorway as possible. Long makes the situation worse by yelling to the refugees, “*Hurry! Run in here where it's safe!*” moments before doing so himself.

Lambs to the Slaughter

If the team doesn't recognize the ambush beforehand, Long ducks through the doorway, leading the first of the refugees through the portal. The illusion doesn't last long, as those who are teleported realize they're surrounded by cages filled with captive humans and guarded by ferocious Zerin. The screaming

begins almost immediately, causing the rest of the refugees to pull up fast.

Any hero who tries to get a better look can make a Notice roll to see what has the civilians so frightened without actually entering the warehouse (and portal).

Once the ruse has been revealed, the Zerin spring their trap. They emerge from rooftops, alleys, and other hiding places and attack. The Zerin marauders use their thruster packs to maneuver around the battlefield. They fire their weapons at the ground near unarmed refugees in an effort to drive as many as possible through the doorway/portal. Long immediately jumps through the doorway to safety.

They don't take chances with any armed characters. Those they happily attack to kill. The marauders have more than their share of bloodlust so they close to rend with their claws rather than using ranged weapons. Once a Zerin is in hand-to-hand combat with a victim, it fights to the death.

The marauders aren't suicidal, though. Once the heroes outnumber the rocket lizards, the rest attempt to retreat through the portal. As soon as the last Zerin is through—or any of the heroes attempts to cross—the aliens deactivate the portal. The generator is on the other side, more than half a galaxy away, so the team can't reactivate it no matter what.

- **Zerin Marauders (2 per hero):** Use the stats for Zerin Marauder (page 177). Armed as listed.

The End of the Beginning

Any surviving refugees look to the team for help. There is room at Wacks' silo, but the issue of supplies may also be a concern. If the heroes opt to provide shelter to the civilians, they earn an extra Benny at the beginning of the next session on top of the one for completing the flashback.

Agents of Fear

Upon return to the bunker, the heroes find Wacks and his group have beaten them home. He helps the team offload any supplies, gets any new arrivals settled, then calls the characters together to show them what his group discovered.

FLASHBACK 3: CRIMSON SUNRISE

"We came across a wrecked military convoy, just off Interstate 70, not long after we parted ways. We found a whole truckload of MREs, some assault rifles, a rocket launcher or two, and this baby."

He points them toward a rectangular green radio about a foot long and wide. A series of complicated controls covers the face, and from the wires leading from the back, Wacks already has the transmitter up and running.

"It's one of the Army's newest transmitters. It has a HF setting, which gives it nearly unlimited range. I got it up and running while we were waiting on you."

"I didn't catch any military chatter. That's all encrypted anyway—assuming there's any military left in the first place—but I did hear this."

He turns the radio on, adjusts a couple of dials, and then steps back. A voice with a heavy Texas drawl issues from the speaker.

"Any human survivors monitoring this channel: We are broadcasting from an undisclosed location in Texas. These alien sonsabitches don't think they have anything to fear from humanity. We're gonna show 'em different, and we welcome anyone who wants to help"



(Characters playing this as a flashback within the main Plot Point Campaign begin this adventure at Novice rank with two Advances. This adventure is best set between the installments **Intervention** and **The Great Raid**.)

The war between the Dressites and Tetaldians has been raging close to a year now, but the survivors in Wacks' bunker have been fighting a guerilla war for the last six months or so. Exchanging intelligence with the Fear Agents in Texas has given both groups a boost in tactics and mastering some of the aliens' more effective weaponry.

Recent successes, combined with a lessening alien presence in the area, led Wacks to ask the group to step up its attacks against the invaders. The most combat-capable survivors (including the heroes) have been divided into two teams, with the rest of the bunker's inhabitants serving in a variety of support roles. The hidden base now has a fairly well-equipped field hospital, armory stocked with both human and alien military-grade weaponry, and the beginnings of a hydroponic garden facility.

Bushwhackers

The heroes, leading a few other survivors, are preparing to attack a Tetaldian patrol. The cybernetic aliens have had considerable success against the Dressites in the Denver area, allowing them to focus more on the remaining human fighters. The invaders have been ranging further from the city seeking the guerillas' base, and they're likely to stumble upon the junkyard soon. While it's disguised well enough to pass a fly-over from an aircraft, the survivors' bunker is almost certain to be found by any creature actually poking around the scrapyard.

Scouts have sighted an actual Tetaldian overlord leading the robotic invaders, and the resistance fighters decided to hit the cyborg leader in a distant part of the city to draw attention away from their hiding spot.

The heroes, as the most capable fighters, are tasked with the mission. They're augmented with a few extra guerilla fighters to add to the illusion the resistance base is on the other side of the ruined metropolis.

Load Out

The characters have amassed a fair amount of ordinance by this point. The team members can choose a laser rifle or M-16 as their primary weapon. For a backup, they can have a police pistol, laser pistol, or a Dressite energy spear.

Each member also receives body armor and two frag grenades, and four power packs or magazines of ammo for each weapon. Finally, the team is assigned a missile launcher and three missiles.

The heroes' numbers are augmented by additional survivors to give them some extra firepower. Allow each player to control one of these guerillas as an Extra.

- **Resistance Fighters (1 per hero):** Use the stats for Human (page 162), but increase Fighting and Shooting to d6. Body armor (+4), M16 (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 3, AP 2), police pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2), 3 magazines for each weapon, frag grenade (3d6).

Smackdown

Getting to the far side of the city without drawing attention has taken the group a couple of stressful, but ultimately uneventful, days. Depending on how you want to run the encounter, you can allow your players to find a suitable ambush site or make them wander the ruins to find the Tetaldians.

When the heroes encounter the overlord, they discover the alien doesn't take its own safety lightly. He's defended by a number of automatons, as well as a lower-ranking Tetaldian cyborg who serves as his assistant.

The automatons fight to the death to defend their leader, but the overlord values his near-immortal hide too much to make a similar stand. Once his minions are outnumbered by 2-to-1 or more or he's suffered two wounds, he attempts to flee back to a nearby Tetaldian base. His assistant stays in the battle only until his master retreats.

Whether the guerillas manage to kill the overlord, force a retreat, or are themselves routed, they ultimately accomplish their mission. The Tetaldians are convinced the resistance is concentrated near the point of attack and focus their efforts there for the near future.

- **Tetaldian Overlord:** Use the stats for Tetaldian Overlord (page 172).
- **Tetaldian Assistant:** Use the stats for Tetaldian (page 170).
- **Tetaldian Automaton (1, plus 1 per two heroes):** Use the stats for Tetaldian Automaton (page 172).

No Safe Place

When the group arrives back at Wacks' junkyard, it's obvious the base has suffered a devastating attack. The steel buildings are virtually demolished, melted by laser burns or blow apart by explosives. Impact craters pockmark the area and wrecked cars stacked around the yard have been reduced to burning hulks of slag.

The heroes are likely to assume the Tetaldians somehow located their base. While there are no survivors in sight—or even dead bodies—any character who succeeds on a Notice roll at -2 observes several spots in the junkyard marked by large pools of blood.

At this point, if the adventurers made it through the earlier battle more or less intact, a group of Zerin emerge from the ruined building holding the entrance to the bunker. (If the heroes fared badly in the fight, feel free to skip this encounter.)

The space lizards are covered in dried blood and carrying the carcasses of a few of the other guerrilla fighters...or at least some of their parts. The Zerin, spotting fresh meat, immediately attack, but flee if more than half their number are taken out.

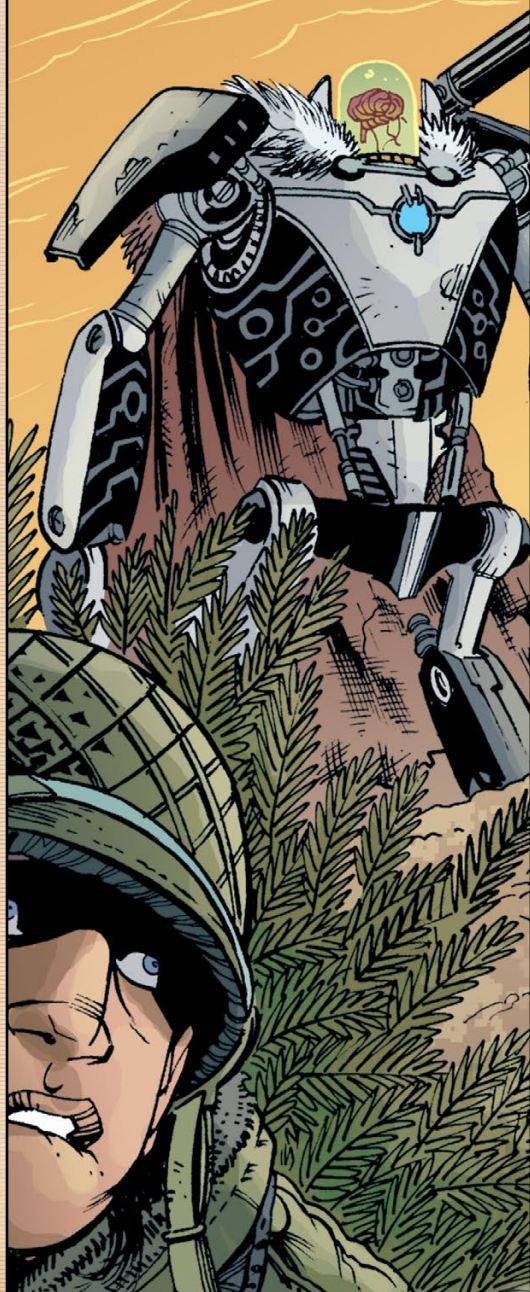
- **Zerin (1 per hero):** Use the stats for Zerin Marauder (page 177).

Picking Up the Pieces

Once the alien predators are dispatched, the group can enter the bunker. They find no more of the marauders, but no human survivors either. From the amount of blood and damage inside the old missile base, it seems unlikely

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any of their comrades-in-arms survived—but they find almost no bodies.

Their former refuge has been picked over as well, which seems odd since the medical supplies and food stores aren't likely to hold much value to an alien race. A few minutes of searching and a successful Notice roll or two allows the heroes to scrounge up enough overlooked ammunition and food to resupply themselves for a few days. They also manage to find enough first aid gear to treat the injuries suffered in the battle with the Zerin stragglers, if any.

Lone Survivor...Sort of

In one of the last rooms they search, the group discovers Wacks holed up behind the remains of a makeshift barricade constructed out of furniture. The barrier obviously failed, as it's been scattered about the room. Wacks is hunkered down behind an overturned desk which is peppered with laser burns.

The man is on his last legs. He has several wounds from laser burns himself, but they're only the beginning of his horrific injuries. He's suffered slashes from Zerin claws, but worst of all, he's missing an entire leg. Wacks has used a belt to create a makeshift tourniquet, but blood loss has turned his skin a ghastly shade of gray.

It's clear the man has one foot in the grave. And since a pack of angry space lizards took the other one, he's not long for this world. Shockingly, he's still conscious when the team finds him.

Plan B

In halting sentences, Wacks suspects a human traitor exposed the guerillas' base to the Zerin. A refugee—who coincidentally matches the description of "Agent" Long—arrived shortly after the heroes left, and not long afterward, the reptoids swooped in and began slaughtering everyone they couldn't snatch up. The survivors fought as long as they could, but were eventually overwhelmed. He made his last stand in this room.

He never saw the suspicious refugee once the attack began, and as far as he knows, no one else survived.

"Those monsters ate some of the others out in the hall there. A few were still alive at the time. I'm pretty sure I'll remember those screams as

long as I live...which doesn't look to be much longer.

"They'd broken into the room a little while ago. I got a few, but there were just too many. The sonsabitches took my leg and would have taken the rest if you all hadn't arrived and drew them back outside.

"They didn't kill everyone outright, though. As many as they could, they rounded up into cages. I think they're using us like cattle."

Wacks coughs up a surprising amount of blood, then pulls open a drawer on the desk he's propped against. He pulls a weathered journal stuffed with photographs, newspaper clippings, and map segments from it.

"As far as those bastard Dressites and Tetaldians go, I think we're finished. You're all that's left of us now. Damned if we should let a bunch of scaly jackals from space make soufflés out of humans and get away with it.

"There's still hope for some of them. It's a long shot, but I've had a plan B up my sleeve for some time."

He coughs more violently, passing the journal to one of the heroes. The cover has gold-embossed lettering which has faded with time and use, but the adventurers can make out the words *Roswell 1947*...

FLASHBACK 4: A NEW HOPE

Heroes playing this adventure as a flashback scenario begin this adventure at Novice rank with three Advances.

The notes in the battered journal marked *Roswell 1947* lead the heroes all the way to the doorstep of Area 51 in Nevada. They don't know exactly what they're looking for yet, only that it's some piece of advanced alien technology conspiracy theorists believe the government has been exploiting for decades, stored in a secret facility identified only as Hangar 18.

It's been nearly a year since the invasion began. By this time, the heroes are pretty well equipped, either with military-grade weapons they've scrounged or advanced alien

technology they've managed to wrest from the invaders. The adventurers have body armor (+4) and their choice of M-16s, laser rifles, or laser pistols. Each character also has either a standard pistol of their choice for a sidearm or a Dressite hand weapon. Finally, the group has four fragmentation grenades remaining in their possession when this adventure begins.

Deserted Desert

The group is exhausted from weeks of travel—almost entirely on foot and at night to avoid attracting the attention of patrols belonging to either invading alien force. It's been rough going, but finding supplies has been relatively easy. If there's one thing you can say for genocide by alien invasion, it's that it leaves more resources for those survivors tough enough to survive.

The last few days have found the heroes in much leaner times. Area 51, their ultimate destination, sits square in the middle of miles of nothing. The nearest town—a tiny one-horse outpost named Rachel, NV—is more than 30 miles from the next tiny collection of buildings that passes for a town, and more than twice that distance from anywhere rating a supermarket before the invasion.

That Went South Quickly!

This is a tough fight, and there's a chance the heroes, even with their added firepower and Extra allies might be overwhelmed by the alien invaders.

If that's the case, the heroes, no matter how badly injured, survive the fight, even if they wake up from near-comas a day later. The fate of any Extras is in your hands, but should all the player characters fall, a plucky ally might just be the prescription necessary to nurse the wounded adventurers back to consciousness. The heroes can then limp back to Wacks' bunker over the course of a few days as they duck the increased alien patrols.

As usual, any character who falls in the battle is treated as "killed" for the purposes of extra Bennies—and adventure cards, if you're using them.



Water and food are getting low by the time the adventurers slog over a rise to spot the remains of Rachel still another 10 miles in the distance. A long walk is still ahead of them; the desert road—ironically named “The Extraterrestrial Highway” is just too exposed to risk using a car or other vehicle. A passing Dressite or Tetaldian ship would pick the movement out from a dozen miles away and blast the heroes out of existence before they even heard the sound of the air ionizing from the incoming laser blasts.

Traveling at night has shielded them from the worst of the desert heat, but even so, their water supplies are dwindling to dangerous levels.

Oasis

The heroes reach Rachel before dawn. It was a small town even before the invasion, with less than 60 residents. It’s proximity to the military base at Area 51 meant it got more than its share of attention from the Tetaldians and Dressites early in the invasion. Most of the buildings are prefabricated structures or mobile homes—neither of which are

renowned for their ability to survive laser weapons and missiles.

The largest structure, the Little A’Le’Inn, was a combination dinner, motel, and gift shop for tourists looking to catch a glimpse of nearby Area 51. It too was a prefabricated structure, and little remains outside of a badly shot-up flying saucer replica hanging from an ancient tow truck’s winch and a plaque commemorating the filming of the movie *Independence Day*.

To all appearances, the town is empty. Any of its former inhabitants who survived the initial assaults have long since deserted it.

Our Own Worst Enemy

One thing Rachel does have is its own water supply. Several wells sink hundreds of feet to a deep aquifer. Of course, these wells also require working pumps, something Rachel doesn’t currently have. Getting one of the pumps up and running takes 1d6 hours and a successful Repair roll. Without access to water, the characters face Vigor rolls to avoid Fatigue from thirst (see **Hazards** in the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook).

Unfortunately, the noise of the repairs attracts the attention of a band of human survivors who’ve been hiding in the nearby ruined buildings. The band had come to Rachel hoping to use it as a base from which to loot Area 51 for military gear. They found only a few assault weapons and the like. Unfortunately, the days rooting through the ruins over exposed them to the hallucinogenic spores emitted by the grays nesting in the base’s underground bunkers.

They’re now hopelessly mad and attack mercilessly. The raiders are more than a little hungry, and the heroes are the closest thing to food they’ve seen for weeks.

- **Raiders (2 per hero):** Use the Human (page 162). At your option, you may apply the Thug template. Armed with M16s (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 3, AP 2, Auto, 3RB), knives (Str+d4).

The Back Gate

It’s still nearly 20 miles as the buzzard flies over the barren desert to the Air Force’s least-secret secret base. The group can’t head directly there as a large mountain sits due south of the desolate town. Complicating



matters is the fact Wacks' journal mentions possible mine fields in the desert surrounding the facility.

Among the ruins of the gift shop of Little A'Le'Inn lies several copies of paper maps leading to a nearby gate. A dirt road leaves Rachel to the southwest and heads about 10 miles to the so-called "back gate." After about one mile from the gate, the road changes from dirt to a paved surface.

The gate was once manned by armed guards, but now sits abandoned. A chain-link fence with signs prohibiting photography and trespassing extends to either side of the road. A pair of metal bars once served to restrict vehicular traffic, but they've been crumpled and broken for some time, likely from the impact of a large truck.

To one side of the gates stand several small metal buildings that housed the guards and their monitoring stations before the Tetaldian invasion. Now, they stand open to the elements, stripped of anything of value by raiders—possibly the same ones the heroes faced in Rachel.

The only thing of value left at the gate is the paved road stretching off toward the distant base.

Hangar 18

After passing another small cluster of abandoned buildings just past the gate, the heroes see nothing but wasteland for more than 30 miles. Area 51 sits on the south side of dry lake bed, with some of the runways extending across the bed. At one time, the base was made up of dozens of buildings—dormitories, hangars, support buildings, and so on. It's hard to say whether the Tetaldians or Dressites attacked the facility, but whoever did left very little standing.

The steel buildings, modular offices, and other structures once housing the US government's most advanced aircraft are now twisted and melted piles of metal. The runways all show deep craters from bombs or missiles, while large swaths of pavement simply melted from laser burns. The only sound reaching the explorers' ears is the whistling of the desert wind through the ruins.

This Must Be the Place

Wacks' journal indicates the secret weapon the group is seeking was stored in a building designated Hangar 18—or rather under it. Identifying Hangar 18 from the rest of the collapsed buildings is no easy task as there's no convenient visitor's map marked "You are here" posted. Luckily, the journal has a surprisingly complete aerial photograph of the base with the hangar identified by name.

Following the map, the team uncovers a scorched sign on one of the larger collapsed buildings near the southern edge of the base. Most of the sign is unreadable, but the heroes can make out a "...ar 18" on the right side of it. Digging through the ruins, they find the hangar appears to have been the equivalent of the base's museum, with pieces of various exhibits and historical displays.

After about an hour of digging, the scavengers manage to uncover a large vault door leading underground near the rear of the hangar. Broken tiling reveals it was likely a hidden entrance at one time but the bombardment of the base exposed it. A keypad and scanner are mounted beside the door and come to life after a brief pause if an explorer pushes any of the buttons or even just waves a hand in front of it. A low but powerful electric hum is suddenly audible, even through the thick doors, as the bunker's power is restored.

The security system isn't the absolute top-of-the-line, but it is sufficient to prevent most attempts to bypass it. Anyone attempting to open it with Knowledge (Electronics) or Lockpicking roll is at -8, and the vault is sufficiently reinforced to withstand multiple hits from alien ordinance, so brute strength has no chance of breaking through.

Wacks' journal lists a numeric keycode, but also indicates the team needs a base ID to open the vault. Fortunately for the group (and not so fortunately for the base personnel), there's no shortage of remains amid the ruins. An hour of searching and a Notice roll is all it takes to turn up an ID, but not just any ID has the clearance to activate the door. Only on a raise do the heroes find one with enough access to enter the underground bunker.

By the time the team successfully opens the vault door, the sky is beginning to darken. Ominous-looking storm clouds are approaching from the west, promising a rare spring shower.

Fungal Infection

The Air Force captured several grays at Roswell, New Mexico, in 1948. After much experimentation, the military determined the creatures weren't sentient, but they were nearly indestructible! When Area 51 came under attack, the containment facilities holding the creatures failed and the nasty fungi spilled out into the underground bunker.

The grays' spores quickly overwhelmed the staff, sedating them to near comatose states. Unable to infect human bodies, the grays simply ignored them. In time, the staff succumbed to lack of food and water. Protected from the elements, the creatures have been able to replicate almost unchecked and now infest the bunker.

Office of the Damned

The door opens onto a stairway leading down to a short corridor. Overhead fluorescent lights come on as the investigators move from room to room, activated by motion sensors. This part of the facility is still receiving power from an underground reactor.

At the end of the corridor is what appears to be a run-of-the-mill cubicle farm. Besides the door the heroes entered through, there are three other exits. Rows of work stations fill the room, each with at least one networked computer, all of which are powered down.

Several of the cubes still have mummified corpses manning them. Most wear Air Force uniforms, with only a few in civilian clothes. The bodies show no sign of violence. It's almost as though they simply collapsed at their work stations. A Medicine roll at -2 determines the deceased most likely died from starvation or thirst.

Any character attempting to access a terminal finds it password protected, and each one locks after three failed attempts. The passwords are lengthy, random streams of alphanumeric characters, so there's no way the team can access the terminals at this time.

Besides, the group is likely to be distracted by the horde of little gray men that come rushing the door on the opposite side of the room a minute or two after they arrive!

Squatters

The grays swarm into the office. They begin flooding the room with their spores, with two-thirds of the fungi initially using *stun* or *blind*

to slow the heroes down. The rest of the aliens attempt to probe with their fingers. (Contrary to how...invasive this might sound, it's just a straight melee attack.)

Pretty quickly, the heroes should discover their weapons have little effect on the strange creatures. The grays don't retreat, but it's unlikely the explorers pose any real threat to them anyway.

The creatures aren't intelligent enough to cut off the group's escape route. The team can easily retreat from the aliens and at some point should probably get the hint that discretion is the better part of valor. However, the grays follow them out of the bunker and onto the base grounds if they do.

Once the heroes break free to the surface, the grays come boiling out of the vault in pursuit. Let the team sweat for a round or two as it looks like they're about to be overwhelmed. Then the sky breaks open in a sudden downpour. The rain immediately begins leaving pockmarks on the creatures' skin, causing them to scurry randomly around the ruins until they dissolve into puddles of alien goo.

Any hero who figures out water destroys the grays can make a Smarts roll. On a success, she remembers seeing a fairly extensive sprinkler system in the bunker—one which can be triggered by application of heat or smoke. After that, it's a simple matter to activate the bunker's sprinklers, cleansing it of the rest of the grays.

- **Grays (3 per hero):** Use Gray (page 149).

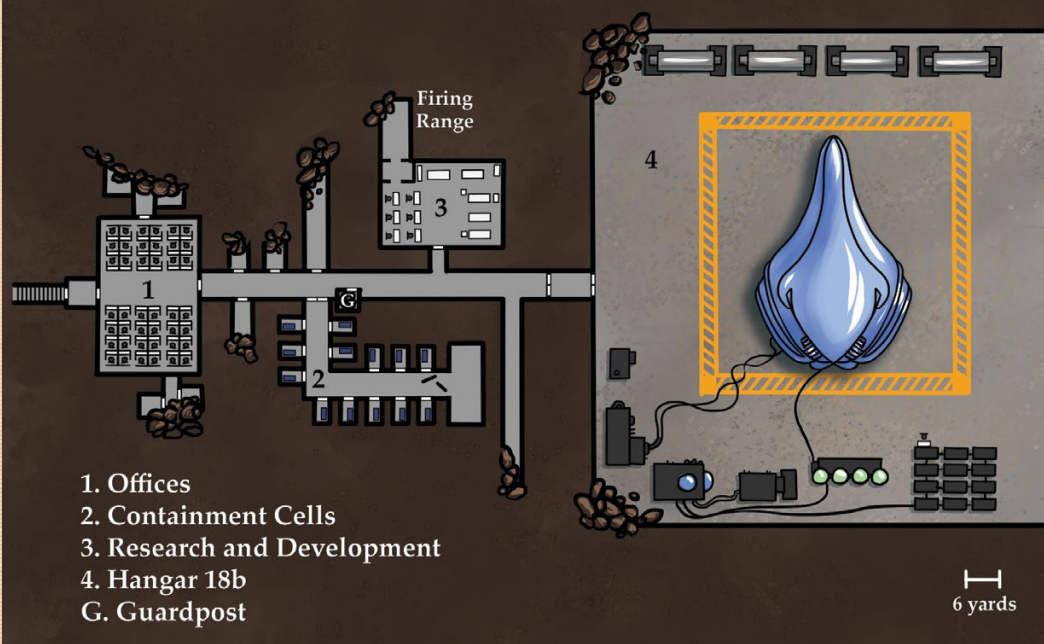
The Secret Base

Once they've dealt with the grays, the group is free to explore the underground bunker further. Many of the corridors collapsed under the initial alien assault, but the central corridor and a few of the rooms remain accessible, if somewhat damaged.

Containment Facilities

The corridor passes a section of the bunker dedicated to holding living specimens of alien species. The shredded remains of a long-dead guard lay inside a shattered plexiglass booth at the entrance to the containment facility. The end of the hall has partially collapsed, and the vault-like door to the cell there hangs open.

SECRET BASE FEAR AGENT, HANGAR 18



The rest of the cells aren't as impressively built, but their doors all stand open. All of the former residents left their rooms long ago.

Most of the cells were dedicated to restraining the grays as the military was still on the fence over what to do with the ambulatory fungi. While they had reached the consensus the creatures weren't intelligent beings, some scientists argued there was still much to be learned from them, and others believed there may be a way to weaponize the grays.

The cell at the end of the hall partially collapsed due to the nearby impact of a large bomb. The inhabitant of that holding pen was one the military took seriously—a tidok that had grown to maturity over the decades. The structural damage allowed the creature to escape and the swath of destruction it left behind included the ruined guard post at the entrance—and the controls to the grays' holding cells.

Research and Development

A set of work tables sits on one side, with a jumble of seemingly unrelated but distinctly alien items arranged in some indecipherable order atop them. All manner of tools, electronic meters, and the like sit on the tables

beside the various objects. A terminal sits atop each table as well, presumably for recording data obtained from study of the alien devices. If the team triggered the sprinklers, these are shorted out, but even if not, they're also protected by robust passwords.

While the items were strange and unknown to the heroes at the time they first discover them, if you're using this as a flashback scenario, they now know the purpose of many. Among the devices are translators, mind-control shielding for helmets, batteries, a spacesuit patch kit, and other items common on most United Systems' space vessels.

A small firing range with two shooting positions outfitted with bench rests sits at the far side of the room. At one of the stations, an oddly shaped pistol sits on the bench. There is a plastic, man-shaped target on the range opposite that station, but a 12-inch diameter hole in the center is simply *gone*.

The pistol is a disintegrator (Range 3/6/12, Damage 3d10, RoF 1. It has four shots remaining in its ammo pack. A hero who makes a Notice roll at -2 spots a single spare ammo pack amid the jumble of gear on one of the work tables.

Hangar 18b

At the end of the main corridor, a pair of double doors opens into a large, underground hangar facility. Before the heroes reach them, they burst open, and the mature tidok charges out. The monster was too big to pass through the doorways of the other rooms in the bunker, so it's been trapped for close to a year prowling the corridor between the hangar and its former cell.

After its escape, it made short work of the few human soldiers and researchers it could reach before the grays' spores subdued it. With the alien fungi eradicated by the heroes, it's now awakened—and is *very* hungry. The tidok is confused and even more aggressive than usual for its species. It does not retreat.

❖ **Tidok:** Use Tidok (page 153).

From the Jaws of Victory, Defeat?

The edges of the hangar are filled with a dizzying array of mechanical gear, computer work stations, and tables covered with piles of tools and diagnostic equipment, but what occupies the center of the room immediately draws the group's attention: an alien space ship.

While the heroes have seen countless Tetaldian and Dressite ships of various shapes and sizes, it's obvious this one isn't one of theirs. It's sleeker in design, with swept-back wings giving the ship a smooth, aerodynamic shape. Holding this beauty in an underground bunker and denying it the skies is almost a criminal act. (If you're playing this adventure as a flashback, this is the *Hope*.)

As they move into the hangar, the sliding ceiling of the hangar is forcibly pried open with an ear-shattering shriek. Gazing down on the heroes are nearly a dozen Tetaldian automatons.

In the sky overhead, the team can see several attack saucers flitting around an actual Tetaldian mothership. More of the automatons descend as they watch in horror. The reactivation of the base's nuclear plant drew the robotic invaders attention almost immediately.

Deal Action Cards to heighten the tension, but before the first Tetaldian takes action, a brilliant blue aurora flares across the sky. Electricity crackles across the automatons

and each seizes up violently, toppling over. The saucers are likewise affected, plummeting hundreds of feet to the ground, exploding on impact.

In moments, the entire Tetaldian force lies lifeless, destroyed by the Dressite pulse weapon on the moon. The heroes and their equipment are left completely untouched by the energy burst.

Although it wasn't apparent at the time, the pulse marked the defeat of the Tetaldians and the end of the war.

Hope at Last

With the last obstacle removed, the explorers can examine the spaceship. The entry ramp to the vessel is down.

Inside, the controls are very different than what the heroes are now used to. They are still designed for use by an alien species, apparently one with more limbs than Earthmen. Over the years, the military researchers have managed to decipher many of them, and these are marked with notes taped beside them. A printed instruction manual rests on what appears to be the command chair, with scribbled addendum in the margins of every page.

No one on the team feels confident in taking the ship out of the atmosphere, but with a few days study and practice, they find they can fly it a shorter distance, say, someplace like Texas...





CHAPTER 11: SAVAGE TALES

"We ought never to do wrong when people are looking."

—Samuel Clemens

The Plot Point Campaign provides you with a ready-made campaign to keep your crew busy for a number of sessions. Using the **Adventure Generator**, you can create the foundations for virtually any number of scenarios you can imagine. But sometimes, you need—or just want a quick side trek for your heroes. That's where these Savage Tales come in.

Most can be inserted into your game just about anywhere or anytime. If you are running **The Searchers** Plot Point Campaign, however, some do work best at certain points. If that's the case, we've noted it at the beginning of the scenario.

SAVAGE TALE: SPEAK NO EVIL

Earth's government contacts the spacers, asking them to check out Cruna IV. A group of eight human scientists sent to study the planet has disappeared, and the heroes are the only Earthers within several thousand light years. Rescue Mission

The planet is a likely candidate, approximately Earth-sized and smack in the center of the habitable zone. The United Systems' databases all indicate no sentient species indigenous to Cruna IV. The planet has been largely ignored by other members of the coalition because there are also no particularly valuable natural resources to be exploited.

However, since Earth needs to bolster its position within the coalition with successful colonies as quickly as possible, Cruna IV is valuable just for its real estate. A survey team was investigating the world for possible

human colonization, but the team missed its last three scheduled updates.

Humanity's leaders want the adventurers to visit the planet, report their findings, and rescue the team if they're in trouble. Earth agrees to reimburse the group for the costs of any fuel for the voyage and offers a bounty of \$10,000 per member of the survey team rescued.

Unusual Intelligence

There is a sentient species on Cruna IV, but it's one the initial explorers understandably overlooked. While it is a lush planet with thousands of plant species, only a single species of tree flourishes on the planet, with minor adaptations to allow its members to survive in tropical to sub-arctic climates. The reason for this homogeneity is the Cruna IV trees have developed sentience.

On top of a fairly unique intelligence, the trees have also developed a wide variety of spores and fragrances for communication with each other. They can use these to affect or even kill other plant life and even influence the behavior of animals in their vicinity—drastically in some cases. They use the planet's fauna to maintain their groves, groom them, and when necessary, protect them from danger.

Not surprisingly, the trees long ago dealt with any herbivorous species prone to feeding on them. They have cultivated a few small species to spread their seeds, but the trees have existed without any major threats for nearly a millennium.

And then the first human survey team arrived...

In the Garden of Eden

Finding the Earth ship isn't difficult for *Hope's* sensors, as it's the only man-made item on the planet. The spacecraft landed relatively close to a large grove of trees, and

there's ample room for the heroes to put their ship down nearby.

Missing Persons

Investigating the vessel itself, the team discovers no sign of the crew. However, the ship is open, and most systems are still powered up. A successful Knowledge (Computer) or Investigation roll finds the log of the survey team's activities.

The Earthers began taking samples of the local fauna and soil. Shortly after reaching the edge of the nearby forest, they were attacked by quadrupedal creatures operating in a pack. After suffering minor injuries, they retreated to better arm themselves and attempt another expedition. The last entry ends with the team departing again for the forest.

Into the Woods

With the information from the log, the heroes can easily determine the route of travel taken by the previous explorers. Otherwise, a Tracking roll uncovers their trail. Either way, the team is led into the nearby forest of purple trees.

Once inside the forest itself, the team gets a definite feeling something is amiss. A crewmember who makes a successful Knowledge (Biology) or a related science realizes there is very little undergrowth beneath the trees, despite ample sunlight reaching the forest floor, almost like it's being tended. A raise on either a Survival or Notice roll tells the adventurer the same thing.

After a few minutes among the trees, the plants' first line of defense arrives. A pack of large predators charges the group. The heroes can make a Notice roll at -2 to spot the creatures before they're within in melee range, but otherwise, the animals seem to appear out of thin air. (The trees have been subtly dulling the group's senses since they entered the grove.)

The animals have thick purple hide, large forelimbs with particularly unpleasant claws, and a mouth overfull of powerful canine-like teeth. The alien predators are driven to an almost berserk fury by the trees' spores and fight to the death. In game terms, they're very similar to Earth lions, but if Shaken, they do not suffer a wound from further Shaken results.

- **Cruna Lions (1 per hero):** Use the stats for Lion from *Savage Worlds*. Add the Hardy Monstrous Ability.

Space Hippies

After the encounter with the alien beasts, the adventurers can make a Notice roll every 10 minutes they remain in the grove. With a success, a spacer sees a group of small animals carefully tending a tree, pruning dead branches, or pulling weeds. The animals are surprisingly coordinated in their efforts, possibly even to the level of being trained.

With a raise, the crew comes along 1d4 of the original explorers, who are also playing space gardener. They react to the arrival of the characters, but do so in an intoxicated or drugged manner. They are very happy to continue to remain in the grove and care for the trees.

The explorers can't be reasoned with or convinced to leave by any rational approach. At your option, you might allow a particularly tricky approach to lure them back to the ship, but this requires at least a Persuasion roll at -4 to succeed. Otherwise, the only way to remove them is to render them unconscious by using nonlethal damage or weapons like a stunner.

If attacked in this manner, the survey team members fight back, but at a -2 to all skill rolls due to their drugged state.

- **Survey Member:** Use the stats for Human (page 162). Apply the Scientist Template to half and the Explorer Template to the remainder.

Not So Fast!

Once the heroes manage to corral the first group of explorers, the trees begin to focus their attention on them. They can continue to hunt for the rest of the survey team by making a Notice roll each 10 minutes. On a raise, they find another 1d4 members.

Every 10 minutes, the spacers must make a Vigor roll or accrue a level of Fatigue unless they are using a breathing apparatus of some sort. Fatigue acquired in this manner is recovered at a rate of one level every 10 minutes the character breathes unpolluted air.

If a character is Incapacitated by this Fatigue, she isn't knocked unconscious. Instead, she tries to wander off and care for the grove like the original explorers. At this point, she does not willingly leave the grove and must be dealt with like the original explorers.

Should any of the adventurers roll a 1 on his Notice die, regardless of the result of his Wild Die, the crew also encounters another group of guardian beasts, as above.

- **Cruna Lions (1 per hero):** Use the stats for Lion from *Savage Worlds*. Add the Hardy Monstrous Ability.

Homeward Bound

The original team and any drugged heroes recover quickly once removed from the grove. If the spacers haven't already guessed, you may allow them a Smarts roll at -2 to realize the trees appear to have at least a rudimentary intelligence.

Regardless, the explorers quickly realize the sheer numbers of the trees on the planet make it unsafe for any colonization attempt. Worse, any effort to cull the trees would likely have a disastrous effect on the planet's biosphere. After some debate, the survey team sends the disappointing report back to Earth.

If the characters decide not to rescue the explorers and instead salvage and sell the ship, officials on Earth quickly identify the vessel as stolen. This leads to—at best—extremely strained relations with their home planet and very likely a sizeable bounty on their heads!

SAVAGE TALE: TIME AND AGAIN

Run this Savage Tale at some point when the spacers encounter a temporal anomaly—whether by accident or intent. If you're using the flashback scenarios in your campaign, this Savage Tale works best after you've run the **Stalking Horse** or **Invasion!** adventures.

Fair warning! This scenario is not for GMs who are faint of heart about running off the cuff. While we've laid out the basic framework, there is great potential for the heroes to go well off the beaten path, so if you run it, be prepared to improvise heavily!

Rewind

The *Hope* and her crew are thrown through time and space by a temporal anomaly, arriving at Earth during a critical time. The *Hope's* instruments are severely knocked out of calibration by the jolt, and the ship informs the crew that her internal routines can fix the damage in a day or more. Once her internal systems are back online, the *Hope* also says she may be able to reverse-engineer the event that displaced them, returning the heroes to their own time.

She must land and go offline to repair the damage. As a final word of warning, she tells them the Earth is currently under attack. Although she can't accurately calculate the exact date, it appears they have returned home at some point in the past—more specifically sometime during the Annubius Conflict.

As luck would have it, the *Hope* emerged from the anomaly above the Denver area, and the ship identifies several landing points which appear relatively safe from the worst of the fighting. Should the team decide to disembark while she conducts repairs, she cautions them against altering the time stream as the consequences of such actions could be wildly unpredictable and dangerous.

Second Chances

Choose one of the first two flashback scenarios, either **Invasion!** or **Stalking Horse**—preferably one you've already run for your players. As they observe the area during their descent, the travelers realize they're arriving very close to that point in time.

If they choose to intervene, perhaps in the hope of saving one or more of their friends or taking Long down before he can betray the rest of the survivors, use the requisite scenario and let the team play the encounters with their current characters. You can throw in a few encounters before the scripted ones, allowing them to fight a Dressite or Tetaldian patrol, or maybe thwart a Zerin raiding party.

Once they get to the scripted encounters, their old characters are also at the scene. You can play the earlier versions of the heroes, running them according to their actions during the first time they played the scenario. For more amusement, let the players also handle their earlier characters.

Their future-selves obviously have to decide how much they want to tell their past selves about what they've experienced, and how much they want to try to change the past. This is one point where the flashback characters lose their invulnerability to death. If one of the earlier versions of the heroes dies, whether by alien attack or the actions of one of the players, the future version fades from existence.

Of course, it's always possible the team decides to go off on their own and perhaps save loved ones they left behind or just loot the local liquor store. In that case, you may have to improvise or steer them back onto the original path—maybe with laser beams and Zerlin gargantuas.

We Fought the Keepers...

Allow the scenario to play out, and once the adventure has resolved to your satisfaction, *Hope* contacts the spacers to let them know she's back up and running. Additionally, she's computed fuel-to-burn ratios, course alterations, and chronal trajectories that brought them to the past. It's a one-time shot, but if they move quickly, she believes she can reverse the anomalous event and return them to the future.

If the adventurers attempt to travel back to their own time, the trip is harrowing, but ultimately successful. You can have the players make a variety of rolls of your choice—Knowledge (Astrogation), Piloting, and even Vigor or Spirit, for example—and describe the outcome of any success or failure as graphically and cinematically as you'd like. Regardless, the *Hope* and her crew eventually re-emerge in their own time only moments after they left for the past...but not necessarily *where* they left from.

Once they're back to the present, feel free to extrapolate possible results of any tampering they conducted in the past. Perhaps Peter Wacks is alive and a member of their crew, or maybe a recent message from a loved one lost in the first go-round is waiting on the commlink. For good or bad, let the group see some change as a result of their tampering.

Alternately, the group may decide to stay on Earth with their upgraded equipment and try to turn the tide of the war or at least prevent additional loss of human life. Either way, the

heroes don't have long to enjoy (or suffer) the consequences of their actions in the past.

Finally, on the rare occasion the players decide to stay on the ship and not risk monkeying with time (yeah, right), they can continue their journey from there with no further complications. Don't run the encounters below.

...and the Keepers Won

A massive vessel, miles across, suddenly appears near the *Hope*. The huge ship belongs to the Keepers and has been drawn to the area by the effects of the heroes' tampering with time.

The ship captures the *Hope* in a tractor beam and draws it inside. Any action the crew takes is ultimately of no use. The huge ship is not only much too large for the *Hope's* weapons to affect, it's clearly far more advanced than any technology the spacers have ever encountered.

A voice comes over the commlink, "*You are under arrest for the crime of time travel. Prepare to be docked. Any attempt to resist will be met with elimination from the time stream.*"

The *Hope* is drawn inside the enormous ship. The spacers find all their weapons remotely deactivated. A well-armed guard awaits them when the doors open, armed with disintegrator pistols. Hopefully, the crew takes the hint and doesn't try to fight, but if they do, the guards pull no punches—or disintegrator blasts.

- **Keeper Guards (2 per hero):** Use the stats for Human (page 162), applying the Soldier template. Equipped with personal force fields (+4) and disintegrator pistols (Range 3/6/12, Damage 3d10, RoF 1).

Day in Court

The group is brought to a large council room, ringed by high podiums behind which sit representatives of many alien races—most of which they've never encountered. The alien at the center, and highest, podium addresses them. The speaker identifies the council as a tribunal of the Eternal Keepers. Since it's unlikely the team has encountered the Keepers before—if they had, they'd probably have stayed on the ship!—the speaker explains who the Keepers are and their mission.

"The penalty for willful tampering with reality is execution," the speaker says, "But, in accordance with your standing as sentient beings, you are allowed a fair and impartial trial."

The adventurers are granted a representative to speak for them, but it rapidly becomes clear she is only attempting to commute the sentence to life imprisonment. Allow the spacers the opportunity to speak in their own defense, using the **Social Conflict** rules from *Savage Worlds*.

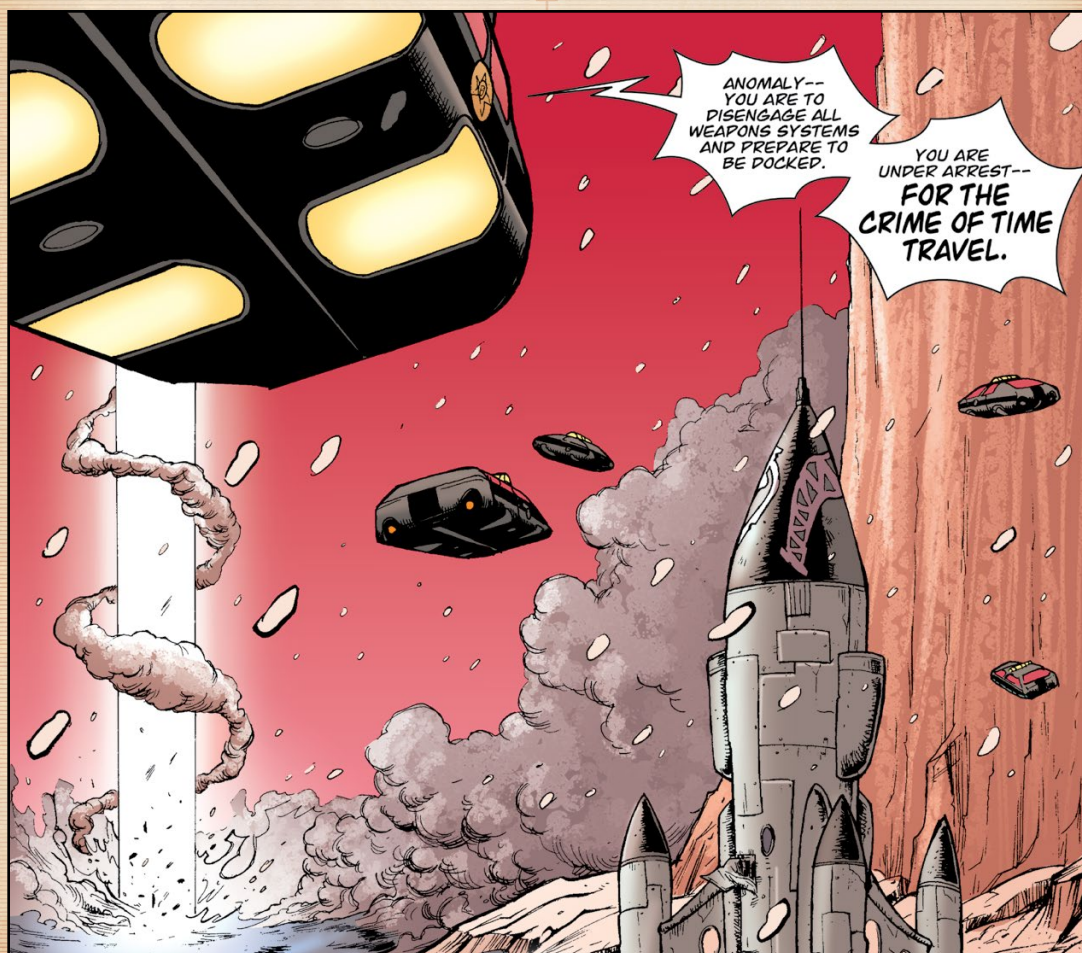
The court grants them some leeway given humanity's lowly Class C intellect, and their representative does have a solid grasp of legal procedure. This allows the accused to use Persuasion instead of Knowledge (Law) in the roll. The prosecuting alien has Knowledge (Law) d10.

As long as the heroes manage a margin of victory of at least one or two successes, the court sends them on their way, citing their lowered intellect as a mitigating factor.

However, the team is on probation and further tampering with the timeline is grounds for automatic termination.

Should the accused be unlucky enough to tie or even lose the contest, they are sentenced to life imprisonment. They are taken to a holding cell where they may encounter other criminals who *just* might have a new lead in their search or another adventure hook. Before they're transferred to their permanent cells, one of the council members arrives with a retinue of guards and releases them. The alien doesn't explain why, only that they are to leave immediately and avoid further transgressions.

Exactly what happened is up to you. Perhaps the Keepers have a use for the group immediately or down the line, believing naïve, Class C humans are an easy tool to manipulate. Maybe their cross-time escapade somehow made the spacers temporal anomalies, resistant to other changes. Or possibly one



of the council members is acting against his peers out of mercy— or personal gain!

Then again, the heroes may never learn the reason and have to look over their shoulders for the rest of time, wondering when the bill will come due!

SAVAGE TALE: THE FLEAS OF WAR

The heroes receive a lead on a new job, but they're not the only ones who hear of it. A second group of 'troubleshooters' on the same planet are also very interested in the contract

Sphleas

Sphleas are tiny, 10-legged parasites all but invisible to the naked human eye. By themselves, they're a pest. Anyone exposed to them is infested almost immediately and gains a Fatigue level within one hour from the itching and discomfort their bites cause. This Fatigue cannot cause Incapacitation. The level is recovered one day after the infestation is exterminated, or within hours if suitable medication is applied; it can be found in any ship's medical bay.

Getting rid of an infestation is another matter altogether. A simple bath with soap or slightly acidic or basic water suffices to rid the sphleas from a sufferer's body, but this does nothing for the hordes of the monsters crawling, by this point, throughout the victim's clothing, personal belongings, and even living space. This requires extensive fumigation lasting 12 hours and usually available only at major spaceports or pavilions.

If the bites weren't bad enough, sphleas have proven remarkably well-adapted to carrying just about any virus or bacterial infection with which they come in contact. The effects of these diseases vary wildly from turning the host's skin vibrant teal (if it's not already) to liquefying it.

and release a horde of parasites to slow down the heroes' departure.

Time Out

The team has set down on a nice, peaceful and civilized planet to refit, refuel, or just grab a little downtime between jobs. After any necessary repairs or other work is completed, a message arrives via the planetary comms array a new, possibly very lucrative opportunity is available to the spacers elsewhere in the galaxy. The exact nature of the work is up to you—it can be another Savage Tale or an adventure of your own devising. Regardless, time is of the essence, as the job is sure to attract others looking to turn some quick unicreds.

Pests and Payoffs

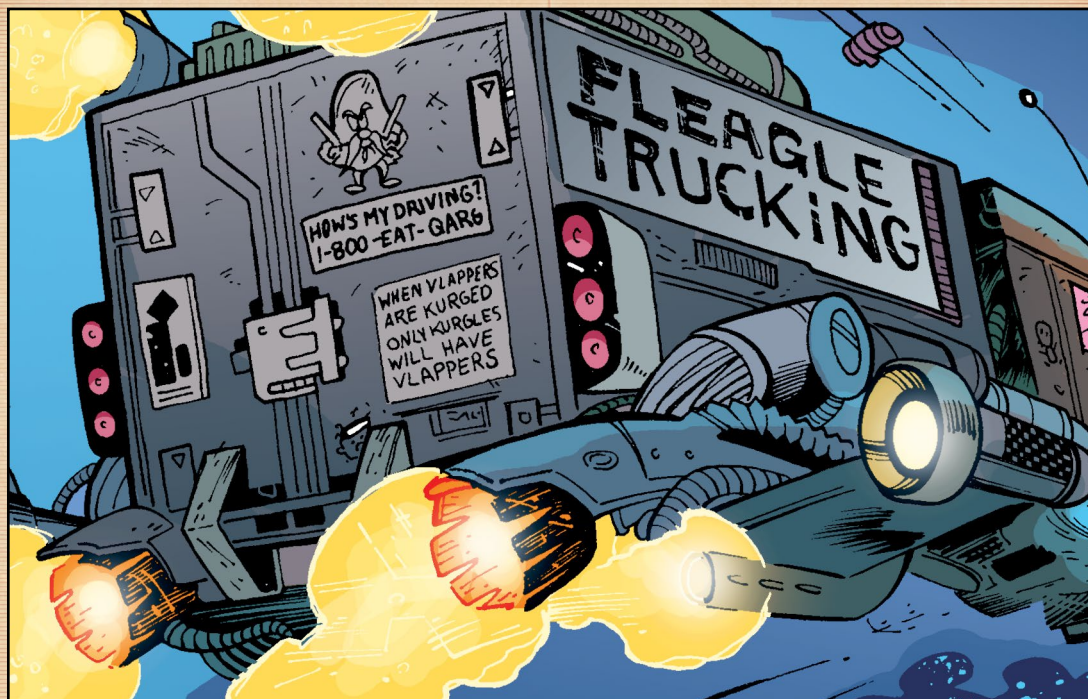
As the spacers file their flight plan to leave the spaceport, they receive notice their vessel has been placed on a health-and-welfare hold, pending a pest inspection. Apparently, the planet they've been visiting has suffered an outbreak of sphleas, a nasty parasite capable of spreading any number of dangerous diseases from a wide range of planets. See the sidebar **Sphleas** for more details.

No ships are allowed to leave port until they've been properly inspected and deloused. Complicating the problem is there are dozens of vessels on the list in front of the heroes' ship—and there is a single inspection team at the spaceport. It will be days before the crew can liftoff. Skipping out without the proper documentation isn't an option, as their ship will be tagged in United Systems' databases as potentially contaminated, and as a result, aren't allowed to dock at any respectable spaceport or pavilion—including the one with the juicy contract they're eyeing.

Something Smells Fishy

After less than a day, the adventurers begin to suspect something is amiss with the planetary bureaucracy. Although other ships are being cleared for departure, their own ship has actually gotten farther down the queue. Where it originally appeared to be a delay of a few days, their estimated departure time is now over a week away.

A simple review of the inspection roster determines other ships are indeed being added to the list ahead of them. The most



obvious explanation is the captains of the line-cutting vessels are bribing an official to jump ahead of other departures.

The team may decide to try their luck at greasing a palm or two themselves. A Streetwise roll fails to turn up any likely target for bribery, though. A raise on the roll tells the characters the registration system for the inspections is completely computerized, and ships are simply prioritized by the order of their filing date. There's not even a clerk to bribe in the process.

Monkey in the Wrench

Armed with this information, the characters can make a Knowledge (Computer) or Smarts roll (at -2) to realize someone has been fiddling with the data behind the scenes. A bit of legwork and an Investigation or Streetwise roll turns up the name Salaman Wheeze, a freelance programmer who was hired by the local authorities to throw together a database for them on short notice once the outbreak was discovered. A raise on either roll also garners his address; if not, it takes another such roll to dig it up.

Salaman is a frail-looking, grayish-blue humanoid with large, wet eyes and a mouth that sprays spittle on every third word. He lives in a tiny apartment in a relatively low-rent section of the city. The apartment also

serves as his office. The heroes can approach there or tail him to a nearby bar he visits nearly every evening.

The programmer isn't stupid. He knows if his tampering is exposed he'll lose lucrative future work and maybe even face criminal charges. On the other hand, he's insatiably greedy and a horrible coward.

A bribe of \$250 unicreds gets him to spill the beans—as does a Persuasion roll at -2 or an Intimidation roll at +2.

Once he's been suitably enticed to cooperate, he tells the spacers he was paid by an alien named Sklort, the captain of the *Black Abbott*, to make sure the team didn't get off planet for a few days. He simply inserted a line of code bumping the heroes' ship down the inspection list every time a new vessel registers. Should they think to ask, Salaman admits Sklort hired him *before* the infestation was discovered.

He offers to remove the code, but plays up the effort and time it requires. If the explorers don't take the obvious bait, he eventually just asks for a bribe of \$250. He offers to restore their ship to its original spot on the inspection roster (which allows them to be inspected within a day or so) for only \$500.

He's still a worm who knows he's been caught with his hand in the cookie jar, so a simple Intimidation roll gets him to remove the code. A raise persuades him to restore their

vessel to its rightful spot, which is above that of the *Black Abbott*. If a character mentions involving the local authorities, give him a +2 on his roll.

The Black Abbott

Feel free to substitute another non-player character here, particularly if you've established another group of freelance adventurers as foils for the players. If not, the *Black Abbott* and her crew can serve as the usual suspects for this roll going forward.

Any spacer looking into the *Black Abbott* can make an Investigation or Streetwise roll. Success reveals the vessel is currently moored at the spaceport. It is a modified scout vessel with a slightly upgraded weapons suite. See the sidebar, *The Black Abbott*, for the ship's stats.

The crew is a mixed bag of malcontents from across the United Systems. Captain Sklort fills vacancies in his crew from whatever port he's in at the time. The *Black Abbott* frequently has holes in its crew, often caused by blasters.

The ship's docking papers reveal it was not carrying any declared cargo. If the investigator

thinks to ask, however, she discovers the ship's last port of call had recently been quarantined for a sphlea outbreak as well.

This in itself isn't damning, as there are other vessels that also visited that planet during the outbreak. Those ships and the *Black Abbott* were all cleared before departure.

✦ **Captain Sklort:** See page 189. Armed as noted.

- **Crew Members (4, plus 1 per hero):** Choose members of various alien species and apply the Pirate Template (page 181).

Infestation

Captain Sklort is not one to put all his eggs in one basket. His scheme has more than one layer to it, and like an onion, all of them are likely to bring tears to the characters' eyes. Sklort managed to corral some of the sphleas at the last port and keep them hidden away in stasis on his own ship.

When the contract offer was broadcast, he learned of the heroes' presence and interest through the comms array operator. To slow them down, he first bribed Salaman and then released his pet parasites. He kept a few in reserve, and he has some of his lackeys slip them aboard the heroes' ship—while the spacers are tracking down Salaman, if the team pursues that lead.

If any of the group remains behind while the others deal with Salaman, they can make a Notice roll to detect the *Black Abbott* crew members as they begin pump the sphleas into the ship's atmospheric feed lines. The thugs break and run if confronted, fighting back only if directly attacked.

Sklort doesn't give his swabbies IQ tests—the saboteurs leave the sphlea container behind. An inspection of the container reveals shipping documentation from a prior trip tying the container to the *Black Abbott*. The port authorities are very interested in this bit of evidence and use it to slap hefty financial sanctions on Sklort and his ship.

- **Thugs (2, plus 1 per hero):** Choose one or more sentients and apply the Pirate Template from the *Fear Agent* core book. Armed as listed.

The Black Abbott

The *Black Abbott* is a scout ship with obvious after-market modifications. It's painted a glossy black, but this just makes the signs of numerous repairs more obvious. The nose of the ship has an image of a garishly garbed member of some unknown alien species making a sign with its tentacle-hand that may be either religious or obscene—it's utterly unclear which.

Medium Starship: Size 8, Acc/TS: 55/700, Climb 2, Toughness 29 (10), Crew 5, Cost \$26.81M, Remaining Mods 2

Notes: AI, AMCM, 2×Armor, Atmospheric, Crew Space, Fuel Pods, Planetary Sensor Suite, 2×Speed, Targeting System, Torpedo Tubes, Warp Drive

Weapons:

- Dual Linked Medium Lasers (Fixed)
- 8 × Light Torpedoes



Unclean!

If the team doesn't catch Sklort's henchman before they leave their tiny stowaways, they're in for a back-breaking delay, even if they manage to get the database corrected. The fumigation process is lengthy, lasting three days, and the ship cannot depart until it's complete.

Luckily, the sphleas aren't carrying any particularly lethal diseases (at least for humans). The heroes suffer the usual effects of a sphlea infestation and develop a nasty case of putrid belching, but no other effects.

There is a chance the explorers can still get a jump on Sklort, though. A Knowledge (Computer) roll lets them hack into the security cameras around their ship's docking bay. There they can find footage of the *Black Abbott's* crew putting the pests into their feed lines. If they point the authorities in the right direction—which takes a Persuasion roll to avoid explaining *how* they know about the footage—the port locks down the *Black Abbott* as above.

As long as they succeed in leaving before the *Black Abbott*, the group can secure the contract. That is, unless you'd rather have them lose it to Sklort's meddling...

SAVAGE TALE: A REALLY FAMILIAR FACE

On an inhabited planet or space station, one of the heroes spots his exact duplicate in the entourage of a wealthy alien. Further investigation reveals that not only is the doppelganger an unauthorized clone, it's not the only one out there!

Don't I Know You?

While visiting a developed alien world or station, either on downtime or another mission, one of the spacers catches a glimpse of someone in a crowd who looks startlingly like him. Catching up with the stranger, the adventurer discovers the individual is, barring a few minor differences like hair style and dress, his veritable twin. The near-mirror image is carrying several large packages.

Any questions the character asks are initially met by a blank stare. Before he can get any answers, an obese, orange-skinned humanoid alien interrupts the hero. Very brusquely, the alien says, "*I have no time for*

dalliances between my servants, slave. I'm sure your master does not either!"

A Peculiar Institution

A successful Persuasion roll gets Blarg, the alien slave-owner, to tell his story. An Intimidation roll does as well—and receives a +2 bonus, as the plus-sized alien isn't particularly brave and his bodyguards seem to be elsewhere.

He quickly explains he recently purchased his "servant" from a dealer in a shop on the same planet (or station). The servant is a registered clone, and local laws do not prohibit the sale and ownership of clones with only basic personality implants. The alien gladly provides the shop's location and address.

If the team decides to liberate the clone, they quickly discover it has no wish to be freed. The clone's owner clarifies the clone's personality imprint makes it incapable of even understanding the concept of free will or freedom.

Furthermore, he's legal within his rights in this jurisdiction, as unpleasant a thought as that is. If they seize his "property," the alien doesn't fight, but does report them to local law enforcers. This might not result in a bounty on their heads elsewhere, but the spacers find this port closed to them in the future.

- **Blarg:** Use the stats for Human (page 162), adding the Obese Hindrance. Blarg is unarmed.

Retail Slavery

Following up on the address provided by Blarg leads the crew to a shady storefront in an even shadier section of the port city. Another human-like alien, this one with numerous pus-dripping orifices over every inch of its exposed, pinkish flesh, stands behind a counter. Atop the counter are several terminals and view screens.

A large, alien crustacean sits on a strained stool to one side of the shop.

The oozing proprietor introduces himself as Slorthp. He does not recognize the cloned hero—which is no surprise, as he offers several hundred racial options and templates spanning dozens of species.

"You'll find my complete catalog of available models on the terminals. We offer a 90-day,

money-back guarantee, but only for biological defects. Anything you break, that's on you."

Any conversation with Slorthp quickly reveals he's only an independent vendor representing several cloning companies. A Persuasion roll convinces him to identify the manufacture. New Life, which created the spacer's clone, is located on the Center of the Information Mega-Junction—and not surprisingly, is run by Sklerpions.

If any of the characters rolls a 1 on his skill die, regardless of the Wild Die, Slorthp becomes convinced they're competitors and won't reveal his supplier short of the threat of physical violence.

The adventurers may take a more forceful approach. Intimidation tests suffer a -4 penalty as long as the security guard is present. If things become violent, Slorthp may report them to the local authorities, again making this port off-limits in the future.

Should the heroes fail to obtain the information from Slorthp directly, let them eventually make an Investigation roll to find it on the catalog terminal.

- **Slorthp:** Use the stats for Human (page 162), adding the Ugly Hindrance. Blaster pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+2, RoF 1).
- **Security Guard:** Use the stats for Lobster (page 164). You may apply the Law Enforcement Template from the same book to make this encounter more challenging. Laser pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), body armor (+4).

Corrupted Data

The Center for the Information Mega-Junction is as depraved a place as the spacers are likely to find. A vast, artificial planet, the center was built to house all the knowledge amassed by all the races of the United Systems, with free access to all citizens. Of course, civilization being what it is, the planet was quickly turned into a den of every imaginable debasement and debauchery when the merchants of flesh, vice, and gambling took advantage of the free access to the massive servers.

Sklerpions wasted little time in effectively colonizing the planet, using the various feeds

and streams to tap into the various negative emotions generated across the known universe by users of the various depravities available at the center. The emotionally-parasitic aliens are doing quite well for themselves—so well in fact, some have decided to diversify.

Second-Hand Flesh Trade

There's virtually no law on the center, and what little there is caters to the vice lords. One of the new boom industries is unauthorized clones. The cloners obtain a biological sample, usually obtained without the owner's consent or even knowledge, and use it to create a line of mindless bodies.

These can then be programmed to fulfill virtually any future owner's desires, from servant to laborer to gladiator to roles even more unsavory. Sklerpions discovered they could use clones to create the emotional response and biological bioproducts, sometimes called "fear juice," to which their race is addicted. They simply create or purchase clones templated only to feel fear, strap them into psychological simulators, and reap the rewards.

The Sklerpions at New Life went one better, purchasing the tech to make their own clones. They use these both to feed their addictions and to sell off-planet for side income. At some point, they obtained a sample of the hero's DNA from their agents. Possibly, it's a bit of blood left at the scene of a shoot-out, biological matter lost after a night of hard-drinking, or even just an identifying sample stolen from an official planetary database.

Humans, being the new kids in the galaxy, are something of a novelty. The Sklerpions at New Life are currently capitalizing on this, selling the hero's clones at a considerable markup.

New Life

New Life, like most operations on the Center, is adorned with garish neon, advertising its unsavory services to all passers-by. Finding it isn't difficult, once the team reaches the Center. A simple Streetwise or Investigation roll locates the company, even if the heroes land on the opposite side of the planet. It is the Center for the Information Mega-Junction, after all.

The company has a small storefront to handle the occasional physical customer. A pair of Marg guards bracket the doorway, and a single Sklerpion stands behind the counter. A catalog terminal sits atop the counter for browsing. There is a door behind the counter leader back into the building.

Customer Service

The team can try to subtly gather information by talking to the counter monkey before they start busting heads. As long as the alien believes they're genuine customers, he's very cooperative, almost obsequious.

The Sklerpion doesn't immediately recognize the cloned hero—after all, most humans look alike to many aliens. Each round, give the flesh merchant a Notice roll at -2 to realize to whom it's talking.

If, or rather once, things take a turn for the violent, the Sklerpion either trips an alarm or simply yells for the guards. The Margs aren't ones to turn down a fight and aren't really smart enough to quit before they're beaten, so they fight until Incapacitated. The Sklerpion darts through the back door at the first opportunity.

- **Company Representative:** Use the stats for Sklerpion (page 169). Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).
- **Guard (2):** Use the stats for Marg (page 165). Body armor (+4), otherwise armed as noted.

Supply Chain

The door behind the counter leads to a small warehouse where the Sklerpions conduct their operations. Several cloning tanks stand to one side, while opposite them are half a dozen clones attached to psychological simulators and collection tanks. One of the clones is a replica of the hero.

There are several Sklerpions in the room, some minding the machinery while others simply indulging their addictions. A few Marg guards stand near the door to the storefront and at the rear of the room near a loading dock.

If the counter clerk managed to trip the alarm or escape to the room, the occupants are ready for the heroes. All the guards and half the Sklerpions have taken cover, imposing -2 on ranged attacks against them. Otherwise,

they're surprised the first round the heroes enter.

As before, the Margs fight to the death. The Sklerpions, however, attempt to surrender or flee through the nearest exit once all the guards or half their own number have been Incapacitated.

- **Sklerpion (2, plus 1 per hero):** Use the stats for Sklerpion (page 169). Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).
- **Guard (1 per hero):** Use the stats for Marg (page 165). Body armor (+4), otherwise armed as noted.

Moral Quandary

The clone on the fear-milking machine is virtually a blank slate. It has only enough personality to understand and feel fear. Since imprinting is done during the clone's creation, there's no way to reprogram it. Its entire life is doomed to be one of horrible terror.

If you want to expand on this adventure, and the group captured any of the Sklerpions, they can find a complete list of all copies of the team member the aliens have created and sold. Otherwise, an Investigation or Knowledge (Computer) roll can produce the same information from one of the company terminals. There are seven other copies of the hero scattered across the United Systems.

What they do with this knowledge is entirely up to them. Certainly the thought of one's duplicate being subjected to actual slavery is an unpleasant thought to say the least.

The crew could decide to rescue them from their owners, but this is sure to create enemies and cause potential legal trouble for them. The law in many systems is very vague on the rights of clones and originals with regards to ownership.

Even if their endeavors are successful, their troubles are only starting. Like the clone they found here, all the replicas are strictly imprinted and incapable of independent thought. They still require as much provisions as a regular human, but are capable of contributing very little to any missions. And a ship full of nearly mindless copies of one of the crew is sure to raise eyebrows—at least—at every port.

SAVAGE TALE: SURVEY THIS!

The team receives a request for aid from a human scientific survey checking a new world for colonization potential.

Friends in Need

The heroes receive a message, either by comm array while in dock or as an emergency beacon as they travel through uninhabited space. The *Discovery*, a human survey vessel, sent out an SOS, and the spacers are the only humans within range to assist the scientists within the foreseeable future.

An Unlikely Foe

The *Discovery* is in orbit around a potentially colonizable world near the edge of the Deep. It's uninhabited, and most of the crew traveled to the surface via shuttle to begin the survey. Only a skeleton crew remained on the exploration vessel—one of very few in Earth's fleet right now.

When the adventurers arrive, they find a Dressite assault ship in close orbit to the *Discovery*, with a weapons lock on the human spacecraft. The Dressite commander, Rhaltorm, informs the heroes the *Discovery* and crew are under detention for various infractions of United Systems' regulations. The Dressites are holding the human surveyors until a larger enforcement vessel can reach the system to take them into custody.

While the body language of a man-sized amoeba is difficult to interpret on a good day, there's no mistaking the fact Rhaltorm is more than a little belligerent toward both the *Discovery* and the characters. There should be no doubt if push comes to shove—or even just harsh words—the Dressite captain won't hesitate to turn his weapons on the heroes' ship!

Directly engaging the Dressite patrol is ill-advised. Not only is the assault ship likely a match and more for the heroes' own vessel, shooting it out with government representatives—even slimy Dressites—is a sure-fire way to get the entire United Systems on their tail. If the team seems trigger

...BUT
THEY'LL BE
YER LAST.

FOOSH!

GLORB
TOR--!



happy, remind them the Dressites *are* legal representatives of the government.

The heroes can solve the dilemma by successfully arguing the *Discovery's* case with Rhaltorm. The other option is traveling 10,000 light years to the nearest United Systems' licensing outpost and obtaining the required permits at a cost of \$5439, including all processing and handling fees.

Lawyers in Space

The Dressites are technically correct: The *Discovery* was operating without the precise permits required for the type of survey it was conducting. Additionally, the system is approximately one light year outside the ship's licensed range to operate colony explorations. Any of the crew can make a Common Knowledge roll at -2 to realize this. Alternately, a spacer can roll Knowledge (Law) or Knowledge (United Systems) to arrive at the same conclusion.

However, the complexities of the United Systems bureaucracy can work in the team's favor...for once.

A character who makes a Common Knowledge roll at -4 or applicable Knowledge roll at -2 recognizes although the *Discovery's* crew was working outside the boundaries of its permits, the off-limits data it compiled can be interpreted as required by standard United Systems' first-contact regulations—and thus not only allowed, but in fact stipulated by law.

A spacer making a Knowledge (Astrogation) roll at -2 realizes the point of origin for the license has moved since the issuance of the

paperwork. The system now falls within range for the *Discovery's* license.

All Legal Like

Talking Rhaltorm out of the arrest requires a Social Conflict as described in the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook. The heroes must make a Knowledge (Law) roll against Rhaltorm's Smarts. Although he's not arguing against them, he is looking for flaws in their reasoning to pick apart their case.

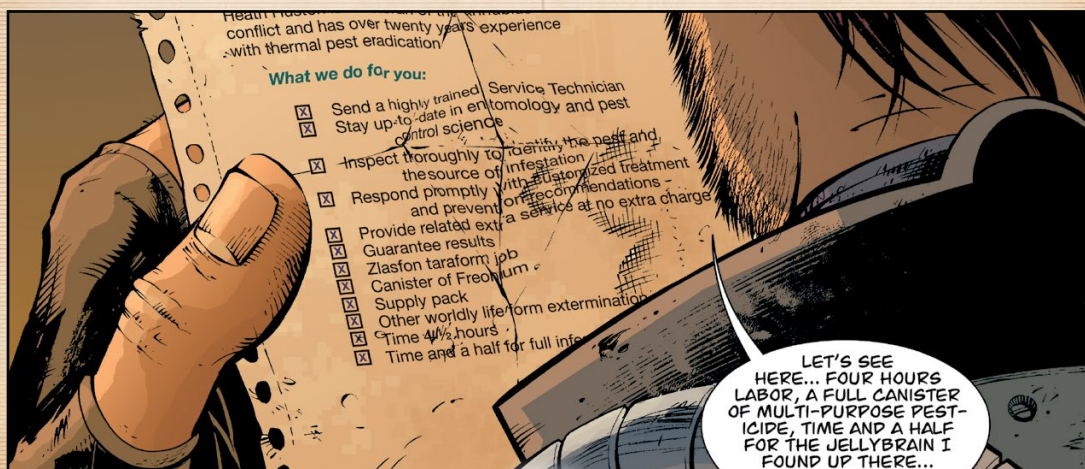
For each of the technicalities the spacers uncovered, they can add +2 to their final Knowledge roll in each round of the conflict. If after three rounds of arguments, they have achieved at least three successes, Rhaltorm backs down. If they achieve five successes, he updates the *Discovery's* licenses and permits to encompass the full spectrum of the crew's activity.

If the heroes instead traveled to obtain the necessary paperwork from the United Systems, he reviews it, grumbles (as much as a blob of protoplasm can, anyway), and sends both human vessels on their way.

A Little Thanks

The *Discovery* crew doesn't have much on hand to provide as an reward. They can share information on their travels with the spacers, which can serve as leads to other adventures or help the crew find a key link in the Plot Point Campaign if you like.

The survey team does promise to send word back to Earth of the heroes' assistance. Approximately 3d6 weeks after the spacers encounter the *Discovery*, they receive a letter of commendation from Earth, along with



a lump sum of \$5000 unicreds. In addition, if the group spent its own funds obtaining permits, Earth's government reimburses them the costs of the paperwork.

SAVAGE TALE: EXTERMINATORS, TOO!

While on a pavilion, the heroes are asked to handle an extermination of krets. At first, it appears the merchants are working against them, but they soon discover it's all part of an ill-conceived protection scheme by a gang of criminals.

Protection Racket

Behind the scenes, a Marg named Grunk has organized a clever extortion scheme—or at least a clever one for a Grunk. She smuggled a large number of krets aboard Morok's Gravity Well space station a few weeks ago and scouted out all the businesses she thought she could extort. She then approached the merchants and threatened to release the pests unless they paid her weekly bribes.

Many of the merchants knuckled under, but Grunk never really had a plan for what to do if some of the extortees paid but others didn't. She tried to keep the kret nests away from her paying customers, but vermin are vermin. Now they're spreading throughout the pavilion.

Health and Welfare

The team is approached by the administrator of Morok's Gravity Well, a large space pavilion. (You can substitute another station if it better suits your campaign.) The station has recently seen a massive increase in the kret population, and the administrator knows this quickly leads to sick customers and lost profits. She's heard the spacers are willing to do work for hire and offers them \$2500 for clearing the pests off her station.

If one of the exterminators makes a Persuasion roll, the administrator agrees to cover properly documented expenses up to an additional \$500 or \$1000 with a raise. With a success, she offers to completely refuel or re-provision their vessel. A raise on the roll nets the team both.

No Krets Here...

The station is multi-leveled and quite large, approaching the size of a shopping mall, if the mall had a truck stop attached. In addition to several retail stores, there are numerous eateries, catering to most major dietary requirements.

If the heroes approach the proprietors directly during business hours, they are hurriedly shooed out with assurances there have been no krets. The team may assume this is because they don't want to worry patrons. Visiting after hours or at least more discreetly produces the same results with many of the businesses.

A Notice roll during one or more of the visits to the obstructive merchants. Success means she notices obvious and tell-tale signs of kret droppings. If the owner is directly confronted, he makes any number of ridiculous excuses—perhaps the heroes planted the feces or brought them in on their clothes, maybe they fell off a crate delivered early in the day. None of them hold up to close scrutiny, but the merchant steadfastly refuses to allow the group access to the premises.

Should they go back to the station administrator, she is annoyed by the balking tenants. She quickly drafts a document granting the group after-hours access to any part of the pavilion and gives them temporary master codes for any locks.

Armed with the proper documentation and access codes, the characters can get down to business. At first, it's a rather simple, if grimy job of rooting around in storerooms and maintenance corridors to uncover kret nests. The team finds several of the nests scattered around the station, usually near junctions allowing access to several of the restaurants or food markets.

- **Nest (2–3 krets per hero):** Use the stats for Kret, page 150.

Welcoming Committee

After they've encountered a few nests, let one or more of the team make a Common Knowledge or Notice roll to figure out there are more of the filthy vermin than one might expect to arise in a short time. A raise on the roll tells the wily vermin slayer the nests are unusually strategic in their placement—far more so than you'd expect from simple pests.

After their first round of exterminations, the spacers are approached by a group of tough-looking customers in an out-of-the-way corridor or one of the station's seedier bars. The gang, composed of Margs, tells the group:

"We're here representin' some of the local merchants. They don't want you pokin' around, stirrin' up things over a little problem like krets."

Grunk

Grunk is a large female Marg who prefers to use brain over brawn. Her intelligence has helped keep control of a gang for a longer than most others of her kind. But smart for a Marg is barely literate for most other species.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Intimidation d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 12 (4)

Hindrances: Greedy, Overconfident

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Command

Gear: Body armor (+4), blaster pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+2, RoF 1, AP 2), pipe wrench weapon (Str+d6).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Thick hide.
- **Head Butt:** Str+d6.
- **Masochist:** Margs are immune to Intimidation attempts and torture. Marg Wild Cards ignore two levels of wound modifiers.
- **Size +1:** Margs are considerably larger than humans.
- **Surly:** Margs' loutish manners makes them unpleasant to other races. They suffer a -2 Charisma penalty to non-Margs. However, this same behavior makes them particularly menacing and gives them a +2 bonus to Intimidation rolls against other species.
- **Thick Skull:** A Marg has an inordinate amount of bone mass in its skull. This gives it +2 Armor to any attacks to its head, and this Armor stacks with any other it is wearing.

"You're scarin' off their business, so now we're scarin' you off!"

To punctuate the last comment, one of the Margs steps up and tries to head butt one of the heroes. The thugs aren't carrying any obvious ranged weapons, but are more than happy to mix it up in melee combat.

Give the characters Smarts rolls to realize their employer would probably frown upon them opening up with blasters or worse. If they insist, the administrator holds them responsible for any damages done by their stray shots. Keep a tally of any missed shots. For each one, she subtracts \$100 from their final fee; for each miss which also had a 1 on the Shooting die, the charge is \$500. And if any pistolero gets a 1 on both his Shooting and Wild Die, the damage is a cool \$1000!

After more than half of their number is Incapacitated, the Margs scatter.

- **Margs (1, plus 1 per hero):** Use the stats for Marg, page 165. Armed with large wrenches, pipes, and various makeshift melee weapons (Str+d6).

You Dirty Krets

Once they've defeated the Marg thugs, if one of them is left in any condition to talk, the group can interrogate him. They quickly discover the burly aliens to be very capable of resisting rough treatment or even outright torture. Any Intimidation attempts simply fail.

However, Margs are pretty thick headed in all senses of the term. Any hero who wins an opposed Taunt or Persuasion roll gets the bruiser to spill his guts. Failing that, an opposed roll of the spacer's Smarts (-2) vs. the prisoner's Smarts gets the Marg so tripped up he inadvertently lets slip the scheme detailed in **Protection Racket** above.

Other Avenues

If the team comes up empty-handed on interrogation subjects, they should still have enough information from the Margs' threats to know something's not Kosher on Morok's. A Streetwise roll discovers none of the merchants hired the leg-breakers, although they have been visited by them.

Armed with this knowledge, a second Streetwise roll tells the group the same Margs

have been seen around an unused storage area near the bottom of the station. A Knowledge (Electronics) or Investigation roll turns up the same information from accessing the station's security cameras. Interestingly, the cameras to the warehouse have been out of service for some time.

Rats' Nest

The rest of Grunk's gang, along with scads of caged krets, is holed up in the abandoned storage area. If any of the Margs escaped, the criminals know the heroes are onto them. The gang loads up and heads out to greener pastures. Otherwise they're unprepared for the exterminators' arrival. Either way, when the team enters the area, the Margs charge to attack.

The Margs prefer melee combat, alternating between head butts and their weapons. Unlike the thugs they met earlier, these Margs are packing blaster pistols. However, their love of knocking heads keeps them from using them unless the heroes come in guns blazing.

Grunk holds back just long enough to open a few kret cages. Most of these contain a handful of the pests, the majority of which scatter to into nooks, crannies, or crawlspaces. A few panic and run into the middle of the fight, indiscriminately nipping at anyone who gets too close.

One of the crates was overstuffed though, and produced a kret overlord. That unsightly abomination charges the nearest target (Grunk is just smart enough to open the cage from the top) or group of targets and attacks.

Releasing the krets takes two rounds. Once she's finished, she hefts a nearby pipe wrench and charges into battle. The Margs fight until the heroes outnumber them or Grunk surrenders. Grunk surrenders once she's taken more than two wounds.

❖ **Grunk:** See below.

- **Margs (3, plus 1 per hero):** Use the stats for Marg, page 165. Armed as listed.
- **Krets (2 per hero):** Use the stats for Kret, page 150.
- **Kret Overlord:** Use the stats for Kret Overlord, page 150.

Clean Up

Once the adventurers take down Grunk's gang, the rest of the job is tedious but not

overly dangerous. It takes another three days to hunt down the remaining kret, but at the end, the station chief awards them the agreed upon fee and a bonus of \$1000 for breaking up the protection racket—minus any fees for damages, of course.

SAVAGE TALE: FALSE IDOL

While the spacers enjoy a little downtime in a pavilion or planet-side bar, a drunken alien approaches one of the crew and insists they've met before. The character is absolutely certain she's never even seen a member of the alien's species prior to this encounter.

That's Where I Know You From!

The drunken patron, a multi-limbed alien named Krant, continues to decipher their imagined connection, following the party to other locations if they try to leave. The alien isn't combative, just overly friendly. Eventually, Krant remembers he's seen a two-dimensional representation on a wood-pulp-based medium—a photograph, in other words.

If questioned, the alien describes the photograph in surprising detail. It turns out to be one taken with a dear friend or family member who went missing during the invasion. Tailor it to the character in question. The hero remembers the photo was one the loved one kept on her person and could well be a lead to finding her!

Although it takes some patience (and unicreds) to coax the location where Krant saw the photo, eventually they learn it was on Qoont'al, a primitive jungle planet in the Outer Quadrants. Qoont'al is inhabited by Qoonts, a race of small, hairy Class E humanoids.

The alien had visited there on a trade route and seen it in a tribal hall...or perhaps a shrine. He doesn't recall exactly, but the Qoonts seemed amazed by it. The crew can extract the exact location from Krant with more drinks.

Qoont'al

The planet is Earth-like, but with a warmer, tropical climate over most of its surface. The

village Krant described is in a region of dense jungle, but an improvised landing field has been cut in the foliage nearby.

The Qoonts harvest miltfruit, considered a delicacy by certain species in the United Systems. Consequently, while they are a primitive culture, they do frequent trade with space-faring traders. To humans, miltfruit smells like rotten skunk marinated in the bottom of a portable toilet during June in eastern Texas—and tastes even worse. Even a single bite requires a Vigor roll at -4 to avoid gaining a Fatigue level from retching and vomiting (recovered after an hour of rest).

Messenger from God

As soon as the character in the picture emerges, the Qoonts rush forward, cooing in excitement. Although they've seen holographic images and other advanced image replications, they are awed by the photograph. Something about its two-dimensional, fixed nature has led them to believe it is magical.

They believe the hero to be an emissary from their gods and immediately begin preparations for a feast to honor her. Of course, the Qoonts believe all creatures love the miltfruit, so the repast is certain to be challenging for the crew...

Divinity Oblige

The Qoonts happily display the photograph to the spacers, and it definitely belonged to the hero's loved one. The little aliens are more than happy to return the photograph to the hero—but not for free. The Qoonts believe the photograph is a direct connection to the spirit world, and one that summoned the spacer to help them in their time of need. Of course, once the threat to their village is eliminated they no longer have cause to keep the photo.

What is the threat to the Qoont village? A creature they call "the Devil"—a gigantic, red-skinned reptilian beast that is *extremely* carnivorous. The Qoont are happy to point the characters in the right direction to find the Devil, but none willingly join the hunt. After all, the heroes are divine avengers sent to save them!

- ❧ **The Devil:** Use Devourer (page 144), but make it a Wild Card.
- **Qoont:** Use Demon (page 144). If you need stats for a Qoont for any reason.

Last Words

If the crew defeats the Devil, the Qoonts turn over the photograph immediately. They tell the adventurers they obtained it from a trader as payment for a shipment of miltfruit a few months ago, but how much more info they have on the trader is up to you. It could be they have a vague description of some unknown species, or they might have the trader's actual name. It all depends on how far you want to develop this plot thread.

To reflect the hope the photograph represents for the heroes, each gets an extra Benny at the start of the next scenario.

SAVAGE TALE: TO THE INSURER, THE SPOILS

The group is contacted by an insurance company to pursue a lead on a valuable stash of pirate loot. The agency hopes to recover some of its lost revenue and offers the crew a percentage of anything they recover.

The Bottom Line

A band of pirates in the N'rsak Nebulae has been preying on transport ships passing through the region for some time. The Nebulae is far enough from any inhabited system that no planetary forces patrol the area, and the United Systems generally has better things to do with its navy than look for a few paltry space thieves.

The Intergalactic Insurance Cooperative is one of the few agencies still willing to accept the risk of insuring cargo in that region, and lately they've been taking a bath in red ink as a result.

A company representative hires the heroes to recover any stolen goods they can. In return, Intergalactic offers the crew 10% of the value of any seized goods. Each success and raise on a Persuasion roll ups this amount by 5% to a maximum reward percentage of 25%. The adventurers, however, bear the burden of all expenses and risks—legal, physical, and otherwise.

The insurance company's agents have been hiding tracking devices in recent valuable shipments, and as a result, have pinpointed

the pirates' cache site. Intergalactic provides the spacers with the coordinates for the buried pirate treasure—so to speak. The company doesn't expect the team to take down the pirates, just recover their insured goods.

Poison Pill

Intergalactic's investigative department suspects something's up, but is keeping that under its hat for now. There's a good reason for this. One of the adjusters at Intergalactic, an alien named Movan, is tipping the pirates off about juicy hauls the company is covering, as well as any safeguards the transporter is using.

Unfortunately for him, the corrupt paper-pusher didn't learn about the tracking devices until just before the spacers were hired. He doesn't dare warn the pirates as it would tip his hand. He loathes letting his cash cow go without one more run at the milking machine, so he's recruited another band of mercenaries to go after the cache, offering to split the haul with them 50/50.

Those mercenaries are the crew of the *Black Abbot* (page 124), led by Captain Sklort (page 189). If the characters have already eliminated Sklort and his ship in a previous adventure, just use the same game stats for the new hired guns.

Additionally, the adjuster attempts to sabotage the heroes' ship prior to departure to give his thugs a lead. If the crew leaves the *Hope* unattended at any point after accepting the job, but before leaving, he throws a wrench in the ship's engines.

The adjuster is a bean-counter, not a mechanic, so fixing it takes only 1d6 hours and a successful Repair roll. A raise on the roll tips the mechanic off that the damage was intentional. Accessing the ship's video logs gives the characters a good look at Movan's face—which Intergalactic can identify if the group shares the image with the company.

Even if they do discover Movan's identity, the alien has long since fled the scene, catching a ride on a passenger ship leaving for other parts of the galaxy. A successful Streetwise roll and 1d4 hours warns the team about Movan's new allies, if they think to do a little legwork before heading off into the nebulae.

Buried Treasure

Exactly how far the N'rsak Nebula is from the adventurers' starting point is entirely up to you, but the region of space is pretty remote. It should be a voyage of at least a few days.

The pirate storage site is an uninhabited rock floating in the middle of the nebula. It's little more than a hollowed out asteroid that serves as temporary hangar and warehouse. Although the single, large chamber is pressurized and shielded against the void with a light-duty force field (capable of stopping nothing more substantial than air molecules), other than a few shipping containers of stolen goods, it's pretty bare.

There is, however, already another ship in the bay: the *Black Abbott*.

Trade Negotiations

Sklort's more of a snake-in-the-grass than a stand-up slugger, so he's not looking for a fight. If the crew opens a dialog with him before opening fire, he's willing to talk.

There are several shipping containers currently in the warehouse. Their combined worth is right around a million uni-creds. Sklort's currently getting 50% of everything in the small warehouse, so he stands to make a fair profit—high enough, in fact, to let the



spacers take a bite if it means he doesn't risk laser burns.

With a successful Persuasion or Intimidation roll, Sklort agrees to a 70–30 split of goods (in his favor). Each raise on the roll convinces him to cede an additional 10 percent to the adventurers, up to an even, 50–50 split. He won't agree to a lesser cut, even at gunpoint. The numbers are in his favor, after all.

If that's not good enough, or the players don't even try talking first, the *Black Abbott's* crew gets violent. Sklort fights until he's taken two wounds or down to two other crew members. At that point, he surrenders, offering the heroes the full take in exchange for his release.

Should the *Black Abbott's* crew get the upper hand, Sklort doesn't kill the team out of hand. He's willing to let them board the *Hope* and leave—minus any weapons, other valuables, and maybe their dignity. He's a shiftless thief, but not a murderer.

❖ **Captain Sklort:** See page 189.

- **Crew Members (4, plus 1 per hero):** Choose members of various alien species and apply the Pirate Template (page 181).

Settling the Account

Once the adventurers have obtained the stolen property (or at least some of it), they can return it to Intergalactic for the agreed upon sum. With some shuffling and careful packing, they can fit the entirety of recovered goods onto the *Hope*.

If you feel they've had too easy a time of it, there's always a pirate ship puttering around the nebula capable of arriving just as they're leaving. The ship attacks until either the *Hope* is disabled or it has suffered at least two wounds. If the pirates manage to down the *Hope*, they initiate a boarding action.

Alternately, they can sell it themselves on the black, or at least dark-gray, market. The cargoes are primarily mundane, if valuable, goods—designer clothing and esoteric luxury items cherished by one or two alien species. Going rogue in this manner runs the risk of earning them a black mark among some of the more reputable companies, if not an outright bounty on their heads!

In that case, it takes a Streetwise roll to locate a buyer. Even then, they are only able to get half the value of the goods they seized.

A raise on the Streetwise roll means they were able to make a connection without drawing the attention of either Intergalactic or the pirates themselves.

- **Pirate Ship:** Use the stats for Pirate Ship (page 181).
- **Pirates (3 per hero):** Choose members of various alien species and apply the Pirate Template (page 181).

SAVAGE TALE: NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW

This Savage Tale can occur any time the crew stops in a pavilion or space station in the Outer Quadrants. If you're using the flashback scenarios from Chapter 2, we recommend you run *A New Hope* (page 109) before this adventure.

That Ship Looks Familiar

As the heroes prepare to dock with the station, allow each to make a Notice roll. On a success, they spot a ship that looks surprisingly similar to the *Hope* already at one of the docking ports. Although there are markings on the vessel, none match with anything in the ship's database.

Once they've docked, should they try to learn the identity of the other vessel, they find the station's crew brusque and unhelpful. Humanity is still very much a poor cousin in the eyes of most members of the United Systems—assuming they even recognize Earthmen at all. Visiting some of the bars and businesses on the station for 1d4 hours allows them to make a Streetwise roll. With a success, they learn the crew is composed of Z'zarnaks, a surly, octopoid race from somewhere in the Deep.

Repo Squids

The *Hope's* approach has not gone unnoticed by the crew of her doppelganger either. The Z'zarnaks at first believe they've happened across another of their race's "exploration"—more accurately translated as "pirate"—ships operating in the Outer Quadrants. They quickly learn the owners aren't other Z'zarnaks,

but puny, Class D humans, looked down on by many of the other species on the station.

Further enraging the tentacled aliens is the fact the *Hope* originally belonged to Z'zarnakian captain's spawn-father. It was lost, along with all hands on board, around 50 years ago during a deep "exploration" mission to an uncharted planet (Earth). The captain, Meelzick, decides he's been presented a wonderful opportunity. Heredity and family honor don't mean much to Z'zarnaks, but having *two* ships does.

Plan A

A few hours after the heroes have been on the station, they are approached by a group of armed Z'zarnaks, led by Meelzick. If the characters split up, the Z'zarnaks confront the largest group.

Meelzick loudly accuses the characters of having stolen his father's vessel. He further suggests to the growing crowd they probably even murdered him and his crew to take the ship. Meelzick demands they return the ship to him immediately. The Z'zarnaks with him draw their weapons when he finishes his speech.

If the spacers simply refuse, he blusters and yells until a contingent of station security arrives to escort both groups to an administration area. If the team instead starts a fight, the Z'zarnaks fight back for three rounds or until more than half their number is incapacitated. At the end of three rounds, station security arrives and stops the battle, again escorting everyone to an administration area.

Once there, the station administrator listens to both sides' arguments. This is a Social Conflict (see the *Savage Worlds* core rules), using Persuasion for the heroes and Intimidation for Meelzick. Meelzick rolls at -2, as he's distinctly lacking in social skills. The administrator turns the ship over to whoever scores the most successes by the end of three rounds of debate.

- **Z'zarnaks (2 per hero):** See Z'zarnak, page 178.
- **Meelzick:** See Z'zarnak, page 178. Apply the Pirate Captain template (page 181).

The Direct Approach

While the majority of the party is tied up with the station's administration, a second band of Z'zarnaks heads straight to the *Hope*. Armed with original override codes, they are able to bypass even locked doors and encrypted controls.

If none of the crew is on board, the aliens simply steal the *Hope* and fly off. Should any of the spacers remained onboard, the Z'zarnaks attempt to overpower them and seize control anyway.

The aliens fight until they're outnumbered, at which point they retreat. The Z'zarnaks aren't particularly bloodthirsty, so they accept surrender—as long as the character agrees to get off the *Hope*. They've spent enough time in United Systems' space to realize murder is taken a lot more seriously than simple robbery.

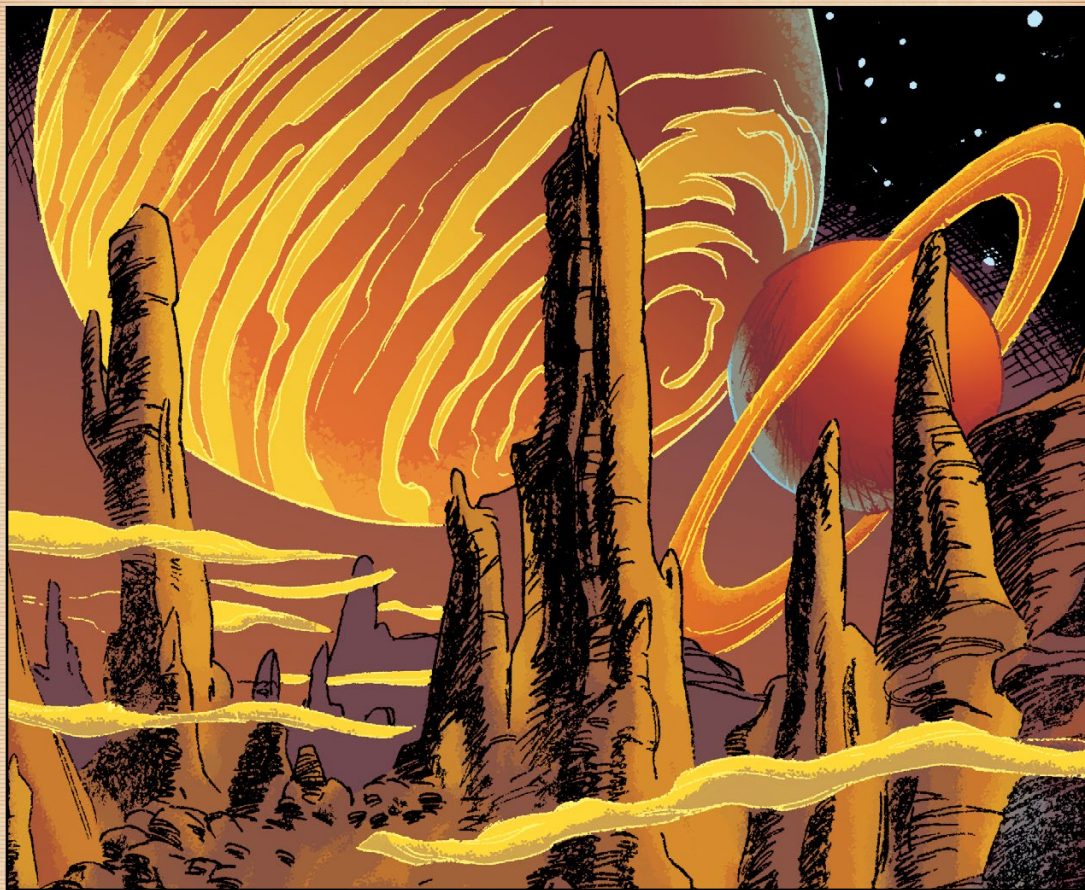
- **Z'zarnaks (2, plus 1 per hero):** See Z'zarnak, page 178.

Stranded

Should the heroes hold onto their ship, station security boots Meelick and his crew off the pavilion after they attempt to steal the *Hope*. The Z'zarnak captains mutters under his breath, leaving the distinct impression the spacers haven't seen the last of his tentacles.

If the squids manage to gain possession of the *Hope* through hook or crook, the team finds itself trapped on the station. This is a good time to run another *Savage Tale*, like **Exterminators, Too!** (page 131), or other adventure that takes place entirely on a station, as they worry about being stranded in the literal middle of nowhere.

After you feel they've sweated enough, the *Hope* returns to the pavilion. It is empty of any crew. The AI explains she waited until she saw the chance, then purged the atmosphere and the Z'zarnaks with it. It turns out Meelick's father didn't take good care of the ship—letting her accumulate grays, for example—and her human crew has taken much better care of her. Besides, the octopoids were always spraying ink everywhere.



SAVAGE TALE: A FACE BY ANY OTHER NAME

The spacers come across a sizeable bounty notice for a wanted alien. The bounty even provides the planet where the outlaw was last seen. It sounds like easy money, but of course, there's no such thing...

Dead or Alive

The heroes either spot a wanted notice on a station or pavilion or receive it over the commlink. The outlaw, named Kwan-Tholstz, has a bounty of \$50,000 on his head. His list of crimes is lengthy, and runs the gamut from fraud and bribery all the way through kidnapping and murder. In fact, it takes considerable digging through United Systems' legal texts to find a transgression for which he is not accused. Not surprisingly, his bounty is dead-or-alive.

The attached image shows Kwan-Tholstz to be a non-descript humanoid of average height, with lemon yellow skin and no distinguishing features. The characters have never encountered other aliens of the same species, but apparently they are a Class C member of the United Systems. There is little other information beyond a report someone matching his description was recently observed on his home planet of Kwan.

One in a Billion or Three

Kwan is one of the Inner Quadrants, and the trip to it can be as long or short as fits your campaign—and your adventurer's fuel budget. The planet Kwan is fairly advanced technologically (at least by Earth standards) and is home to a population of a little over a three billion.

Upon arrival, the crew may initially believe fate has smiled on them as the first person they see at the spaceport perfectly matches the image they have of Kwan-Tholstz. That elation passes quickly as they notice dozens,

then hundreds of carbon copies. There are no visible differences in any of the locals. They quickly realize the natives of Kwan appear identical to members of other species.

Speaking with one of the locals reveals Kwan-Tholstz is both the name of the alien species and somehow the personal name of each individual member of it. However, there is a subtle difference in the pronunciation of the name that is utterly beyond their translator chips.

Have You Seen This Alien?

The crew may attempt to solve their dilemma through brute force and simply begin showing the image to other Kwan-Tholstz. Let them make Streetwise rolls. On a success, they discover even the locals are unable to see differences between individuals of their own race. This is of no help as none of the aliens seem to recognize the image.

Of course, since the heroes are incapable of pronouncing the outlaw's name incorrectly, scouring the streets may lead to hours, or even days, of wild-goose chases and confusion.

Scouring the planet's newsfeeds takes a Knowledge (Computer) or Investigation roll, but is no more helpful. Without a process to uniquely identify the outlaw, they are looking for a piece of hay in a field of haystacks.

Picking through Haystacks

After they've conversed with several of the locals, allow the characters a Smarts roll at -2. Those who succeed realize the identification of individuals, at least by name, must be tied to a sub- or hypersonic frequency. With a raise, she correctly has the insight the Kwan-Tholstz recognize individuals through subtle differences in each individual's vocal timber.

A character can create a device capable of detecting and replicating the tonal frequency differences with a Repair roll or suitable Knowledge roll at -2. Anyone with the McGyver Edge can do so without a roll.

A researcher who makes an Investigation or Knowledge (Electronics) roll at -2 locates an audio track from a surveillance camera at one of the outlaw's crimes to use as identification.

Armed with both the device and audio, the team can try again to locate their quarry. This requires one success at Investigation to narrow their search area down and then three successes at Streetwise to zero in on

Gaming the System

Given the difficulty for non-Kwan-Tholstz to identify individuals of that species, the bounty hunters may decide to just grab a random alien from the planet and turn him in for the bounty. Surprisingly, this actually works, although after a lengthy trial their patsy is determined innocent and freed. This may lead to some unhappy former customers who are looking for their \$50,000 back—plus additional costs and interest!

If you're feeling particularly mean, the Kwan-Tholstz the bounty is issued for isn't a single individual, but rather dozens of members of the homogeneous species who've been mistaken for a single member. Regardless of who the crew brings in, the same legal shenanigans and outcome ensue as above, with the same unpleasant end result for the heroes!

the outlaw's exact location, a rundown slum apartment building.

How much their target resists is up to you. If your players are gunning for a fight, the outlaw has a gang of criminals with him and fights to the death. If roleplaying is more their style, a Social Contest of Intimidation versus the bounty's Spirit might be more in line. Either way, at the end of the day, the crew should walk away with the bandit—or at least his corpse—in hand.

- ❖ **Kwan-Tholstz:** Use the stats for Human (page 162), applying the Thug template and armed with a disintegrator pistol (Range 3/6/12, Damage 3d10, RoF 1).
- **Thugs:** Use the stats for Human (page 162). Apply the Thug template to make the encounter more challenging. Armed with body armor (+4), knives (Str+d4), and laser pistols (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).



CHAPTER 12:

BESTIARY

"It's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog."

—Samuel Clemens

This chapter provides you with some of the inhabitants of the known universe, whether they're weird alien critters or just weird aliens. There are countless planets to be explored—and countless foes to menace your heroes.

Here are some sample creatures and races from various systems throughout the universe. The list is by no means exhaustive—we are talking about *the* universe, after all—but it should give you a good range of alien critters to throw at your adventurers.

CREATURES

In addition to lifeforms specific to certain worlds, we've also included a few generic species to represent relatively common xenofoms encountered across known space and beyond. Although the names might be different between systems, the game statistics are fairly similar. Slap a new name and skin on a crawler and it can be a tunnel worm, a skitter, or a parasite in the bowels of a living moon. See the sidebar **Custom Alien Critters**, on page 145, for more options for making unique denizens to populate various alien worlds.

Android

These constructs represent the top-of-the-line in both artificial intelligence and cosmetic sculpting. They are sometimes used as servants by the obscenely wealthy, but they are also employed for darker purposes. As they can appear as any individuals with just some fleshy prosthetics and a few coats of paint, they make excellent spies and assassins.

Short of a rigorous testing procedure, most androids are indistinguishable from a member

Pests or Precursors

Some of these xenos are evolved enough to count as sentient races themselves, but for one reason or another the United Systems has not yet classified them as such. Maybe they've not been officially entered into the databanks or another member race is actively working to prevent their acknowledgement so they can continue to exploit the species. Or maybe they've just not filed the appropriate paperwork.

Regardless, the lack of official designation doesn't necessarily remove the possible moral ramifications of wantonly slaughtering such creatures for profit. Then again, very few freelance exterminators and bounty hunters are excessively burdened by morals in the first place...

of the race they resemble. Of course, getting into a fight with one usually tips a spacer off pretty quickly, as they're unnaturally strong and resilient.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6

Cha: 0; Pace: 6; Parry: 6; Toughness: 6

Gear: As appropriate to the species or individual the android is designed to resemble.

Special Abilities:

- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; does not breathe, immune to poison and disease.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Imposter:** An android can be designed to look, sound, and act like a specific individual. Anyone actively attempting

to detect an imposter android without advanced equipment must make a Notice roll at -2 to spot the fake.

- **Programmable:** The construct's AI is limited only by its programming. The skill list above is only the default. It can be modified as needed by its mission parameters, adding any skill. Skills above d10 are very rare, though.
- **Racial Chameleon:** An android can be constructed to appear as a member of any race. This can alter its Size (and Toughness), and grant it any Special Ability common to the species.

Arlppos

Discovered on an unnamed planet by the Dressites, arlppos have no visible external appendages, but are virtually indestructible. Resembling metal balls about 3' in diameter, they are uniquely suited to defeat feeders—simply by being eaten by one of them. Once inside the feeder's digestive system, they release enzymes to quickly break down a feeder's flesh, allowing the arlppos to consume it from the inside out.

After the fall of Charamanta, Dressites recognize the potential for feeders as biological weapons. Arlppos are completely harmless to most other creatures, making them ideal for use in cleaning up a planet that's been overrun by a feeder infestation. These strange life forms are nearly as voracious as feeders themselves, and in large enough numbers, can eradicate feeder infestations even up to planetary sizes.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Notice d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 9 (5)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Metallic carapace. Heavy Armor.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Immunity (Acid):** Arlppos suffer no damage from acid or acid-based attacks.
- **Immunity (Fire):** Arlppos suffer no damage from fire or heat-based attacks.

Bot

While often associated with the Tetaldians, robots are common throughout many advanced cultures in the universe, both as simple laborers and as proxy soldiers. Most of them have never heard of Asimov's laws.

Combat Bot

Most advanced species tend to relegate their more unpleasant work to machines. There's not much more unpleasant than getting seared by lasers, stabbed, or just blown apart on the battlefield. Many races choose robots to do their fighting instead of taking any of the risks themselves. This, of course, leads to debates about the depersonalization of war, the lack of a guiding sense of morality, and an absence of mercy on the battlefield.

It also leads to metal murder-bots with laser hands.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 13 (4)

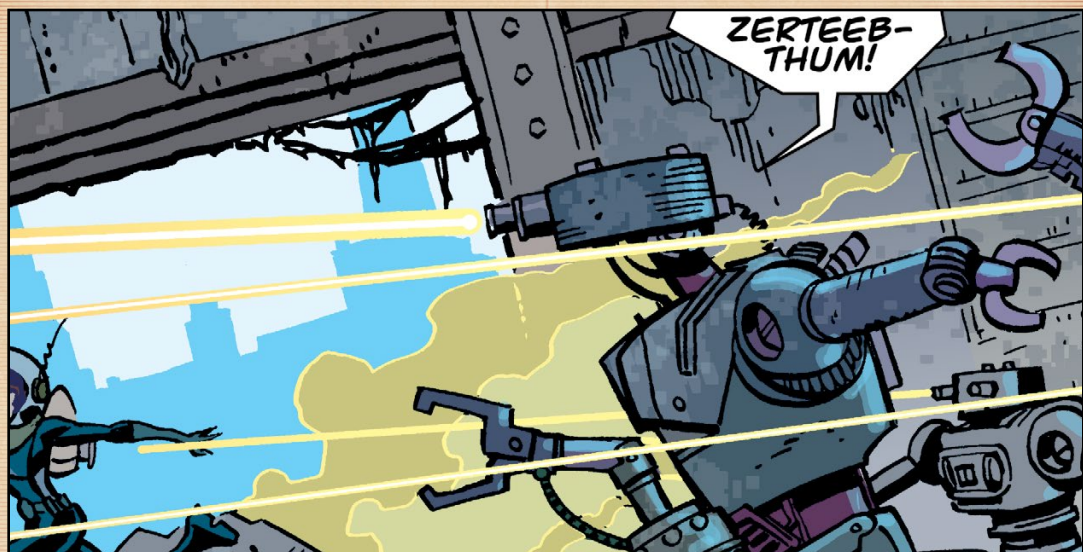
Gear: Combat bots are capable of wielding weapons should their built-in firepower not be sufficient for the task at hand.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Metal exoskeleton.
- **Claw:** Str+d6.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; does not breathe, immune to poison and disease.
- **Laser:** Combat bots have lasers built into their design, usually on the head or at least atop the torso, to allow 360° fire. Charged by their internal power supplies, these weapons have unlimited ammunition. Range 30/60/120, Damage 3d6, RoF 3, AP 2.
- **Size +2:** Combat bots are larger than man-sized, both to accommodate their weaponry and to make them more intimidating to their opponents.

Worker Bot

These designs are popular for use in environments too hazardous for living creatures to function in for extended periods, like the vacuum of space or regions bathed in



Clacker

lethal radiation. They're also favorites of races who find physical labor distasteful, like the Henronians.

Although they're not designed for combat, their programming routines are often versatile enough to allow them to engage unauthorized visitors to their work site. Their oversized clamps are more than capable of crushing soft flesh to a pulp, and they've proven adept at adapting other tools to less constructive purposes as well.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6, Repair d10, Shooting d4

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 10 (1)

Gear: Matter cutter or rivet gun (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, RoF 1, AP 2).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Metal plating.
- **Clamp:** Str+d6.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from Shaken; does not breathe; immune to poison and disease.
- **Environmental Weakness (Electricity):** Bots suffer +4 damage from electrical attacks.
- **Size +2:** Worker bots stand at least 8' tall.
- **Weapon Mount:** Worker bots are equipped with a mount for either a laser cutter or rivet gun on one of their arms.

Native to the unexplored planet Razzeen, clackers get their name from their enormous claws, which they snap together when agitated. Clackers resemble a cross between a crab and a giant, feathered ape. The creatures have four legs and a pair of huge pinchers on a pair of muscular forelimbs that sprout from their upright torsos. Much of a clacker's body is covered by a thick carapace, but colorful feathers sprout around the creature's neck, with males displaying particularly bright plumage on their thoraxes.

They are both predatory and fiercely territorial, a combination which leads them to attack virtually any other creature they encounter, except during the mating season when they tolerate clackers of the opposite sex...briefly.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+4, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 18 (4)

Edges: Fleet Footed, Improved Frenzy

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Thick carapace.
- **Claw:** Str+d8, AP 2.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Large:** Attackers add +2 to any attack roll directed against this creature.

- **Size +7:** These animals are nearly 20' long and 15' tall. They weigh over 4 tons.
- **Snatch:** If a clacker scores a raise on its Fighting attack against an opponent Size +1 or smaller, it has trapped the victim in its claw. The victim suffers Str+d8 damage from the claw each round thereafter until the monster releases him or is killed. While holding a victim, the clacker cannot attack with that claw.

Crawler

The universe is filled with disgusting creatures that slither and crawl about, looking for prey. Crawlers is the blanket term given to large parasites, worms, and arthropods, as honestly, few folks care to study the various types closely enough to distinguish them from each other. The preferred method of interaction for most space jockeys is to shoot them. Or burn them. Or preferably both in no particular order.

Crawlers can be worm-like or possess countless pairs of small legs, like millipedes. Although individually these vermin aren't terribly dangerous to a well-equipped adventurer, they tend to travel in swarms of dozens, making them far more deadly. It goes without saying, these pests favor dank caves, abandoned tunnels, sewers, and the like.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Thick hide or carapace.
- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Low Light Vision:** Crawlers ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.
- **Size -1:** Crawlers range from 6' to 8' in length, but are rarely more than 6 inches in diameter.
- **Wall Walker:** Crawlers can move on vertical and inverted surfaces at their normal Pace.

Demon

A race on an unnamed and unsettled jungle planet somewhere in a galactic backwater, demons have not been catalogued by the

United Systems. These creatures are bipedal, fur-covered humanoids that live in packs ruled by whoever is currently the strongest among them. They lack any formalized language and communicate through a series of grunts and hoots, but any ethical explorer would quickly recognize them as a sentient race, in spite of the lack of an official designation.

Sadly, "ethical" isn't the only type of explorer piloting ships in the galaxy. A band of human bandits posing as settlers discovered demons have a weakness for Earth alcohol. They used liquor to manipulate the creatures into massacring other visitors to the planet, enabling them to seize the victims' ships and belongings without a fight.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7 (1)

Hindrances: —

Edge: Improved Frenzy

Gear: Demons do not use even primitive weapons or tools.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Thick fur.
- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Low Tech:** Demons have little experience with hi-tech devices. They receive a -4 to any Trait checks to use advanced weapons and gear.

Devourer

Devourers are enormous carnivores of any number of specific species. They are usually found only on primitive worlds that correspond roughly to prehistoric Earth. They are almost always the top of the food chain on their given planets, and anything that can prey on one of these monsters is truly a nightmare's nightmare.

Most often devourers are dinosaur-like in appearance, but they can vary greatly depending on the evolutionary biology of their homeworld. Mammalian devourers may resemble huge quadruped beasts, gigantic ape-like hominids, or some other immense creature. Other, more exotic types, such as amphibians or oozes are also possible.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+4, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 16 (2)

Hindrances: —

Edge: Fleet-Footed

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Thick hide.
- **Bite:** Str+d8, AP 2.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Large:** Attackers add +2 to any attack roll directed against this creature.
- **Size +7:** These animals are nearly 40' long and weigh about 5 tons.
- **Swallow:** If a devourer scores a raise on its Fighting attack against an opponent Size +1 or smaller, it swallows its target whole. The victim suffers 2d6 damage from stomach acid each round thereafter until the monster is killed. This damage is applied to the victim's least armored location; only completely sealed armor protects against it.

Dragon, Ch'Ka-tun

Ch'Ka-tun dragons strongly resemble classical depictions of dragons. They have four legs, a long neck, and a pair of large leathery wings. While they are a little smaller than the legendary dragons of Earth, the Ch'Ka-tun versions do breathe fire.

These large, flying reptiles are the top of the food chain in their pocket dimension. Unlike dragons of myth, Ch'Ka-tun are not an intelligent species but are very cunning. When faced with a grounded threat, they prefer to remain airborne and simply breath fire on their opponents. This makes them particularly fearsome for the Ch'Ka-tun people themselves, as they have yet to invent any effective missile weapons.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 18 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Scaly hide.
- **Claw:** Str+d8.

Custom Alien Critters

While some of the creatures in this bestiary are pulled directly from the pages of the *Fear Agent™* comic, others are more generic in nature. Drakes, devourers, flitters, and crawlers, while iconic of pulp sci-fi aliens, are also intended for you to tweak and modify as needed. This gives you a bevy of different alien creatures to provide threats for your intrepid players, while not requiring you to create an entirely new set of game statistics for every single xenomorph species they encounter.

Customize any of the creatures in this bestiary to give each planet's denizens a unique feel. The *Savage Worlds* core rules have a number of Special Abilities like Burrowing, Poison, Wall Walker and so forth that help create new aliens from the beasts we've presented. Here are a few other special abilities you can add to a creature to help give it some local "color."

- **Amorphous:** The creature is basically a giant blob of protoplasm. It suffers no additional damage from called shots and can squeeze through any non-airtight barrier.
- **Amphibious:** The monster can move freely between aquatic and land environments. It can hold its breath for 15 minutes, and has a Swimming die is and aquatic Pace equal to its Agility die.
- **Environmental Immunity:** Due to the harsh environment in which it evolved, the alien is immune to some type of environmental hazard (heat, cold, electricity, poison, etc.). It ignores all damage from sources of that type and never has to make Vigor rolls to resist the effects of the environment to which it is immune.
- **Protective Coloration:** The beast's skin, feathers, or scales change color to match its environment. It gains Stealth d8 (if it does not already have a better skill die) and +2 to all opposed Stealth rolls to spot it.

- **Fiery Breath:** As an action, a Ch’Ka-tun dragon can breathe fire using the Cone Template. Every target within must make an Agility roll at –2 or suffer 2d10 damage and check to see if they catch fire (see **Fire** in the *Savage Worlds* core rules). It cannot breathe fire and attack with its claws in the same round.
- **Large:** Attackers add +2 to any attack roll directed against this creature.
- **Size +6:** These animals stretch more than 20’ long from tip of snout to the end of their tails.
- **Tail Lash:** A Ch’Ka-tun dragon can sweep all opponents in its rear facing in a 2” long by 4” wide rectangle. This is a standard Fighting attack, with damage equal to its Strength –2.

Drake

Drakes are any of a number of large, predatory flying creatures. Most often, they’re reptilian in nature, but they’re exact makeup varies according to the world on which they evolved. Feathered versions or even grossly oversized bat-like mammals are possible variations of drakes.

These airborne hunters are found on many worlds throughout the universe and are most common on those where sentient species are still clawing their way up the evolutionary ladder. Highly evolved sentients with blasters usually make the effort to eliminate massive carnivores that can sweep down on them at any moment.

Less-evolved sapients sometimes tame drakes and use them as steeds, because nothing says you mean business like riding a huge, flying lizard into battle.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Notice d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 12 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Thick scales or feathers.
- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Dive:** A drake that flies at least 6” and descends at least 2” before attacking adds +4 to its damage total.
- **Flying:** Pace 12”, Climb 0.

- **Large:** Due to their size and vast wingspan, attackers may add +2 to any attack rolls directed at drakes.
- **Size +4:** Most drakes have wingspans reaching up to 30’+.

Feeder

Native to an unnamed frozen planet on the frontier, feeders are huge, tentacled, green-skinned monsters that exist for only two purposes: eating and breeding. Their entire physiology has evolved to perfect the process. Breeding asexually, feeders convert all mass they consume into either energy to eat more or eggs to produce offspring. Given their voracity, toughness, and incredibly high reproduction rate, a feeder infestation can overwhelm a planet within less than an Earth year.

Recognizing this, feeders are used by Dressites as biological weapons. With access to ample food supplies, such as a heavily populated urban area, for example, feeders can reproduce so quickly any resident defense forces are overwhelmed—or at least so distracted that Dressite shock troops make quick work of any pockets of resistance.

A feeder’s central body is roughly the size of an elephant, and surrounded by a dozen or more tentacles of various sizes. A large maw sits near the center of its mass, and it uses its tentacles to cram any creature unlucky enough to wander within reach. It has several smaller orifices covering the surface of its body which serve both as mouths (for smaller prey) and ovipositors once the creature has consumed enough matter to begin breeding.

Without access to a ready food supply for more than a few days, feeders fall into a spontaneous hibernation. They are capable of surviving for hundreds of years or more without eating in this state. A character can make a Stealth roll to avoid rousing a feeder in a dormant state.

Feeders aren’t big on tactics, just eating. So, while a feeder has numerous tentacles, it focuses its attention on a single victim a round.

Feeder

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6



Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 16 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Thick hide.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Hardy:** Feeders do not suffer a wound from a second Shaken result.
- **Large:** Attackers add +2 to any attack rolls directed at feeders, due to their size.
- **Swallow:** A feeder that hits with a raise on its Fighting attack with its bite swallows a victim up to Size +2. Those swallowed whole take 2d6 damage per round from the monster's digestive acids, and this damage is applied to the victim's least armored location. A swallowed character can continue to attack the feeder from the inside with small weapons like knives or pistol and gains a +4 to any attack roll and damage, as well as bypassing the monster's armor.
- **Tentacles:** Feeder tentacles are up to 6" long. If a feeder hits with a raise on its Fighting attack, it has grappled a victim and begins dragging it toward its central mouth. On each of its actions, it makes an opposed Strength roll, with each success and raise dragging the victim 1d6" closer to its maw. Each tentacle has a Toughness 12 and is destroyed by a single wound. Bullets and impaling weapons cause half damage, and blunt attacks cause no damage. Energy-based attacks cause

normal damage. Regardless, wounds to its tentacles do not harm the feeder itself.

- **Size +6:** Feeders are large creatures.
- **Weakness (Cold):** Feeders suffer double damage from cold-based attacks.

❧ Father Feeder

Father feeders are colossal members of their species. Whether they reach this size by simple virtue of age, some quirk of biology, or even cannibalistic behavior is unknown. Few researchers have survived encounters with these creatures past attempting simple measurements.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+8, Vigor d12+4

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 24 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Incredibly thick hide.
- **Bite:** Str+d10.
- **Hardy:** Feeders do not suffer a wound from a second Shaken result.
- **Gargantuan:** Heavy Armor. Attacks against father feeders are at +4. Its tentacles and bite are considered Heavy Weapons. A father feeder can make a crush attack by slamming a tentacle down over an area 2" wide by 12" long. Every target in that area takes Str+d12+10 damage. Subtract a creature's Size from

the damage, but not that of an inanimate object.

- **Swallow:** A feeder that hits with a raise on its Fighting attack with its bite swallows a victim up to Size +6. Those swallowed whole take 2d10 damage per round from the monster's digestive acids, and this damage is applied to the victim's least armored location. A swallowed character can continue to attack the feeder from the inside with small weapons like knives or pistol and gains a +4 to any attack roll and damage, and bypass the creature's armor (and Heavy Armor).
- **Size +10:** Father feeders reach the size of 10-story buildings or larger.
- **Tentacles:** A father feeder's tentacles are up to 20" long. If a feeder hits with a raise on its Fighting attack, it has grappled a victim and begins dragging it toward its central mouth. On each of its actions, it makes an opposed Strength roll, with each success and raise dragging the victim 1d6" closer to its maw. Each tentacle has a Toughness 16 and is destroyed by a single wound. Bullets and impaling weapons cause half damage, and blunt attacks cause no damage. Energy-based attacks cause normal damage. Regardless, wounds to its tentacles do not harm the feeder itself.
- **Weakness (Cold):** Father feeders suffer double damage from cold-based attacks. Furthermore, such attacks function as Heavy Weapons against it.

Flitter

Flitters represent any of dozens of species of small, flying predators found throughout the universe. Depending on the planet, they may be insectoid, avian, or reptilian in nature. Regardless of appearance, their ability to fly makes them particularly bothersome, as they can swoop in unexpectedly to prey on farm animals, pets, or even colonists themselves.

These airborne menaces usually travel in flocks of 1d10+10 or more, making encounters with them dangerous affairs for the unprepared. Flitters tend to focus their attacks on a single target, swooping in to slash or bite the victim then flying out of reach.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6

Pace: 2; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Flight:** 20.
- **Fly-By Attack:** A flying flitter that hits with a raise on its Fighting attack has caught its opponent off-guard. The victim does not get a free attack if the flitter moves away that round, although other nearby characters can attack it normally.
- **Size -2:** Although their wings may make them appear larger, flitters are usually the size of large rats.
- **Small:** Attackers suffer a -2 penalty to all attacks against flitters due to their small size and unpredictable movements.

Frogre

These amphibious predators are found only on a planet called the Bog, much to the relief of the rest of the universe. They resemble purple-skinned, two-legged frogs the size of hippopotami with retractable eyestalks. Frogres are the top of the disgusting food chain on their swamp planet and view any creature foolish enough to get within range of their long, scabrous tongues as just another link in said chain.

Frogres prefer to strike from ambush, lying in wait beneath the murky water with only their eyestalks breaking the surface. When they spot prey (i.e. anything more ambulatory than a rock), they shoot their 30'-long tongues out and drag their victims back to their prodigious maws. Their stomachs are capable of a disturbing amount of distension, allowing frogres to swallow whole creatures nearly their own size.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Swimming d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 11 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Ambush:** A frogre completely submerged in a body of water receives +4 on Stealth rolls. When attacking undetected from a submerged position, the creature receives +4 to its Fighting attack roll.

- **Amphibious:** Swimming Pace 6". Frogres can hold their breath for an hour.
- **Armor +1:** Thick, leathery hide.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Large:** Attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking a frogre due to its great size.
- **Size +4:** A frogre is the size of an adult hippopotamus.
- **Swallow Whole:** If the frogre drags a target to its mouth with its tongue or hits with a raise on its Fighting attack to bite a target Size +3 or smaller, it swallows the victim. Each round until the monster is slain, a swallowed victim takes 2d6 damage from digestive acids.
- **Tongue Snare:** A frogre can make a grappling attack against any creature Size +3 or less within 6". Once the creature successfully grapples its target, each success and raise on an opposed Strength roll drags the victim 1" closer to its gullet. A frogre's tongue has a Toughness 9 and takes a single wound to sever. Bullets, blasters, and impaling weapons cause half damage. Blunt weapons do no damage.

Grays

Say "extraterrestrial" and before March 8, 2007, most humans would have thought about skinny gray humanoids with oversized heads. You couldn't pass a tabloid or reality show network without being bombarded with stories about abductions and probing by "grays." To believers, they were the proof of intelligent life elsewhere in the universe.

As humans discovered very painfully during the Annubius Conflict, most of what we thought we knew was wrong.

The United Systems does not even classify the grays as an intelligent species. Grays are the STDs of interstellar travel, where STD stands for Spaceship Transmitted Disease. They are basically a type of semi-aware space fungus that attach themselves to ships to propagate throughout the universe.

Grays latch onto the outside of ships like barnacles and travel to other systems. Once in a new environment, they seek new hosts or at least carriers. The probing reported by survivors of encounters with them are actually

just manifestations of the grays trying to infect a human host.

The fungi emit various spores which have various psychotropic effects on creatures exposed to them. These spores are to blame for most of the strange experiences reported by victims of grays, from paralyzation to lost time. Although the abilities mimic psionic powers, they are actually chemical in nature. A completely sealed suit totally negates them.

The grays have adapted to the severe conditions experienced in outer space, including extreme heat, radiation, cold, and vacuum. They are virtually immune to all damage. Even if reduced to scattered pieces, a gray can reform if given enough time—usually 1d6 days.

They have one glaring weakness preventing them from overrunning the universe: liquid water dissolves a gray's molecular structure on contact. Since most higher life forms in the known universe contain significant proportions of water, they're immune to gray infection.

Of course, as the grays are virtually mindless, this doesn't stop them from probing as many of them as possible...

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Psionics d6, Stealth d8

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Special Abilities:

- **Arcane Background (Psionics):** All grays have the Arcane Background (Psionics), as described in *Savage Worlds*. They have unlimited Power Points for using psionic powers. They can maintain any number of powers without suffering any penalties, but can still suffer Backlash if they roll a 1 on their Psionics die. Grays have the following powers: *Blind*, *confusion*, *fear*, *puppet*, *slow*, and *stun*.
- **Finger Poke:** Str.
- **Invulnerability:** Grays can be Shaken by any attack, but only wounded by their Weakness.
- **Spores:** Any creature in a sealed space suit or armor is immune to the effects of a gray's psionics.

- **Weakness (Water):** A gray splashed with a glass of water gains a level of Fatigue. This Fatigue can lead to Incapacitation. If immersed, it is Incapacitated and dissolves.

Kret

Krets are small pests with a knack for getting into nearly everything. They're about the size of a small cat, covered in dense bristles, and able to eat nearly everything any sentient species in the United Systems can consume. They've spread so far throughout the inhabited worlds of the universe no one is even sure from where they originated.

These pests are particularly despised on space ships and pavilions as they're not only voracious eaters, they're also incredibly fast at reproducing, with a breeding pair capable of squeezing out litters of ten or more kret pups a month. On top of that, krets seem to be almost spiteful in their behavior. They tend to defecate in food supplies too large for them to consume in a single raid and go out of their way to do damage to inedible items, like pipes and wiring.

The unpleasant creatures are so despised and widespread many exterminators are able to earn a comfortable living specializing solely in eradicating kret nests.

Kret

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d4, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 2

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str.
- **Disease-Ridden:** Anyone who suffers a Shaken result or worse from a kret bite must make a Vigor roll or contract a long-term chronic, minorly debilitating disease (see **Disease**, in the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook). This malady is easily cured in a ship's med bay or better medical facility, but the effects remain for 2d6 days after treatment.
- **Size -2:** Kret are usually less than a foot long.
- **Small:** Attackers subtract 2 from attacks to hit krets.

- **Spines:** Any attacker attempting to pick up or strike a kret with an appendage or short melee weapon (Game Master's call) gets pricked by the creature's spines. These only do 1d4 damage, but if the damage causes a Shaken result or worse, the attacker must check for infection as above.

Kret Overlord

Krets' explosive reproductive rate often results in large numbers of the creatures wedged into a confined space. Left long enough, the creatures fuse together into a conglomeration of bodies known as a kret overlord. One of the component krets becomes the guiding intelligence for the disgusting mass, but the species' innate hatefulness seems to be multiplied by the rest of the bodies, making an overlord one unpleasant discovery for an exterminator.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Notice d10, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str.
- **Disease:** Anyone who suffers a wound from a kret bite must make a Vigor roll or contract a long-term chronic, minorly debilitating disease (see **Disease**, in the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook). This malady is easily cured in a ship's med bay or better medical facility, but the effects remain for 2d6 days after treatment.
- **Many-Headed:** A kret overlord can make up to eight attacks a round at no multi-action penalty. It cannot attack a single target more than three times.
- **Size -1:** Overlords are the size of large dogs.

Lava Turtle

Another creature native to Kipferia, lava turtles are uniquely adapted to the planet's subterranean rivers of molten rock and are completely immune to even the extreme heat produced by lava. These creatures are roughly the size of small elephants, and while they have a calcified shell on their back, they are unable to retract their heads or appendages



inside for protection like Earth turtles. For further insulation against the extreme heat in which they live, a lava turtle's brain is actually located in its abdomen. Although their heads hold their sight, smell, and taste sensory organs, they are actually just bony appendages.

Like the skyfish, the Kipferi have domesticated the creatures as mounts, allowing the aliens to use the magma tunnels as underground highways. While the Kipferi do train some for combat, they are largely docile creatures and only fight in self defense unless otherwise conditioned. In combat, lava turtles either trample their opponents or flail them with their bony heads.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+3, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 16 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Calcified shell. The turtle's limbs are covered in a leathery hide which provides on Armor +1.
- **Head Butt:** Str+d6.
- **Immunity (Heat):** Lava turtles take no damage from fire or heat-based attacks.
- **Large:** Attackers receive +2 to all attack rolls against a lava turtle due to its size.
- **Size +5:** Lava turtles weigh nearly three tons.
- **Trample:** Lava turtles can trample over creatures Size +2 or smaller. If a lava turtle runs, any creature in its path must make an Agility roll or take Str+5 damage.

Living Moon

These enormous creatures are found drifting through space, as they are far too large to survive in a gravity field. They often drift through asteroid fields or orbit other celestial bodies where their rocky exteriors often lead explorers to mistake them for other asteroids or small moons—at least until it's too late to avoid them.

Although little is known about their biology, living moons prey on other vacuum-based life forms as well as spaceships. They drag their prey to their surface with their grasping tentacles where they somehow directly absorb the mass into their own over time.

Living moons are prone to lengthy periods of hibernation, and over time these massive creatures sometimes become surrounded by the remains of derelict vessels that have gotten too near them and become ensnared in their tentacles and not yet devoured. If its tentacles are retracted and its eyes are closed, a living moon is indistinguishable from an inert ball of rock.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+12, Vigor d12+4

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d4

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 34

Special Abilities:

- **Eye Beam:** Range 100/200/400. Living moons have a single visual organ centered on one side of their masses. This eye is capable of unleashing bioelectric

plasma at particularly irritating targets. The beam causes damage 4d10, has a rate of fire 1, and counts as a Heavy Weapon.

- **Gargantuan:** Heavy Armor. Attacks against living moons are at +4. Its tentacles are considered Heavy Weapons. Add Size to Strength damage when crushing.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Size +24 (or greater):** Even the smallest living moons are as large as medium-sized asteroids.
- **Tentacles:** A living moon has an effectively unlimited number of tentacles each up to a quarter mile in length, allowing it to attack each target within reach during a round at no penalty. Due to the size of the tentacles, a target may only be attacked by a single tentacle in a round. The moon makes an opposed roll of its Fighting against the ship's Piloting (or Agility for creatures). The tentacle does Strength +d12 damage. Against ships and similarly-sized targets, a successful hit also grapples the prey. Each round, it automatically inflicts a Critical Hit as the tentacle crushes the vessel. Once grappled, the vessel can continue to move, but at -4 to any Piloting rolls and can only attack with Reaction Fire weapons. Each tentacle has Toughness 16 and can be destroyed with a single wound. Wounds to tentacles do not harm the living moon.
- **Vacuum Based:** Living moons are immune to the effects of a vacuum and are adapted to a zero-g environment.

Mantrap

A huge plant creature that is found on Kipferia, mantraps can also be used to model carnivorous plants on other planets. Mantraps have long vine-like flexible shoots often up to 20' long and more than 3' in diameter. They end in enormous growths that resemble blue flowers about eight feet in diameter. What appears to be the flower's stamen is actually a pink maw through which the plant feeds.

To make catching their prey easier, mantraps throw spores that sedate most animal life. Even if the victim manages to shrug off the effects of the spores, mantraps are no pushover. On

top of that, mantraps often grow in clusters, so where there's one, there's usually more. All in all, the best way to deal with one of these predatory plants is to simply not get too close, as their roots render them immobile.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 12 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Dense bark.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Reach:** Mantraps can attack targets within 3" of their bases.
- **Size +5:** Mantraps are 20'+ long.
- **Spore Burst:** These plants can shoot a burst of anesthetic spores at any target within 4". The spores fill a Small Burst Template, and any creature in that area without a self-contained breathing apparatus must make a Vigor roll. A success means the character suffers a level of Fatigue that is recovered after 10 minutes of rest, and on a raise, the hero is unaffected. On a failure, the victim is Incapacitated for 1d6 minutes.
- **Swallow Whole:** A mantrap that gets a raise on its Fighting roll to hit an opponent Size 0 or smaller swallows its victim whole. The creature is pulled into the plant's gullet in the supporting vine where it takes 2d6 damage each turn, applied to its least armored location, from digestive enzymes.

Roach, Riding

These large, insect-like creatures are native to the planet Flin. Riding roaches possess six legs and are roughly the size of a rhinoceros. The Flitorian race domesticates them to use as riding mounts.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 12 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Thick carapace.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Size +4:** Riding roaches are large creatures.

Skyfish

These unusual creatures resemble huge, flying, orange fish. They remain aloft thanks to bladders of internal, lighter-than-air, inert gases. They navigate much the way Earth fish do, using their tail fins to generate thrust and a pair of pectoral fins for steering.

Although they're largely docile, a provoked skyfish can attack. They are domesticated by the Kipferi people and as used as flying mounts.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6

Pace: —; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 11 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Scaly hide.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Flight:** Skyfish have a Flying Pace of 10" and a Climb of 2.
- **Large:** Attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking a skyfish due to its great size.
- **Size +4:** Skyfish are the size of large sharks.

Tick

These xenomorphs were named by the first human researchers to encounter them, due in part to their vague resemblance to a type of parasitic Earth arachnid. There was also probably a bit of laziness in the nomenclature too, because while these ticks also suck their hosts' blood, they aren't the least bit arachnid or insectoid in nature. Morphologically, they are more like small squids or octopuses.

Initially, ticks are green in color and about the size of a human hand. They possess eight tentacles and a pair of almost humanoid hind legs. Atop their thorax sit two pairs of purplish eyes and a beak-like proboscis.

Ticks somehow convert the blood they drain rapidly into mass, quickly growing to enormous size and strength. A single human can provide a tick enough blood to become larger than a draft horse, making it even easier to claim another victim—or five.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 2

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str.
- **Blood Drain:** Each round after being grappled by one of these horrors, the victim must make an opposed Vigor roll against the tick's Strength. On a failure, he suffers a level of Fatigue. Fatigue acquired this way is recovered at a rate of one level per hour of rest, but characters Incapacitated in this way are drained of blood and dead.
- **Grapple:** A tick that hits with a raise on its Fighting attack has grappled its victim. Beginning the next round, it begins draining its prey's blood.
- **Size -2:** Ticks are initially smaller than a man's hand, but they grow quickly.
- **Stealthy:** A Size -2 tick gains a +2 bonus to its Stealth rolls due to its coloration and size.
- **Swell:** As a tick feeds, it rapidly grows in size. For every Fatigue level it inflicts on a victim, the creature gains +2 Size and two dice each in Strength and Vigor. A tick cannot grow larger than Size +6 regardless of how much blood it consumes. It loses -1 Size and one die in each Strength and Vigor every hour as its body metabolizes the blood.
- **Variable Size:** A Size -2 tick is considered Small, giving attackers a -2 penalty to attack rolls against it. Conversely, a Size 4 tick is Large, and attackers receive a +2 bonus to their attacks.

Tidok

Tidoks are large alien creatures that appear to be the result of combining Greek mythology and H. P. Lovecraft with a liberal dose of hallucinogens—or at least very high proof whiskey. A tidok has a hairless and heavily-muscled humanoid upper torso, with a gaping maw, oversized, almond-shaped yellow eyes, and two arms ending in three-fingered hands. Its lower body is comprised of a mass of thick, segmented tentacles that it uses for both locomotion and catching prey.

While they appear to possess a rudimentary language, the United Systems does not recognize them as an intelligent species. For legal purposes, they are treated as "pests," and

exterminators do not require a permit to hunt them.

Although immature tidoks are barely the size of a human, the creatures grow tremendously over the course of a few years, eventually reaching twelve feet or more in height. Regardless of age, they are invariably aggressive and predatory, eating anything they can overpower.

Juvenile Tidok

Juvenile tidoks are usually less than two years old. They are just as voracious as adults of their species, but a little easier to put down.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Notice d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Clinging:** A tidok's tentacles grant it considerable advantage in scaling any wall that is not completely smooth. It gains a +4 bonus to Climb rolls and can move at its normal Pace on vertical surfaces. Unlike true wall walkers, it cannot move on inverted surfaces.
- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Tentacles:** If a juvenile tidok hits with a raise on its Fighting roll, it automatically grapples its foe in its tentacles. That round and each following round, it causes Str damage as the tentacles constrict. Its victim may escape on her action by getting a raise on an opposed Strength roll.

☛ Mature Tidok

Mature tidoks are terrifying monsters that usually occupy the top link on the food chain wherever they appear.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 15 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Thick hide.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Clinging:** A tidok's tentacles grant it considerable advantage in scaling any

wall that is not completely smooth. It gains a +4 bonus to Climb rolls and can move at its normal Pace on vertical surfaces. Unlike true wall walkers, it cannot move on inverted surfaces.

- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Fists:** Str.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Large:** Attackers add +2 to any attack rolls against a mature tidok.
- **Size +5:** Mature tidoks can stand over 12' tall.
- **Tentacles:** If a tidok hits with a raise on its Fighting roll, it automatically grapples its foe in its tentacles. That round and each following round, it causes Str+d6 damage as the tentacles constrict. Its victim may escape on her action by getting a raise on an opposed Strength roll. A tidok can grapple up to three Size 0 or one creature of up to Size 3 creatures this way.

Void Eaters

Void eaters are strange, vacuum-based scavengers that prowl some asteroid fields and other areas where debris accumulates. They feed on detritus they find, preferably carbon-based, but seem capable of digesting most matter.

A void eater resembles an Earth catfish that's been crossed with a roach and encased in bony armor. These creatures tend to hunt in packs of 3d6 or greater numbers. They are immune to the effects of vacuum and gravitational variations.

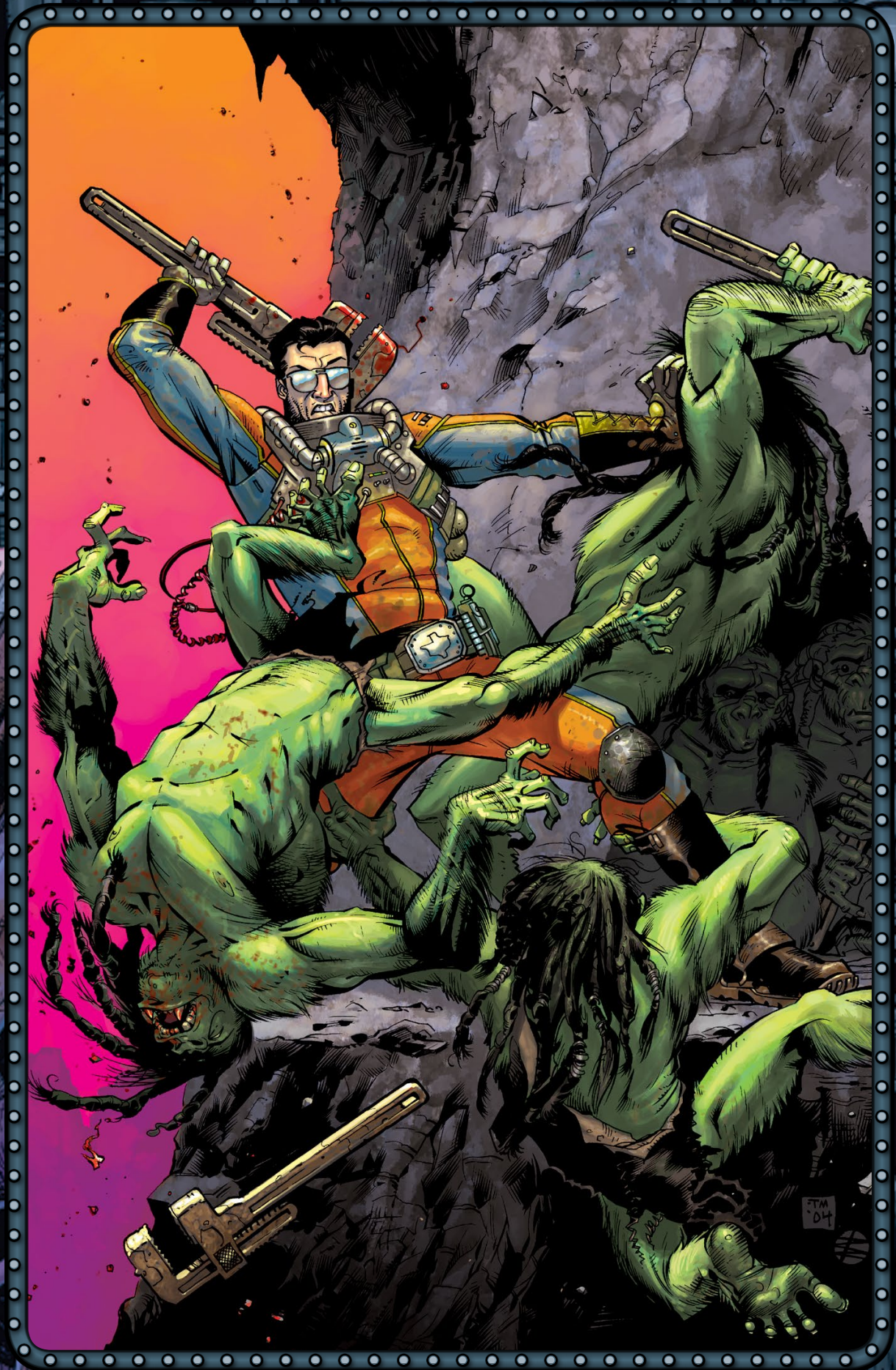
Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Bony carapace.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Flight:** Pace 50, Climb 2. Void eaters can only fly in the vacuum of space.
- **Size -1:** Void eaters are about the size of a large dog.
- **Vacuum Based:** Void eaters are immune to the effects of a vacuum and are adapted to a zero-g environment.



SENTIENTS

These are some of the more common alien races in the United Systems, or at least those the organization currently recognizes as sentient. The bureaucracy is notorious for changing its classifications and permit requirements usually without notice or warning. Given the anomalies with communications and faster-than-light travel, a band of bounty hunters may discover two minutes after they gun down the ravaging blood beast plaguing a terraform that it was just recognized as a protected race with full voting status.

There are countless dozens beyond these, but the ones presented should give you a good starting point to develop aliens of your own design if you want.

The statistics here are a baseline for members of a given alien race—the average specimen, if you will. Don't be afraid to alter them to fit your needs. A Sklerpion thug, for example, is going to have a higher Fighting and Intimidation than the run-of-the-mill representative of his species. See **Professional Templates**, on page 179, for guidelines on how to modify a member of a given species for various occupations.

Astorgian

This race of giant humanoids inhabited what is now known as the planet Tetald. They became effectively extinct nearly 20,000 years ago, when many of their species opted to transfer their minds into robotic bodies, creating the cybernetic entities known as the Tetaldians. Warfare soon broke out between the “evolved” Tetaldians and their biological predecessors. In time, the Astorgian species ceased to exist, in part thanks to technological Darwinism, but mostly due to robots with laser arms.

Astorgians have teal or light green skin and white hair. Males of the species have uniformly long beards, and even females display small tufts of chin hair. There is considerable diversity among their size, with the average Astorgian standing anywhere between 9' and 12' tall.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Throwing d6, Shooting d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 12 (3)

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Plate armor (+3), spear (Range 3/6/12, Damage Str+d8), sword (Str+d8).

Special Abilities:

- **Size +3:** Astorgians are considerably larger than humans.

Ch'Ka-tun

The Ch'Ka-tun are a race of bipeds from a pocket dimension accessible from the planet Razzeen. Morphologically, they are very similar to humans with only a few minor differences. Their outer ear cartilage is smooth, their pupils fill their entire eyes, and although they have opposable thumbs, the digits are as long as their other fingers.

Their hair covers a smaller portion of their heads. Males keeping it trimmed in a bowl, while females either grow it in a mane down their back or tie it into a topknot.

They have a culture roughly corresponding to the Middle Ages in Europe, but most leadership roles are traditionally held by females. Their scientific understanding is very limited, and they have no concept of other worlds, much less dimensions. Finally, the race never developed any missile weapons more advanced than spears and other thrown objects.

Ch'Ka-tun

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Trade) d6, Notice d6, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Citizens own gear appropriate to their trade. Some also own a knife (Str+d4) or other primitive melee weapon.

Special Abilities:

- **Low Tech:** Ch'Ka-tun have little experience with advanced technology. They receive a -4 to any Trait checks to use high-tech weapons and gear.

Ch’Ka-tun Soldier

Since most battles between Ch’Ka-tun militaries are hand-to-hand melees, professional soldiers in that dimension tend to be tough, strong, and skilled with their weapons.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Throwing d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Hindrances: Loyal

Edges: —

Gear: Long sword (Str+d8), spear (Str+d6, Range 3/6/12, Parry +1), chain hauberk (+2), medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor vs ranged).

Special Abilities:

- **Low Tech:** Ch’Ka-tun have little experience with advanced technology. They receive a -4 to any Trait checks to use high-tech weapons and gear.

Dressite

The Dressite Empire supplies most of the muscle for the United Systems war with the Tetaldian Empire, which is ironic as the Dressites have no actual muscles of their own. In their natural environment, Dressites are man-sized, semi-transparent amoeboid creatures. Contrary to appearances, they are very complex, Class C life forms.

Dressites move by shifting the protoplasm that makes up the majority of their mass inside the membrane that holds everything together. Their outer membrane secretes a caustic fluid that works like a powerful acid on organic substances. Their visual sensory organs are located adjacent to the nerve cluster that functions as their brain. Dressites usually orient their bodies so this organ system is positioned at the highest part of their anatomies, in effect giving them a “head.”

The Dressite Empire is run entirely by males of its species, with females treated as little more than property. While Dressite soldiers comprise the majority of the United System’s military might, the race is actually extraordinarily peaceful—or was until Heath Huston nearly wiped it out at the end of the Annubius Conflict.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Knowledge (Trade) d6, Notice d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Pacifist (Minor, only before the genocide)

Edges: —

Gear: Dressites have any tools necessary to perform their chosen trade.

Special Abilities:

- **Additional Action:** Due to their ability to form pseudopods at will from their bodies, Dressites get one extra, non-movement action per round at no penalty.
- **Acidic Touch:** Str+d6. Organic targets only.
- **Amoeboid:** Dressites can move through openings as small as two inches wide. They take no extra damage from Called shots, except against its “head,” which suffers damage as normal.
- **Grapple:** A Dressite that hits with a raise on its Fighting roll grapples its target. Against organic opponents, it automatically inflicts 2d8 damage each round as its acidic fluids burn the victim. This damage is applied to the target’s least armored location. Fully-sealed suits of non-organic materials negate this damage.
- **Vulnerability (Atmosphere):** The atmosphere of the Dressite homeworld has a different composition from Earth’s atmosphere. Dressites treat Earth-like atmospheres as mildly Hazardous. Unprotected members of the race must roll Vigor every 10 minutes or suffer a Fatigue level that can lead to death. This Fatigue is recovered at a rate of one level for every 10 minutes the Dressite is exposed to its normal atmosphere.

Dressite Soldier

The Dressites who take up arms do so out of a sense of obligation both to the United Systems and their people. They are most commonly viewed as aberrations by their own kind. Combined with the countless years they spend in service away from their home, Dressite soldiers become resentful and prone to taking out their frustration on other species.

Soldiers wear specially-crafted armored suits, which provide protection against both

attack and hostile atmosphere. The suits also protect other species from the Dressites' acidic bodily fluids, while providing the amoeboid creatures with "hands" and "feet" to better interact with advanced weapons and equipment. The suits are shaped to provide four leg-like appendages, two full-size arms, and two smaller hand-like appendages on their torsos. Their "heads" are encased in a clear bubble atop their armor's shoulders.

In addition to their laser weapons, Dressites carry a number of melee weapons, favoring them over ranged attacks whenever possible.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Piloting d4, Stealth d4, Shooting d6, Throwing d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 11 (4)

Hindrances: Loyal, Mean

Edges: —

Gear: Armored spacesuit (+4), laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2), energy spear (Str+d8, AP 4, Reach 1), vibro saw (Str+2d6, AP 2).

Special Abilities:

- **Acidic Touch:** Str+d6. Organic targets only. This attack is only available when a soldier's suit has been breached.
- **Additional Action:** Due to their extra arms, Dressite soldiers get one extra,

non-movement action each round at no penalty.

- **Amoeboid:** A soldier out of his armor can move through openings as small as 2" in width. He takes no extra damage from Called shots, except against its "head," which suffers damage as normal.
- **Grapple:** An unarmored Dressite soldier that hits with a raise on his Fighting roll grapples its target. Against organic opponents, he automatically inflicts 2d8 damage each round as his acidic fluids burn the victim. This damage is applied to the target's least armored location. Fully-sealed suits of non-organic materials negate this damage.
- **Size +1:** Armored Dressite soldiers are both somewhat taller and more massive than a human.
- **Vulnerability (Atmosphere):** The atmosphere of the Dressite homeworld has a different composition from Earth's atmosphere. Dressites treat Earth-like atmospheres as mildly Hazardous. Unprotected members of the race must roll Vigor every 10 minutes or suffer a Fatigue level that can lead to death. This Fatigue is recovered at a rate of one level for every 10 minutes the Dressite is exposed to its normal atmosphere.



Dressite Assault Ship

This vessel serves a variety of purposes for the Dressite military. It functions as a transport for up to a squad of Dressite soldiers and a ground-support attack bomber to support troops once deployed, while also being capable of conduction interdiction operations against other spacecraft.

Assault ships are usually organized in wings of four to eight ships. While a single assault craft is woefully outgunned by larger craft, like Tetaldian motherships, they match up well with the smaller attack saucers. In addition, assault ships have warp capability, allowing them to be deployed throughout the United Systems without the need for the support of larger ships.

Dressite ships are specifically designed for use by the amoeboid race. The vessel's crew does not wear the armored suit other members of the military do. Instead, the ship's working spaces are filled with a breathable liquid (at least for Dressites), allowing them to move freely throughout the craft in their natural state. As a result, this makes Dressite ships unusable to members of other races.

Medium Starship: Size 8, Acc/TS: 55/700, Climb 2, Toughness 35 (16), Crew 5, Cost \$25.1M, Remaining Mods 0

Notes: AI, AMCM, Armor $\times 5$, Atmospheric, Passenger Pod, Planetary Sensor Suite, Speed $\times 2$, Targeting System, Warp Drive

Weapons:

- Dual Linked Medium Lasers (Fixed)
- 2 \times Light Lasers
- Missile Launcher with 12 Light Missiles

Dressite Walker

To enhance their ground forces, Dressites created giant combat walkers. These are basically larger, enhanced versions of their combat armor operated by a pilot. Thanks to their reinforced structure and augmented strength, combat walkers can carry much heavier weapons than a single soldier, and the Dressite military uses them in similar roles to those in which human militaries employ armored fighting vehicles.

While inside the walker, the pilot and machine function as a single entity, using the walker's physical attributes and the pilot's mental. If outside the walker, the pilot uses the stats for a typical Dressite soldier. The

walker cannot function without a pilot, and only Dressites can operate these devices.

Combat walkers largely resemble a 12'-tall Dressite. An additional pair of secondary arms is the only major difference in appearance besides size.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 14 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4.**
- **Additional Actions:** The walker's four extra arms allow it to make up to one extra non-movement action round at no penalty.
- **Close Combat Weapons:** Str+d8. Walkers are equipped with a variety of close combat weapons.
- **Missile Launcher:** Walkers have shoulder-mounted missile launchers, containing 6 missiles. Range: 50/100/200, Damage 6d6, RoF 1, AP 20, HW, SBT.
- **Size +3:** Walkers about twice the size of a human.

Fish Eye

A servitor race to the jellybrains since over 20 millennia ago, Fish Eyes have not been encountered since the rise of the Tetaldians. It seems likely they were wiped out by the Tetaldians, just like the cybernetic race's progenitors Astorgians. It's unclear whether the jellybrains engineered the evolution of the Fish Eyes to serve as physical laborers, created a race of clones, or simply subjugated them through generations of telepathic suggestion, but the species is completely subservient to the giant, brain-like creatures.

Fish Eyes are an amphibious race. They stand about seven feet tall and have a lanky, somewhat muscular build. Their heads are unusually long, with large, pupilless eyes and a small, almost sucker-like mouth. In spite of the technological advances of their patrons, the jellybrains, Fish Eyes are seldom equipped with high-tech gear beyond armor and breathing helmets for extended journeys to the surface.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (Trade) d6, Notice d6, Swimming d6, Throwing d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8 (3)

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Spear (Str+d6), breastplate (+3), water-filled breathing apparatus (for lengthy excursions out of water).

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Fish Eyes are native to a watery environment. They cannot drown in oxygenated liquid and have Swimming d6. Their pace in water is equal to their Swimming skill.
- **Dependency (Water):** A Fish Eye suffers an automatic Fatigue level each six hours it cannot breathe oxygenated water. This Fatigue can Incapacitate the creature. If the creature is still denied access to water, it dies in another six hours. Each hour spent immersed in water restores a level of Fatigue.
- **Low Light Vision:** Living in deep water, Fish Eyes have adapted to seeing in very little light. They suffer no penalties for bad lighting in all but complete darkness.

Flitorian

These insectoid aliens are rated Class C and resemble nothing so much as humanoid flies. They are roughly the same size as humans and are bipedal, possess four arms, and a nearly vestigial set of membranous wings. Although not capable of true flight, Flitorians can make use of their wings to leap relatively long distances.

Although Flitorians have a tough chitinous hide like terrestrial insects, they actually have an actual endoskeleton composed of a calcium-like material.

Flitorians have a culture that shares many elements with that of the American Old West, so much so that the species may have deliberately modeled it on old human westerns. For example, their primary law enforcers dress like sheriffs and call out posses to pursue criminals. Lynchings are not uncommon and are carried out with a public gallows hanging. And while they possess advanced weapons and power grids, Flitorians favor large, domesticated riding roaches over vehicles.

These aliens share the largely barren planet Flin with another race, the Sepliot. The two species prey upon each other almost symbiotically. The Flitorians consider Sepliot

larvae a delicacy, while Sepliot larvae likewise feed on Flitorian flesh.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Trade) d6, Notice d6, Riding d4, Shooting d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6 (2)

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Flitorians have equipment appropriate to their profession. Most possess a ranged weapon of some type, often a laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Flitorians are covered in a hard shell.
- **Compound Eyes:** Flitorians have 360° vision thanks to their massive compound eyes. This gives them a +2 to Notice rolls to detect ambushes and the like.
- **Extra Arms:** Due to their additional arms, Flitorians get one extra non-movement action per round at no multi-action penalty.
- **Frail:** Flitorians are the same height as humans, but have relatively slim builds. This subtracts 1 from their Toughness.
- **Leap:** As part of its Move, a Flitorian can use its wings to assist in jumps up to 6". This does not count against its normal Pace.
- **Poor Distance Vision:** Due to the nature of their compound eyes, Flitorians also have poor distance vision. Flitorians suffer a -2 penalty to any Trait roll involving anything more than 10" away.

Flitorian Sheriff

Most Flitorian settlements have a sheriff who serves as both law enforcement and judge.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Trade) d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9 (4)

Hindrances: Vow (Uphold the law)

Edges: Quick Draw

Gear: Two laser pistols (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2), body armor (+4), holsters, badge.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Flitorians are covered in a hard exoskeleton.
- **Compound Eyes:** Flitorians have 360° vision thanks to their massive compound eyes. This gives them a +2 to Notice rolls to detect ambushes and the like.
- **Extra Arms:** Due to their additional arms, Flitorians get one extra non-movement action per round at no multi-action penalty.
- **Frail:** Flitorians are the same height as humans, but have relatively slim builds. This subtracts 1 from their Toughness.
- **Leap:** As part of its Move, a Flitorian can use its wings to assist in jumps up to 6". This does not count against its normal Pace.
- **Poor Distance Vision:** Due to the nature of their compound eyes, Flitorians also have poor distance vision. Flitorians suffer a -2 penalty to any Trait roll involving anything more than 10" away.

Gastropod

A Class D species, Gastropods are almost universally shunned by other species, not because of anything they do intentionally, but mainly because they're just plain disgusting. They resemble an eight-foot long cross between a maggot and a slug.

Like a maggot, Gastropods live on a diet of rotting material, decaying bodies, and to be blunt, other species' garbage. Unfortunately, Gastropods have perpetually open mouths, allowing all in their vicinity to catch a good whiff of *everything* they've recently consumed—along with an introduction to the odor of their digestive fluids. While this might

make them handy additions to a landfill, it does not contribute to their popularity at social gatherings.

On the other hand, Gastropods have no known enemies or predators, so there's that.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6, Tracking d6

Cha: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 9

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Gastropods seldom carry gear.

Special Abilities:

- **Bad Breath:** The stench rising from a Gastropod's digestive tract causes all other non-Gastropods creatures within 2" to roll Vigor or be at -1 to all Trait rolls until they spend at least 1 minute outside the affected area.
- **Odious:** Due to their appearance, habits, and smell, Gastropods suffer a -4 Charisma to nearly every other sentient race in the United Systems (and beyond).
- **Size +2:** Gastropods are both taller and thicker than humans.
- **Slow:** These creatures move at Pace 4 and cannot run.

Henronian

Henronians, a Class B species, are one of the more technologically advanced members of the United Systems. They're also one of the richest—and most hedonistic, as well. Henronians often organize into interplanetary corporations, pooling their resources to become even more influential. It's not unusual for a Henronian corporation to buy an entire



star system to use as they see fit, which is entirely legal under current United Systems regulations as long as there are no indigenous life forms with Class H or higher intelligence.

They are unsightly creatures by most species' reckoning. Fleishy globs of grayish flesh about two feet high, Henronians usually look like lumps of decaying fat atop a mass of small tentacles. Yellow-eyed faces occupy approximately half of their body mass and tufts of hair sprout sporadically over the rest of their bodies.

Oddly, Henronians claim to be devoutly religious and follow a monotheistic belief. Although the core of their religion seems to encourage ethical behavior, they are particularly adroit at performing logical and semantic acrobatics to justify virtually any action, no matter how vile, as being part of their god's will.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Knowledge (Trade) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Streetwise d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 4; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Many Henronians employ mechanical "walkers" that give them Pace 6. Particularly wealthy members of the species have teleportation belts keyed to their home world.

Special Abilities:

- **Avarice:** All Henronians possess the Greedy Hindrance at least at the Minor level. The most successful members have it as a Major Hindrance.
- **Odious:** Most species find Henronians' appearance and behavior unpleasant, giving them a -2 penalty to Charisma. This penalty does not apply to other Henronians.
- **Size -1:** Henronians stand about 2' tall.

Humans

After the decimation of the species during the Annubius conflict, there was no pressure caused by a rising population to force humanity to expand beyond its own atmosphere. Nonetheless, it has. Humans can be found throughout the universe, as explorers, bounty hunters, scientific researchers, and of course, all manner of criminal low-lives.

Humanity has been ranked a Class D species by the United Systems, due to our relatively primitive technological level prior to the Annubius conflict, lack of colonization efforts, and general level of mental ability. Fortunately, that's enough to provide legal protection against wanton abuse by other species in the alliance. Of course, legal protection isn't always the same thing as *actual* protection, and more than one alien race has shown a predisposition for adding humans to the dinner menu.

In a universe filled with alien races all looking out for their own species, a fellow human being is often a welcome sight and potential ally. However, as often as not, we're often our own worst enemies.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Trade) d8, Notice d6, Shooting d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Citizens own gear appropriate to their trade. Some also own a ranged weapon or knife (Str+d4).

☛ Fear Agent

These individuals were the hardened core of human resistance to the Dressite and Tetaldian invaders. Very few survived to the end of the war, thanks to treachery within their ranks, but those who did are nearly legendary among not only humans, but the rest of the galaxy as well.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Knowledge (Trade) d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Shooting d8, Survival d6, Throwing d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10 (4)

Hindrances: Overconfident

Edges: Fear Agent, Iron Jaw

Gear: Armored space suit (+4), laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2), 2 frag grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, LBT), knife (Str+d4).

☛ Jellybrain

Humanity and the rest of the United Systems have very little exposure to these Class A intellects—entirely by the design

Human-like Aliens

The universe is a vast place with countless intelligent species spread across it. While we've presented a good number of other sentient races here, the fact is we've barely touched the surface of those that belong to the United Systems—much less *all* intelligent races.

Fortunately, as sentients go, humanity is very close to a baseline model. There are even a few races that, at least on the surface, appear identical to humanity, especially after a few shots of whatever passes for the local equivalent of whiskey. In a planetside saloon filled with aliens, the overwhelming majority of them are functionally no different than a human in game terms. With only cosmetic changes—blue skin, a third eye, four ears, and the like—you can use the game stats for human to create as many new intelligent species as you need.

You can quickly customize things a little more by giving the new race a bonus die type in an ability score, reduce an ability by a die, or give a common Edge or Hindrance to all members. To make the alien even more exotic, just tack on one or two of the Special Abilities listed below.

of the jellybrains—so their race's name for themselves is as yet unknown. As such, most who encounter them use a name that describes exactly what these powerful telepaths resemble, a cross between a gigantic brain and a three-eyed jellyfish.

Jellybrains claim to be the most advanced intelligent life in the universe, and there's little evidence to the contrary. While they are of tremendous physical size, they possess tremendous psionic abilities. They rely almost exclusively on those when dealing with less advanced races; it's extremely rare for one to engage in physical combat.

These creatures live for tens of thousands of years. Their society is a monarchy, led by a king and queen who have been alive for longer than humanity has walked upright. The combination of their vast intelligence, experience, and longevity leads jellybrains to take an unimaginably long view when

Additional Action: The race has more than a single pair of arms, tentacles, or other manipulative appendages. This allows it to take an extra non-movement action each turn, with no multi-action penalty.

Aquatic: The race is native to a water environment. Its members cannot drown, have a d6 in Swimming, and their Pace in water is equal to their Swimming skill.

Burrowing: This species evolved underground and can move through loose earth at half their normal Pace.

Flight: Whether by feathered or insectoid wings, gas bladders, or even psionics, this species can fly at its standard Pace with a Climb score of 0.

Improved Senses: The race gains a +2 to Notice rolls for one or more selected senses.

Natural Weaponry: This species has a bite, claw, or stinger attack that causes Strength+1d6 damage. Some have evolved a venom that causes a victim of a successful hit to make a Vigor roll or suffer a level of Fatigue (which can Incapacitate).

Size: The creature is larger than human. Each level of Size adds +1 to the creature's Toughness.

Wall Walker: Members of this race can walk on vertical surfaces normally and at half Pace on inverted ones.

planning. It's not unheard of for one of their schemes to span several millennia before coming to fruition.

It is rare for a jellybrain to become directly involved in one of their schemes. Far more often, they rely on telepathy to enslave other sentient species to serve as minions and agents, while manipulating others to subtly nudge them along the course the strange aliens' desired path.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12+6, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d12, Psionics d12+2, Stealth d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 11

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Levitation platform (Flight 20", Climb 0; also functions in water and space).

Special Abilities:

- **Arcane Background (Psionics):** All jellybrains have the Arcane Background (Psionics), as described in *Savage Worlds*. They have unlimited Power Points for using psionic powers. They can maintain any number of powers without suffering any penalties, but can still suffer Backlash if they roll a 1 on their Psionics die. Jellybrains have the following powers: *Bolt*, *burst*, *boost/lower Trait*, *burst*, *confusion*, *deflection*, *environmental protection*, *fear*, *fly*, *mind reading*, *puppet*, and *stun*.
- **Enslave:** If a jellybrain maintains the *puppet* power continuously on a subject for more than 30 days, the victim is permanently enslaved to it. At any point, the jellybrain can activate the *puppet* power on the enslaved creature at any range and without making a roll.
- **Mass Mind:** A jellybrains can use the *puppet* power simultaneously on a number of Extras equal to its Spirit die. It must give commands to the group as a whole (attack, flee, etc.) and cannot control individual members of the group separately. This requires a large amount of concentration, and the jellybrain can use no other powers while maintaining this control.
- **Mindlink:** Range Smarts $\times 5$. *Mindlink* allows a jellybrain to create a limited telepathic connection between a group of sentient beings up to a number of targets equal to its Smarts. The jellybrain is automatically part of the group and does not count against the total. If any character in a *mindlink* suffers a wound or more, all other members must make a Smarts roll or be Shaken. If the linking jellybrain is the one damaged, the roll is at -2 .
- **Size +6:** Jellybrains are the size of large elephants.
- **Tentacle:** Str+d6.

Kipferi

Kipferi are a bipedal, four-armed, Class E humanoid race, slightly larger than humans. They have large, pupilless eyes of reddish-orange and batrachian mouths with external, small canine teeth. The Kipferi are hairless,

with tan skin that they adorn with tattoos and warpaint to mark their social status.

They are residents of a planet listed in United Systems' databases as Kif. They are not members of the organization, so the designations are used interchangeably by other species. The Kipferi favor sprawling underground cities constructed in large caverns, and often channel magma to form defensive moats.

Their technology is roughly equivalent to Iron Age, and they use riding animals of various species rather than vehicles. Gladitorial blood sports are a popular pastime. However, the Kipferi have secretly become allies of the Tetaldians in exchange for advanced technology.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Riding d8, Stealth d6, Throwing d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: All Thumbs, Low-Tech (Minor), Outsider

Edges: Block

Gear: Spear (Range 3/6/12, Damage Str+d6), possibly a riding mount such as a skyfish or lava turtle.

Special Abilities:

- **Extra Arms:** Due to their additional arms, Kipferi get one extra non-movement action per round at no multi-action penalty.
- **Size +1:** Kipferi are noticeably larger than humans.

Lobster

A rare race from a distant system, Lobsters are so rarely encountered by most spacers that their own name for their species is unknown. They are large, bipedal, Class C creatures standing over 7' tall. Lobsters get their common nickname from the large claws at the end of each of their arms and their chitinous outer shell. Lobsters range in color from deep red to mauve.

They have six eyes, two pairs centered on their faces and the final pair perched on stalks to either side of the face. Each pair has a different focal distance. Lobsters switch between them with ease to keep objects in focus.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d8
Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d4
Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 10 (2)
Hindrances: —
Edges: —
Gear: none.
Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Chitinous shell.
- **Claws:** Str+d8
- **Size +2:** Lobsters are considerably larger and bulkier than humans.
- **Unorthodox Physiology:** Lobsters suffer a -2 penalty when using gear not specifically designed for their unusual appendages. Other races suffer a -2 penalty when using gear crafted for Lobsters.

Marg

A nasty, brutish species, Margs barely qualify as a Class D intelligence. Many believe some United Systems races lobbied hard to get them that rating not out of respect for the Margs, but because they are widely employed as enforcement muscle. Granting them Class D provides the Margs, and their employers, with more legal protections than had they been listed lower.

Margs are on average 7' tall and are uniformly powerfully built. Both males and females sport horn-like growths from their skulls, with males having an orange cast to their skin while females are more reddish. Unlike most other horned creatures, Marg horns curve down to the sides of their faces providing additional protection for their heads. Coincidentally, their preferred method of unarmed assault is with a head butt.

For years, xeno-sociologists studied Marg behavior, believing the race had a highly-ritualized structure to their combats. However, it turns out the pre-combat posturing is really just an attempt to set their opponents up for a sucker punch. Margs like to fight, but they *love* to fight dirty.

Few Margs are bright enough to manage any long-term endeavor without strict—and close—oversight. The usual structure for any group of Margs is for the strongest to lead, at least until another Marg shanks him in his sleep. They are frequently used as leg-

breakers for organized crime, shock troops for mercenaries, or boarders among pirates.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d4, Intimidation d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6
Cha: -2; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 9 (1)
Hindrances: —
Edges: —

Gear: Blaster pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+2, RoF 1, AP 2), club or other melee weapon (Str+d6).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Thick hide.
- **Head Butt:** Str+d6.
- **Masochist:** Margs are immune to Intimidation attempts and torture. Marg Wild Cards ignore two levels of wound modifiers.
- **Size +1:** Margs are larger than humans.
- **Surly:** Margs' loutish manners make them unpleasant to other races. They suffer a -2 Charisma penalty to non-Margs. This same behavior makes them particularly menacing and gives them a +2 bonus to Intimidation rolls against other species.
- **Thick Skull:** A Marg has an inordinate amount of bone mass in its skull. This gives it +2 Armor to any attacks to its head, and this Armor stacks with any other it is wearing.

Mutants

The severe radioactivity on the devastated world of Lank'ton caused many of the humans held captive there to develop terrible mutations. While most of these mutations are the usual (bad) kind that lead to an early, painful death, some have at least short-term advantages for a group who's descended into primitive tribal groups and cannibalism.

And by the time the heroes discover them, only the strongest of the mutants still survive.

Mutant Cannibal

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8
Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Throwing d6, Stealth d8
Cha: -6; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Outsider (Mutant)
Edges: Combat Reflexes, Fleet-Footed
Gear: Piecemeal armor (+2), improvised melee weapons (Str+d6), makeshift crossbow (Range 10/20/40, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2, 1 action to reload).

Special Abilities:

- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Stealthy:** Mutants have mastered hiding in the ruins on Lank'ton, gaining a +2 to all Stealth rolls while in that environment.

☛ Mutant Leader

This guy is the biggest, baddest of the cannibals still alive. He actually fought his way free when the Zerins moved their captives to a new planet. He wears the bleached skull of one of the Zerins he killed during his escape as both a trophy and a helmet.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Throwing d6, Stealth d8

Cha: -6; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10 (2)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Outsider (Mutant)

Edges: Brawny, Combat Reflexes, Fleet-Footed, Nerves of Steel

Gear: Piecemeal armor (+2), skull helmet (+4), improvised great axe (Str+d10), makeshift crossbow (Range 10/20/40, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2, 1 action to reload).

Special Abilities:

- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Stealthy:** Mutants have mastered hiding in the ruins on Lank'ton, gaining a +2 to all Stealth rolls while in that environment.



Neavsivian

The Neavsivian race died out hundreds of thousands of years before the Tetaldians rose to power. Unlike many species, they died knowingly by their own hand, in a misguided bid to gain entrance to Heaven through a black hole their scientists opened. Yeah, it doesn't make a lot of sense to us either, but by and large the Neavsivians were on board. It probably helped that the government "silenced" those who weren't.

Whether or not some of these aliens actually made it to the afterworld, a good number of them didn't. At irregular—and unpredictable—intervals, the black hole reopens over Neavsivia and disgorges at least some of the spirits it captured so long ago. These so-called rejected dead reinhabit the undecayed corpses that litter the planet, driven by an insatiable hunger for the life they can no longer enjoy.

Once awakened, the undead are drawn to any living creatures, amassing in hordes of dozens to hundreds to hunt them as long as the black hole remains open.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Torn and tattered ceremonial robes.

Special Abilities:

- **Claw:** Str.
- **Fear:** Any living creature seeing one of the rejected dead of Neavsivia must make a Fear check.
- **Life Drain:** A Neavsivian who gets a raise on its Fighting roll to hit its target grapples him and begins to drain the life force from him. The victim must make an opposed Spirit roll against the Neavsivian that round and each subsequent round he remain grappled or gain a level of Fatigue. The victim can attempt to break free on his turn by winning an opposed Strength roll as an action. Fatigue gained this way can Incapacitate and is recovered at the rate of one level per day.

- **Size +1:** Neavsivians are slightly taller than humans.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; called shots do no extra damage; immune to disease and poison.

Oolan

The planet Ool has a relatively weak magnetic field, which allows cosmic radiation to strip a considerable amount of the planet's ozone layer. Due to the reduced ozone layer, ultraviolet radiation is much more powerful during daylight hours on Ool. As a result, Oolans, the Class C sentient race originating on the planet, are primarily a nocturnal race evolved from a subterranean life form.

Oolans, sometimes called Whistlers, follow the bipedal, two-armed morphology common to many sentient beings throughout the known universe. Lacking any pigmentation, their skin is pale, nearly translucent. They have little protection from ultraviolet radiation, and usually dress in layers of robe-like materials before exposing themselves to any bright light sources.

Their pupils cannot contract and are permanently dilated. Even dim light by other species' standards is uncomfortably bright to them. Oolans are seldom encountered without heavily tinted goggles or visors when operating during daylight hours or artificially lighted areas.

They possess two pairs of highly sensitive ears, with musculature allowing them to swivel for optimal focusing. Their auditory sense is superior to terrestrial bats, enabling them to navigate by sound. Oolans make a distinctive chirping noise when using their echolocation abilities, hence their nickname.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Trade) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Stealth d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Oolans possess equipment appropriate to their trade. Some also own a ranged weapon or knife (Str+d4).

Special Abilities:

- **Acute Hearing:** Oolans receive a +4 bonus to any Notice roll based on hearing.

- **Bad Eyes:** When in normal light, an Oolan receives a -2 to any Trait rolls requiring sight unless wearing heavily-tinted goggles, helmet or similar eye-protection.
- **Echolocation:** Whistlers suffer only half the normal penalties for Pitch Darkness and targeting invisible opponents within 12”.
- **Low Light Vision:** These aliens ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.
- **Weakness (Sound):** Oolans suffer a -4 penalty to resist sonic-based attacks and +4 damage the same.
- **Weakness (Sunlight):** These aliens suffer 1 Fatigue level each hour they are exposed to direct sunlight without the protection of heavy clothing or the like.

Sepliot

The second sentient race native to the planet Flin, Sepliot appear like giant spiders of varying size. Sepliot are covered in a black, chitinous exoskeleton, and similar to earth spiders, have eight eyes. Unlike many intelligent species, they do not have any finely prehensile appendages. As a result, Sepliot are not tool users and live in natural burrows and caves which are filled with webbing.

While at first glance a Sepliot may resemble a monster straight from an arachnophobe's nightmares, they are fairly intelligent and rated a Class C sentient race by the United Systems. They do not appear to have any recognizable language. Sepliot can live thousands of years. Their culture is matriarchal in nature, with a large number of males serving an egg-laying female.

Sepliot breed by laying masses of eggs. The larvae travel in swarms of thousands or even millions. Fortunately for humanity, they do not consume mammalian flesh. Unfortunately for humans, that still leaves swarms of thousands or even millions of spiders crawling over them.

Adult Sepliot prey upon Flitorians, and in return, Flitorians consider Sepliot eggs a delicacy. Not surprisingly, the two species are mortal enemies. Sepliot eggs taste like blackberries to humans; but, humans lack the necessary enzymes to digest them. This invariably results in the creatures hatching inside the gut of anyone foolish enough to consume them.

Non-Flitorian characters who ingest—for whatever reason—experience the unpleasant experience of having the larvae hatch inside their digestive systems. Since the larvae only consume insectoid flesh, they don't attack the host, but the process wreaks havoc on the victim nonetheless. The larvae seek to escape the host through whatever orifice is nearest. It takes 1d6 hours for all the larvae to evacuate the host, and the victim must make a Vigor roll each hour or suffer a Fatigue level. This Fatigue can kill a character.

Sepliot Larvae Swarm

Sepliot larvae are found in swarms of thousands or more. Use the stats for **Swarm** from *Savage Worlds*. In addition, Sepliot larvae swarms possess the Special Ability Wall Walker and do not attack non-insectoid targets.

Sepliot Male, Adult

A given hive usually has dozens, if not hundreds, of Sepliot males serving a single queen.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11 (2)

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: none.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Chitinous exoskeleton.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Fleet-Footed:** A Sepliot male rolls a d10 when Running.
- **Low Tech:** Sepliot have little experience with hi-tech devices. They receive a -4 to any Trait checks to use advanced weapons and gear.
- **Poison (-2):** Any spacer bitten by a Sepliot adult must make a Vigor roll at -2 or be paralyzed by toxins in alien's saliva for 2d6 minutes.
- **Wall Walker:** Sepliot can move along vertical and inverted surfaces at their normal Pace. They may run as usual in the same circumstances.
- **Web Shooter:** Sepliot adults may shoot strong, organic webbing at their intended victims (Range 2/4/6). With a successful

hit, the victim is partially restrained, suffering -2 penalty to Pace and any skills linked to Agility or Strength. A raise on the Sepliot's shooting roll fully restrains the target, rendering him unable to move or use any skills linked to those attributes. Each following action, the victim may attempt to break free by making a Strength or Agility roll. Fire burns the webbing away in a single round, but causes 2d6 damage to anything covered by it.

Sepliot Queen

Each Sepliot hive is ruled by a single queen who protects both her males and offspring, usually to the death.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10 (3)

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: none.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Chitinous exoskeleton.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Low Tech:** Sepliotics have little experience with hi-tech devices. They receive a -4 to any Trait checks to use advanced weapons and gear.
- **Poison (-2):** Any spacer bitten by a Sepliot adult must make a Vigor roll at -2

or be paralyzed by toxins in alien's saliva for 2d6 minutes.

- **Size +2:** Sepliot queens are about the size of a horse.
- **Wall Walker:** Sepliotics can move along vertical and inverted surfaces at their normal Pace. They may run as usual in the same circumstances.
- **Web Shooter:** Sepliot adults may shoot strong, organic webbing at their intended victims (Range 2/4/6). With a successful hit, the victim is partially restrained, suffering -2 penalty to Pace and any skills linked to Agility or Strength. A raise on the Sepliot's shooting roll fully restrains the target, rendering him unable to move or use any skills linked to those attributes. Each following action, the victim may attempt to break free by making a Strength or Agility roll. Fire burns the webbing away in a single round, but causes 2d6 damage to anything covered by it.

Sklerpion

These bipedal Class C humanoids have become addicted to the hormones and other biochemicals produced by emotions in other intelligent species, specifically negative ones, such as fear, lust, or greed. Although they have a minor empathic ability that allows them to draw sustenance through mere interaction,



even over an electronic interface, many prefer to extract the enzymes and physically consume them.

The entire Sklerpion race has succumbed to this addiction, and their culture is wholly dedicated to feeding other races' vices. While Sklerpions generally try to avoid killing or seriously injuring other sentients—not as much from any sense of altruism as to simply avoid the loss of a “supplier”—they are not above using hallucinogens or other, more coercive methods to stimulate the desired emotions.

Sklerpions are roughly humanoid in shape, but slightly smaller than the average human. They only have two fingers and a thumb, but are proficient tool users. Their skin is a jaundiced brown or green in color and hairless. Warty growths are common on all surfaces of their skin, but particularly large on the tops of their skulls. They also have a pair of fleshy antenna that likely serve as the primary sensory organ for their empathic abilities.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Trade) d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Shooting d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Clothing, often a weapon such as a laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2).

Special Abilities:

- **Addiction:** All Sklerpions have the equivalent of a Major Habit for the negative emotions of other intelligent creatures. Each day without experiencing such feelings from another gives the Sklerpion a Fatigue level. This Fatigue cannot Incapacitate a Sklerpion, but is only alleviated by exposure to another creature's darker urges.
- **Empathic:** Sklerpions can sense emotions in other sentient species. This gives them a +2 to Persuasion rolls and to Notice rolls to determine another character's general attitude.
- **Outsider:** Not surprisingly, other races do not care for Sklerpions' feeding habits. These aliens receive -2 Charisma to non-Sklerpions.
- **Size -1:** Sklerpions are smaller than humans.

Tetaldian

Tetaldians arose, or as they would say evolved, from the Astorgians over 20,000 years ago. They are the result of a complicated procedure which transplanted an organic Astorgian brain into a robotic body. When the original body succumbs to time or damage, the brain is transplanted into a new body, making Tetaldians virtually immortal.

A wise and beloved Astorgian leader, Tetald, was the first to undergo the process. His hope was that eventually all Astorgians would follow suit, shaking off the coils of mortality. However, the Astorgians quickly found they only had the resources to grant eternal life to about one-third of their number. Tetald ordered a halt to the process, believing it evil to give immortality to only the rich and powerful.

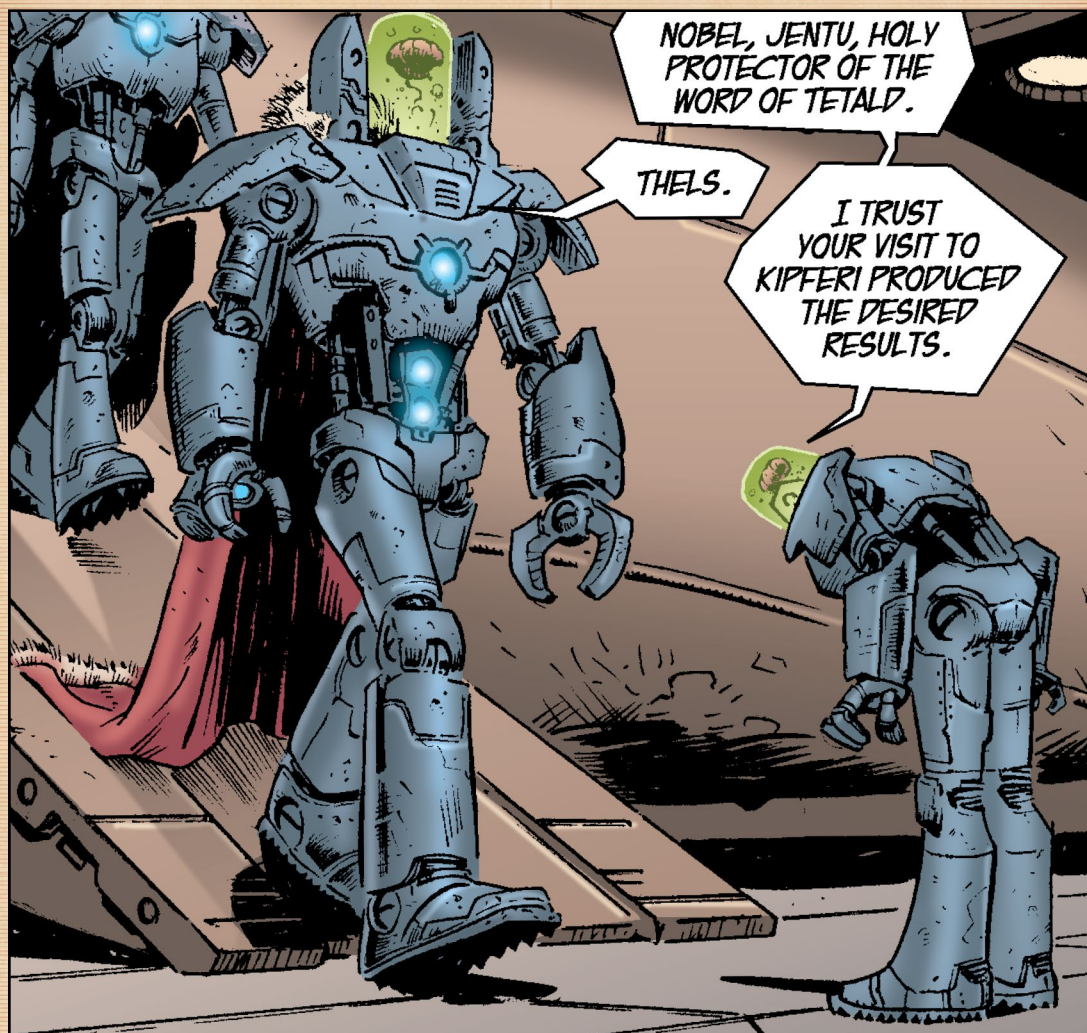
One of his students, Jentu, assassinated Tetald and seized control of the government. War broke out between Jentu's followers and the Astorgians, aided by other Tetaldians who opposed the traitorous disciple. Jentu's faction eventually won.

Jentu discovered the remaining Astorgians could be drained of their life force to provide energy for the Tetaldians' robotic bodies. He and his followers rounded up the remaining Astorgians and transformed them into fuel. They stripped the Astorgians' former great cities for metal to create more bodies for themselves and robotic soldiers for their armies.

Before their planet had been completely ravaged, the Tetaldians turned their eyes skyward and built spaceships to expand their “farming” to other worlds—invading them, harvesting the planet of mineral resources to continue building their robotic bodies and herding sentient creatures for their life force.

The average Tetaldian is a bipedal construct standing 10' tall. Their bodies are composed entirely of metal, with the exception of the specially-hardened, transparent brain case that sits atop their shoulders. Instead of hands, the Tetaldians have powerful clamps.

While they're not members of the United Systems—in fact, they're the alliance's greatest enemies—Tetaldians are ranked as a Class B species for cataloging purposes.



Tetaldian

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (any science) d10, Notice d6, Piloting d4, Shooting d6, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 13 (4)

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Heavy Armor plating.
- **Clamp:** Str+d6.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; does not breathe, immune to poison and disease
- **Electromagnetic Shielding:** Tetaldians are specially shielded against electromagnetic attacks, gaining an

effective +4 Toughness against EMP weapons and a +4 to any attribute roll to resist electromagnetic effects.

- **Immortal:** Unless a Tetaldian's brain is destroyed, it can be transplanted to another robotic body.
- **On-Board Communications:** Tetaldians can establish communications with other Tetaldians, automatons, and hybrids on the same planet as a free action.
- **Size +3:** Tetaldians are 10' tall.
- **Super Fertilizer:** The fuel used by all Tetaldian robotics is an incredible fertilizer for plant life. Plant life exposed to it grows at a phenomenal rate. See the sidebar **Tetaldian Fuel**, on page 173, for more details.
- **Weakness (Brain Case):** The transparent brain case can be targeted at -4, and only provides Armor +2.

Template: Tetaldian Hybrids

Tetaldians don't grant the gift of their immortality to members of other species, instead preferring to use their life forces for fuel. They have, on occasion, chosen to convert subjugated races into hideous cybernetic hybrids to serve as foot soldiers.

All previous personality is stripped away from the hybrid, as is much of the flesh, leaving only a hollowed out vessel with vestiges of its former appearance. Although not as powerful as their own automatons, these hybrids are often terribly demoralizing for other members of their former species to face in battle.

Tetaldians hybrids can be created from virtually any species. To do so, apply the template below to the base creature, as described under **Templates** on page 179.

Attributes: Agility —, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength +2, Vigor +1

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** +4 (2)

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: none.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Armor plating.
- **Clamp:** Str+d4.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; does not breathe, immune to poison and disease
- **Integral Lasers:** Hybrids have several lasers mounted on their chasis: in their clamps, on their heads, and elsewhere. They have effectively unlimited ammunition, but they can only fire one such weapon a round. Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 3, AP 2.
- **Size +1:** Hybrids are slightly bulkier than a member of the original species

❖ Tetaldian Overlord

Not all Tetaldians are created equal. Those with enough influence or wealth are granted greater responsibility—and more powerful bodies to go with it. Overlords are usually found in charge of major Tetaldian operations. They answer directly to Jentu himself.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (any two sciences) d10, Knowledge (Battle) d8, Notice d6, Piloting d6, Shooting d8, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 16 (4)

Hindrances: Arrogant

Edges: Command, Fervor

Gear: Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** HeavyArmor plating.
- **Clamp:** Str+d6.
- **Electromagnetic Shielding:** Tetaldians are specially shielded against electromagnetic attacks, gaining an effective +4 Toughness against EMP weapons and a +4 to any attribute roll to resist electromagnetic effects.
- **Immortal:** Unless a Tetaldian's brain is destroyed, it can be transplanted to another robotic body.
- **Large:** Attackers may add +2 to any attack rolls directed at Tetaldian overlords.
- **On-Board Communications:** Tetaldians can establish communications with other Tetaldians, automatons, and hybrids on the same planet as a free action.
- **Size +4:** To reflect their superior position, Tetaldian overlords are noticeably larger than other Tetaldians.
- **Super Fertilizer:** The fuel used by all Tetaldian robotics is an incredible fertilizer for plant life. Plant life exposed to it grows at a phenomenal rate. See the sidebar **Tetaldian Fuel**, on page 173, for more details.
- **Weakness (Brain Case):** The transparent brain case can be targeted at -4, and only provides Armor +2.

Tetaldian Automaton

The Tetaldians have used automatons as their primary foot soldiers for more than 20

millennia. Unlike the Tetaldians themselves, automatons do not house a formerly biological entity's brain. They are entirely robotic in nature and easily replaced when destroyed, protecting their long-lived masters from danger.

In combat, a Tetaldian can direct the movement of any automatons assigned to her, either individually or en masse. She can also receive direct sensory input from any of her automatons, giving her unparalleled control over her troops on the battlefield. Automatons possess fairly advanced programming which lets them function without direct supervision by a Tetaldian.

These robots represent millennia of experience in both combat and robotic design, and are considerably more dangerous than more run-of-the-mill combat bots. They are formidable opponents, possessing multiple ranged weapons, improved armor, and heightened programming. Automatons lack the hand-like appendages found on worker bots, making it unable to climb or use tools or non-attached weaponry.

Automatons vocabulary appears to be limited to "Crush," "Kill," and/or "Destroy" usually in that precise order.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 16 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Metal plating.
- **Claw:** Str+d8.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; does not breathe, immune to poison and disease.
- **Gatling Laser:** Instead of heads, automatons have Gatling lasers mounted atop their torsos. Range 50/100/200, Damage 3d6+4, RoF 4, AP 2.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Laser Rifle:** One of the automaton's arms has been replaced by a laser rifle. Range 30/60/120, Damage 3d6, RoF 3, AP 2.
- **Multi-Tasking:** An automaton can make attacks with both its laser rifle and Gatling laser in the same round with a -2 penalty to each.
- **Ponderous:** Automatons cannot run.

Tetaldian Fuel

All Tetaldian constructs, whether automatons or cybernetic hosts, are powered by a high-energy, liquid fuel created from the life force of other sentient beings. The compound is not a petrochemical and not particularly volatile, but something about its composition makes it an incredibly effective plant-growth stimulator. Any vegetation exposed to it grows to unnatural size and at a rate of over 1000 times normal.

Under normal circumstances, this would be a bit of trivia interesting to xeno-agricultural engineers, but few others. However, Fear Agents discovered that seams around the joints of Tetaldian constructs are not sufficiently sealed to prevent a mixture of the fluid and plant seeds from forcing their way into the body. There, the plants begin rapidly expanding, which bursts internal fuel lines and provides further fertilization. Within seconds, the Tetaldian is literally torn asunder by the plant growing inside it.

Plant Gun: This is a backpack-mounted weapon that sprays Tetaldian fuel across a second feeder line containing plant seeds or spores. It fires in either a Cone template or 12" long by 1" wide jet at the user's option. The area immediately becomes difficult ground (see *Savage Worlds*) as thick vegetation covers the ground.

Any target within the area who fails an Agility roll opposed by the user's Shooting result is covered in the liquid. Against non-Tetaldian targets, this causes no damage. A Tetaldian takes 3d10 damage each round, which bypasses any armor.

The gun weighs 20 lbs. Refills generally can't be bought, only be obtained from Tetaldian constructs' fuel supplies.

- **Size +4:** Automatons are constructs of considerable size, over 10' tall.
- **Super Fertilizer:** The fuel used by all Tetaldian robotics is an incredible fertilizer for plant life. Plant life exposed to it grows at a phenomenal rate. See the sidebar **Tetaldian Fuel**, for more details.

Tetaldian Attack Saucer

These ships form the vanguard of Tetaldian invasion fleets. They fulfill multiple roles: escort, ground support, and troop transport. They carry enough armament to be a match for most warships their size, while still maintaining the capability to soften up ground defenders and deliver sizeable units of automatons to the front lines.

Attack saucers have a miniature tractor beam they use to transport automatons and Tetaldian soldiers to the surface of the planets they invade. This eliminates the need for a saucer to land and place itself at risk from attacking ground forces. The beam has a range of two hundred yards and can transport one automaton or tetaldian to the ground per round. It is not strong enough to affect ships or vehicles.

All Tetaldian ships are piloted by direct interface with Tetaldian intelligences. Attack saucers can be piloted by a single pilot with no penalties, but usually carry a full crew complement for battlefield redundancy.

Attack saucers perform their tasks remarkably well, but even advanced technology has its limits. These vessels sacrifice warp capability for versatility and power. To reach planets targeted for invasion, attack saucers are instead transported on giant motherships.

Medium Starship: Size 8, Acc/TS 55/700, Climb 2, Toughness 25 (6), Crew 5, Cost \$10.81M, Remaining Mods 0

Notes: AMCM, Atmospheric, Bomb Bay, Planetary Sensor Suite, 3×Passenger Pod, Shields, Sloped Armor, 2×Speed, Targeting System

Weapons:

- Dual Linked Medium Lasers
- 2 × Light Lasers
- 8 × Medium Bombs
- 4 × Large Bombs

Tetaldian Mothership

Tetaldian motherships are possibly the most powerful spaceships in the known universe. These vessels typically carry two smaller attack saucers as well as their own formidable weaponry. They rely on their light and heavy lasers to deal with any air- or spaceborne threats. The mega laser fires straight down from beneath the center of the craft and is usually reserved for dealing with hardened targets on a planet's surface.

The ship is almost completely automated, with Tetaldian intelligences plugged directly into its functions.

Giant Starship: Size 20, Acc/TS 30/300, Climb -1, Toughness 50 (11), Crew 1000, Cost \$256.25M, Remaining Mods 0

Notes: AI, AMCM, Atmospheric, 2×Garage/Hangar, Planetary Sensor Suite, Shields, Targeting System, Warp Drive

Weapons:

- Dual Linked Light Lasers (Fixed)
- Dual Linked Heavy Lasers (Fixed)
- Mega Laser (Fixed)

Tanzorian

Residents of the planet Tanzori-Prime, Tanzorians are a bipedal, humanoid race that claim to be billions of years old. Just to be clear, they don't claim their race is billions of years old, but that individual Tanzorians themselves are billions of years old. Very little is known about this race or the veracity of their somewhat outlandish claims.

Tanzorians are gray skinned, stand nearly 7' tall, and have facial features best described as skeletal. Their hands are a combination of claws with a pair of finger-like digits in the center for fine manipulation. The rest of their body morphology is virtually unknown, as every Tanzorian encountered has worn long, heavy robes that leave only their faces and hands uncovered. Each member of this species has a pair of filters mounted in its cheeks for some, as yet, unknown reason, but they may serve to concentrate moisture for the wearer.

Tanzorians claim to have seeded life on Earth billions of years ago, after the water supply on their own world was depleted. According to their version of events, they cultivated terrestrial life solely to serve as

vessels to transport water to Tanzori-Prime. Obviously, there are some logical flaws to this claim, but logic doesn't change the ultimate fact that Tanzorians are water vampires who view other species as little more than walking water bottles.

Tanzori-Prime is uncharted by the United Systems, and the Tanzorians are not members of the organization.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (one or more sciences) d10, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Tanzorians have access to a wide variety of advanced tech and weapons.

Special Abilities:

- **Anhydrous:** This race requires only minute quantities of water to survive. Tanzorians never suffer Fatigue from thirst and receive a +4 bonus to all rolls to resist fatigue from environmental heat. They do not have any special resistance to heat or fire based attacks.
- **Desiccated:** Tanzorians have virtually no water in their bodies, making them dry and frail. This gives them -1 Toughness.

Turstian

These aliens are humanoids roughly the same size as Earthmen. Their skin color varies across shades of gray and blue, and they are completely hairless. A Turstian's pupils are rectangular, with irises ranging in color from green to yellow.

Turstians evolved from a species of herd animals and remain extremely communal in behavior. Individual Turstians are nearly crippled by a crushing monophobia—fear of being alone. Conversely, when working in a group, they are far more effective than the sum of their parts would lead an observer to suspect.

While this makes them dangerous combatants in even small numbers, the Turstian's strong sense of racial unity has precluded the need for development of militaries of any significance, or even large police forces. While large criminal networks

do exist, only truly psychotic individuals are capable of violence against other Turstians. This pacifism doesn't extend beyond their own race, but until the Tetaldian invasion of their world, the aliens had no exposure to other sentient beings.

Turstians are roughly equivalent technologically to humanity prior to its exposure to the United Systems, but have not perfected, or in fact, even attempted spaceflight. They do possess advanced weaponry identical in game terms to human (non-military) firearms, used almost entirely for hunting purposes. Turstian rifles use low-powered electromagnetic impulses rather than chemical propellants.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Trade) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d5

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Gear appropriate to chosen trade.

Special Abilities:

- **Communal:** When at least one other Turstian is present, a member of this race receives a +2 bonus to Spirit rolls.
- **Group Think:** When making a cooperative Trait roll with another member of her race, a Turstian grants an additional +1 to the lead character's Trait roll as long as she is successful on her own roll. The maximum bonus for assisting is +5.
- **Monophobic:** Turstians suffer a -2 to all Smarts, Spirit, and skill rolls when not in the company of at least one other member of their own race.
- **Team Players:** When Turstians gang up, their maximum bonus is +5.

Zerin

The Zerin are a race of saurian humanoids from the planet Zerinia. Zerin stand about 7' tall and have scaly green skin. Their powerful claws, on both their hands and feet, and a crocodilian mouth, give them a decidedly predatory appearance, and in this case, looks aren't entirely deceiving. The Zerin are formidable fighters, armed with both high-tech gear and fearsome natural weaponry.



Although not members of the United Systems and subject to its protections, Zerín are rated as Class C species. The species is ruled by several clans. Some of the clans are as dedicated to the advancement of science and peaceful contact as any United Systems' member, while others see alien sentients as prey or cattle to be slaughtered for food and pleasure.

Humanity's first exposure to the Zerín was during the Annubius conflict when the reptilian aliens conducted huge roundups of humans for use as cattle. This Earthers with the impression the Zerín were, at worst, ravenous predators, and at best, opportunistic scavengers. Later encounters with other members of the race revealed the Zerín who swooped in to take advantage of Earth's ravaged state during the war were members of the more savage clans—considered heinous criminals by the more enlightened of their species.

Exposure to the Zerín scavengers was devastating to humanity, but it also gained from exposure to the advanced technological devices, like thruster packs and portal generators.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (Trade) d8, Notice d6, Piloting d4, Shooting d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7 (1)

Hindrances: —

Edges: Frenzy

Gear: Zerín own gear appropriate to their trade. Zerín are often equipped with thruster packs.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Scaly hide.
- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Pounce:** A Zerín who moves at least 4" before attacking can leap onto an opponent, bringing its formidable hind claws to bear. This adds +4 to its damage total if it hits.
- **Size +1:** These aliens are both larger and possess denser bones and muscles than humans.

Zerín Marauder

These raiders are outcasts even among the socially advanced members of their species, having embraced to the primitive urge to hunt and kill other creatures. Not content

to limit their depredations to non-sentient beasts, they follow closely behind Tetaldian invasions to scoop up members of other races to raise as cattle. With access to ultra-advanced equipment like teleportation gates and an utter lack of morality, these creatures are considered a plague by nearly every other species.

Although they are armed with high-tech weapons, Zerín scavengers often prefer to use their own claws and fangs to bring down their victims.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Piloting d6, Shooting d8

Cha: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10 (4)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean

Edges: Frenzy

Gear: Body armor (+4), laser rifle (Range 30/60/120, 3d6, RoF 3, AP 2), thruster pack.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Scaly hide.
- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Pounce:** A Zerín who moves at least 4" before attacking can leap onto an opponent, bringing its formidable hind claws to bear. This adds +4 to its damage total if it hits.
- **Size +1:** These aliens are both larger and possess denser bones and muscles than humans.

❧ Zerín Gargantua

Gargantua are enormous, bipedal Zerín used to manhandle the huge cages in which the scavengers collect their victims. Their great size also makes them effective heavy weapons to use against any unexpected pockets of resistance. Fortunately, that same size prevents them from deploying more than one—two at the most—during a raid.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12+10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 22 (4)

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Load-bearing harness.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Thick, scaly hide.
- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d12.

- **Gargantuan:** Heavy Armor, Heavy Weapon. Attacks against gargantuas are at +4 due to their immense size. Stomp damage Str+9 damage, less opponent's Size.
- **Size +10:** Gargantuas stand over 50' tall.

Zlasfon

A Class G race of humanoids found on the planet Frazterga, Zlasfons are barely a step above apes evolutionarily. Zlasfons are roughly the size and shape of a human, but more muscular. They are covered in coarse fur with long hair on their heads. They have vestigial tails and large, tusk-like teeth.

Although Zlasfons do wear rudimentary clothing (primarily loincloths), they have no discernible language or evidence of tool use, at least beyond simple bludgeoning weapons. Zlasfons are usually very aggressive toward anyone who encroaches upon their territory, which has made them an obstacle to terraform efforts on Frazterga—and a source of income for off-world exterminators.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: —

Edges: Berserk, Frenzy

Gear: Loin cloth, possibly a simple club (Str+d4).

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d4
- **Low Tech:** Zlasfons have little experience with hi-tech devices. They receive a -4 to any Trait checks to use advanced weapons and gear.
- **Size +1:** Zlasfons are the same height as humans, but significantly more muscular.
- **Weakness (Cold):** Zlasfons take double damage from cold-based attacks. They suffer a -2 penalty to any Vigor rolls to resist cold hazards.

Z'zarnak

This Class C species originates on Z'zarn, a largely aquatic world somewhere in the Deep. Z'zarnaks evolved from creatures similar

to Earth octopuses, and like those have hydrostatic skeletons. They possess only six tentacles, and all are prehensile. The race most commonly walks upright on two tentacles while using the others like hands, but can use any of their tentacles equally for any purpose.

The aliens have a warty, grayish-green skin sometimes mottled with yellow or orange spots. Their mouths are beak-like and possess glands producing a thick, black discharge they spray to temporarily blind an opponent.

The species has a very materialistic culture, directly gauging an individual member's value by his wealth and belongings. A Zarnackian proverb translates roughly, "If it's not nailed down, it's yours. If you can pry it loose, it's not nailed down."

Z'zarnaks are not members of the United Systems and are rarely found there. Z'zarnakian explorers do occasionally venture into the Outer Quadrants, either to trade, or more frequently, engage in piracy and raiding. As a result, all members of the species encountered are space crew.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Piloting d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Swimming d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9 (4)

Hindrances: Greedy, Outsider.

Edges: —

Gear: Disintegrator pistol (Range 3/6/12, Damage 3d10, RoF 1), armored spacesuit (+4).

Special Abilities:

- **Constrict:** If a Z'zarnak gets a raise on its Fighting attack roll, it has entangled its foe in addition to doing damage. Each following round, the alien can spend an action to squeeze the opponent, causing Str+d6 damage. Its foe may attempt to escape on his action by getting a raise on an opposed Strength roll.
- **Extra Tentacles:** These aliens get one extra action per round at no multi-action penalty.
- **Ink Spray:** Once per day, a Z'zarnak can spit an inky discharge at nearby opponents as an action. Place the small end of a Cone Template at the alien. Every character underneath it must make an opposed Agility roll with the Z'zarnak,

who receives a +2 bonus. Each victim who fails is Shaken and at -2 to Parry until he spends an action to clear his eyes/visor/etc. This attack has no effect on targets not using visual senses.

- **Tentacle:** Str+d6.

PROFESSIONAL TEMPLATES

There are a number of alien races in the *Fear Agent™* universe. Under each, we've provided a profile for the average member of that species as well as any unique profession or character type specific to that race. Still, sometimes you need a Zerine police officer, Sklerpion drug dealer, or Kipferi bounty hunter. Never fear—we've got you covered.

Below are a number of professional templates you can use to quickly modify an average member of the sentient races into a more specialized character. These are set up almost identical to the original profile for ease of use. Just consult the following instructions for how to apply a template.

Attributes: Increase (+) or decrease (-) the race's base attribute by the number of die types listed. A dash (—) indicates no change. For example, an entry of **Agility +1** means increase the base Agility attribute for the race by one die type.

Skills: Gain the listed skills in addition to any he may already have by virtue of his species. If a race already has the listed skill, use the higher of the two values.

Charisma, Parry, and Toughness should be recalculated, figuring in any Edges & Hindrances you've given them as well.

Cha: Apply this modifier on top of any the race already possesses.

Parry: This is the base Parry figured for the template's skills and Edges. If the original race has a modifier to its Parry score, don't forget to add that in as well.

Toughness: This lists any modifier to the race's core Toughness, as calculated by any change in Vigor, Edges, Hindrances, and typical gear.

Edges/Hindrances: These are in addition to any possessed by the original race. In the case of duplication, either ignore it or use the

Improved version (if any) for Edges or Major version (if any) for Hindrances.

Gear: This lists typical gear for characters in that particular profession. Adjust as needed if, for example, a given race favors a particular weapon over the listed one.

(Pace is not affected by the template process, so it isn't listed.)

Bounty Hunter

Some bounty hunters earn their living hunting down criminals who've fled to the far reaches of the galaxy to avoid justice. Others are glorified exterminators taking unglamorous jobs eradicating vermin from terraforms, stations, or anywhere else there's a paying customer. Few question the source of the credits behind the bounty they're pursuing, and respect for local laws and culture is often considered optional among this profession.

Attributes: Agility +1, Smarts —, Spirit —, Strength —, Vigor +1

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Piloting d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6

Cha: -2; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** +4 (4)

Hindrances: Greedy, Mean, Vengeful (Major)
Edges: Alertness, Combat Reflexes

Gear: Body armor (+4), commlink, blaster rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8+2, RoF 1, AP 2), stunner (Range 5/10/20, Damage special, RoF 1, Vigor roll or become Incapacitated), handcuffs (or other appropriate restraints).

Explorer

Even within the boundaries of the United System, there are countless unexplored worlds either already habitable or within the acceptable parameters for terraforming. Explorers investigate new worlds, ancient ruins, and often make first contact with new intelligent species. Many humans have undertaken this role since the universe opened to Earth, but nearly every intelligent species has adventurous members who undertake exploration missions.

Attributes: Agility —, Smarts +1, Spirit +1, Strength —, Vigor +1

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (one science) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Piloting d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Survival d8, Tracking d6



Cha: 0; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** +1

Hindrances: Curious

Edges: Woodsman

Gear: Commlink, laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), machete (Str+d6), personal data device, survival gear.

Law Enforcement

Whether they're referred to as the police, sheriff, security officers, or regulators, most cultures advanced beyond stone knives and bear skins appoint someone to make sure folks behave. Or at least pay the fines for misbehaving.

Attributes: Agility —, Smarts —, Spirit —, Strength —, Vigor —

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6

Cha: 0; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** +4 (4)

Hindrances: Vow (Uphold the law), Loyal

Edges: Connections

Gear: Body armor (+4), commlink, handcuffs (or appropriate restraints), laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

Pirate

Pirates haunt remote systems and lightly-patrolled space lanes, usually preying on lone transports or poorly defended space yachts. Most successful pirates carry at least a nominal bounty from one planet or another, as even when they don't wantonly murder—and they usually do—they hit their victims in a much more beloved spot: the wallet.

There are very few pirate "fleets," as bickering between crews and captains usually ends up with these cutthroats practicing their trade on each other. This makes the few that exist particularly dangerous, as they are invariably led by a charismatic and clever individual.

Pirate Crew

Attributes: Agility —, Smarts -1, Spirit —, Strength —, Vigor —

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Piloting d6, Repair d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

Cha: -2; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** +4 (4)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Greedy

Edges: Gravitic Acclimation

Gear: Armored spacesuit (+4), blaster pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+2, RoF 1, AP 2), knife (Str+d4).

Pirate Ship

The average pirate ship is simply a small freighter armed with whatever weaponry the outlaws have managed to cobble onto the frame. Occasionally, unlucky travelers encounter small pirate fleets of 2d4 ships, but these large bands seldom hold together long as the United Systems military makes hunting them a priority.

Medium Starship: Size 8, Acc/TS: 50/650, Climb: 2, Toughness: 29 (10), Crew: 5, Cost: \$27.73 M, Remaining Mods 8

Notes: AI, AMCM, Armor×2, Atmospheric, Sensor Suite (Planetary), Speed×1, Warp Drive

Weapons:

- Dual Linked Light Lasers
- Dual Linked Heavy Lasers (Fixed)

✦ Pirate Captain

Usually, the toughest, meanest, most-experienced throat-slicer on the ship seizes the captaincy. When she's not, you can bet she's the smartest, or at least, the sneakiest. Only truly exceptional rogues manage to command more than one ship.

Attributes: Agility +1, Smarts +1, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor +1

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Piloting d8, Repair d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Taunt d6

Cha: -2; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** +5 (4)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Greedy, Wanted

Edges: Block, Combat Reflexes, Gravitic Acclimation

Gear: Armored Spacesuit (+4), blaster pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+2, RoF 1, AP 2), knife (Str+d4).

Politician

Whether they're publicly elected representatives, hereditary leaders, or lifelong bureaucrats, politicians hold the reigns of power on most civilized worlds. They control the United Systems, write the laws and regulations that govern it, and generally serve to make a simple adventurer's life far more

difficult than it needs to be. Most politicians have a bevy of aides and assistants to run errands and attend to creature comforts.

Attributes: Agility —, Smarts +1, Spirit +1, Strength —, Vigor —

Skills: Intimidation d10, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Law) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Streetwise d8

Cha: +2; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** —

Hindrances: Choice of: Arrogant, Greedy, or Yellow

Edges: Charismatic, Connections

Gear: Commlink, personal data device.

Scientist

Every advanced culture has its share of scientists that helped it get to where it is. Regardless of species, all scientists are supposed to apply logic and reason to what they observe in an effort to understand the universe. They are often an integral part of any exploration team. Scientists are experts in a particular field and most related subjects as well.

Attributes: Agility —, Smarts +1, Spirit +1, Strength —, Vigor —

Skills: Knowledge (any two sciences) d8, Notice d6, Repair d8, Shooting d4

Cha: 0; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** —

Hindrances: Quirk, Stubborn

Edges: Scholar

Gear: Commlink, personal data device, any tools appropriate to specific discipline.

Ship Crew

On smaller vessels, a crew member may be responsible for more than one job, while larger ships usually have several crew assigned to each position, working around the clock on shifts.

In general, crew members on non-military vessels do not carry weapons. Any weapons are stored in the ship's armory, to which access is restricted to the captain and other ranking officers. In the rare event of a hostile boarding, weapons are distributed.

✦ Captain

On larger vessels, the captain has a full crew at her disposal. She's likely risen to her position due to experience and competence. While she may not be beloved by her crew, odds are she's at least respected.

Not all spaceships rate pinning on a captain's bars. On smaller private ships, the pilot often serves as the captain, and sometimes, the engineer, navigator, and cook.

You can use this template to model solo pilots as well as true ship captains.

Attributes: Agility +1, Smarts +1 Spirit +1, Strength —, Vigor —

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Astrogation) d6, Knowledge (Electronics) d6, Notice d6, Piloting d6, Repair d4, Shooting d6

Charisma: 0; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** +1 (1)

Hindrances: Loyal, Vow (Major—protect her ship)

Edges: Ace, Command, Inspire

Gear: Commlink, personal data device (connected to ship), spacesuit (+1).

Crew Member

These are the run-of-the-mill members of a spaceship's complement. They're able to do most jobs on the ship in a pinch, but usually focus on one area. Feel free to give a crew member a d6 in the appropriate skill to represent this.

Attributes: Agility —, Smarts —, Spirit —, Strength —, Vigor —

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d4, Notice d4, Piloting d4, Repair d4, Shooting d4

Charisma: 0; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** +1 (1)

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Commlink, spacesuit (+1), tools appropriate to job assignment (if any).

Engineer

Truly effective ships owe as much to having a good engineer as they do to a good captain. Use this template for spaceship mechanics planetside and at station docks.

Attributes: Agility —, Smarts +1, Spirit —, Strength —, Vigor —

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Electronics) d8, Knowledge (Mechanical Engineering) d8, Notice d6, Piloting d4, Repair d8, Shooting d6

Charisma: 0; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** +1 (1)

Hindrances: —

Edges: Wrench Spinner

Gear: Commlink, personal data device (connected to ship), spacesuit (+1), tool belt (treat as a tool kit).

Soldier

Soldiers are members of organized units trained to fight together and follow their chain of command. Use this template for common soldiers, shipboard marines, or other planetary defense forces for advanced societies. For less advanced cultures, use the Warrior template instead.

Grunt

This is the rank-and-file enlisted trooper. The vast majority of any military unit is made up of grunts.

Attributes: Agility —, Smarts —, Spirit —, Strength —, Vigor —

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

Cha: 0; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 12 (6)

Hindrances: Loyal

Edges: —

Gear: Combat armor (+6), laser rifle (Range 30/60/120, Damage 3d6, RoF 3, AP 2, 3RB), knife (Str+d4), 2 frag grenades.

Officer

This template represents a fairly experienced and competent officer. Modify the skills, Edges, and Hindrances appropriately if you want to represent a truly battle-hardened veteran—or a new recruit straight out of officer candidate school.

Attributes: Agility —, Smarts +1, Spirit +1, Strength —, Vigor —

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Battle) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d4

Cha: 0; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 12 (6)

Hindrances: Loyal

Edges: Command, Leader of Men, Natural Leader

Gear: Combat armor (+6), laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1).

Thug

Thugs are the scum of the universe. They lack the savvy or ambition to become more successful (and less obvious) criminals. Instead, they rely largely on intimidation and brute force to obtain what they want. This, of course, makes them very popular as thugs for more clever law-breakers.

Attributes: Agility +1, Smarts -1, Spirit —, Strength +1, Vigor —

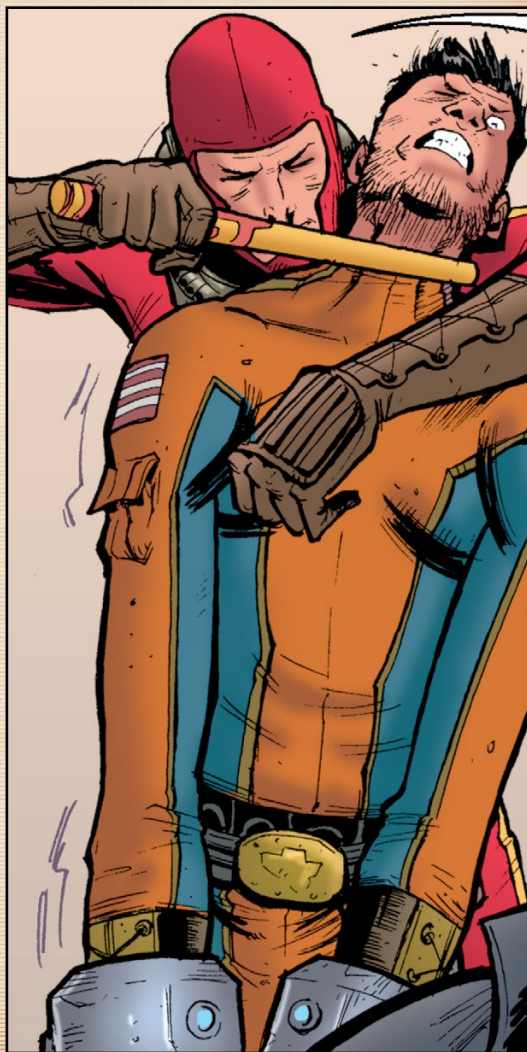
Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Cha: -2; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** +4 (4)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Wanted

Edges: —

Gear: Body armor (+4), club (Str+d4), outlaws carry a variety of ranged weapons.





PERSONALITIES

All these individuals are Wild Cards who play an important role in the *Fear Agent*™ universe. A few might become trusted friends or allies for the players, while others are almost certain to prove to be major foes.

Each of these characters is depicted at their prime over the course of the books, so if the team encounters them earlier in their lives, they're likely to be younger, less experienced, less-amoebified, and so on.

❖ Andi Bigley

Andi Bigley was sent to her uncle Otto's Texas ranch to break her drug habit when the Annubius Conflict began. She internalized the death of her family and loved ones, becoming more disengaged and rebellious with each loss she experienced. She grew to admire and love her uncle, seeking some way to gain his approval.

Against his orders, Andi snuck along on the Fear Agents' raid on the Dressite moonbase. When Otto discovered her, he pushed her through the Zerin portal, believing he'd sent her back to Earth. A traitor in the ranks of the Fear Agents had reset the portal to allow Dressite reinforcements to come through, and Otto inadvertently sent his niece to Dressin. She witnessed Heath drive the tanker full of chemical agents onto Dressin, but he didn't see her and unknowingly left her stranded.

Andi was later discovered by the Dressites, who learned of Heath's actions by torturing her. They conducted horrific procedures on her, turning Andi into an amalgamation of human and amoeba in preparation for their eventual revenge. Over time, Andi became a formidable warrior in her own right—and blames Heath for all the evil that she's suffered.

The stats below are for Andi a few years after the end of the Annubius Conflict.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Knowledge (Electronics) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Piloting d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9 (4)

Hindrances: Overconfident, Ugly, Vengeful (Major)



Edges: Combat Reflexes, Connections (Dressites)

Gear: Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), armored space suit (+4).

Special Abilities:

- **Acid Lash:** Andi can remove a glove and lash out at an adjacent opponent with her acidic appendage. This causes 2d8 damage if it hits, applied to an opponent's least armored hit location. Fully sealed armor protects against this damage.
- **Amalgamation:** Although her flesh is largely dissolved in the Dressite solution, she is not fully amoeboid. Andi takes damage normally from called shots and cannot alter her shape to pass through smaller openings.
- **Grapple:** If Andi is unarmored and hits with a raise on her Fighting roll, she grapples her target. Against organic opponents, she automatically inflicts 2d8 damage each round as her acidic fluids burn the victim. This damage is applied to the target's least armored location. Fully-sealed suits of non-organic materials negate this damage.
- **Vulnerability (Atmosphere):** Andi has been modified to breathe the atmosphere of the Dressite homeworld. She treats Earth-like atmospheres as mildly Hazardous. If unprotected, she must roll Vigor every 10 minutes or suffer a Fatigue level that can lead to death. This Fatigue is recovered at a rate of one level for every 10 minutes she is exposed to her normal atmosphere.

❧ Levi Diablo

While it's probably not the name his parents gave him at birth, it would be hard to find a more appropriate one for him than Diablo besides maybe Iscariot or Benedict. He earned his fortune—or at least his first one—by selling his fellow humans to Zerin scavengers during the Annubius conflict. He played the Judas goat, claiming to lead refugees to safety while actually herding them to Zerin portals. Hundreds, possibly thousands of humans ended up in Zerin cattle cages as a result; Diablo ended up rich.

Quickly deciding if crime pays, more crime pays even more, Diablo used some of the money he earned betraying his species to outfit the *Black Galleon*, one of the largest pirate ships operating in the United Systems. A sizeable bounty now rests on his head, leading him to base his operations in the Deep, near the ghost planet Neavsivia, from which he preys on Tetaldian and United Systems vessels equally.

The Black Galleon

Levi Diablo's spaceship is a heavily-armed and modified large freighter. It is more than a match for any civilian vessel and outguns most military ships of smaller size. In keeping with his affectation of an 18th-century pirate, the ship has been outfitted with retractable "sails," complete with a Jolly Roger, that he deploys when attacking other vessels. Although the vessel has 14 cannons, they are placed seven to a side, so a maximum of seven can fire a broadside at a given target in a round.

Huge Starship: Size 16, Acc/TS: 40/450, Climb: 0, Toughness: 51 (16), Crew: 300, Cost: \$95.93 M, Remaining Mods 0

Notes: AI, AMCM, Armor ×3, Sensor Suite (Planetary), Speed ×1, Targeting System Warp Drive

Weapons:

- 14 × Medium Cannons (Fixed)
- 2 × Torpedo Tubes (Fixed) with 8 Light Torpedoes, 4 Heavy Torpedoes

The profile we've provided presents Levi at the height of his pirate heydays. Like any good pirate, Diablo lost an eye during his career. Instead of a simple eye patch, he's replaced it with a cybernetic eye.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Astrogation) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Piloting d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8

Cha: -3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Greedy (Major), Mean, Wanted (Major, United Systems), Quirk (Pirate Mannerisms)

Edges: Command, Filthy Rich

Gear: Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2).

Special Abilities:

- **Cybernetic Eye:** Diablo's right eye has been replaced by a cybernetic one granting him magnification (50×), thermal, and low-light vision. This adds +2 to appropriate sight-based Notice rolls and eliminates illumination penalties when in the appropriate modes. Changing modes is a free action.

❧ Mara Esperanza

Mara was a young teenager when the Annubius Conflict erupted. Her neighborhood was targeted by Zerin scavengers for harvesting. She and her family were betrayed by Levi Diablo, who led them into a Zerin trap. During the two years she spent in Zerin cattle pens, she watched the reptilian aliens slaughter both her parents.

The day the Zerin killed her father, Dressite soldiers raided the pens and freed the survivors. In return for her assistance in exacting revenge on Heath Huston when the time was right, the Dressites agreed to help her get her own vengeance on Levi Diablo.

Through her connections, Mara had the opportunity to study warp physics and other advanced sciences and became one of the first human warp scientists. She is smart, attractive, and driven to exact revenge on Diablo regardless of the cost. Mara spends much of her time trying to track down Diablo, now a pirate, but is clever enough to keep her endeavors a secret, as she never knows who

might betray her—or who she might need to betray.

Below is Mara several years after her release by the Dressites. She's already a capable scientist and adventurer in her own right.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (Astrogation) d8, Knowledge (Warp Science) d10, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Piloting d6, Repair d10, Shooting d8, Streetwise d8, Taunt d8

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6 (1)

Hindrances: Dark Secret, Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Attractive, Connections (Dressites), Jack-of-All-Trades, Warp Scientist, Wrench Spinner

Gear: Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), space suit (+1), commlink.

❖ Charlotte Huston

The current President of Earth is a former Fear Agent—and also the former wife of Heath Huston. After the loss of her family in the initial stages of the Annubius Conflict, she took up arms alongside Heath to fight the invading aliens...although Heath's retellings tend to downplay her role in the actual fighting.

In spite of the horrors she experienced, her husband's actions on Dressin at the end of the conflict horrified and repulsed her. In just a few months, the quarrel led to the failure of their marriage—and his departure from Earth. Charlotte swore to keep his secret and has done so for many years.

After his departure, "Charl" rose to the newly-unified planet's leadership, holding office fittingly in the Alamo in Texas. Charlotte remarried and has little good to say about her former husband—all while still secretly carrying a torch for him. (Her gear list is for when Charlotte is engaged in extra-curricular activities and not running the planet from behind a desk.)

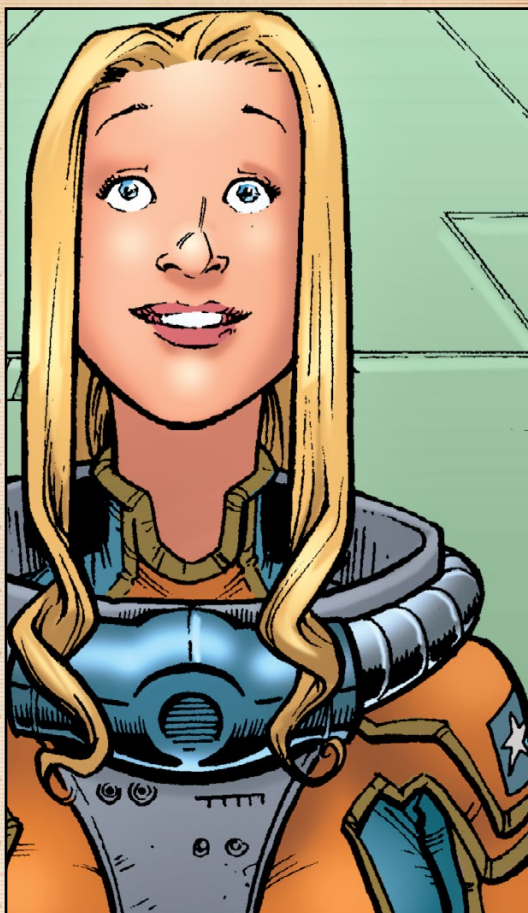
These stats represent Charlotte almost a decade after the Annubius Conflict, after she's become the leader of Earth.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Piloting d6, Shooting d6, Taunt d8

Cha: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6 (1)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Loyal, Stubborn



Edges: Attractive, Brave, Elan, Fear Agent, Charisma, Command, Hard to Kill, Strong Will

Gear: Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), space suit (+1) with shielded helmet.

❖ Heath Huston

Heath Huston was a Texas truck driver when the Annubius Conflict kicked off. Within minutes, he lost both his father and his son to a Dressite bomb, setting the course for the rest of his life. Banding with other survivors, Huston helped create the Fear Agents to fight back against the alien invaders.

After years of guerrilla warfare, Huston got his chance for revenge when the Fear Agents infiltrated a Dressite base on Earth's moon. Although it turned out to be a Dressite trap (baited with the help of a traitor in the human ranks), Huston managed to escape and open a portal to the Dressite homeworld using captured Zerin technology. Through it, he drove a tanker filled with a Tetaldian

chemical weapon designed to act on Dressite physiology. The tanker contained enough of the substance to effectively wipe out the Dressite homeworld.

Huston's actions left him hunted by the surviving Dressite military and shunned by his former friends and family. Driven by depression and guilt into alcoholism, he hides his pathos behind drunkenness as he travels the universe earning a living at the only thing he still knows how to do: exterminate aliens. Once it's all said and done, there's not much to like about Heath Huston, but in his favor, he is *really* hard to kill.

Below, we've presented Heath after years in space. While he technically still carries a Dark

"Annie"

Annie was the first starship humanity built, piggy-backing off captured Dressite, Tetaldian, and Zerin technology. So while she's clunky looking to most observers, she's actually quite advanced. Although the ship was never designed as a warship, it has adequate defensive weaponry and shielding to survive most encounters long enough to let her use her superior speed to escape.

Annie has a unique and highly advanced AI which was brain-modeled on Charlotte Huston, before the couple split. As a result, her AI is a Wild Card and allows Heath to pilot her solo. Annie has a d10 in all skills related to the operation of the ship and rolls a Wild Die. Her hard-wired personality also has the Heroic and Loyal Hindrances, and she more often than not serves as Heath's conscience and attempts to curb his alcoholism.

Medium Starship: Size 6, Acc/TS: 60/750, Climb 2, Toughness 27 (8), Crew 1 (+8), Cost \$24.83M, Remaining Mods 1

Notes: AI, AMCM, Armor, Atmospheric, Crew Space, Sensor Suite (Planetary), Shields, 3×Speed, Targeting System, Warp Drive

Weapons:

- 4 × Light Lasers

Secret Hindrance for the massacre on Dressin, the Dressites have long since identified him as the culprit, removing the primary danger to his exposure.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Astrogation) d8, Knowledge (Xenology) d6, Notice d8, Piloting d6, Riding d4, Shooting d10, Survival d8, Throwing d6, Tracking d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7 (1)

Hindrances: Death Wish (Recover his lost family), Enemy (Major—Dressites), Habit (Major—Alcohol), Overconfident, Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Brave, Charisma, Combat Reflexes, Elan, Fear Agent, Great Luck, Harder to Kill, Iron Jaw, Liquid Courage, Quick Draw

Gear: Disintegrator pistol (Range 3/6/12, Damage 3d10, RoF 1), freeonium gun (Range Special, Damage 2d10, RoF 1) or thruster pack, space suit (+1) with shielded helmet.

✦ Jentu

Jentu was one of the first Tetaldian converts. After overthrowing his mentor, Tetald, he seized control of Tetaldian society and has maintained it for more than 20 centuries. Over the years, he has twisted the original Astorgian religion to replace their twin gods with a single one: Tetald. And of course, Jentu is Tetald's only mouthpiece.

Jentu is relentless in his desire to increase the power of the Tetaldians, and thus his own, leading his people across the cosmos in search of ever more resources and life forms to farm for their essence.

Jentu has existed in this form for thousands of years and does not change appreciably over the course of several human lifetimes.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (any sciences) d10, Notice d8, Piloting d6, Shooting d10, Throwing d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 17 (4)

Hindrances: Arrogant

Edges: Charisma, Command, Command Presence, Fervor, Harder to Kill

Gear: Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4: Heavy** Armor plating.
- **Clamp:** Str+d6.
- **Electromagnetic Shielding:** Like all Tetaldians, Jentu is specially shielded against electromagnetic attacks, gaining an effective +4 Toughness against EMP weapons and a +4 to any attribute roll to resist electromagnetic effects.
- **Immortal:** Unless a Tetaldian's brain is destroyed, it can be transplanted to another robotic body. Even then, Jentu has a knack for avoiding death.
- **Large:** Attackers add +2 to any attack rolls directed at Jentu overlords.
- **On-Board Communications:** Jentu can establish communications with other Tetaldians, automations, and hybrids on the same planet as a free action.
- **Size +5:** As befits his ego, Jentu has ensured he possesses the largest of all Tetaldian bodies.
- **Super Fertilizer:** The fuel used by all Tetaldian robotics is an incredible fertilizer for plant life. Plant life exposed to it grows at a phenomenal rate. See the sidebar **Tetaldian Fuel**, on page 173, for more details.
- **Weakness (Brain Case):** The transparent brain case can be targeted at -4, and only provides Armor +2.

❖ David Long

David Long was a part-time real estate agent, part-time gambler before the world ended. Unfortunately, he was a far worse gambler than realtor, and he was well on his way to getting murdered over gambling debts before the Annubius Conflict. He was more than happy to sell out the rest of the human race to the Zerin for a nice haul of unicreds, especially since some of the first folks he betrayed to the lizards were his biggest creditors.

Even Long isn't sure exactly how many people he turned over to the aliens, but it was enough to let him buy a casino on the pleasure planet Blorm-Lorp. He had just enough left over to bankroll a series of horrible bets of his own, and now he's looking for another score to get out from under an entirely new pile of debts.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Greedy (Major), Habit (Gambling)

Edges: Charismatic

Gear: Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2).

❖ Captain Sklort

Sklort is an Oolan mercenary captain willing to do nearly anything for money—and if it involves shooting someone, the “nearly” qualifier no longer applies. He runs through crew faster than he can process their life-insurance applications. However, he's got such a reputation for pulling in juicy contracts there's always someone whose head is as empty as his wallet looking to sign on to his ship, the *Black Abbot*.

The bounty hunter plays fast and loose with the law, seeing it less a list of what not to do than for what not to get *caught* doing. He's been banned from several ports of call for exactly this reason, but the universe is a big place. There are still plenty of places he hasn't been arrested...yet.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Astrogation) d8, Notice d6, Piloting d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10 (4)

Hindrances: Greedy (Major), Mean, Wanted (Minor, various systems)

Edges: Command, Harder to Kill

Gear: Armored space suit (+4), disintegrator pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 2), cutlass (Str+d6).

Special Abilities:

- **Acute Hearing:** Oolans receive a +4 bonus to any Notice roll based on hearing.
- **Bad Eyes:** When in normal light, an Oolan receives a -2 to any Trait rolls requiring sight unless wearing heavily-tinted goggles, helmet or similar eye-protection.
- **Echolocation:** Whistlers suffer only half the normal penalties for Pitch Darkness and targeting invisible opponents within 12”.

- **Low Light Vision:** These aliens ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.
- **Weakness (Sound):** Oolans suffer a -4 penalty to resist sonic-based attacks and +4 damage the same.

✦ Peter Wacks

Peter Wacks used to be a science fiction and horror writer of some renown. While researching a story about Roswell, he stumbled across threads eventually leading to the secrets behind the Tetaldians, Dressites, and the United Systems. From that point on, discovering the truth became an obsession for him.

Wacks cast aside his writing career to devote his time to researching everything he could discover about the aliens around us. What he found frightened him profoundly, but luckily for the heroes, also gave him the forewarning to prepare for what he saw as an inevitable war.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Healing d8, Investigation d10, Knowledge (United Systems) d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8

Cha: -3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Quirk (Conspiracy Theorist), Loyal, Stubborn

Edges: Investigator



Gear: AR15 (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, RoF 1, AP 2).

✦ Thomas Yorke

Tom Yorke was a Dallas police officer at the beginning of the Annubius Conflict. He managed to keep himself, wife, and daughter alive for the early months—which was no mean feat—only to have his wife suffer a mortal wound mere moments before meeting Huston and his band of resistance fighters.

Yorke joined the band and proved an effective, if at times overly cautious, field leader. His tendency to try to take charge and argue over decisions led to him butting heads with Heath and other original Fear Agents many times. Concern for his own survival caused him to delay detonating explosives at the Dressite moonbase moments before the aliens fired their EMP cannon. This led to Heath labeling him a coward, even though it was soon revealed the cannon eradicated the Tetaldian invaders and posed no threat to humanity whatsoever.

When the United Systems landed shortly after the end of hostilities, Yorke presented himself as the leader of the resistance. As a result, he was selected as the first human representative to the United System—a position he holds to this day.

Thomas Yorke is more than a little officious in pursuing his duty and doesn't hesitate to push the boundaries of his authority, at least with regards to human space travelers. When push comes to shove, he usually backs down or at least agrees to compromise.

The stats we've presented represent Thomas Yorke as the human representative to the United Systems, a position he holds for the next decade.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Piloting d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6, Throwing d4

Cha: +1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Cautious, Habit (Minor—Authoritative)

Edges: Charisma, Connections (United Systems)

Gear: Laser pistol (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, RoF 1), United Systems uniform.

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