

PRIME ADVENTURES 1



PRIME DIRECTIVE

**TASK
FORCE
GAMES™**

PRIME EXCITEMENT IS HERE!

Welcome to the first issue of Prime Adventures, the new journal/module series for players of Prime Directive. Each issue will bring you brand new adventures, great fiction, new skills and equipment, answers to your questions, new adventure ideas, convention & tournament announcements, and updates on futures releases. This issue contains a preview of *Empire of Steel*, the Klingon Sourcebook, in addition to Initial Contact Report Summary sourcefiles for both the Gorns and the Lyrans, and the story *Disputed Prize*, detailing an adventure which took place *before* Peltier took command of the Black Eagles! This issue also contains an insert – Comprehensive deckplans for use with the adventure *The Wandering Child*!

Each issue of Prime Adventures will bring you more of the same...or maybe something else entirely! That's the secret to Prime Adventures. While we have come up with a great "formula" for an issue and have used it this time, if we get a better idea next time, we'll use that instead! And, we'll listen to you...tell us what you want to see and we will do our best to include it in a future issue. Enjoy!

Timothy D. Olsen, Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PRIME HISTORY

<i>Disputed Prize</i>	3
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PRIME BRIEFINGS

Prime Central	10
The Equipment Locker	11
Ask Commander Kosov	15
"Hey, shouldn't that be...?" – Corrections to Prime Directive	16
Mind Games - Psionics in Prime Directive	17
The Guide to the Federation: The Deians	21

THE GM'S ASSISTANT

Encounter and Adventure Hooks	22
The Adversary Index	23
Random Adventure Situation Generator	24
Keep 'em excited: Notes to the beginner on being a <i>good</i> GM	26

A PREVIEW OF EMPIRE OF STEEL: THE KLINGON SOURCEBOOK

<i>Blanket of the Mind</i>	27
Warrior Philosophies	31
Organization of a Klingon Dagger Team	31
The Berzerker Skill	33
Klingon Rank Insignia	34
The Vudar Enclave	35
<i>FraxPrime</i>	36

INITIAL CONTACT REPORT SUMMARY: THE GORNS

Gorn History	41
Creating a Gorn Character	42
Gorn Vanguard Teams	43
Skoleans: Mercenaries to the Gorns	44
Rank Badges of the Gorn Confederation	45
Red Diamond Six – Sample Gorn Vanguard Team	46

INITIAL CONTACT REPORT SUMMARY: THE LYRANS

<i>Tamzin's Test</i>	49
Lyran Stalker Teams	51
Creating a Lyran Character	52
The Vicious Grin – Sample Lyran Stalker Team	54

COMMUNICATIONS CENTRAL

Communications Central	56
Submissions of New Material and Input Guide	56

ADVENTURES!

• Code Name: Innuendo (Solitaire)	59
• <i>The Wandering Child</i>	79
• Comprehensive guide to this issue's deckplan insert – <i>The Wandering Child</i>	90

PLAY-AIDS

<i>Satchel Paige</i> Passenger Section – Floorplan overlay and details	94
Index to Prime Adventures 1	96
<i>The Wandering Child</i> Deckplans	Insert

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DISPUTED PRIZE

by Timothy D. Olsen

Excerpt from Rhodes' Journal

The winds of war are blowing, it seems, and I feel that their effects will touch us all. Recent messages from Darkwind have taken an ominous tone and things are not as they were when I started all of this.

It may be time for a change.

• Jan 11th, Y171 Prime Central •

Peltier had a headache that morning. No, not just a headache, more a sensation of pain that started behind his eyes and extended throughout his body and down to his fingertips and the soles of his feet. The Non-Vulcan Psionic tests had continued right through the night merely to confirm what Peltier had told them from the beginning, and what they had found the first three times he had been tested — he had no latent psionic abilities. He lay back on his bunk and placed a cold cloth over his eyes.

Moments later, Brian McWhirt, the Black Eagles' Team leader and Peltier's room mate quietly entered the room and stood over Peltier's bunk. "Cor Blimey, Guv! Getting a little bo-peep?" He said, snatching the cloth from Peltier's eyes.

"What the hell does that mean?" Peltier said, grabbing the cloth back and returning it to his eyes and forehead. "I have no idea what you just said!"

"It's cockney rhyming slang, circa 20th Century London. The Cockneys had an absolutely fascinating subculture and I've been reading up on it. The Presidio is putting on an Earth history exhibit and, since the *Saratoga* is delayed in Spacedock, they've asked me to host an English dialect session while I'm on-station. A nice case of synchronicity, don't you think?"

"Oh, by the way, Saxon asked again what your first name was. I told her that I *could* tell her...but then I would have to kill her! She wasn't amused," Brian said as he sat down at his desk and began to remove his shoes. "Phew! What a pen-and-ink!"

Peltier grunted but didn't answer. Heather Saxon had been after him from day one but he didn't particularly like her. He couldn't put his finger on exactly why, but something about her bothered him.

"Come on, me old china. Let's have a butchers at the test results. That means *Come on buddy. Let's take a look at the results.*"

"It's negative. Zero." Peltier said as he passed the print-out to Brian.

Massing came into the room, accompanied by Azundur'kar. They both flopped down on McWhirt's bunk.

"Are you still zeroes too?" Minx said to Peltier and McWhirt, who both nodded. "We *all* scored zero! First time I've ever been glad to *fail* a test. By the way, has anyone heard when the *Saratoga* will be ready?"

Peltier stood up and threw the cloth into the washbasin. "Four more days until they complete the repairs, according to Jenkins at HQ. C'mon. Let's go to the Decades Bar. We can play 'rock, paper, chicken' to see who pays for the first round!"

"I think it's called 'rock, paper, scissors,' Peltier, but I'm game," Minx said as they started for the turbolift. "I'm sure there's a drink on the bar with my name on it!"

• Jan 12th, Y171

Klingon General Bureau Headquarters, Klinshai •

"I am waiting!" Katahn, the Klingon Galactic Bureau officer, snapped. Vorg, the Dunkar technician, was frantically keying in code variations. Minutes passed and Katahn could see beads of nervous orange sweat appearing on Vorg's brow. "Well?"



"Sir, I have it. For some reason, he didn't use the standard code. He used an obscure code for this message and double-encrypted it with a numeric counterlink. It took longer than I had expected to break it but here it is."

"I don't want to hear your excuses; I want to see the message. Bring it up!"

Katahn leaned over the Dunkar's shoulder and read the words flashing on the screen. He slammed his fist on the console. "Clear it!" He shouted. "Pack your bags, Vorg. We're going to the Neutral Zone." Then, uttering some choice expletives under his breath, he stormed out of the office. It was time to bring his prize agent out of the Federation; War was coming and the information that agent had was too vital to the Empire.

• Jan 13th, Y171 Federation HQ - Earth •

The room was quiet. Too quiet perhaps, the only sound in the sumptuous office was that of Ashton's fingers on the keyboard as he typed. *Music would be good*, he thought, as he snapped on the console and set it for Fujikawa's Nippon Symphony, adjusting the volume. He paused for a second as he listened to the French horns and synthklaviers rise to an almost immediate crescendo. Fujikawa had a flair for harmonic discord, unlike most of his 23rd Century contemporaries, and Ashton liked it. Leaning back in his chair, he reached in his pocket; *It's time for the visual jammer*, he thought as he pressed the side switch. The Cygnan device began to send out the waves which would blank the recording devices currently hard at work monitoring him. He didn't understand

how the thing worked...it just worked. It buzzed away in his pocket, ticking away its 20-second charge, and he worked swiftly to withdraw the final disk from the hard drive.

Palming the disk, he reached under the desk to pull out his leather briefcase, the antique he had bought from "All Things Archaic" the last time he was in Old London. It had cost him far too much but as he ran his fingers over the still supple leather he knew that it was worth it. He keyed in the first access word – *Pearly* – and then the second codeword group and the latches snapped open. Opening the case, he slid three disks into the protected pocket and snapped the case closed with a flourish. *That's all, folks*, he thought as he slid the case back to its original position and returned his hands to the keyboard. *Two keystrokes and the show is over.* The screen flashed once and a warning appeared.

This command erases all information on the hard disk!
Are you sure you want to do this?

He smiled and pressed the key again, the screen flashing yellow once before returning to a neutral grey. Yes, he thought. *I'm sure.*

The jammer stopped buzzing and he made a show for the cameras of reaching for his briefcase. He stood and walked away from the desk, stopping in the doorway to look one last time at his office. The sunset blazing in through the massive windows laid a soft orange glow on the mahogany desk and the bookcase against the far wall. *That was the best aspect of this office*, he thought, *the sunset coming through those windows and the view of the bay. I think I'll miss those the most.*

He opened his office door and walked out, running his hand over the entry sensor as he crossed over the threshold. He began the long walk to the elevators, smiling at his secretary as he passed her desk.

"Good night, Mr Rhodes," she said, returning his smile. She was rearranging the flowers in the vase on her desk and there were freesias and Andorian fire tadgers spread all across her workspace. *Sometimes she tries just a bit too hard to look ditsy*, he thought.

"Good night, Christine," he replied as he turned away. He didn't see her hand slide under the desk to press the button recessed in the plasteel finish, but he knew that she had done so. She always pressed 'the button' as he left the office. Perhaps that was in her job description - press the button whenever *he* leaves and again when *he* returns. *Sorry Christine. No more button pressing for you.*

He walked slowly to the elevators and pressed the call button. The doors slid silently open and Ashton was momentarily surprised to see Beech Greene, one of the field officers, standing there in the lift.

"Off on your vacation, Ash?" Greene asked, as the doors closed and the elevator began to descend to the parking levels below.

"Yes. I'm visiting my daughter in the Oregon Preserve. Two weeks of back to nature. No vidphones, no conferences, no meetings..."

"Taking some homework with you, I see," Greene said, slapping the edge of Ashton's briefcase. "What are you working on now?"

"Nothing special," Ashton replied. "just a few reports to go over on the trip out. Hate to waste the travel time sleeping, you know."

The elevator doors slid open and Ashton moved to leave. "Aren't you coming?" He asked Greene as he held the doors open with his hand.

"No. I just realized that I left something on my desk. Enjoy the woods." Greene said as the doors slid closed. Inside the elevator, he pulled out his personal communicator and said, quietly, "Tracer planted. Initialize. Have you managed to unscramble the office recording?"

"No, Sir." A voice replied. "He must have been using a visual jammer. Christine is in his office now."

"Good. I'll be right there." He said as he snapped the communicator closed and returned it to his pocket. "Ashton, old friend, you have to get up pretty early in the morning to get one over on me." The elevator quickly reached the correct floor and the doors slid open, revealing a scared-looking Christine.

"What is it?" Greene said, pushing by her and storming towards Ashton's office.

"He erased the hard disk, Sir. He deleted everything." She said, looking down at her feet as she followed him to Ashton's office.

"That's impossible! We have safeguards."

"He overrode the commands. I don't know how, but he did. It gets worse, though. It appears that he ran a virus program before he cleared the hard disk, set to follow the backrouting of the automatic backup system. Our backups are gone, sir." There was a note of panic in her voice, as if she felt that she would be the one blamed for this. She was probably right.

Greene threw open the door to Ashton's office and began looking around for any clues to Rhodes' abrupt departure. *Did he know that we were on to him?* Greene thought, throwing open drawers and rifling through the contents, when suddenly his communicator sounded.

"Yes," He answered. "What is it?"

"The tracer is signalling from inside the building, Sir. Is it possible that he doubled back?"

"No, I saw him leave. There must be a mistake!" Greene was beginning to get angry. "Where?"

"From within the 'C' elevator, Sir."

"What?" Greene pushed by Christine and ran back down the corridor, punching the elevator button again and again until the doors opened. "There's no one here," he said as he entered the elevator.

"It registers that he is in there, Sir."

Greene checked the overhead maintenance door but that was locked and sealed from the inside. He looked around the interior of the elevator itself and after a few moments, he found the tracer he had planted on Rhodes' briefcase embedded in the rubber seal of the door.

"Sneaky bastard!" He said as he pulled the tracer from the seal. "There's always the vehicle tracer, I suppose."

"Well, sir, I was going to tell you about that. His vehicle is still in its assigned place but there is no indication that he is still on the premises."

"Damn. Well, then we have no choice. Alert I/CO that we may have a Rogue."

• February 21st, Y171 Aboard the Freighter *Bad Dog* •

Excerpt from Rhodes' Journal

Kerrington, the Orion captain of this less-than-luxury liner, promises that either tomorrow or the next day, I'll be transferred to the tramp steamer *Satchel Paige* for the final leg of my journey. He seems satisfied with the reports I gave him; I just hope that the information buys his silence. Although I feel more secure now that we have entered the Neutral Zone, I know that I am not yet in the clear.

• March 3rd, Y171 Aboard the *Saratoga* •

No one spoke in the cramped classroom as the Black Eagles diligently worked on the written portion of the Klingon language test. McWhirt, who had finished long before the others, sat back and smiled as, one by one, the others pressed their Complete keys and began to relax, pushing back in their chairs and stretching. Of all the refresher courses, the language offerings were, of course, his favorites but he wasn't sure that the others shared his love for the harsh, guttural poetry of the Klingon language. T'Pon and Azundur'kar, in particular, were having all kinds of problems mastering the language and he wouldn't be at all surprised if they failed yet again.

He turned to Minx and said, "So, how do you think you did on this one?"

Minx ran her fingers through her hair and, leaning back in her chair, said, "No problem, Brian, but I'll tell you something. After six weeks of training sessions and tests, I wouldn't mind a little action right now."

"Why, Minx! I didn't know you cared!" Brian replied with a leer on his face.

"Brian!" She exclaimed in mock indignation as she slapped his shoulder, and everyone began to talk, the tension of the test slowly dissipating. The *Saratoga* had stopped at Starbase 15 several days ago and was now in the middle of a standard supply run, so there was little chance of any action anytime soon. McWhirt thought he would get in some swimtime, when all of a sudden, his viewscreen flashed and Marko Kosov's face appeared.

"Brian, assemble the Black Eagles in Briefing Room 2 immediately. We have a situation," Kosov said and then the screen went blank.

"Well, Minx, I guess Marko must have been listening. Here's your action!"

• Briefing Room 2, Aboard the *Saratoga* •

"Approximately two months ago," Kosov began. "Ashton Rhodes, a Federation agent, disappeared and it is presumed that he's going over to the Klingons with potentially damaging information. We have reason to believe that he has gained passage aboard a Tramp Steamer currently within the Neutral Zone and it's our job — *your job* — to retrieve him for return to Earth."

"Sir, if this ship is indeed within the Neutral Zone, how will we explain our presence?" Massing asked.

"You will be going in under the guise of a 'health and welfare inspection.' The Steamer's Captain will not be pleased but it will give you the cover you need to find, and retrieve, the turncoat." Kosov replied.

"Sir, can we be sure that he is a traitor?" Azundur'kar asked. "Can you tell us any more about this Rhodes character?"

"That's on a need-to-know basis, Az, and these disks will give you all you need to know," Kosov said, handing a set of disks to Azundur'kar.

"But, Sir, there are only four disks here," Az said.

"T'Pon, Rusty, you two will have to sit this one out. Captain Howard doesn't want to send more than four people to the Steamer to avoid alerting them. A team with four different races on it would send up red alert signals all through the ship. Rusty, you'll be on standby with the Marines in case a rescue is needed. T'Pon, you'll be with me in Auxiliary Control to coordinate the operation. It will be good training for you. The rest of the team will be counting on you and Rusty staying as alert as they are.

"Rhodes took deliberate and premeditated steps to make sure that he wasn't followed," Kosov continued. "It was only a stroke of sheer luck and that easily-bought Orion captain of the *Bad Dog* that allowed us to locate him. This is a man who didn't want to be found."

"Sir, why don't we just scan the ship, find him, beam the team in, grab him, and beam out." McWhirt asked.

"Good question, Brian. That would mean a certain amount of violence, and would attract unwanted attention. With the situation on the border, the less notice that any incident creates, the better. More than that, however, we need the computer disks he's carrying with him, and there wouldn't be time to find them in a snatch-and-grab. No, this is one where you will have to go and get him ... without drawing attention to yourselves. You will be assigned limited weaponry, I'm afraid, but we don't foresee any serious problems with this one. The quartermaster is preparing your 'fleet' uniforms now. We will be within range of the *Satchel Paige* in 20 hours. Let's get ready. This should be a breeze mission."



• March 4th, Y171 Aboard the *Satchel Paige* •

Rhodes walked into the galley for his midday meal and the area was as crowded as usual, and as loud. He was finding it slightly difficult to relax with the constant activity on this ship, new passengers, constant stops, continual noise. The Orion had told him the journey would take far shorter time than it was taking and had promised that it was practically a direct journey. Rhodes was glad now that the information he had given him in return for the journey was relatively useless.

Picking up a tray, he moved into the line, and minutes passed with little movement. He would have preferred to eat closer to his own cabin but the galley facilities on deck six were jammed once again. This freighter definitely wasn't set up for this many passengers and, as he looked around at his fellow travellers, he wondered how many of them were running from something. Probably most. War was coming; you didn't have to be an intelligence officer to know that the fighting between the Klingons and Kzintis was about to spread to the Federation border. The hooded character standing in front of Rhodes suddenly turned around and Rhodes was shocked to find himself staring into the face of a Dunkar! If there was a Dunkar aboard, that probably meant Klingons too, and that spelt trouble.

He put the tray down and tried to nonchalantly walk back to his cabin but when he looked over his shoulder, he saw that the Dunkar was right behind him. *He can't chance a scene, not here in the Neutral Zone*, Rhodes thought. *This must just be a coincidence.* He walked down the corridor to the elevator the Captain had reserved for passenger use and was relieved when the Dunkar didn't follow. Perhaps he was just being jumpy. He travelled up to deck six in silence and walked down the empty corridor to his room. There was a strange, dingy feel to this ship and the dull metal of the bulkheads with no paint or decorations only added to the effect. *They decorate the cargo decks but not the passenger areas*, he wondered aloud. *Strange.*

He opened the door to his cabin and entered. As the door whisked shut, he realized that the lights had not come on. "Damn rustbucket," he muttered to himself. The lights had failed before, and he had been forced to fix them himself. *The light in the privy should be working*, he thought to himself. He was cautiously working his way across the room, when he felt a sudden sharp pain in his side and the lights came on. Turning with a start, he was stunned to see a Klingon seated on his bed, a smile on his face. A Zoolie stood beside him, a flechette pistol in his hand. The room began to spin and Rhodes collapsed to his knees.

"Rhodes, I'm disappointed in you," the Klingon said in English with a strong Klinshai accent. He kept talking but Rhodes wasn't able to discern the meaning of the words as he slowly sank to the floor. *Goodbye, Tracy*, he thought as the blackness consumed him.

Katahn turned to the Zoolie and said, "Pretaar. Secure him as we discussed and then get Vorg. You have five minutes – go!" Katahn had little patience for the Zoolie, an operative he had picked up for this impromptu mission. Katahn always preferred to keep his field teams small as that attracted less attention. Besides, why share the glory, or spread stories of failure. He had an interrogation to get ready for and then they could finally get off this excuse for a ship! The ISF ship would pick them up in just over six hours ... that would be enough time.

...

• Purser's Office, Aboard the *Satchel Paige* •

McWhirt, Massing, Peltier, and Azundur'kar materialized in the Purser's office aboard the *Satchel Paige* and Zach Sullivan, the current Purser, wasn't that pleased to see them. Peltier carried the bulky satchel marked H&W which actually contained their field tools kit, their communicators and weapons, a field truth analyzer, and a few surprises to cover if anything serious should arise. He had thrown in a handful of papers and miscellany to cover the false bottom and felt confident that it would stand up to a superficial check-through. Any serious perusal of the case would be done only if it was physically taken from the team ... and that wouldn't happen. Not if the Team had any say in the matter.

"Captain Bariich asked me to meet you as he is unavoidably detained. He did ask that I mention, however, that he feels this inspection is highly irregular," Sullivan said. "We passed a Fed inspection only ten weeks ago."

"Your charter to call at Federation ports specifically states that you must submit to Federation inspections, which can be conducted at any time, with no notice. We have deliberately planned this inspection for Midnight so as to not bother your passengers. Just cooperate with us and we will be off your lovely ship as soon as possible. Randall and Hopkirk here," McWhirt said, pointing toward Peltier and Massing, "will conduct the galley inspection. Az'vox and I would appreciate seeing your passenger facilities, if you would be so kind as to escort us there. I am sure that Randall and Hopkirk can find the galley with no problem. It is clearly marked, I'm sure, as per regulations?"

"Yes, yes, can we get this over with?" Sullivan replied, his tone displaying unconcealed irritation. "I would prefer that the passengers were not aware of this. It hurts repeat business, you know."

"No problem, let's get to it," McWhirt said as they walked out of the Purser's office and into the main corridor. As soon as McWhirt and Azundur'kar turned the corner with their unwilling guide, Peltier and Massing shot back into Sullivan's office and Peltier keyed up his computer records.

"Okay, first, let's get an accurate printout of the ship layout," He said, obviously pressing the right buttons, as a printout began to spool out. "Now, let's make sure that the Orion was telling the truth," he said as he accessed the passenger records. Massing kept her eyes on the door to the office. "Rhodes wouldn't have registered under his own name, and he is undoubtedly in disguise, so let's start with *all* humans and human-type races on board."

He worked the terminal with ease and a list of seventeen names swiftly appeared on the screen with their cabin designations. Pressing the command for visual verification and personal information, a face appeared with each name, along with a short physical description. The Tramp Steamers were usually willing to follow this Federation requirement for their own protection. This computer didn't have morphotechnology programmed in so they couldn't play around with the images, but Peltier felt confident that they could trust their eyes on this one. He and Minx checked through the passenger list, first eliminating those who were too short. You could do wonders with disguises but you couldn't chop centimeters off your height. They continued the elimination process until there were only three passengers left who bore even a superficial resemblance to Rhodes. Two Humans and a Deian – Joseph DeGurdens, George Street and Palla Dundar.

"Okay, Minx. It's time for some legwork," Peltier said as he printed out the information on the screen and then signed off the computer. "Let's start with Georgie boy in cabin 711."

They made their way to the passenger area uninterrupted and Peltier wondered if there was a curfew aboard this ship or perhaps the passengers were simply staying out of sight. They encountered no civilians and few crew. The first two passengers they checked were clearly not Rhodes, and after only a few minutes they arrived at #621, the location of the final candidate, the passenger listed as DeGurdens.

"Cabin 621. Let's say hello to our friend." The door was locked, and no one answered the chimes or Peltier's gentle tapping on the door. "Minx, do you want to try climbing through this ship's air vent system, maybe see if you can get a look at him that way?"

"Why don't you try a bypass *first*," Massing murmured, with a touch of slight exasperation coloring her words. "Just because I'm small doesn't mean I always *want* to be climbing through the air ducts."

Peltier shrugged and pulled out a tool from his 'H&W' satchel. Once he had the plate prised free of the access panel, he stepped back, looked at the internals, and whistled.

"This panel has already been bypassed," he explained. "And now it's been double-locked. See this chip?" He indicated a small green object that obviously didn't fit in with the surrounding circuitry. "It's Klingon-made. There's another player in the game."

It took him several attempts but Peltier was finally able to bypass the Klingon double-lock and the door slid open, allowing him to enter the room with Massing. The light switch was inoperative, it seemed, but the light streaming in from the corridor illuminated the small cabin adequately. It was a shambles, with all the storage receptacles in disarray and clothes and personal effects spread all across the floor. As Massing reached down to pick up an overturned suitcase, her communicator sounded and she jumped.

"Massing here," she said quietly.

"Azundur'kar is keeping Sullivan busy for a few minutes. Let's have an update," McWhirt replied.

"Well, we found Rhodes' cabin but it's been trashed and there's no sign of him. Worse, there was a Klingon bypass chip on the access panel for the door."

"Bollocks. I thought this was supposed to be a breeze mission. Sullivan just informed me that there is a *Klingon Health & Welfare* inspection planned for 0600 hours. I guess it's safe to say that they aren't coming to inspect the meat lockers.

"This complicates things," McWhirt continued. "We have to find Rhodes *now*. Meet us at the deck six galley in five minutes. We'll figure out what to do then. We'll find a way to ditch Sullivan, even if we have to lock him in a wall locker. McWhirt out."

• Ready Room 4, Aboard the *Saratoga* •

The Marines sat about the ready room, either cleaning their weapons and kibbitzing, or watching the briefing disk and Rusty walked back and forth among them, impatient and tense. Every so often, he would give someone a pointer or correct someone on a stripping procedure; it was obvious that he was starting to get on their nerves.

Turning to the lieutenant in charge, he asked, "Are your men ready?"

"Yes, M'eins. My men are ready. I don't know why we're needed though; I thought you Primes could handle anything."

"I didn't say you were needed, I asked if you were ready," Rusty retorted sarcastically. They glared at each other for a moment, as if they were both about to say something, but nothing was said and the lieutenant returned his attention to his men.

"The Black Eagles *can* handle anything, even without me," Rusty said in a defiant tone, but he wished nevertheless that he was with his Team.

• Cargo Hold, Deck 9, Aboard the *Satchel Paige* •

Rhodes sat on the floor, his hands tied behind him, in the midst of boxes and shipping cartons of all shapes and sizes. He shook his head to clear the cobwebs which seemed to fill his mind but it served only to create an artificial starfield before his eyes. As his vision slowly cleared, he saw a Klingon opposite him seated atop a processing table with a Dunkar and Zoolie standing by his side. They were all smiling, and that wasn't a good sign.

"So, Rhodes, we finally meet face to face," Katahn said, then spoke a single word in Klingon.

"You're Darkwind?" Rhodes gasped as he heard the emergency recognition code. He had never actually expected to meet his Klingon controller in person.

"At your service. Well actually, you're at mine. Vorg searched your cabin and found nothing, so where are the disks?" Katahn said.

"I thought you'd be taller..."

"Where are the disks?" Katahn repeated impatiently.

"...and better looking."

"Vorg," Katahn said and Vorg walked over to Rhodes and slapped him hard across the face which not only hurt but also brought back the artificial starfield for a moment. "You asked a high price for the fleet information, Rhodes," Katahn continued. "Now where is it?"

"I brought you nothing, Katahn. Why are *you* here anyway? Why not send a flunky like every other time?"

"The Emperor himself asked me to field an honor guard to escort you to Klinshai. He wants to decorate you for all your fine work, I'm sure," Katahn said with more than a trace of a sarcasm in his voice. "Now where is the fleet information?"

Rhodes laughed. "I put it in a waste oubliette aboard the *Bad Dog*; by now, it's a new satellite!"

"Are you sure your dosage of the truth serum was strong enough?" Katahn asked Vorg as he turned away from Rhodes in disgust.

"Sir, he *is* telling the truth," Vorg answered, checking his Verifier to confirm the information and showing the screen to Katahn.

Katahn pushed the Verifier aside and slid off the table. "If what you say *is* true," he said as he stood over Rhodes. "then what will we find in this animal-skinned thing?"

With a flourish, Pretaar brought forth Rhodes' leather briefcase from behind his back and handed it to Katahn. From the marks on the leather, Rhodes could see that they had tried to get in by removing the base hinges but they hadn't succeeded in opening it.

"If you try to force open the case, it will flashfire the contents," Rhodes said to his captors, "but I think you already know that, don't you?" He remained outwardly defiant but,

although he had spaced the fleet information, there was still confidential Federation data within the case and Rhodes didn't want to share it with the Klingons. He was in a bad situation and giving up his remaining aces wouldn't necessarily get him out of it.

"Vorg, go remove your handiwork from his cabin," Katahn said. "Pretaar and I will do some old-fashioned questioning of our own while you're gone."

• Cabin 621, Deck 6 •

"Minx, I don't think we are going to find anything here," Peltier said as he dropped the mattress from Rhode's bunk back into place. Minx's idea that there might be something hidden above the ceiling panels, perhaps causing the lights themselves to malfunction, had not panned out. "Let's go."

Minx and Peltier closed the door and started down the corridor toward the galley. As they turned the corner, they practically ran into Vorg. Momentarily startled, Vorg responded by unleashing a quick kick to Peltier's head. Peltier dodged but the kick hit him in the shoulder, knocking him off balance. Minx was quick to respond, though, and blasted Vorg with her phaser. The Dunkar slumped against the bulkhead and slid to the floor unconscious.

"Peltier, are you okay?" Minx asked, and Peltier nodded his head.

"I'm okay," he said, "but what the hell was that all about?"

"I'm not sure but I don't think he was the room service clerk! I'll get him to Rhodes' cabin, you go get McWhirt and Az. I think we're about to get some answers."

Minx grabbed the Dunkar and dragged him back to cabin 621 as Peltier took off to get the others. Taking him inside, she secured his hands and feet with a set of flexible restraints she had thrown into the satchel. *You can never have too many sets of handcuffs*, she thought.

The minutes passed slowly and Minx kept her eyes on both the prisoner and the door. Peltier's special knock came and her three teammates entered.

"Where's Sullivan?" Minx asked as Brian closed the door behind them.

"I told him we needed a full report of perishable cargo taken on in the last thirty days, broken down into planet of origin and destination planet, with the necessary releases for each. He's off rousing the Cargomaster. That should keep him busy for awhile. We managed to ditch his assistant with a simple turbolift step-off maneuver, courtesy of Az," Brian responded with a smile and Az took a bow.

They questioned Vorg but he resisted all their attempts to uncover Rhode's location. Although not much of a martial artist, it appeared that he was a veteran intelligence agent.

"We're all out of sharpened bamboo shoots to stick under your fingernails," McWhirt said to the Dunkar, with a sly wink to Minx. "so I think it's time our friend T'Pon joined the party. You'll like her, Baldy. She has this *special* way with people."

McWhirt reached for his communicator and the Dunkar felt his first twinge of defeat as he heard the Vulcan name. He *hated* Vulcans.

• The Captain's Cabin Aboard the *Satchel Paige* •

Katahn and the Captain stood by the massive viewscreen which dominated one wall of his luxurious cabin. It featured

an image of a large aquarium, with fish of many different types (and from several different worlds) swimming in the crystal waters. It was in stark contrast to the rest of the ship and it bothered Katahn with its relaxing colors and soothing images. *The plaything of a weak captain*, he thought.

"It has been a pleasure, Captain, but I will be leaving with the H&W inspection team when they finish here. That is not a problem, is it?" Katahn asked with a confident air.

"No problem, but which team are you going with - the Feds or your own?" Captain Bariich said with a wry smile, taking a sip of his drink.

Katahn almost choked. "Feds?" He asked, struggling to remain calm while actually wishing that he could rip the throat out of this simpering *Kle'zahn!*

"Yes, an unscheduled H&W inspection team beamed on just before Midnight. I let Sullivan deal with them," Bariich replied.

Katahn could feel the rage within himself and fought to keep it under control. Kerrington had obviously sold Rhodes out to both parties. *He will pay for this with his life*, Katahn thought.

"Well, I will be leaving with the Klingons, of course, and I really should prepare myself for departure. Thank you for the drink." Katahn said, placing the glass down on the table and exiting the cabin. As soon as the door closed behind him, he sprinted down the corridor to the turbolift; the time for subtleties was over. The turbolift arrived swiftly and he entered, drawing his communicator as the doors slid closed.

"Vorg, Pretaar, report in," he said repeatedly but there was no answer. "Deck Nine!" he barked to the turbolift controls. They had managed to pry the first access codeword from Rhodes before the interrogation had knocked the weak human into unconsciousness. The lock on the case had accepted the codeword and was ready for part two. Katahn was sure that he would get the second codeword, and the data, once Pretaar had completed *his* stage of the interrogation.

He stood ready as the doors opened, and was not surprised to see a Federation crewman standing there. Katahn blasted him with his disruptor before Az could react. Az pulled his weapon but Katahn fired again and Az fell to the ground, stunned. As Katahn stepped over Az's prone body, he was hit with a blast from Massing's phaser. Shaking off the blast, a short and almost silent firefight ensued and Minx retreated around the corner, where McWhirt was cutting through the bulkhead to get inside Rhodes' temporary prison. T'Pon stood back from the others, a look of intense concentration on her face.

"No!" Katahn shouted as he turned the corner, ignoring the relative safety of the corridor intersection to fire at the Team. Peltier returned fire and caught him square in the solar plexus, knocking him back behind the bulkhead. Just as he readied himself to rush the Feds once again, regardless of the outcome, he was blasted from behind and fell to the floor. Massing cautiously looked around the corner as Katahn's unconscious form slid into view and was surprised to see Rusty standing there, a big smile on his face.

"What are you doing here?" Minx asked him as they returned to the Team.

"I got tired of waiting with the grunts," Rusty answered. "so I talked the transporter chief into beaming me over just in case you needed some help. Pretty lucky I showed up, huh?"

"Whatever you say, Rusty."

McWhirt completed his work on the bulkhead, manipulated the door controls, and the door slid open. Rhodes lay inside and it appeared that someone had done a tapdance on his head. A Zoolie stood motionless in the center of the room, T'Pon's Command locking him in place, and Peltier rushed in to secure him.

"Okay, guys, success! It looks like we've found our man," McWhirt said as his Team got to work. "Minx, get Az. Peltier, get the Klingon and put him in here with the Zoolie. Let's do a quick swap and get the hell out of here."

• March 5th, Y171 Aboard the *Saratoga* •

It was time for the debriefing. The atmosphere in the small room was cold, almost sterile, and Rhodes knew that at least six monitoring devices were trained on him right at this moment. *Too bad they took away my visual jammer*, he thought and a smile crossed his face. He sat at the table and looked down at his hands. "All things considered, I'd rather be in Philadelphia," he said to no one in particular and his voice sounded thick and slow to his ears. He was still feeling the dizzying effects of the truth serum the Klingons had pumped into him and his face and chest were sore from Katahn's personal attention. The door slid open and he didn't need to look up to know that it would be Greene. He was right. Greene took the seat opposite Rhodes and laid out a small recorder and a document case.

"Are you sure you'll need that?" Rhodes asked, pointing at the recorder.

"Why didn't you tell me, Ash?" Greene asked, ignoring Rhodes' question. Rhodes flinched at the icy tone of Greene's voice. "Why didn't you come to me?"

"What ... and tell you that I was a double agent? I don't think so."

"You should have told me you were leaving, Ash. I had a surprise party planned for your birthday!" Greene said and they both laughed.

"What did you give the Orions? They wouldn't have done all this work for nothing."

Rhodes laughed. "I might have known that Kerrington would be the weak link in this plan. I gave him a breakdown of Klingon trade routes, that's all. He could have gotten the information himself if he had only known where to look."

"What did you give the Klingons, Ash," Greene quickly snapped in an attempt to catch Ash off guard.

"I gave them nothing," he replied.

"You're lying. You lied about your daughter and you're lying about this. We intercepted your final message and it took awhile for the codeheads to crack it, but they did. It said that this was the final one. What was the final one, Ash?"

"I couldn't do it, Beech. They told me that they wanted complete breakdowns of fleet movements and I told them that I didn't have access to that information. When they insisted, I thought that perhaps I could give them some phony information and get away with the money I needed to make a new life. I couldn't take the pressure of the double life anymore. Okay, so that wasn't completely rational but I wasn't thinking straight.

"I planned everything on that last day, including the visual jammer and the tracer switch, to make it look as if I was on the run. That way, word would leak out that I was a Rogue

and the Klingons would trust my information. Trust it until I could get away, at least. I set up a meeting with my Klingon contact to give them the batch of bogus information but then I panicked. I skipped the meeting and ran, destroying the disks while I was on the *Bad Dog*. I thought that I had managed to get away scot-free until I ran into the Dunkar yesterday.

"But I gave them *nothing*, Beech. It wasn't a planned meeting on the *Satchel Paige*. Katahn said that they were there to escort me to Klinshai to receive a decoration from the Emperor himself for all the information I had given them in the past. I have my doubts as to the veracity of *that* information!" Rhodes paused to take a short drink of water and then continued. "Nothing I ever gave them endangered any Federation lives, I assure you."

Greene looked at Rhodes for a few moments and then reached into the document case, withdrawing two disks and a selection of papers. "What about these, Ash? Were you planning to use these to provide yourself with some retirement money, doling them out to the highest bidder one at a time? How the hell can you think that you weren't endangering lives?" Greene said angrily.

"How did you get into the case so quickly?" Rhodes said quietly after a short pause, his eyes downturned. He had been certain that the Klingons would try to force the case open when they weren't able to get the second codegroup.

"That's a funny thing. When we first saw the case, with the initial word 'Pearly' revealed in the LCD, we entered the first thing which came to mind, that being 'Gates,' figuring the code phrase to be 'Pearly Gates'. That didn't work, of course, so we were going to give it to the codeheads to play with when one of your rescuers gave us the answer."

"What do you mean, one of my rescuers?"

"Well, I knew that you had purchased the briefcase in Old London so when I found out that McWhirt had just completed a training course on the history of London, I asked him to take a look at it in case you had coded it with a uniquely British word or phrase. He took a look at it, tried a few variants, keyed in 'King and Queen' and voila! Pearly King and Queen, the royalty of the cockney subculture, McWhirt tells me. Anyway, the case opened and here we are."

They were both silent for a few moments.

"I wasn't lying about Tracy," Rhodes said quietly.

"Your daughter is dead, Ash."

"The fire was a setup, Beech. She's not dead, she's been waiting for me on a planet in the Neutral Zone for some time. I'd had enough, Beech. I just wanted to fade away into the background."

"It's too late for that, Ash. You know why I came and it isn't to escort you to a nice little family reunion. The *Saratoga* is set to rendezvous with the *Valiant* which is on its way back to Earth. I'm sorry," Greene said as he hit a button on the desk.

Rhodes just sat in silence, no expression on his face; as McWhirt and Peltier entered the room and stood behind his chair.

"It's time to go, Sir," McWhirt said, as Rhodes stood up and they began the long walk to the brig. Greene snapped the document case closed and followed them down the corridor. Of all the aspects of his job, this was definitely his least favorite. ◆◆◆

α PRIME CENTRAL α

Each issue, the Prime Central section of Prime Adventures will deal with a variety of subjects, including new skills and abilities, and this first offering gives you a look at an intriguing way for your characters to improve their skills.

Advanced Prime Team Training (APTT)

by Timothy D. Olsen & Mark Costello

By the time characters graduate from Prime Central, they are more than ready to assume their places on a Prime Team. Their comprehensive training regime prepares them to adapt and respond quickly to often novel situations, and it is because of this extraordinary flexibility and responsiveness that Prime Teams are so highly prized within Star Fleet. Prime Teams can out-think and outmaneuver almost any other type of combat group because the Primes have been specifically trained to be non-linear problem solvers. Their special ability is to be able to *figure out* how to do just about *anything* well.

But what about those times when just doing "well" isn't enough? As stated above, Primes are a general purpose, go-anywhere, do-anything Team, with a diverse ability base. There are times, however, when there is a need for a "special purpose team," one with a highly specialized knowledge of a particular subject or endeavor. Such teams *should* have the same self-reliant flexibility as a Prime Team, but there is no guarantee that any special-purpose team will have what it takes to develop the cohesiveness required of a Prime Team. At times like this, Star Fleet believes it is better to give an existing Prime Team the specialized training they need to tackle the task at hand than to try to whip a new special purpose team into shape. This is where Advanced Prime Team Training comes into play.

Advanced Prime Team Training (APTT) is an excellent way for the GM to reward his players for making it through a series of rough missions (Star Fleet would like to commend you all for defeating the Krellarbeasts of Mullar IV, for rescuing the Admiral's daughter, for figuring out the mysteries of Meva Station, etc., etc.), or for doing really well overall. (Congratulations, you are now the only active Prime Team whose members are ALL at Seniority 70+!) Simply have the Briefing Officer tell the Team that they have been temporarily reassigned to Prime Central for Advanced Training. If the players groan, then tell them that APTT = Free CIPs! A stint at the APTT course at Prime Central will give characters access to free skills and abilities.

As the GM setting up the APTT for your Team, you first need to decide upon the justification for sending the Team to Prime Central to begin with. (For example, in *Disputed Prize*, the Prime Team was sent for an abbreviated session of APTT while the *Saratoga* is in spacedock for repairs. Just what training they received would have depended on what needs Star Fleet saw and what instructors and facilities were available.) Star Fleet *never* pulls an asset like a Prime Team out of the field just because they think it would be *nice* to give them a few new skills. Behind every stint at APTT waits a vital mission (or *series* of missions) and they are all going to be *tough*. The Training that they receive, remember, will prepare them for these assignments.

A session at APTT should raise two or three skills (or other special abilities related to the mission) to about Skill Level 4. Less than that and the Team probably didn't need the Training to begin with; more than that and the Team would not have the time to finish their training before they needed to

leave for the mission. If a character has a supporting characteristic for one or more of these skills that is less than a 4, then there is a chance that he might raise that characteristic during the course of training. Have him roll a D6 for each supporting characteristic that is 3 or less, rerolling 6s just as in a regular task test. If the D6 roll is *twice* or greater than the current value of the characteristic (2+ for a 1, 4+ for a 2, 6+ for a 3), then the characteristic is raised by +1. This new value determines the skill level the character acquires in the Advanced Training.

Feel free to invent your own new skills and abilities to reflect the unique nature of the missions you have in mind. For example: Recent archaeological findings on a Federation colony world suggest that a warlike race of subterranean creatures, formerly thought to be extinct, are actually still alive and are periodically raiding the surface for supplies ... and captives. Sensors can't penetrate the bedrock of the planet and the colonists need help. Send a regular team of spelunkers after a crash combat training course? Not likely! This is a mission for a Prime Team. So, send the Team back to Prime Central and give them all up to 4 levels in both Free and Rope Climbing, and level 4 in the (new) Perception Skill Spelunking (Underground Orienteering). Then send them on their way! Three months (and six game sessions later), the Team emerges, covered with glory (and mud) and with a signed trade agreement with the Subterraneans.

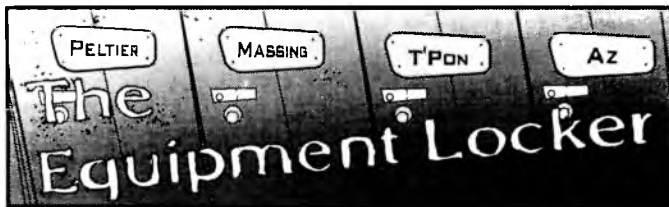
You get the idea. A session of APTT at Prime Central should take anywhere from two weeks to three months, depending upon the amount that the Team needs to learn. Remember that the team is getting specialized, round the clock instruction by professionals in the fields they are studying. Even a character with a "1" in the supporting characteristic for the skill(s) being taught will pick up the levels.

Remember, APTT is *only* used to prepare the Team for *big* missions, i.e., campaign adventures that may take several play sessions to complete. These are vitally important assignments which *require* special training just to give the Team a chance to succeed. Anything that requires special training should provide the Team with a serious challenge. APTT is *not* merely a way for players to load up with free skills and GMs should exercise caution (and control) over the distribution of skills through the APTT system. If the players gripe, remind them of the following classic.

"There ain't no such thing as a free lunch!"

Just think of APTT as a way of giving a Team their Mission Award CIPs *before* they go off to face their doom and describe it that way to the players. They'll all get a laugh out of it. Maybe...

You might actually want to run an adventure or two right at Prime Central. Using the material provided in *UFP-The Federation Sourcebook*, an intrigue or two in the seeming safety of the domes at Oceanus Procellarum might be an interesting change of pace for the Team, especially before you ship them off on their Special Mission. In any event, you must at least spend some time describing the goings on at Prime Central before moving on to the Big Adventure itself. It would be a waste of a true story-telling opportunity to simply say, "You are reassigned to Prime Central for APTT; here are your skills; now here's the mission." Have some *fun* with the Training. If you turn it into a memorable situation, the players will be even more eager to do it again the *next* time you come up with a Special Mission! ♦♦♦



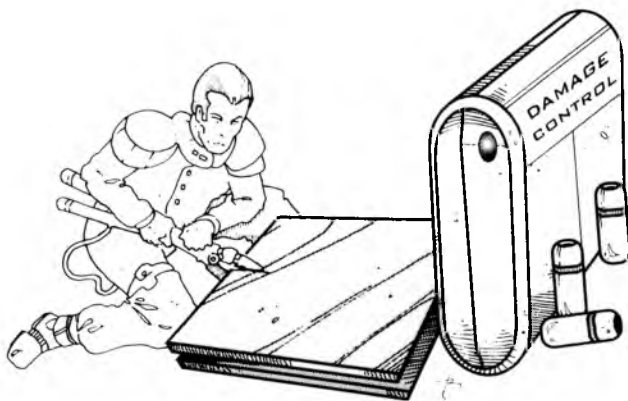
The Office of Research & Design has completed Alpha testing of the following equipment and it is now available to Prime Teams. Prepare your equipment requests accordingly.

Damage Control Kit: BR# = 12 (20 kg)

One of the greatest dangers in space is a hull breach; the Damage Control (DC) Kit contains just about everything needed to make small emergency hull repairs which *should* hold until the ship makes it to a shipyard for repairs. The kit contains six one-liter containers of Filler Foam; this extremely sticky material expands 10:1 when applied. Also in the kit are six sheets of plasteel sheeting in various sizes from 30cm square to 1 meter square, two pairs of gloves (configured for human hands) to which the filler foam will not adhere, and a pair of sheet cutters. Only 2mm thick, this plasteel sheeting is highly flexible but will not stretch or tear.

To repair a small hole or crack, filler foam is applied to the surrounding area and a plasteel sheet is pressed in place and held firm until the foam hardens (approximately 30 seconds). The foam acts as a sealant and will hold the sheeting in place until more permanent repairs can be made.

Designed by Gary Plana

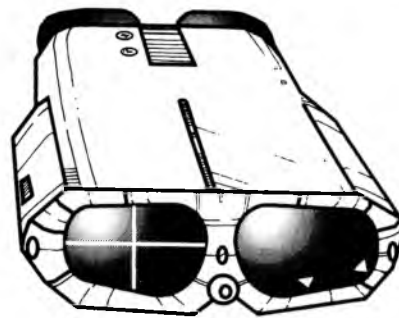


Damage Control Kit

Electronic Binoculars: BR# = 4 (2.1 kg)

This device allows the user to see long distances with a standard magnification power of up to x200. (It is fitted with an internal gyroscope to "avoid the jitters" at high magnification.) It also features settings for both the infrared and ultraviolet portions of the spectrum and can accurately determine the distance to what-ever is being observed. One standard charge (administered by the Quartermaster before the unit is issued to the Team) will sustain the binoculars for up to 20 hours of continuous use. (As most usages will amount to minutes rather than hours, it is very rare that the charge will run out before the completion of a mission.)

Designed by Cliff Yahnke



Electronic Binoculars

Emergency Thermal Blanket: BR# = 1 (n/a)

This is a micro-thin foil blanket which is very effective at trapping body heat in cold situations. Easily compressed and very lightweight, it can be folded small enough to fit into the palm of your hand. When unfolded, it can be easily wrapped around a person as large as a Rigellian providing temporary warmth and comfort in temperatures as low as -30 C. The total unfolded dimensions of the blanket are 8' by 7'.

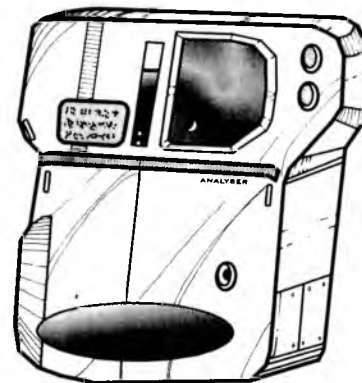
Designed by Cliff Yahnke

Field Truth Analyzer: BR# = 9 (1.8 kg)

The Field Truth Analyzer (FTA) device is designed to function as a portable lie-detector, analyzing the subject's pulse, respiration rate, galvanic responses, etc. to determine if he is telling the truth. (The Klingon version of this device is called the *Verifier*.)

While the results given by this device are not always conclusive, a skilled technician can usually identify all but the most deceptive subjects. To resolve this situation, make a Yes/No test using the operator's Interrogation skill against a target number of "x" where "x" is the sum of the subject's Discipline characteristic and Resist Interrogation skill level. For example, a character with an Interrogation skill of 6 trying to interrogate a subject with a Discipline characteristic of 6 and a Resist Interrogation skill level of 5 would roll 6 dice against a target number of 11. Success would indicate that the results have been interpreted correctly; Failure would simply mean that the test results were inconclusive. (This should be a secret die roll with the results known only to the GM, of course.)

The FTA will need to be calibrated for each race before the test begins; the GM will need to assign substantial mods if the Team encounters a new race.



Field Truth Analyzer

Please note: A separate roll must be made for each question asked of the subject, and poorly phrased or ambiguous questions should result in severe mods being applied to the FTA Interrogation roll. Also, if the character using the FTA does not have the Resist Interrogation skill, the "x" in the above equation would simply be his Discipline characteristic.

Designed by Cliff Yahnke

Flexible Restraints: BR# = 4 (0.1 kg)

These polymer restraints are used by Primes (and by most 23rd Century law enforcement agencies) to secure individuals (i.e., "tie 'em up"). At first glance, it appears to be a short length of clear, flexible rope which can be wrapped around the wrists (or legs or tentacles or *whatever...*) of a "bad guy". When the two ends are held firmly together, however, a chemical reaction occurs which solidifies the polymer into a rigid, crystallized state. In this state, it is very difficult to break (Yes/No test vs. a target number of 16). Given average strength and a pair of heavy duty bolt cutters, breaking them would be automatic, and while they *could* be broken by explosives, a well-swung axe, or a phaser, this would naturally do damage to whatever is wrapped up inside of them ... presumably a person who (if you want to release him) you don't want to harm.

When Flexible Restraints are requested by (or issued to) the Team, they are given enough cord to restrain 10 humanoids and a catalyst stick to de-crystallize the cord. When applied directly to the restraints, the catalyst stick returns the cord to its normal flexible state and it is then ready to be re-used. One catalyst stick is sufficient to de-crystallize 100 applications of the restraints.

Note to the GM on other uses: Although specifically designed to be used as 'handcuffs,' the Flexible Restraints can be used in many ways such as: bundling firewood into a more easily-handled unit, bracing cracked wooden beams, looped through door latches to keep something closed, tying a flashlight to a rifle so you can see what you're shooting, etc. (The Flexible Restraints bind with an effective strength of 16.)

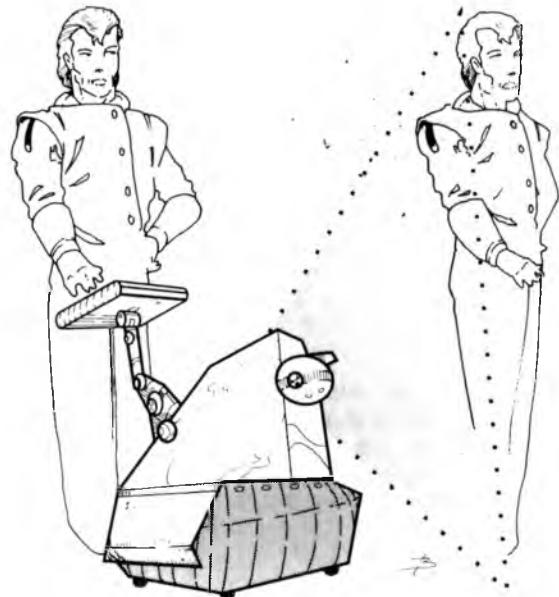
Designed by Cliff Yahnke

Holoprojector: BR#=10 (24 kg)

The holoprojector is a bulky device that projects a purely optical, three-dimensional holographic image. While to the naked eye, this image is almost indistinguishable from the "real thing," the projected image is easily detected by any form of enhanced sensory capacity (thermal vision, sonar, heightened olfactory sense, etc.) as well as by any type of sensor or scanner *except* those of an optical or electro-optical type. If the operator of the Holoprojector can find a way to block or limit the use of the scanning device, then the holoprojector enjoys a somewhat greater ability to fool the viewer. The projector itself is highly shielded against scans (the equivalent of a Personal Signature Masker) when in use to prevent a canny opponent from simply scanning for the projector itself.

The standard holoprojector has a "memory bank" of up to 20 prestored images. The image should not be more than 10 meters from the projector for a sharp image. When the image is initially recorded, the operator has a certain degree of "editing" ability, in that the background may be eliminated, or surface details of the target may be erased or subtly altered. The image of a door, for instance, may be recorded, removing the surrounding wall from the image, or changing a background sign or character name plate to read differently. Even with editing, the entire volume of the recorded image may not exceed 2 meters cubed. When projected, the image

may be scaled up or down to make the image appear larger or smaller (or closer or further away), but still can never exceed the 2 cubic meters volume limit. Larger, heavier versions of the holoprojector can project multiple versions, some as many as five, of the same image, but pay the power cost (discussed below) for each of these images. The holoprojector cannot, of course, project images through a solid obstruction. However, only a relatively small "window" to the target area, approximately 4cm square, is required to allow the image to be projected.



Holoprojector

The holoprojector uses a great deal of power. A single image, regardless of its "size" uses up 3 power pack points per TiC. (This gives the holoprojector just over two minutes of operational capacity per 100 point power pack.)

Note to the GM: This large, bulky, and easily damaged machine is not the sort of thing that can easily be carted around in the field and is best used in controlled situations or during training sessions. (If the Holoprojector is plugged into a power source and does not have to rely on its integral power pack, it can be operated indefinitely.)

Designed by Mark Costello

Personal Styluspad: BR# = 2 (0.2 kg)

This is a hand-held device, which through the use of a stylus on the touch-sensitive viewscreen, can be used to store data. Players will program a styluspad upon receiving it and it will then recognize their handwriting, saving the information to a small, removable disk. (In game terms, its greatest use is for those times where the players forget to actually write something down, such as a combination or code word, etc. If the players state to the GM that they are using this device to store some data, then he should simply give them a hard copy of the requested information, simulating the character reading the information off the screen.)

Designed by Tim Olsen and Cliff Yahnke



Personal Styluspad

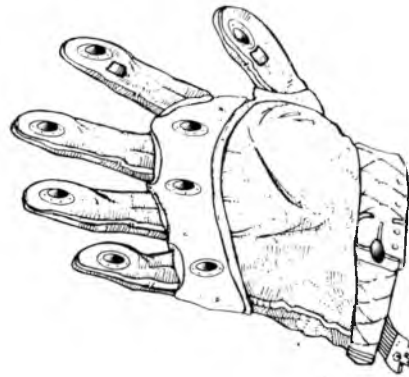
Shock Glove: BR#=5 (.2 kg/glove)

This is a heavy duraleather glove that is designed for missions that require a 'light touch'. The exterior of the glove is lined with a number of contact studs for the glove's fibrous discharge capacitor system whose power source is stored in a band worn around the wrist. The glove only discharges on contact (Martial Arts SL of Minimal or better after dodge, or GM's call) and contains enough 'juice' for 20 successful attacks. To insure against accidental discharge, the glove will discharge *only* when the two contact plates on the thumb and the side of the index finger are touching (i.e., when the hand is in a fist or karate chop position). Since it takes the capacitors a few moments to recharge after each successful use, the Shock Glove takes a full TIC to recharge after discharging. Consequently, the Shock Glove can be successfully employed no more than every other round in combat.

A successful Shock Glove attack adds an expanded +2/+4/+6 Stun to the base D#s inflicted by the owning character's Martial Attack. The owning character can also choose to 'pull his punch' and simply inflict 2/4/6 Stun damage with the glove itself without actually striking the target with any real force. (Purists might wish to impose an expanded +0/+1/+2 mod on the attacker's to hit roll when employing the Shock Glove to reflect the fact that the attacker cannot kick his opponent while trying to use the Glove.) Successful attacks by characters performing Lethal Damage Attacks while employing the Shock Glove are resolved as two separate attacks for the purposes of AR damage reduction, ONLY.

The Shock Glove uses a special, non-standard power pack and additional Shock Glove Power Packs (each weighing .05 kg) may be requested with a BR#=3. Please note: The Shock Glove has no effect on Tholians, Fralli, or anyone protected by an insulated closed-environment suit.

Designed by Cliff Yahnke



Shock Glove

Vision Enhancement Goggles: BR# = 4 (0.4 kg)

These goggles are a basic piece of equipment issued when the Primes are scheduled to be in obscured conditions. They can be used in one of two modes which can be switched back and forth as a 1 TiC action.

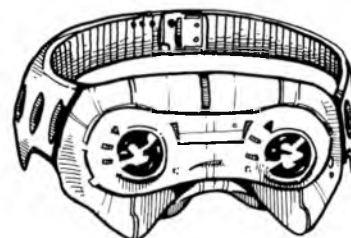
- Near-Infrared (IR) or Thermal Vision:

Detects objects with a temperature of up to 35°C at ranges out to 400 meters. Hotter objects can be discerned at greater ranges on a roughly linear scale. Camouflage has no effect unless the target is wearing a sealed suit of some kind (e.g., Assault Armor, Vac Suit, Cold Weather Gear, High Radiation Suit, etc.). In addition, this mode allows the user to look through thin walls such as those constructed of canvas, thin plastic, or heat-conducting metals. Unfortunately, the limitation of using the goggles in this mode is that they have poor resolution (i.e., you cannot distinguish one person from another or between similar vehicle types).

- Far-Infrared (IR) or Light-Amplification:

The vision produced by this mode is monochromatic and limited to 100 meters on a bright night without an IR Light source. As the goggles are designed to amplify the available light to normal levels, the user will effectively be blind if there is no light source to amplify. With an IR light source (a mode included on all Battle Lanterns), however, you can see as far and as well as if the area were illuminated normally. However, the real drawback of this is that if your enemy has IR goggles of his own, your IR sources are all like flashlights to them - a BIG problem if your source is the lamp on your helmet...or your head!

Designed by Gary Forbis and Cliff Yahnke



Vision Enhancement Goggles

Visual Jammer: BR# = 8 (0.3 kg)

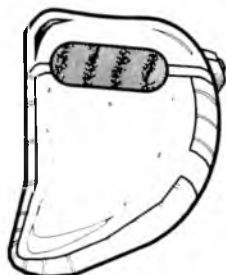
The Visual Jammer (VJ) is a perfect example of how starship technology can be adapted to personal use. Developed

by Cygnan scientists and based on the same principles as ECM/ECCM, the VJ is designed to emit a brief, intense pulse of electromagnetic radiation slightly outside the optical regime. While normal eyesight is unaffected, this pulse will overload the input to enemy (or unfriendly) electronic visual-recording devices. As the electronic viewing device you are trying to fool struggles to process this "noise" it is essentially rendered inoperative, providing a harsh recording of static to its user (... successfully covering up your actions).

The VJ could also be quite effective in setting up a diversion. Setting one off in an area where you don't plan to be could fool the enemy into believing that your Team is *there* ... and not sneaking in their back door while they're all rushing to the front door to investigate!

While the VJ is small enough to fit in the palm of your hand, it is very power-hungry, consuming an entire standard power pack charge for each 5 TiCs it is in use. Note that this device has *no* effect on non-optical devices such as tricorders or other sensors (which would pick up the pulse of released energy), motion trackers, pressure plates, invisible beam interrupts, etc.

Designed by Cliff Yahnke



Visual Jammer

Equipment Availability by Year

The equipment introduced in the Equipment Locker section is first available to players in the following years:

- **Damage Control Kit:** Y1 (While the DC kit itself will appear to be drastically different in later years, it will perform the same basic function.)
- **Electronic Binoculars:** Y1
- **Emergency Thermal Blanket:** Y1
- **Field Truth Analyzer:** Y120
- **Flexible Restraints:** Y100
- **Holoprojector:** Y134
- **Personal Styluspad:** Y1
- **Shock Glove:** Y1
- **Vision Enhancement Goggles:** Y1
- **Visual Jammer:** Y165



Mistress Elisha Leelun of the Orion ship *Lady's Diamond* gives orders to her Crime Team, the *Diamond Chips*, as her ship participates with other Orion ships in an attack on a Romulan convoy.

• ASK COMMANDER KOSOV •

Commander Marko Kosov (Briefing Officer aboard the *Saratoga*) has agreed to take time out from his busy schedule to answer your questions about the Prime Directive Universe and the way it works.

Frank S. Fazekas, Jr. has three questions.

1.) *"My character has the skill Fire (phaser). Do I need to have Fire (phaser pistol) and Fire (phaser rifle) too? Or is a phaser, always a phaser (unless it's a heavy weapon like a phaser repeater)?"*

Kosov replies: Excellent point! A hand phaser, phaser pistol and phaser rifle are ALL covered under the basic Fire (phaser) skill, while scatter and repeater phasers are covered under Heavy Weapons Operations. In fact, you should recall that once you have the Fire (phaser) skill, you can also fire (non-heavy) disruptors, plasma guns, etc., albeit with a mod. (Refer to section 5.4, paragraph 6, on page 68 of the Prime Directive Rulebook.)

For instance, when your character learns Fire Phaser as a skill, he is then fluent with all types of ENERGY weapons but not with other types of weapons.

To help clarify the situation, when you learn Fire (Weapon), the "(Weapon)" part should be read as meaning "Weapon Type", where "Type" means energy, ballistic, parabolic, etc. However, if you are attempting use that skill to fire a *specific* weapon different than the one you have listed, (as above, firing a disruptor of any non-heavy weapon type when you are trained with phasers, etc.) then you resolve the test with a flat +2 mod.

2.) *"Assuming that Heavy Weapons Operations works just like Fire(weapon), do I purchase the skill Heavy Weapons Operations (phaser)? And if so, do I need to have Heavy Weapons Operations (scatter phaser) and Heavy Weapons Operations (repeater phaser)?"*

Kosov replies: Yes, you need to get Heavy Weapons Operations (phaser) to be able to fire scatter and repeater phasers, but you **ONLY** need to get that one skill to be able to fire *both* of them. And as above, the Heavy Weapons Operations (phaser) lets you fire any other Heavy Energy weapon as well, e.g., Plasma Repeaters, Disruptor Cannons, etc. What you are really buying is "Heavy Weapons Operations (Weapon)" with a specialization in phasers.

3.) *"The Character Datafile for Marine Sgt. H'Ruusti M'eins on page 187 of the Prime Directive Rulebook shows that he has a skill Fire (Heavy Weapons) that has never been mentioned anywhere! What's going on here?? Do I take Fire (phaser) and Heavy Weapons Operations (phaser)? If so, it should be stated in the rules as Heavy Weapons Operations (Weapon). Or do I take Fire (phaser) and Fire (heavy weapons) and use Heavy Weapons Operations as a supporting skill?"*

Kosov replies: This is an error on the Datafile. Let me be quite clear about this, there is **no such thing** as a "Fire (Heavy Weapons)" skill! In Star Fleet, we refer to this as "Heavy Weapons Operations"! No one beside a wet-eared cadet would talk about "Fire (Heavy Weapon)", and Sergeant M'eins should consider himself lucky that I do not bring this error in his personal datafile to the attention of the Captain. So, **YES**, you do need both Fire (phaser) and Heavy Weapons Operations (phaser) to be able to fire all five types of phasers listed in the Prime Directive Rulebook. Also, having both of these skills would allow you to fire any other

type of personal energy weapon that you run into, with the standard flat +2 mod. Excellent work, Mr. Fazekas! Now, Mr. Ansell, you had a question?

"Yes. The description of how a Plasma weapon operates is unclear. Would you please explain?"

Kosov replies: Think of it this way. Plasma generators fired at any setting as a Stun Attack will inflict an amount of Lethal Damage equal to one-half the amount of Stun Damage they cause in the attack. For example, if you fire a Plasma Pistol as a stunning weapon, it would still do a base 3/5/7 damage, but one-half of whatever Stun Damage got through the Dodge action (if any) would be applied to the target as Lethal Damage. You would then apply the two different D#s separately against the target's AR (if any). So, a Complete SL with a Plasma Pistol set to Stun would apply a base Stun D# of 7 to the target and, assuming that the Dodge action had no effect on the attack, it would *also* cause a base Lethal D# of 3 to the target. Apply the 7 Stun and the 3 Lethal separately against the target's AR. Voila! And, no, the Plasma Rifle cannot fire at a Lethal or Stun 1 setting. Those settings just aren't built into the weapons!

Mr. Witherspoon, your question?

"Yes, sir. Can you please explain to me how Zoolies use their two sets of eyes?"

Kosov replies: Simple. One pair is used for daylight observation and perception and the other, larger eyes (set above the other pair) are used for seeing in total darkness. This upper set differs from 'normal' eyes in that they appear to be all white, with no pupil, but this is misleading as the entire surface of the eyeball itself gathers light (including infrared). Only one set of eyes is used at any given time. Zoolies are thin, wiry, and their skin is "black as night", making them excellent scouts. On their homeworld, the Zoolies are descended from night-hunting predators. This information is featured in various Initial Contact Report Summaries concerning Klingon Subject Races in the Klingon Sourcebook.



Mr. Letherman, your question?

"Why is it that a character of a certain race has a skill level for the language of that race. I would think a Vulcan would be naturally fluent in Vulcan speech, yet Vulcan NPCs have a skill level in this area. Why?"

Kosov replies: Well, my linguistic friend, you need to look at it like this. Every planet is replete with an assortment of local languages and Earth is a 'prime' (excuse the pun) example. The skill level you mention indicates the chance that a character has in understanding any particular dialect of his homeworld. For example, he may be able to speak Dutch, but not German, and as this has the potential of occurring in an adventure it is covered in the assigned skill level.

Mr. Wallace, your question?

"I have a couple of questions about our favorite weapon — the repeater phaser! First, it states in the rules that there is a flat +1 mod for each target you wish to avoid firing at if they are within 1 'apparent' meter of the target you wish to attack. This 'apparent' meter has nothing to do with the 'real' distance between the two (potential) targets, but instead refers to the distance in degrees of arc between the two targets from the point of view of the firer, right?"

Kosov replies: Absolutely correct. In this case the term 'apparent' meter refers to the firer having to move the tip of his gun no more than 1 meter to the left or right to get to his next 'potential' target. This could be two individuals standing almost exactly a meter apart right in front of the firer, or two individuals standing quite a distance apart very far away from the firer. (Usually this will simply be a judgement call on the part of the GM.) However, for the purposes of using a hex map, or gaming figures on the tabletop, the following more precise system of determining an 'apparent' meter may be used. Two figures are within 1 'apparent' meter of each other if they both fall within a 60° arc from the firer's perspective. This can either be measured with a protractor or 'thumbnailed' by visually dividing the semi-circular area in front of the firer into three equal sections. Each of these three sections would be approximately 60°. If you are using a hex map, then things become even easier. Draw a line from the center of the firer's hex to the center of the hex containing the further away of the two targets. If this line passes through more than one of the hex sides of the hex containing the closer of the two targets, then both targets are within 1 'apparent' meter of each other. Note that tracing right down the side of a hex is still only crossing one hexside for the purposes of this rule, as is tracing across the juncture point where two hex sides meet. What is your second question?

"Under the Moderate SL for withholding your fire, it states that you roll 2D6 and compare the roll with your Fire Weapon task dice. How do you determine the number that you rolled from the 2D6? Do you add the dice together, take the highest, etc.?"

Kosov replies: Definitely the sum of the two dice! If we want you to take the highest roll, it is referred to as a Task Roll, with the specified number of dice being used.

As for the rest of you, until next time, **dismissed!** ♦♦♦

"Hey, shouldn't that be...?" Corrections to Prime Directive

It is a given that no matter how many times a manuscript is double-checked and proofread, errors and typos will remain undetected. (Undetected, that is, until five minutes after the finished book returns from the printers!) The following are those we discovered in the Prime Directive Rulebook.

• **Page 7, Table of Contents** – The heading for Section Ten in the Table of Contents says "Adventures" while the section itself which starts on page 144 is entitled "Scenarios." This came about because of a last minute decision to change the title to adventures to avoid confusion with scenarios in Star Fleet Battles. The ToC was changed but the actual section itself was not.

• **Page 64, Blind Fighting** – The description for this skill refers to a flat +8 modifier for a melee attacker unable to see his opponent, while the correct modifier (as listed on the Melee Combat Mods Table on page 83) is a +6/7/8 expanded mod.

• **Page 89, Rule 5.25** – In the example block in the second column, Adrianna's modified dodge tricode is listed as 5/7/9. Later in the paragraph it states that "her dodge tricode remains 5/8/10." This should instead read that her dodge tricode remains 5/7/9 and the tricode listed in the final sentence should be 6/8/10.

• **Page 90** – In the Energy AR description, disruptors are mistakenly included in the list of weapons that affect Energy AR. This is incorrect as the Klingon Disruptor section on page 76 clearly states that targets struck by a disruptor use their Kinetic AR to defend against the attack. (... And to top it all off, disruptor is misspelled as disrupter!)

• **Page 138, Hot Shot Pilot NPC Template** – His Strength should be 3, his Accuracy should be 8, his Intuition should be 4 and his Discipline should be 5. His Pilot skill of 8/8 should, of course, be *inside* the parenthesis, and his LDC and SDC should be 8 and 10, respectively.

• **Pages 181-191** – The datafiles for the Black Eagles are each missing the following skills: Damage Control, Cultural Knowledge (Home System) and Zero Gravity Maneuvering. Add them to the character datafile at 1/(whatever it works out to be). Also, the following Language skills should be listed for each character:

- **Peltier** - Klingon 2/3
- **Adrianna** - Alpha-Centauran 4/4, Klingon 2/3, Romulan 2/3
- **Minx** - French 3/4, Vulcan 3/4, Klingon 2/3
- **Rusty** - Rigellian 4/4, Klingon 3/3, Romulan 3/3
- **Azundur'kar** - Cygnan 4/4, Vulcan 3/3, Prellarian 3/3
- **T'Pon** - Vulcan 4/4, Ancient Vulcan 2/3, Romulan 4/4

Also, on page 187, the Character Datafile for Marine Sgt. H'Ruusti M'eins shows that he has the skill Fire (Heavy Weapons). This skill does not actually exist and you should simply copy the numbers listed here into the correct place – *Heavy Weapons Operations*. ♦♦♦

MIND GAMES: PSIONICS IN PRIME DIRECTIVE

The Mind Games department of Prime Adventures will bring you both new Psionic skills and the occasional variant of existing skills. This issue, we bring you the Domicile and Shield skills and the first look at an interesting Psionic tangent: San'var – The Dark Path!

New Psionic Skills

Domicile 4/6/8 (30)

This ability allows the user to place his personal psychic signature within an enclosed area. Most commonly employed in shrines, altars, or temples (or as often found with Star Fleet members, their cabins), the overall effect of establishing this enduring psychic resonance is to enhance the use of other psionic abilities practiced in the area. While occupying the Domicile, the creating character's Discipline is raised for the purposes of calculating his Psionic Task Dice and for the conduct of other Psionic activities.

Complete SL raises the creating character's Discipline by +4 for the use of *all* Psionic activities.

Moderate SL raises the creating character's Discipline by +2 for the use of *all* Psionic activities (including Domicile).

Minimal SL raises the creating character's Discipline by +1 for the use of *all* Psionic activities (including Domicile).

Failure means that the user was unable to imprint his psychic mark upon the area.

Botch means that the user has created a degree of psychic turbulence in the area. *All* his Psionic activities conducted within the Domicile are resolved with a flat +4 until the Domicile needs to be reestablished. (See below.)

These mods may, in fact, raise a character's Discipline characteristic above a twelve, but for the purposes of Psionic activity *only* (it does not raise his LDC or SDC, for instance), and applies *only* within the Domicile.

Once established, the Domicile will last for a period of time equal to the creator's Discipline in weeks. At the end of that time, the effects of the Domicile will quickly dissipate, requiring the original creator to reestablish the Domicile. Any/all attempts to reestablish the Domicile, or to increase the SL achieved for the Domicile, before this period passes are resolved using the Repeated Task Attempt rules. However, except in the case of the Botch, the beneficial mods the Domicile provides will usually offset these mods.

The area defined as the Domicile may be no larger than the creating character's Discipline characteristic, in meters squared. The character must define the area when he creates his Domicile, but does not need to be able to cover an entire room or space to do so. A character could define his Domicile as a particular (partitioned) portion of his cabin aboard ship, a small area before a temple altar, or even a special circle of stones or a quiet glade in a forest. (Please note: Domicile must be placed within a permanent area or structure.)

No more than one Domicile may be established in a particular area, although they may be set up in areas immediately adjacent to one another. A Psionic (of any level) will immediately be aware that they are in another's Domicile, even if he himself does not possess the ability. *Any* attempt to establish a Domicile in an area where another Domicile has

been created will automatically result in a Botch, and the "squatting" character will automatically suffer Stun Damage equal to twice the Discipline belonging to the character whose Domicile he has come into contact with. (The GM *might* allow a character with at least twice the Discipline of the creator of the original Domicile to attempt to overcome the current Domicile, but would resolve the attempt with a flat mod equal to the Discipline of the current Domicile's creator. The new attempt would need to establish 10 points in an RRT "point" test to displace the current Domicile, while suffering the Repeated Task Attempt mods during the contest. If the creator was present during the contest, then he would be able to add his own Discipline to the dice employed by the Domicile itself, effectively doubling his dice.)

It requires the user twenty hours minus his Discipline (in hours) to establish (or reestablish) a Domicile.

Please note: This ability is available only to those characters who choose the Psionics Master option during character generation and is applicable to the followers of all Paths. Domicile is an advanced psionic ability which requires intense study and devotion to acquire.

Shield 6/8/10 (40)

This ability allows the user to create a shimmering field of psionic energy around his form that protects him from harm. (Usually accompanied with a mocking laugh and the exclamation that "Your primitive weapons are no match for the power of MY MIND!")

Complete SL gives the user an Armor Rating (AR) equal to his Discipline characteristic, with a minimum value of 3-3-3. This AR does not effect his A/I roll, nor does it limit his ability to move in any way.

Moderate SL gives the user an AR equal to his Discipline characteristic minus 2, with a minimum value of 2-2-2.

Minimal SL gives the user an AR equal to his Discipline characteristic minus 4, with a minimum value of 1-1-1.

Failure means that the character fails to produce the Shield effect.

Botch means that the character strains the wrong psychic muscles trying to produce the Shield effect, resulting in the psionic equivalent of a pulled hamstring or groin muscle. (Ouch!) The character suffers 3D6 points of Stun Damage, and is incapable of performing new Psionic tasks for 13 hours minus his Discipline characteristic (in hours).

Weapons that normally *reduce* a particular type of AR do *not* reduce the Shield AR.

The Shield effect lasts for rounds equal to the user's Discipline. If, once the user gets his Shield ability operating, he tries to increase the SL of the ability (to provide an increased level of protection) without first completely dropping the Shield and starting over again, then the time limit is measured from the round in which the Shield was originally raised at the lower level. Once the time limit passes, the character must attempt to raise the Shield once again if he wishes to continue to be protected. A character may only initiate the Shield ability once every 13 hours minus his Discipline characteristic (in hours) without suffering ill effects. If a character attempts to re-raise a psionic Shield without first letting at least this period of time pass, then he immediately takes 1 point of Stun Damage and is at a flat +1 for *all* tasks until he reduces *all* his Stun Damage. These damage and tricode mod penalties are cumulative.

While Shield is active, the highest LoA that the character can achieve is *simple*. (There is no effect on his Initiative dice, however.) The Shield ability does not add to any other AR possessed by the character, either armor/force fields or

Natural AR. In the case where a character wearing (or possessing Armor) is also using the Shield ability, then only the *higher* of the two ARs is used. The character may *not* project or lend his Shield ability to other objects or individuals and only the character himself, his clothes he is wearing, and those small objects that he could reasonably hold in his hands are protected. (The Shield effect would not be strong enough to surround a character he is carrying, for example.)

Shield requires 1 TiC to establish, requires 0 TiCs to maintain, and is available to the followers of all Paths.

San'var – The Dark Path

Although the Nine Paths are followed throughout the Federation, with Psionic abilities used when necessary to ensure the success of a mission, it is a little known fact that there is a Tenth Psionic Discipline. A Path used for evil and self-gain – San'var, the Dark Path, whose followers are known as *Shades*. While this Path is *not* available to Prime Team members, it could make for some fascinating NPCs!

Vulcan Y161

Sarkar sat alone and contemplated, surveying the desert landscape from his position high above the Tre'Zuvek Barrens. The dying sun cast a long shadow behind him on the ledge as it began to dip below the horizon and it brought a sudden thought to his mind

Like all Vulcans, I, too, have a dark side. Why is this suppressed? Are light and darkness not equal aspects of all life?

An unexpected voice from above broke his concentration. "Your study is interrupted, my student. It is time for exchange."

Sarkar broke the lotus position and stood, turning to face his teacher, Tarlock. "Of course," he replied as he moved away from the edge and took his position opposite his mentor. Following the ritual, Sarkar stretched out his hands and placed his fingers on each side of his master's head. Tarlock mirrored the action and the circle was completed, their consciousness melded into one.

Sarkar began by asking, {Why is the Path of San'var forbidden from study?}

{My student.} Tarlock replied, his voice clear and strong to Sarkar although no words were spoken aloud. {You have apparently learned faster than the rest and have now come to that juncture in your studies where you question *what* you are studying. *And*, you give me a question not simple to answer. That is good. Simply put, Sarkar, the mere existence of of a force does not always justify its use.

Many centuries ago, we were nearly exterminated in a series of wars which devastated our culture. Each faction called forth powers more destructive than the last and spent many years subverting their psionic talents to unspeakable levels. This escalation continued until it was realized that a war fought with no rules has no victor. From this point on, it was decided that paths which emphasize aggression and violence would be banned and the Nine Paths were created. They are enough, Sarkar. Now, let us continue...}

Psionic Skills of the Dark Path

Cause Pain 6/8/10 (40)

This ability allows the user to directly trigger the pain centers in another individual's mind causing extreme pain. Similar in effect to the psionic skill of Confusion, this ability has a much darker *modus operandi*.

Complete SL renders the target incapable of achieving better than a Failure LoA and inflicts one point of Stun Damage per round. The target's Initiative is automatically a 0 for the duration of the effect and the target may perform no actions. This is a Reciprocal Response Test vs. the target's Discipline.

Moderate SL renders the target incapable of achieving better than a Minimal LoA. Any dice that score higher than Minimal for the purposes of determining Initiative are treated as Minimal. The character is at a flat +4 to perform any task. This is a Reciprocal Response Test vs. the target's Discipline.

Minimal SL renders the target incapable of achieving better than a Simple LoA. Any dice that score higher than Moderate for the purposes of determining Initiative are treated as Moderate. The character is at a flat +2 to perform any task. This is a Reciprocal Response Test vs. the target's Discipline.

Failure means that the user was unable to trigger the pain response in the target.

Botch means that the user created a sympathetic feedback loop into his own mind. The user makes another Cause Pain task test (no RRT allowed this time) and applies the results of this roll to himself.

Unlike the Confusion ability, the Cause Pain ability does not *require* a Mind Touch with the target to be effective, although it may still be directed through one as usual. However, without an established Mind Touch with the target, the range of the Cause Pain ability is the user's Discipline characteristic times five meters, and the target must be in the user's line of sight. A single character may attempt to use Cause Pain against more than one character at once, but there is a cumulative flat +1 mod for each target past the first that the user tries to inflict pain upon at any given time.

The effects of the Cause Pain ability may be maintained for as long as the user concentrates on the target. If the user's attention is drawn away from the target(s) (this is a GM's call), he must pass a Yes/No test vs. a task number of 8 using his Discipline D6 as the task dice, in order to maintain the ability. There is a flat +1 to the Yes/No test for each individual being subjected to pain by the same user at once (if he wishes to keep them all subject to the ability).

A character may use the Cause Pain ability to aid in Interrogation. If a character with the skill wished to perform an interrogation, then he may add one-half his *dice* in Cause Pain to his Interrogation task dice. While a character is maintaining Cause Pain, the highest LoA that he can achieve is *simple*. (There is no effect on his Initiative dice, however.)

Cause Pain requires 1 TiC to establish, and requires 0 TiCs to maintain.

Torment 6/8/10 (25)

Similar in effect to both Confusion and Cause Pain, this ability allows the user to directly trigger the *emotion* centers in another individual's mind by first pulling a traumatic experience (or memory) from the target's mind and then amplifying the intensity of the experience or memory, manipulating and distorting it, and then sending these distorted images back into the target's mind; images so real and terrifying that the target *may* take damage from the sheer will-force of the user. An individual must be Mind Touched for this skill to work, and

the SL achieved by the Mind Touch is also the highest SL the Torment can achieve. Once established, Torment may continue every round until contact is broken, either willingly or unwillingly. Damage, if any, is not stopped by the target's armor.

Complete SL means that the Shade is sending such powerful (and horrible thoughts) to the target that he takes a number of SDC points equal to the Shade's DIS level.

Moderate SL means that the Shade does a number of SDC points to the target equal to one-half the Shade's DIS level.

Minimal SL means that the Shade inflicts one point of Stun Damage to the target.

Failure indicates that the Shade was unsuccessful in establishing a Mind Touch and contact was never made.

Botch means that the Shade receives the equivalent of psionic feedback and takes three points of Stun Damage himself.

It takes two TiCs of action to employ the Torment skill *after* Mind Touch has been established.

Wreak Havoc 6/8/10 (40)

Psionics of the Dark Path utilize their abilities to perceive and manipulate matter in a destructive fashion using this skill. It is, basically, the ability to burn, melt, break, or damage things, and hence is sometimes called the "break things" skill. To use this skill, the Shade must have a Perception equal to his Discipline. An attack with the Wreak Havoc skill is a combined action of scanning for a weakness (with Perception, subject to a 4/6/8 tricode - see the Modifier Table) and then exploiting it (with this Discipline-supported skill). The actual manipulation of matter by mental energy is very difficult, and it is far more efficient to focus the energy where the most dramatic result can be accomplished. While the Wreak Havoc attack *cannot* be used against living things, it can take one of several forms:

- 1. Cause small items to melt. This can only be done with plastics and other similar materials with melting points lower than 150°C. This could be used to disrupt a fiber-optic cable or cause a short-circuit in wiring. Please note: While this form of Wreak Havoc can melt things, it *cannot* start fires.
- 2. Cause items to break. This is reserved for solid objects of metal, polymer, ceramic, wood, and similar items. This category covers several subtly different forms of attack, ranging from breaking crystal chains to expanding tiny pre-existing fractures to causing materials to become unusually brittle. Only very small items can be broken in this way. A Wreak Havoc attack could not break the 5x30cm oak plank forming a bookshelf but could break one or two of the metal screws holding the shelf to the wall, allowing the weight of the books to do the rest. Such an attack might break or at least weaken Flexible Restraints.
- 3. Cause an electrical overload or other disturbance. This form of Wreak Havoc attack can be used to attack electronic equipment, such as scrambling a computer disk or causing a tricorder to give a false reading.
- 4. Get it wet. Condense a few drops of moisture from the air, causing whatever chemical reaction or short circuit is needed for the attack to work.

It is important to understand that the precise form of the attack is not specified. The player simply says what he wants to accomplish. The form of accomplishment will depend on the target. If he wants to destroy a data disk, his perception scan (part of the Wreak Havoc attack) might determine that it is actually easier to *melt* the disk than to scramble its electrons. (It is not necessary for the GM to determine or

reveal the precise mechanism of the Wreak Havoc attack. He simply announces the results: "That disk is shot!")

Complete SL means that the Wreak Havoc attack has succeeded. The disk has melted, the wire has shorted out and will have to be replaced to restore power, the Flexible Restraints are broken, the hinge pins are bent (making the door very hard to open), the tricorder insists that there are no enemy lifeforms on this continent, and everyone is wondering how it happened.

Moderate SL means that the Wreak Havoc attack has substantially damaged the target, reducing its usefulness. The disk has lost about half of the data, the wires have shorted but not burned and can be repaired, the Flexible Restraints have been weakened and can be broken more easily, the hinge pins are slightly bent making the door harder to open, the tricorder alternately gives false and true readings, and everyone is wondering how it happened.

Minimal SL means that the Wreak Havoc attack has interfered with the target. The disk reads "damaged - use Az'Von/Norton Tools 143.0 to repair," the wires short out at odd intervals but work most of the time, the Flexible Restraints have a slight weakness but only a determined effort will break them, the hinge pins are bent just enough to cause a noisy squeak as the door opens, the tricorder gives frequent "error-reset" messages but works on the next try, and everyone thinks they're just having a bad day.

Failure means that nothing happens.

Botch means that something else, something totally useless to the objective of the attack but noticeable, has suffered slight damage, or even better, the target suddenly works even better! The computer disk is okay but the pen on the same table has leaked, the wires are okay but the picture hanging on the wall has fallen down, the Flexible Restraints actually get tighter, the door flies open, and everyone *knows* that something is up!

The Distance at which a Wreak Havoc attack can take place is equal to the lower of the character's Discipline or Perception, in meters. There is a flat +2 modifier to any Havoc attack at more than half of the maximum range. A line of sight is not strictly needed, as the Psionic perception targeting can see "inside" objects, but it would be blocked or reduced by multiple, dense, or thick obstacles.

Wreak Havoc requires 1 TiC to establish.

Wreak Havoc Perception - Modifier Table

Perception	Modifier
1	+1/+2/+2
2-3	+0/+1/+2
4-5	+0/+0/+1
6-8	-1/+0/+0
9-12	-2/-1/-1

The Planet Delvardon Y167

It had been six years since Sarkar had received his final lessons from Tarlock high above the Tre'Zuvek Barrens and his time spent within the confines of Star Fleet had been supremely dissatisfying. He had exhausted the largest libraries and reference houses both on Vulcan and elsewhere researching the forbidden Path of San'var until there was only one option left to him. He must seek out the Shade Master.

PSIONIC SKILL QUICK REFERENCE CHART					
Skill/Tricode)	Rest Period/Duration	Max LoA	Time to Perform	Links	RRT
Amnesia 6/8/10 (20)	none	Minimal	TiCs = Target DIS	Mind Meld	yes
Biofeedback 6/8/10 (25)	Special; see FSB**	Complete	Instant	none	no
Cause Pain 6/8/10 (40) ‡	Continuous	Simple	1 TiC	none	yes
Command 6/8/10 (25)	none	Moderate	TiCs = Target DIS	Mind Touch	yes
Confusion 6/8/10 (20)	none	Moderate	TiCs = Target DIS	Mind Touch	yes
Deep Programming 6/8/10 (25)	Duration; see FSB**	Moderate	TiCs = Target DIS	Mind Touch	yes††
Domicile 4/6/8 (30)	1 week x DIS	Complete	20 hours minus DIS	none	no
Empathic Diagnosis 4/6/8 (25)	n/a	Complete	Instant	none	no
Environmental Attunement 6/8/10 (25)	Special; see FSB**	Complete	Instant	none	no
Factual Storage * (25)	n/a	Complete	Instant	none	no
Far Sense 6/8/10 (25)	Special; see FSB**	No Actions	2 TiCs	none	no
Feign Death 4/6/8 (15)	Special; see FSB**	No Actions	1 TiC	none	no
Healing 6/8/10 (25)	Special; see FSB**	Complete	Instant	none	no
Heightened Reasoning * (25)	n/a	Complete	Instant	none	no
Mind Bar 6/8/10 (20)	Dur = 1 hr x DIS	Minimal	2 TiCs	none	no
• Aid Mind Bar 4/6/8 (20)	Dur = 1 min x DIS	Minimal	3 TiCs	Mind Touch	no
Mind Meld 6/8/10 (15)	none	Minimal	TiCs = Target LGC	none	no
Mind Scan 6/8/10 (15)	none	Minimal	4 TiCs	none	no
Mind Shadow 6/8/10 (25)	Range; 5m x DIS	Complete	Instant	none	yes†
Mind Touch 6/8/10 (25)	none	Minimal	TiCs = Target DIS	none	maybe
Precognition 6/8/10 (25)	none	Complete	Instant	none	no
Shield 6/8/10 (40)	Duration: DIS in TiCs; Rest: 13 hrs minus DIS	Simple	1 TiC	none	no
Telekinesis 6/8/10 (25)	none	Complete	1TiC	none	no
Torment 6/8/10 (25) ‡	none	Minimal	2 TiCs	Mind Touch	yes
Wreak Havoc 6/8/10 (40) ‡	none	Minimal	1 TiC	none	no

* There is no tricode for either Factual Storage or Heightened Reasoning.

** FSB = UFP-The Federation Sourcebook

† yes vs. PER

†† yes for Mod/Min SL

‡ This skill is only available to non-player characters.

This Mind Games section was written by John Berg (who developed the initial concept which became **San'var, the Dark Path**), Cliff Yahnke, Mark Costello, and Timothy D. Olsen. ◆◆◆

THE GUIDE TO THE FEDERATION

The Deians

by Timothy D. Olsen

(...with thanks to **Christopher Allen** who first defined the Deians in the Captain's Log #1 story, *Objective: Juggernaut!*)

"The airlock cycled and I looked forward to my first meeting with my new Science Officer. I had been warned that she was a Deian but I was never one to judge someone by their appearance. I was ready."

Copied from the day journals of Captain Richard Grey,
USS *Excalibur*



The Deians (pronounced day-ens) are an Associate Member Race whose Star Fleet members are most often found in the Science or Engineering departments aboard starships or occasionally serving within the Federation Ambassadorial Corps. The first reported contact with the Deians, by a Federation Galactic Survey Cruiser with an almost exclusively Human crew, dwelled heavily on their amazing, god-like beauty and the name "Deians" naturally followed.

"She's a goddess!"
"Her? Look at *him*!"

They resemble Humans in many ways, although their race does not share the variances in pigmentation found in Humans and all Deians will have the same pale-blue skin coloring. They have little or no natural facial hair and it is considered a social taboo in their culture to expose any body hair (other than the hair on their head). Their overwhelming beauty, both male and female, is also their most daunting

disadvantage as they find it difficult to convince others, particularly Humans, to take them seriously. (It is an old joke around Prime Central that Deians don't need to *learn* the Seduction skill.) They have no problems with those races who do not appreciate human beauty, of course.

The Deians had established colonies on three planets within their system and were actively seeking contact with other races when GSC *Magellan* entered the orbit of their homeworld in Y150. They called the Humans who first came into contact with them "Second Nerillar" and their archives reveal that although they use the racial designations Humans, Vulcans, Cygnans, etc. in public, in private they refer to them in the order that they were first encountered—Humans are Second Nerillar, Cygnans are Third Nerillar, and so on.

Once the linguists were able to "get a handle" on the Deian language, they learned that the Deians refer to themselves as True Nerillar and their homeworld as *Kal'Tyar Seterra Nerillar* which can be loosely translated as "First and True Home". Their homeworld is the third planet in the Paktar System—a star system unimaginatively referred to as System XV-067 in Federation records. Deians believe that all other humanoid races are related to them in some way. (Closely in the case of Humans or Alpha-Centaurans, vaguely in the case of Andorians—due to their blue skin, and *distantly* in the case of Tellarites!)

They follow a Monotheistic religion, but it is an intensely private affair and little is known of the ceremonies or rituals. As a relatively new race within the Federation, their history and culture is not yet the "open book" of most other Associate Member races but the Archivists are working to rectify this situation.

Deian Naming Conventions

Deians follow the Human tradition of a personal First name and a family Surname, both relatively easy for Humans to pronounce, although Deian surnames often run in excess of 50 letters. Consequently, when it is necessary for a Deian to use a surname, they often use an abbreviation, shortening it to a more manageable 10 or 12 letters

Basic Deian Characteristics

STR - 2	SPD - 3	LGC - 4	DIS - 2	GKN - 3
ACC - 4	LDR - 3	INT - 2	TEC - 4	PER - 2

"There was a trace of an ironic smile, a human subtlety that seemed to mar the pale, pristine beauty of Aarie's childlike face. She was humanoid, a Deian: slender, softly rounded, ethereally delicate, with flesh so pale blue it was almost translucent. Her bell-like voice, halo of gossamer hair and smooth, oval face completed the seraphic, dreamlike image, given a spark of vibrancy by her enormous eyes — round, liquid, enthralling, gloriously violet eyes — eyes a romantic would think more suited to a winged, descending angel than a Federation Star Fleet Science Officer. That, however, was precisely what she was, and a gifted one."

Copied from the day journals of Captain Richard Grey,
USS *Excalibur*

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THE GM'S ASSISTANT

"As you turn the corner, the deserted corridor of the abandoned ship continues for 50 meters and ends in a T-junction. What do you do now?"

"Okay, I'll scan for life forms. Do I detect anything?"

"No, your scans are negative. There appears to be no life aboard this ship."

"Yeah...not unlike this adventure!"

It has come to our attention that you are playing Prime Directive far more frequently than we are publishing adventures, and that GMs are being stressed to the limit coming up with new ways to keep your playing group entertained. Well, we think that we have the solution for you. This section contains not only a series of encounter and adventure hooks to "kick-start" your creative imaginations, but also the first installment of the Adversary Index and a Random Adventure Situation Generator to help you create a virtually limitless number of adventures!

Encounter and Adventure Hooks

The Fear Gate

The Fear Gate is an ancient device that, thousands of years ago, was used to judge whether or not the warriors of a long-forgotten race were worthy to join their fellows at the side of their Warrior King in his Temple. It is a device that reaches into a person's mind to create the illusion of some situation that tests the individual's courage. (The Fear Gate will *always* be inside an Ancient Complex [they just don't build them like that any more!]) through which the Team's ship can neither communicate nor beam them out. Not only that, but the Fear Gate will *always* guard the only way to the surface.)

Unfortunately, the Team has become trapped on the wrong side of the Gate and needs to get back to safe ground before the sun of the planet goes nova! (... or their ship is forced to leave orbit to deliver vital medical supplies ... or the limited oxygen in the complex runs out...You're the GM - you get the idea.)

When the Team first approaches the Gate, a holographic image of one of the long-departed Warrior People tells the Team that they will each face three tests, alone. Upon the conclusion of these tests, they will be received into the Warlord's Chamber to either be shunned from the ranks of the Warriors, or invited to join. Swell, think the characters, one way or another they get into the next room, and then skedaddle! Well, no. While usually an individual would only get one attempt to face all three of these tests a year, after thousands of years of neglect, the test circuits are a bit scrambled. If any member of the Team fails *any* of the tests, they get dumped out back on the *wrong* side of the gate. They need to pass all three tests before they are allowed to pass on. And with the *calamity du jour* coming down on them, this presents a problem.

The whole test consists of three parts. The first is just a scary situation; nothing really dangerous, just spooky. Having to walk down a dark corridor with numerous pillars arranged in two rows down its length, surrounded by vaguely menacing shadows and whispers, to approach the exit is a good one. No task rolls are required here, but if a character is overly cautious, trying to improvise weapons, or using stealth to skulk from pillar to pillar would cause the character to Fail the test. The second is a potentially dangerous situation, but one that the individual should be able to overcome with wit and

caution. A few task rolls are necessary here, but nothing too challenging. Perhaps having to traverse a cage full of sleeping tigers (Stealth), or having to hop from the top of several pillars of uneven height to cross to an exit (Acrobatics, Jumping, or straight-up Accuracy). The third is a truly dangerous situation, one where, if it were really happening, could certainly cause injury to (if not death) for the character involved. This should involve a true test of skill. Having to walk a tightrope across an active volcano, or assembling the components of a disassembled device that will be used to stop a second device from detonating.

The trick here is for the third test that a character faces to be something that he just doesn't have the ability to handle on his own, but is something someone else on the team *could*. (Everyone faces different challenges.) Once they all end up back at the beginning of the test cycle, the Team should be able to compare notes, giving each other pointers on how to handle that test. Don't make the players actually have to learn a new skill here, as there is no time, but allow them to share enough information to make the difficult third test a bit more survivable.

First on the scene!

A Klingon mining operation in the neutral zone issues a general distress call due to a mine shaft collapse. Your ship answers, but cannot simply beam the trapped miners out due to interference from the ore. Your Prime Team is assigned rescue duty. Complication: A Klingon vessel hails your ship, telling you to break off the rescue attempt because they are on their way to the system to effect the rescue. However, the trapped miners don't have enough air to last until the Klingon ship arrives. What do you do?

Deny thy Father...

An old friend of the Team has some great news; he's engaged to be married and he wants you all to be there for the joining ceremony! Of course, there are some complications. For starters, he's the son of an infamous Orion Pirate, and his bride-to-be is the daughter of a respected Federation diplomat. Even worse, he's in the brig of a starbase on trumped-up charges leveled by the girl's father! Can your Team get these star-crossed lovers together against the considerable objections (and efforts) of both families without ruining your careers?

Rail against Time and Tide

Twenty-five years ago, one of Star Fleet's most respected Admirals was believed to have defected to the Klingons, causing his name to be cursed by Star Fleet up to this very day. However, his son (or daughter), your Briefing Officer, has never believed that the father was a traitor. Recently, the reception of a mysterious summons to a distant planet in the Neutral Zone promising proof of the Admiral's innocence causes your normally implacable and by-the-book Briefing Officer to break every conceivable regulation, and jeopardize his career, by planning to comply. Will you accompany your superior and friend on his quest to learn the truth about his father?

Crusia's Assault on DSLP 78

Use the shuttle bay maps and Romulan Praetorian Team from Graduation Exercise. Place the Romulans in a shuttle (masquerading as a Federation shuttle, of course) and land them through the hatch. Scatter 10 assorted crewmen around the cargo deck, and put two Marines on guard by the doors into the Cargo Master's deck. (The shuttle can also carry an Orion Action team, if desired.) Crusia's mission is to seize control of the shuttle control office, one of the turbolift stations, and get the doors into the Cargo Master's compartment (all of which are open) closed before the Federation

Marines can arrive. (To determine their arrival, the GM might roll a die every TiC and have the Marines show up at the far door of the Cargo Master's compartment when the running total of these die rolls equals a predetermined number or he could simply stagger their arrival.)

Saboteur!

Again, using the shuttle bay maps from Graduation Exercise, the GM hides one saboteur somewhere in the shuttle cargo deck. Arm him with a grenade and pistol (pick any type). Send the Primes into the deck to hunt him down and discover any sabotage he has already committed!

Within the Planet Killer

The Planet Killer (PK) has been disabled, but sensors show faint signs of continued activity within. Your Team is dispatched via shuttle to investigate. Once inside the PK, they discover that it was designed to operate with a crew onboard, but is now abandoned. However, automated miniature (2m long) versions of the PK are attempting to effect repairs. If the Team interferes with their activities in any way, or attempts to gain control of the PK, then the mini-PKs will attack!

Central Revenge

The Primes have been rotated onto Prime Central for some R & R and then to engage in some advanced language training. During their stay, the base is cleared of all non-essential people while the reactor core is flushed. The only remaining personnel are those in respirator suits necessary to observe the core flush. Unfortunately, a race whose application for membership to the UFP was rejected, has slipped a band of terrorists on site in the guise of one of the maintenance teams. Their goal is to blow up Prime Central to regain their lost honor. The Primes are one of the last groups off the base. When one of the Team runs back to pick up a forgotten item and doesn't return, the rest of the Team decided to go back in to look for him. When they discover that something is amiss, the Primes are faced with the challenge of capturing a group of terrorists in a race against the clock.

Earthquake!

An earthquake has struck in an inhabited region of a planet within Federation space. The planetary government is willing to accept Federation help, but wants the number of people on the ground, as well as the display of exotic technology, held to an absolute minimum. And when you're talking about a small group, who is the best choice? Why, a Prime Team of course! The team leader must plan where to commit his people. Would the doctor be of the most use testing the safety of the water supply or treating the injured? Would the engineer serve better getting electricity restored or helping plan a rescue. And what will the Marines do? This would probably be a non-combat adventure; if that proves too tame then you can throw in some wild animals, looters, or even Orion Pirates on the make for swindles and pilfering! If your group would LIKE a non-combat adventure for a change, then other challenges could include rescuing people from a building (easy with transporters; not so easy when you aren't supposed to let the people around you know you have that technology).

Disputed Prize

You can use the story which begins Prime Adventures #1 as the basis for an adventure. The insert with this issue of Prime Adventures is the deckplan layout for *The Wandering Child* and the template provided on page 95 has been provided so that with a minimal amount of work, you can convert *The Wandering Child* to the *Satchel Paige*. ♦♦♦

The Adversary Index

"What was that? I heard a sound from *that* direction," the miner said, indicating the right fork of the tunnel. It was so dark in these caverns that it seemed to swallow the light from his small lantern. He could see nothing.

"I didn't hear anything," his foreman replied, directing his battle lantern down the rocky corridor. "Do you want to go down there?"

"Not me. I'm not going down there. You go."

"I'm not going down there! Let's call a Prime Team! They'll go anywhere!"

The Adversary Index will be a regular feature of Prime Adventures, devoted to detailed descriptions of new and interesting opponents for you to throw at your players, either as extra spice for an adventure or as the focal point of an entire mission. The Universe is a vast place, so these Adversaries could be anything from weird aliens and rogue psionics to devious spies or extragalactic raiders! This issue, Mark Costello and Tim Olsen combine their talents to add a Monster to the rolls!

#1 - The Dreaded Astralan Nightbloat

• **Description:** The Nightbloat is the proverbial "boogeyman" of the Prime Directive universe. ("Go to bed, Rusty, or the Nightbloat will get you!") Huge, cunning, and deadly, they are nocturnal predators who will prey upon practically anything that moves. Nightbloats are native to the planet Astralan, but unlike their cousins from the same planet, the Hammer Beasts, they most definitely *cannot* be domesticated. While the Federation has banned the export of Nightbloats from Astralan, there is a rich black market trade for the creatures, flourishing in all parts of known space, for reasons which will become clear as you continue reading.

Nightbloats are nocturnal creatures, becoming entirely dormant during the daylight hours. While preparing to sleep, the Nightbloat has the ability to rearrange and flatten its internal structure, allowing it to compact and elongate its form. This enables it to sink deeply into seemingly inaccessible crevices and fissures. Coupled with its chameleon-like color-adaptive abilities, a sleeping Nightbloat is *very* difficult to spot with the naked eye.

During their active periods, the Nightbloats often hunt in small packs, with anywhere from three to twelve of the creatures operating together. Nightbloats mate for life, taking a new mate only when their current one is slain or has been missing for an entire breeding season. Nightbloats breed only once every three standard Terran years, and produce broods of twelve to twenty young. Of these, only three or four will survive the first few weeks. Nightbloat packs tend to split up during the birthing season, with the individual mating pairs retiring to temporary nests to hatch and raise their young.

Individually, Nightbloats are formidable creatures. Swift and silent, and armed with razor sharp claws and teeth, they also have the ability to swiftly change their pigmentation to conform to their surroundings, much like the Terran chameleon. A canny hunter, the creature will make maximum use of available cover to approach its prey from an oblique angle, and to catch it unawares. Once it closes combat, the Nightbloat is able to twist and turn with surprising agility considering its bulk, avoiding thrusts and blows with ease. It is willing to take a few hits, however, in order to maintain contact with its prey. A rapidly healing creature, the Nightbloat is

thought to have only a very rudimentary pain sense, as it will often continue "fighting" even after it has had limbs torn off or taken incredible damage from energy weapons and the like.



• **Special Abilities:** Once a Nightbloat has been "Stunned" or "Killed," roll a D6 and add the amount of Stun or Lethal damage by which the creature is over its SDC or LDC. If the result is a "7" or greater, the Nightbloat's body catches up with its injuries and the creature goes down. Otherwise, it continues doing whatever it was doing: fighting, running, etc. Wounded Nightbloats roll to Heal Lethal Damage once every six hours, and to recover Stun Damage once every thirty seconds.

Nightbloats track by scent. Once it has the scent of a creature it can track it for hundreds of kilometers if necessary. A wounded creature (or character) that is shedding blood (one that has taken at least one point of LDC from a cutting weapon or attack) is at a flat -2 to be tracked by a Nightbloat.

Astralan Nightbloat

STR - 8	SPD - 5	LGC - 1	DIS - 5	GKN - 1
ACC - 5	LDR - 1	INT - 3	TEC - 1	PER - 5
LDC - 16	AR - 0/3/3			RT - n/a
SDC - 13	Move: 20m			

Stealth - 5/8 (taking its chameleon ability into account)

Melee Combat - 5/5

Climbing - 8/8

Shadowing - 5/5

Tracking (by scent) - 5/5

Blind Fighting - 5/5

Natural Weapons: Claws*

* (classed as Medium Melee Weapons, 5/7/9 Lethal Damage)

Random Adventure Situation Generator

Even with the help of the Encounter and Adventure Hooks, it is possible that times will arise when you are just going to be stuck when you're trying to come up with an idea for your next adventure. Let's face it, you can only go up against the Romulans so many times before it gets dull!

That's when you need something to stimulate your imagination by putting together familiar elements in ways you've never thought of before. The Random Adventure Situation Generator is just the thing. Roll 2D6 (using the first die as the "tens digit" and the second die as the "ones digit") six times, once for each of the following categories: **Location**, **Opponent**, **Threat**, **Object**, **Complication** and **Assets**.

Location is the place in which the central elements of the adventure, although of course not necessarily *all* the elements will occur. *Opponent* is the nature of the main antagonist (though again not necessarily the only one) who (or which) will oppose the characters. *Threat* is the nature of the activities or eventualities that the characters will seek to prevent. (Essentially, this is the reason for the adventure to happen.) *Object* is the specific *thing* or *things* (people, property, data disks, starships, state secrets, personal honor etc.) that the characters will try to protect from their Opponent's Threat. *Complication* is an additional element thrown into the plot to make the situation or conflict more interesting or dangerous. *Assets* are a suggestion for some advantage that the characters have going for them in the adventure, if they're lucky enough to have any!

For example, working from the table on the next page you might arrive at this setting:

Location - Automated Station, **Opponent** - Orion Raiders, **Threat** - Loss of Vital Data, **Object** (of the Adventure) - Shuttle, **Complication** - Super Nova, **Asset** - Prior Knowledge of Location

So, as the GM, you have to come up with a scenario that covers all the bases. Easy! Some Orion Raiders capture a Survey Shuttle with vital survey data, and then go to an abandoned Lithium Cracking Station (the GM embellishes a little here as he turns the information into a full plot-line) to repair their damaged engines. But the station was abandoned because the sun is about to go nova! Star Fleet dispatches the Team to rescue the survey crew and recover their data before the whole place goes BOOM! One of the Team was assigned to the Marine Detachment on the planet earlier in his career and so has a pretty good idea about the layout of the station and the surrounding landscape. You get the idea.

The table which follows isn't comprehensive in any way, so feel free to change or add any elements you want. You might even decide to make up whole new lists of your own to

DIE ROLL	LOCATION	OPPONENT	THREAT	OBJECT	COMPLICATION	ASSETS
11	Starbase	Klingon Military	Assassination	Scientist	Jungle/Swamp World	Good Weather
12	DSLP	Subject Races	Abduction	Starship	Arctic World	Local Guides
13	Research Outpost	Klingon Spy	Theft	Officer	Water World	Prior Knowledge
14	Space Station	Romulan Military	Loss of Vital Data	Data Disk	Methane World	Personal Contact
15	Commercial Platform	Praetorian Team	Destruction Of Property	Survey Data	Survey Data	Favorable Terrain
16	Colony	Romulan Renegades	General Loss of Life	Research Data	Desert World	Excellent Info
21	Mining Station	Orion Raiders	Invasion	New Technology	Domed Biospheres	Unseen Allies
22	Automated Station	Orion Crime Team	Station Takeover	Alien Artifact	Plague	Right Place/Right Time
23	Shipyard	Kzinti Renegades	Revolt	Alien Ambassador	Super Nova	Sudden Insight
24	Star Fleet HQ	Gorn Renegades	Capture/Control	Military Secret	Civil War	Extra Supplies
25	Prime Central	Tholians	Execution	Representative	Ship Leaving Orbit	Reinforcements
26	Star Fleet Academy	Hydrans	Defection	Local Population	Natural Disaster	Local Populace
31	Diplomatic Conference	Lyran Stalkers	Extortion	Planet	Traitor	Inside Man
32	Shore Leave	WYN Rogue Team	Interrogation	Moon	Spy	Ship's Sensors
33	Survival Training	ISC Marshals	Disinformation	Station	Saboteur	Money
34	First Contact	Seltorians	Wrongful Prosecution	Natural Resources	Sniper	Early Clues
35	Rescue Operation	Jindarian Caravan	Disgrace	Prime Directive	Hostile Creatures	Access to Transportation
36	Technical Conference	Andromedan Robots	Financial Ruin	Fed Outpost	Unseen Danger	Technical Advisor
41	Enemy Ship	Mercenaries (Mixed Race)	Use of a Device	Shuttle	Local Prejudice	—
42	Derelict Vessel	Marauding Creature	Implementing of a Plan	Ship's Crew	No Supplies/Equipment	—
43	Crippled Ship	Bounty Hunter	Location of an Object	Treaty	Limited Info	—
44	Own Ship	Hive Creature	Reception of Data	Alliance	Bad Info	—
45	Other Fed Vessel	Revolutionary	Face to Face Meeting	Personal Info	Split Team	—
46	Shuttle	Energy Creature	Entry into an Area	Personal Item	No Contact With Ship	—
51	Pirate Base	Superior Officer	Loss of Contact	Reputation	Mistaken Identity	—
52	Enemy Colony	Fed Official	Exposure of Agent	Lover/Relative	Technical Failure	—
53	Sky City	Internal Security	Alienation of Allies	Financial Info	Third Party Intervention	—
54	Underground Base	Native Population	Interrupt Negotiations	Cargo	No Authorization	—
55	Alien City	Rogue Psionic	Prevent Response	Alien Government	No Cultural Knowledge	—
56	Alien Stronghold	Mad Scientist	Prevent Movement	No Transportation	Threatened Civilians	—
61	Psionic Illusion	Technical Failure	Disrupt Trade	Covert Agent	Opponent is Old Friend	—
62	Alien Ruin	Natural Disaster	Control	Personal Enemy	Opponent is Well Equipped	—
63	Prison Camp	Hostile Environment	Surveillance	Starbase	Opponent in Superior Position	—
64	Alternate Reality	Ancient Device(s)	Smuggle	Religious Leader	Opponent is VERY Tough	—
65	Past/Future	Time Traveler	Deliver	Scholar	Opponent is VERY Smart	—
66	Distant Galaxy	ExtraGalactic-Entity	Impersonate	President	Opponent has hostages	—



KEEP 'EM EXCITED!**Notes to the beginner on being a good GM by Steve Cole**

At the most fundamental level, the game industry is a part of the entertainment business, and the GM is the line producer responsible for each episode of a continuing adventure series. In a perfect world, the GM (you!) will leave your gamers, at the end of each adventure, absolutely exhausted but totally satisfied. If you make the adventure too easy, they'll get bored. If you keep killing them all, they'll quit coming back. The best adventures use everything that the Team members knew they had, and a little more than they ever realized was within them.

The way to do this is to "stage manage" the adventures, throwing them a curve when they're doing too well and giving them a break (that you make them earn) when they're in over their heads. For a true virtuoso performance, you must do all of that without the players ever realizing.

To do that is an art, but has some elements of a science. You must have a script, a structure, a framework, a track for them to follow, and you must be ready to guide them back onto the track when they get off it. You must also have, in reserve, a number of extra scenes that can be tossed in to slow down a Team that is progressing too fast, and you must be ready to let them find a way out (or provide them with a "gift from the gods") when they are obviously headed toward a serious defeat. Here are a few ideas.

FILLING IN THE PLAYERS

Oftentimes a GM must find a way to tell the players something without getting out of character. There are several ways this can be accomplished:

- If the ship is in range, have their Briefing Officer simply call them on the communicator. Encourage them to check in with the Briefing Officer at critical junctures.
- Have an NPC advise them. A local who joins up with the Team can be a handy pipeline for all kinds of local knowledge, and has other uses (see below).
- Bury the information in the backpack computer's briefing chips. Of course, you have to get the Team to ask for it.

A MONSTER IN RESERVE

Always have some difficult problem "in reserve" that you can throw at them if things are going too well. Random monsters can be drafted from other adventures, or created from any science fiction background. If the adventure provides four squads of Lyran Marines, don't be above adding a fifth one (or leaving one of them out if the Team is doing worse than you expected them to be). A Klingon Berzerker, the last survivor of a Dag-Zug that tried (and failed) this mission, will always add a bit of stark screaming terror.

When you add an extra monster or encounter or enemy, however, don't feel obliged to provide them with an obvious explanation for what he's doing here. If you tell them that the Klingon they just killed was the last one on the planet, it closes the door to bringing in another one when the Team once again gets ahead of the schedule.

AN ACE IN THE HOLE

Be sure that the mission briefing alludes to some unpredictable (but good) thing that the Team might hope for but not really expect. Perhaps a clever Team will surprise you by creating conditions under which this boon could appear. It might be bit of information buried in the backpack computer, a piece of equipment left behind by a prior Team, a local

resistance movement that might or might not be contacted (and might or might not trust them), a previous Team that lost contact and might have a survivor left, or an incompetent (or malcontent) on the enemy side who might help them.

The concept that they are following in the footsteps of a Team that was lost in combat also provides a handy way to give a player whose character was just badly wounded something else to do. If the Team's heavy weapons gunner was killed, let them find the Team engineer (with a secondary heavy weapons skill) from the last guys who tried this mission. The wounded heavy weapons gunner can take over this NPC, although you could expect that this "reinforcement" will quickly use up a good chunk of the Team's supply of food and medicine recovering from his ordeal.

THE SHIP MIGHT LEAVE FOR AN EMERGENCY

The scenario says that the ship is going to be around to help the Team whenever they need it, but just when everything is going swell the Briefing Officer calls down to say that the ship is leaving in 20 minutes for some reason and if they want anything (equipment, a quick transporter lift into another area, a scan or analysis of an area), they had better get it now.

THE SHIP LEFT, BUT IT MIGHT COME BACK

The scenario provides that the ship has left on some other mission, a common occurrence since a Prime Team is (partly) designed to handle a problem that would take a whole shipload of non-Primes.

But, if the Team is having a really bad day, the ship might return unexpectedly. Another creative possibility is to have the Briefing Officer appear on a shuttlecraft or some other ship, having hitched a ride to come take care of "his boys" who he knows are on a rough assignment. Or maybe he left them a spy satellite able to provide scans of no more than two areas. Other possibilities include a foreign or neutral ship that might, under the right circumstances, do them a favor. If they can cut a good deal, that is.

THE NPC YO-YO

First he's up, then he's down. The Team is stuck with this NPC, but sometimes his "injured" ankle slows down the whole parade, while other times his ankle is just fine and the Team moves along smartly. He moves particularly well when the Team is going the way he wants them to (which might be in or out of danger depending on the NPC you created).

Another good thing you can do with NPCs is to create an individual who has his own private agenda that is consistent with the Team's in some ways but not in others. This NPC might want to break into that Romulan base for his own reasons and be willing to exchange his knowledge of their air ducts for your firepower. When things are going poorly he suddenly admits to knowing something he previously denied, and when things are going well he suddenly opts not to do something he previously said he could. Discovering what his agenda is could add even more excitement to an otherwise simple assignment.

JUST WHAT WAS THE MISSION?

Sometimes, a Briefing Officer is less than honest with his Team. They were told to do one mission but Fleet Headquarters really wanted them there to do something else once they got into the computer system of that Klingon starbase. HQ couldn't tell them until they got there, just in case they got caught. A last-minute change of mission (hopefully when the Team has abandoned "useless" items that are now absolutely required) can challenge a good Team to the utmost, and let them show themselves that they're better than they thought. ♦♦♦

A PREVIEW OF EMPIRE OF STEEL: THE KLINGON SOURCEBOOK

The Klingon Sourcebook is in the early stages of development as Prime Adventures #1 goes to press and we offer this advance teaser of a work in progress.

BLANKET OF THE MIND by Tom Gondolfi

Briefing Room 14 – Black One, Planet Walkurian, Y165

"Major Klaagh," Wing Admiral Kolik began. "We have lost two contact teams to the planet Ishnai in a disputed sector near the Hydrans. Unfortunately this planet's location is ideal as an advanced base for the Hydrans to use against us and we want to make sure that they never get the chance to exploit its location or any possible resources."

"What happened to the other teams?"

"Unknown. There were standard negotiations with the natives, an intelligent if very pacifistic, race. Suddenly no contact."

"What kind of teams, sir," Klaagh asked. There was a cough at the back of the room.

"The first was a standard Marine team. The second was an insurgence squad."

"Oh, then it was the standard 'Join-us-or-die' spiel." Silence filled the room.

"Major, your biases are quite well known to us. Only your exceptional record of excellence has kept you out of some very sad duties."

"My bias is that we conquer without speaking first. I've said it before and I will say it again. My first loyalty, however, is to the Empire so I follow my orders to the best of my abilities."

"Good. You and your Team will ship out on the *Ardent* in four hours."

"Thank you, sir. And my orders?"

"Take this planet and its natives. By any means necessary. The *Ardent* is at your disposal for 72 hours once you have established orbit."

Frigate *Ardent*, Senior Briefing Room

"All right, Team. Listen up," growled the hirsute bear-like creature that was Master Sergeant Brrrokia, affectionately known as Sergeant Kia. "The major has a mission for us. We are going to talk to some natives about becoming part of our glorious Empire. Sit down, shut up and let him talk."

"That means YOU, Sledgwick," the Major said, glowering at one racial Klingon as he sat down.

"If you will direct your attention to the monitors. We are en-route to the planet Ishnai. We are to claim this planet by any means necessary. This includes razing the planet from orbit if we fail.

"Ishnai has an intelligent native population. They are bipedal and average 1.4 meters in height. They are extremely pacific, but have managed to win out over some fierce animal life on the planet. Despite their pacifist nature, remember that two previous combat landing parties have encountered them

and have not been heard from since. We will have one major advantage over those teams. Shipborne support.

"The first team was a Marine squad landed by the D7 *Anarchist* which was on its way to another mission. As you know, convention limits the number of ships that are deployed in the Disputed Zone so the chances of unintended conflict are reduced and stability maintained. This means that ships often leave detachments while en-route elsewhere. When *Anarchist* came back two days later, the Marine squad did not answer their recall and the captain, who was on his way to yet another priority mission, did not want to leave troops behind without support. Sector command then sent an insurgency team, one organized to deal with problems on Klingon-controlled planets but all they had available, using a long-range shuttle from Border Station 12. The team was ordered to leave two men in the shuttle and in orbit. The shuttle made its first and second scheduled check-in calls, then did not reply. The *Anarchist* was again diverted to check in with the insurgency team, which did not answer the hail. The *Anarchist's* scanners found the shuttle crash site on the Northern Continent, but there was no indication that the shuttle had been shot down. It simply crashed. We are the third team to land on this planet.

"The *Ardent* has orders to remain at our disposal for the duration of this mission. This means we will have plenty of back-up." The major looked around at the pleased looks in his team's eyes. Too many times they, too, had been left to their own devices on strange worlds. He continued, "The first team will consist of the following personnel: Myself, Sergeant Kia, Combat Specialist Corporal Wordar, Security Service Captain Blears, Engineering Specialist Ensign Flaaagh, and Medical Specialist Senior Petty Officer Kleees. The remaining personnel will comprise the second Team. Sergeant Hivost will be in command of the backup Team. He has my orders." The team nodded, and began to shuffle into the two elements, the contact team and the backup team. Hivost, a Hilidarian, had been the Team's scout before he was promoted to sergeant, and the rest of the Team knew that wherever they were, Hivost could find them.



Klingon Dagger Team Insignia

"Ishnai is as near a standard oxy-nitro planet as we could wish for. No special environment gear will be required.

"Questions? Wordar."

"Sir, does our mission include finding out about the previous parties?"

"Not specifically. However I feel that we will need to do so before we can understand where they failed. Any more questions?" There was a pregnant pause. "No? All right. I

want away gear packed and ready for inspection by 1030 hours. Beamdown at noon, ship's time. That is all."

Four Klingons and two from subject races and a wide range of talents, Klaagh thought to himself as the teams filed out. A good team, but would they be good enough? He would soon know.

Planet Ishnai

"Beamdown complete, *Ardent*," Major Klaagh said to his communicator. "No natives in our presence. Proceeding to the village," he said as he checked his team's positioning from the beamdown.

"Understood, Major. Fulfill your orders."

"Klaagh out." The major looked about. He stood at the center of the pentagon his team formed, all of whom were scanning outward. "All right, team. According to our data, we have landed near a village which seems to be at the nexus of a group of trade routes and appears to be the largest settlement on the continent. The village, which apparently contains only a few thousand people, is in that direction. Open ground formation. Kia, take the point."

"Aye, sir." The Slirdarian Sergeant moved out in the general direction Klaagh had indicated.

"Flaaagh I want you to bring up the rear and make sure we aren't being followed," Klaagh ordered, putting his most perceptive team member at the rear. No matter how long he worked with Flaaagh, the dual sets of eyes on the Zoolie were disconcerting ... but welcome. The rest of the team fell into an easy pace, cutting the travel time to the village to nearly nothing. Not a single animal showed itself, but the cultivated fields through which they traveled did show the intelligence of the culture.

"Sir. The village. You want us to just waltz in?"

"Yes, Sergeant. I want no weapons unslung, but if I give the command, I want them out and firing quick. Especially you, Wordar, and your infamous quickdraw."

"Yes, sir."

"Take us in, sergeant." The village seemed exceedingly poor and technologically inferior, with thatched roofs on most dwellings. A small group of domesticated herd animals walked freely within the confines of the village, harassed only by another more vivacious creature whose sole intent seemed to be to keep the herd animals in one place. Several of the native population, chalky white and totally hairless bipeds, were about but appeared to take no notice of the strangers. The only feature which seemed to distinguish one from another was a colored stripe that started at the forehead and ran down the back, splitting in two and continuing down each leg. This merely punctuated the total nudity of the creatures.

Before Klaagh could decide what he wanted to do, one of the natives suddenly walked directly up to him. Klaagh towered over the small white creature and Wordar's hand twitched at his sidearm, but made no move to draw the weapon.

The creature said something in a sing-song voice, more like a bird than a man. "Good day to you, good men. You are not of this earth?" came the voice from the team's translators.

"No, we are not. We are from another planet." The translator was doing its job as the man smiled.

"Well, all earths are equal. Come and break fast with us."

"We would be honored." Klaagh hit the kill button on his translator. "Either these people are the best actors in the world, or they didn't do anything to our teams." Klaagh reactivated the translator as the man led them to a building set back from the others.

"What are you called?" Klaagh asked the native.

"We have no names, but I am the village elder. Look there. We have cultivated our earth to provide the things for it to nourish us. We surely return its favor with nutrients and tender care. Have you learned any more about *your* earth that you would care to share?"

Klaagh was puzzled by such a question from an 'unsophisticated' agricultural planet native.

"We have many planets. Some are poor in ability to provide. We use these for production of more advanced equipment to enable those which are rich in the ability to provide even a greater ability to provide." The creature's 'wide-eyed-wonder' expression wavered for a moment. Klaagh got the feeling that the creature was perturbed, but reminded himself of the lessons of Ockt-Tah Academy. He could almost hear Colonel Brakish saying, "Never attribute to an alien the facial expressions or body-language of our people. We have learned this hard lesson over centuries of contact and a simple example would be Humans. They bare their teeth in a happy, sharing greeting, unlike our people who do it before combat or insult." Klaagh had never forgotten that lesson and it had saved his life more than once.

"Sir," Ensign Flaaagh said, pulling Klaagh's attention from his host. Once again he killed the transmit on his translator. "I have picked up significant dilithium deposits here. The atmosphere must block the scans for it."

"How significant?" Klaagh asked. Flaaagh looked about for a second and then bent down to pick up an oddly shaped rock.

"Is *this* significant enough for you, sir?"

"Krai! Free dilithium? Gentlemen, our mission just increased in importance by several orders of magnitude. Kia, relay this information to the *Ardent*."

"... and here we are," the little alien continued, unaware that he hadn't been understood before the Klingon turned his translator back on. "Come ... join in with us to the repast from our earth." Klaagh sat on the dirt floor and motioned for his team to do likewise. Soon other aliens were bringing in bowls heaped with a variety of produce.

"Eat," the alien said, dipping his hand into the nearest dish and scooping the contents into his mouth. Klaagh looked at Kleees, whose tricorder was already scanning. He nodded his head. Klaagh reached out and took a dab of a dish and put it in his mouth. It was a revolting mash of some tuber, but he managed to choke it down. He motioned for the remaining team members to do the same. He could tell by the looks on their faces that they were unhappy about it, but they followed his orders nonetheless.

"We have come here to negotiate with you and your people to join our Empire of Planets."

"We have entertained people of your earth before. As with them, I will tell you. We would welcome your union. Earths can never be too well off, or without enough friends." Klaagh was amazed that it would be so easy, but then something akin to realization set in.

"What happened to the other peoples of our earth?"

"They made a mockery of what we had agreed to share and they were sent to learn from their foolishness. Unfortunately none of them learned."

"They died?"

"Yes. They were truly not from this earth."

Klaagh wondered at the meaning of this answer but decided that it was a puzzle that could wait for an answer. Get them to sign on the dotted line and they could let the landing teams determine what had really happened. He set up a separate recording file on his tricorder, so that the creatures could not later claim they had not made the bargain.

"I will tell my Emperor then that this planet is his to rule over as part of the Klingon Empire."

"No one claims this earth! You foolish men. You have all been the same and I will treat you the same. Maybe you will learn, as your other earthers did not."

Klaagh felt his mind going numb, as if a blanket was falling over his ability to reason. He saw Wordar draw and fire, but he couldn't focus enough to know why, or care if he had even hit anything. Soon he was not thinking at all.

Days trickled by. Klaagh's thoughts were of food and the security of the cave he had found for his pack. After kicking out the bones and the metal things, it was comfortable to sleep in. Klaagh's pack foraged for food among the tiny animals of the forest. As the strongest he always got the largest share, but somehow it wasn't enough, so with grunts and a kick or two, he made the others search the trees and bushes for something edible.

Days flowed by in the sameness, and always Klaagh had this empty feeling. He tried to fill it with the food that the pack brought him, but this was not the emptiness he felt. He continued to forage for the thing that would cure the emptiness.

Some days later he happened upon a bush with a bright red berry. The smell drove him mad with desire. He began eating the berries which clung there. All of them did. It was a feeding frenzy and soon the bush was bare. They lay down right there and began to sleep, without fear, for once.

Klaagh woke up, with a ringing headache and his stomach was twisted in knots. He was wearing no clothing, but to his amazement, neither were any of his team. Then he remembered the half-life they had been living. Without minds, relying only on their animal instincts to survive. Another cramp struck him and he doubled over. From the other moans he heard, he wasn't the only one awake.

"Kleees, what is this?"

"Probably that berry we ate, sir. It is a digestional poison. If I had my equipment, I could probably isolate its cause and an antidote."

"The cave."

"Yes sir."

"Kia!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get them up and to the cave. NOW!"

With some delay, and agony, they managed to stand and make their way to the cave, where they discovered many of the tools that they had abandoned in their animalistic state ...

and the bones of approximately 15 Klingons and subject races. Kleees took blood samples from each of his own team and spent an hour in agony bent over his equipment.

"I have it, sir," he said, injecting himself immediately, and then moving around to each to repeat the process. "It was a simple poison, but what I've found is that within the biochemistry of the poison is the antidote to whatever caused us to regress. I've left the active ingredient of the poison alive within us for the time being, but neutralized the damaging portion. We can no longer be affected the same way."

"Any idea how it was done to us in the first place?"

"Psycho-chemical poisoning. Some form of psychic energy caused our own body to create this mentally suppressive protein."

"I'm almost sorry I asked. That doesn't exactly tell us what happened to our comrades."

"They might have come into contact with the local fauna without the ability to defend themselves. Or they may have also eaten the berries but were unable to stop the poison," offered the medic. "I could easily check, sir."

"Do that, but in the background."

"What are we sitting around for? We have a mission to complete. Flaaagh, I need to know what day and time it is."

"Mission time T Plus four days, forty five minutes, seventeen seconds," the Zoolie said, after a quick check.

"Then something happened to the *Ardent*. We should have been ash by this point."

"Flaaagh, I need you to work out some way to make our communicators trigger the transporter on the *Ardent*. You can vandalize any of our equipment save one tricorder, two of the translators and Kleees' equipment."

"Sir, I need the *Ardent's* lockout command code. Her shields will be up."

"Ack, three, five, Kla, Bek," Klaagh recited.

"One, five, Cru, Cru, Kla," Blears added.

"Thank you sirs."

"Wordar. Set up a watch on the entrance. Set trip wires, traps, anything just to give us some warning if we are being interrupted."

"Kleees. I have to assume that the ship had the same thing happen to it, as happened to us. I need you to synthesize the berry antidote. Don't go out to the bushes alone. Take Wordar with you when he is done, in fact help him so that he gets it done faster."

"Captain," Klaagh turned to the Empire Security officer. "There has been something that has been bothering me about the conversation I had with the elder of that village. Something struck me as odd. I need to find out how it is translating a certain word. I think this is the key. Can you feed the output of one translator into the input of the other?"

"Of course I can, Major," Blears responded in an annoyed tone of voice. "You know this. The capability is there as a double check on the software. I will need a second translator, of course."

"Here, use mine," Klaagh said, handing over his translator. Blears took it and began the task. It would be time soon for another meeting with the village elder, but for now Klaagh was left with nothing to do but think.

Elder Village, Planet Ishnai

"I see you have returned. You have learned to be one with the Earth." Klaagh stood alone. The others had orders to watch from the nearby brush and beam out at the slightest difficulty.

"Yes, the Earth is what taught us. We apologize for offending your Earth. Our machine," Klaagh said, pointing at the translator, "did not speak truly your words."

"Machines often lie. This is why they are not a part of our lives."

"We now know what you do," Klaagh said, trying to smooth the waters. "No one can own the Earth, but the minds of the people?" Klaagh said, hoping he had correctly judged.

"The minds of the people are theirs to give, as long as the Earth is nurtured and loved."

"This we truly know. Would you give us your minds?"

"Truly we have already spoken. You now know the value of our word and our Earth."

"I will tell this to our Earth."

Briefing Room 14, Black One, Planet Walkurian

"Debriefing will now commence. Computer record."

"Major Klaagh. We have your report and there are some salient points that we wish to clarify."

"Certainly, Wing Admiral."

"First, what was the key to the Ishnai civilization? Your report was decidedly unclear on this point."

"I thought I had made it quite clear. The translator converted the Klingon word for *planet* to the Ishnai word for *earth*. As the Ishnai worship 'Earth' – the entire ecosystem, nature itself – this caused a problem. They feel that no one can own a planet, as this is god, and even to mention it is blasphemy of the largest order. When I attempted to claim the planet as ours, they were revolted. A natural reaction to anyone who attempted to *own* another's god."

"Very astute, Major. On another point ... their mental powers turned off your cognitive minds?"

"Actually, as my medical specialist Kleees has discovered, it was more that the energy caused the body to produce a protein which absorbed neural energy above a certain minimal level."

"And thus the other teams died because they failed to have enough intelligence left to protect themselves?"

"Well, sir. Each of the teams ran into a different problem. Upon analysis, one group was entirely killed by a J'loc-like creature the natives call a 'Porla'."

"The second team apparently found the berry, but were unable to cure the poison. As they found it much later than we did, their shuttle had already crashed and was not able to render assistance."

"Why did it take you so long to return the *Ardent* to base?"

"Sir, finding, subduing and treating two hundred and sixty four animalistic Klingons and subject races was *not* an easy task, even if they were still on board the *Ardent*. Apparently the natives either have no serious range limitations to their powers, or they may not be as backward as we thought."

"Excuse me?"

"Well, with all of the free dilithium on that planet that blocks a significant number of our scans, it might be possible that they have a primitive space-going vehicle."

"Krebish! If they are capable of turning warriors into animals, AND have a space capability, they are a major threat to the Empire! Do you realize the seriousness of your theory?"

"Sir, it is only something to check out as a remote possibility. The *Ardent's* scans found no sign of a space vehicle, but, because of this threat which you have so correctly perceived, we should place monitoring satellites around their planet as quickly as possible."

"Hmmm. Something to ponder. One other thing, Major. Your report says that extreme care needs to be taken when dealing with the Ishnai regarding its wealth of dilithium. Why?"

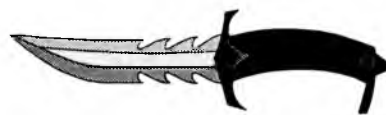
"Well, sir, it should be obvious. Point one. The Ishnai have psychic powers and perhaps technological ones as well. The full extent of which we have barely scratched, I'm sure. This leaves them as a potential threat. Point two. The Ishnai regard the land, the earth as sacred. Any attempt to move, or disturb this earth could be considered a direct attack on their religion. My suggestion is that a team find out what they would consider beneficial for their land and offer a trade. Some chemical fertilizers for the wealth of dilithium would be a 'good trade.' They might view this as 'trading earth for earth' and accept it. One of the diplomats can decide how best to do that. The planet won't need a garrison, as they'll be happy to work for us if approached in the right way. Obviously, everyone going to that planet must be injected with the antidote to their mind effects."

"One final point, Klaagh. Could you explain this charge to the Klingon Empire for four hundred stars?"

"Uniforms, sir."

"What?"

"Replacement uniforms. We lost our uniforms in the line of duty, sir." ♦♦♦



ZOOLIE "CLAW" DAGGER: A very unusual dagger often carried by scouts and known for that reason as the "Zoolie dagger" even though it has never been confirmed that it originated with that race. The unusual "hooks" on the rear part of the blade appear to be used in climbing over obstacles. A separate skill is needed for that use, but anyone with a standard knife skill could use it for all other purposes.

WARRIOR PHILOSOPHIES

The Klingon warriors do not have "religions" per se, but instead have various "warrior philosophies," ways of looking at their duties and accomplishing them. Most warriors adhere to one of the major philosophies, although some try to follow two of them simultaneously and most adopt at least some tenets of philosophies other than their main one. Some of these philosophies include:

Ghov-Dev (Recognize and Lead) – Warriors who favor this philosophy "lead from the front," believing that not only must they act as an example to their troops but also that only from the most advanced position of battle can they recognize the areas where the enemy is weak and exploit them. Those warriors of this philosophy who are not in positions of command themselves expect their commanders to lead from the front and are disappointed or disgruntled if led by another type of commander. This philosophy (like all of the others) applies equally to mortal combat, maintenance of equipment (where such a leader would actually have his hands dirty), and even such "peaceful" activities as organizing a banquet.

• Requirements: LDR 5+ and DIS 5+.

Dlvi'-vo' (Organize and Command) – Warriors who favor this philosophy believe that a truly effective leader must give up the chance for personal glory and remain back from the point of the sharpest battle in order to better coordinate the activities of various frontline and support units.

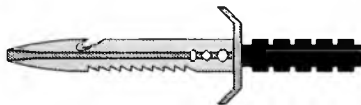
• Requirements: LOGIC 5+ and LDR 5+.

De'-Hosghaj (Knowledge is Power) – Warriors of this philosophy (which is favored by scientists, the Empire Security Service [ESS], and military intelligence) believe that only by knowing absolutely everything (or at least as much as possible) can effective plans be made.

• Requirements: GKN 5+ and INT 5+.

Cham-luch (Technology and Equipment) – Warriors of "the engineers' philosophy" believe that good equipment will overcome the problems caused by less than brilliant personnel. This philosophy is followed by many heavy weapons personnel.

• Requirements: TEC 5+ and ACC 5+.



KLINGON ENGINEER DAGGER: Used by combat engineers. The tip is flat and can function as a chisel or scraper. The saw teeth can cut through metal, wood, bone, etc. The notch is used for cutting cord and wire. The tips of the crossguard are ground to form the Klingon equivalent of screwdrivers. The hollow handle contains various small tools. The holes in the blade correspond to the most common Klingon bolt sizes. While any tool-using humanoid could utilize this knife, obviously someone more familiar with it would be better at it, and for this reason use of this knife by people without prior training is subject to a modifier. Klingon combat engineers have the requisite skill automatically with the standard knife use skill, but others must acquire the skill separately.

'ov-Hiv (Complete Attack) – Warriors of "the berzerker philosophy" believe that when you attack you must hold nothing back, but must be totally committed to the battle. Only after the battle is over will the warriors of the 'ov-Hiv even

notice their own wounds or casualties. They believe that in adopting the mindset of disinterest in their own safety, they will become so fearsome in battle that their enemies will be too terrified to effectively counterattack.

• Requirements: DIS 5+ and SPD 5+. Skill: Berzerker.

Dev-ghol-Qagh (Guiding Adversary Into Error) – Warriors of this philosophy believe in using the enemy's strength against him by misdirection and guile. This philosophy is often followed by scouts and sometimes by military intelligence and operations officers.

• Requirements: INT 5+ and PER 5+.

ORGANIZATION OF A KLINGON DAGGER TEAM

Klingon Dagger Teams (the equivalent of Prime Teams, known as Dag-Zugs or Special Forces Platoons) are organized somewhat differently than Federation Prime Teams. Where a Prime Team is a single integrated unit, a Klingon Dagger Team is more a "pool" from which task groups of 4-6 members are organized for each mission. A Klingon Dagger Team is organized in two five-member teams, or *Khads*, each with a parallel organization.

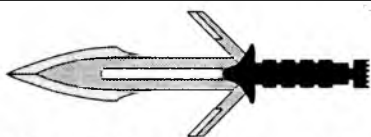
KHAD #1	KHAD #2
OFFICER – This will be a Marine or Naval officer with a rank of K1, K2, K3, or in extreme cases a K4. He is the overall commander of the Team and deploys on all missions.	OFFICER – This will, in all Dagger Teams, be an officer from the Empire Security Service. This officer is not only tasked to watch the team but also to represent the government in negotiations. This officer is usually fluent in several languages.
SERGEANT – This is an experienced combat leader, usually with several other combat skills.	SERGEANT – This is an experienced combat leader, usually with several other combat skills.
COMBAT SPECIALIST – A heavy weapons specialist.	COMBAT SPECIALIST – A scout, often a Zoolie.
ENGINEER – An electronics engineer, with skills in computers and other equipment.	ENGINEER – Usually a "physical" engineer skilled in explosives, terrain, construction, tools, geology, materials, metallurgy, etc.
TECHNICIAN – A doctor (if possible) or at least a combat medic.	TECHNICIAN – A scientist or lab technician, usually skilled in exobiology and exobotany.

In any given Dagger Team, the heavy weapons specialist could be in either team (with the scout in the other team); the same goes for the doctor/scientist and the two engineers. Each team member is the backup for the equivalent team member in the other sub-team. The electronics engineer is the second-best physical engineer in the team. The science technician has at least minimal skills as a medic, and any medic can at least operate laboratory equipment and could conduct a decent analysis of a new plant or animal specimen. (The exception to this system is that one sergeant is the backup heavy weapons operator, and the other is the backup scout.) In any given team, the engineers and technicians could be officers or NCOs. The "doctor" could be an NCO-medic or a full medical doctor/officer. The Sergeants could be junior sergeants, senior sergeants, or sergeants major. All of this is determined by the character generation die rolls, with

characters rolling for rank on the corresponding Federation tables in the Prime Directive Rulebook.

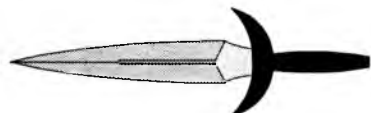
Note that the two Khads are training organizations; when the Dag-Zug deploys it might take any or all of its people and would reorganize the internal structure appropriately for the mission.

Within a given gaming group, there probably would not be ten players (although there could be). One way to handle this is to "double up" and assign some players two characters, although they should only use one of them at a time. (A group that prefers combat adventures might have one player control both engineers and another control both technicians. Groups interested in less violent gaming might have one player control both sergeants, another control both combat specialists.) A given Dagger Team might well be under strength due to previous casualties, and given that "replacements" are available inside the team itself, the Klingons tend to be slow to send new replacements and often let a team "dwindle" until it is no longer effective and then send it back to the Ockt-Tah Academy to be rebuilt with replacements. For those players who are uncomfortable with handling multiple characters, this type of "under-strength" Team might be perfect, allowing 4-6 players to each control one member of a smaller Dag-Zug.



KLINGON KOV-REE DAGGER: The "spring out" guard blades are locked against the main blade when in the sheath and are released by a thumb catch. This is often considered to be "the" Klingon dagger but is only one of many types. The blade is badly balanced and effective use of this knife requires a special skill with this particular weapon, a separate skill from generalized knife-fighting.

Klingon Sword Teams (a specialized form of the commando platoon) are similarly organized, except that: the Empire Security Service (ESS) officer is not selected for his language skills (and is often an assassin), both engineers are combat types with minimal electronics abilities, and the scientist is replaced with another marine heavy weapons specialist. Sword Teams are the best of the commandoes; true commando platoons (Kam-Zugs) are led by a senior sergeant and have an ESS sergeant as second in command; the two sergeants of a Sword/Dagger Team are mere corporals serving as seconds-in-command of the two sub-teams.



KLINGON SANGFROID DAGGER: Also known as "the female dagger," this is the weapon of choice carried by Klingon women. It features a smaller grip (the hands of Klingon women are smaller than those of Klingon men and have less brute strength but more grip strength) and the "traps" formed by the crossbar and tang are more suited to a "twisting" combat style. There is no bonus or penalty for this knife beyond the standard knife-using skill.

KLINGON DAG-ZUG NPC TEMPLATES

Khad 1 Officer (K1-K4)

STR - 5	SPD - 4	LGC - 3	DIS - 6	GKN - 4
ACC - 5	LDR - 5	INT - 4	TEC - 3	PER - 4
Pro Rep - 5	LDC - 10		BR - 2	
Heroic Rep - ?	SDC - 11		RT - M	

Fire (Disruptor) - 5/5
Melee Combat - 5/5
Martial Arts - 5/5
Throwing - 5/5

Zero-G Maneuvering - 3/4
Field Equipment - 3/3
Console Operations - 3/3
Damage Control - 3/3

Khad 1 Sergeant

STR - 5	SPD - 4	LGC - 3	DIS - 6	GKN - 3
ACC - 5	LDR - 5	INT - 3	TEC - 3	PER - 4
Pro Rep - 4	LDC - 10		BR - 2	
Heroic Rep - ?	SDC - 11		RT - M	

Fire (Disruptor) - 5/5
Melee Combat - 5/5
Martial Arts - 5/5
Throwing - 5/5
Stealth - 3/4

Zero-G Maneuvering - 5/5
Field Equipment - 3/3
Console Operations - 3/3
Damage Control - 3/3

Khad 1 Combat Spec (Heavy Weapons)

STR - 5	SPD - 4	LGC - 2	DIS - 5	GKN - 3
ACC - 4	LDR - 3	INT - 3	TEC - 3	PER - 3
Pro Rep - 3	LDC - 10		BR - 2	
Heroic Rep - ?	SDC - 10		RT - M	

Fire (Disruptor) - 4/4
Heavy Wpns. Ops. - 4/4
Melee Combat - 4/4
Martial Arts - 4/4
Throwing - 4/4

Zero-G Maneuvering - 2/3
Field Equipment - 3/3
Console Operations - 3/3
Damage Control - 3/3

Khad 1 Engineer (Equipment Spec)

STR - 4	SPD - 4	LGC - 4	DIS - 5	GKN - 3
ACC - 4	LDR - 3	INT - 3	TEC - 5	PER - 3
Pro Rep - 3	LDC - 8		BR - 2	
Heroic Rep - ?	SDC - 9		RT - N	

Fire (Disruptor) - 3/3
Melee Combat - 3/3
Martial Arts - 3/3
Throwing - 1/2
Zero-G Maneuvering - 2/3
Field Equipment - 5/5

Console Operations - 5/5
Damage Control - 3/4
Electronics - 3/4
Computer Systems - 3/4
Computer Programming - 5/5
Physical Sciences - 3/3

Khad 1 Technician (Medical)

STR - 4	SPD - 4	LGC - 4	DIS - 5	GKN - 6
ACC - 4	LDR - 3	INT - 4	TEC - 4	PER - 4
Pro Rep - 3	LDC - 8		BR - 2	
Heroic Rep - ?	SDC - 9		RT - N	

Fire (Disruptor) - 3/3
Melee Combat - 3/3
Martial Arts - 3/3
Throwing - 1/2
Zero-G Maneuvering - 3/3
Field Equipment - 4/4

Console Operations - 4/4
Damage Control - 1/2
First Aid - 6/6
Medicine - 4/5
Surgery - 4/5
Natural Sciences - 3/4

Khad 2 ESS Officer

STR - 5	SPD - 5	LGC - 3	DIS - 6	GKN - 4
ACC - 5	LDR - 6	INT - 5	TEC - 4	PER - 4
Pro Rep - 5	LDC - 10		BR - 3	
Heroic Rep - ?	SDC - 11		RT - M	

Fire (Disruptor) - 5/5
 Melee Combat - 5/5
 Martial Arts - 5/5
 Throwing - 5/5
 Zero-G Maneuvering - 3/4
 Field Equipment - 4/4
 Console Operations - 4/4

Damage Control - 4/4
 Evaluation - 5/5
 Interrogation - 4/5
 Negotiation - 4/5
 Persuasion - 5/5
 Administration - 4/4
 Languages (Several) - 4/4

Khad 2 Sergeant - As Sergeant in Khad 1 but with Heavy Wpns. Ops - 3/4 instead of Stealth

Khad 2 Combat Specialist (Zoolie Scout)

STR - 4	SPD - 5	LGC - 3	DIS - 5	GKN - 3
ACC - 5	LDR - 2	INT - 4	TEC - 4	PER - 6
Pro Rep - 4	LDC - 8		BR - 2	
Heroic Rep - ?	SDC - 10		RT - S	

Fire (Disruptor) - 5/5
 Melee Combat - 5/5
 Martial Arts - 5/5
 Throwing - 2/3
 Zero-G Maneuvering - 3/4
 Field Equipment - 4/4

Damage Control - 2/3
 Console Operations - 4/4
 Stealth - 5/5
 Tracking - 5/5
 Sniper - 5/5
 Survival (pick type) - 5/5

Khad 2 Engineer (Physical)

STR - 4	SPD - 4	LGC - 5	DIS - 5	GKN - 4
ACC - 4	LDR - 3	INT - 3	TEC - 5	PER - 4
Pro Rep - 3	LDC - 8		BR - 2	
Heroic Rep - ?	SDC - 9		RT - N	

Fire (Disruptor) - 4/4
 Melee Combat - 4/4
 Martial Arts - 4/4
 Throwing - 2/3
 Zero-G Maneuvering - 2/3
 Field Equipment - 5/5

Damage Control - 2/3
 Console Operations - 5/5
 Physical Sciences - 4/4
 Mechanics - 5/5
 Electronics - 5/5
 Civil Engineering - 5/5

Khad 2 Technician (Natural Sciences)

STR - 4	SPD - 4	LGC - 4	DIS - 5	GKN - 5
ACC - 4	LDR - 3	INT - 3	TEC - 4	PER - 4
Pro Rep - 3	LDC - 8		BR - 2	
Heroic Rep - ?	SDC - 9		RT - N	

Fire (Disruptor) - 4/4
 Melee Combat - 4/4
 Martial Arts - 4/4
 Throwing - 1/2
 Zero-G Maneuvering - 2/3
 Field Equipment - 4/4

Damage Control - 2/3
 Console Operations - 4/4
 Physical Sciences - 4/4
 Natural Sciences - 5/5
 Sensor Systems - 4/4
 First Aid - 3/4

Please note: For purposes of simplicity, all members of this sample Dag-Zug are Klingons except for the Zoolie Scout. Players should, of course, feel free to include subject races when they create their own Dag-Zugs. Also, while at first glance it might appear that the Dag-Zug members above are lacking in the skills department, the skill lists in these

templates have deliberately been left unfinished so that players can customize them to their own personal taste. (GMS should, of course, supervise the skill additions.)

NEW DISCIPLINE SUPPORTED SKILL:

BERZERKER

BERZERKER: 5/7/9 (20)

This skill reflects the character's ability to mentally turn off any concerns over his own safety to allow total dedication to a ferocious attack. (Federation troops try to approximate this effect by screaming things such as "Hua!" at the top of their lungs, but really do not understand the idea.) A Klingon warrior of the 'ov-Hiv philosophy will use this skill in most combat situations. The effect is something like rolling a 500-pound bowling ball into a crowd. People are so concerned with getting out of the way that they don't realize that the bowling ball has a higher purpose than just to cause general mayhem.

Complete SL: The warrior not only **ignores** the Level Of Damage (LoD) Mods for all Stun Damage taken during the combat, he is not even knocked unconscious until he has taken 150% of his normal SDC, rounded down. He also calculates his Level Of Damage Mods as if he had taken only **one-third** the amount of Lethal Damage that has been inflicted (where 1 or 2 LDC points round down to 0 for LoD Mod purposes). The character still actually takes the damage, however. Note that after the battle, when the character's SDC returns to its normal "un-Berzerk" level, if the amount of Stun Damage that the character has taken exceeds his normal SDC, then the character will instantly go unconscious. In any event, whether the character is on his feet or not after the combat, the Berzerker rage fades away, and the character will recover his Stun Damage using his normal SDC value, not his Berzerkerized value.

Moderate SL: The warrior **ignores** the Level Of Damage Mods for all Stun Damage taken during the combat. The character still actually takes the damage, however. He also calculates his Level Of Damage Mods as if he had taken only **one-half** the amount of Lethal Damage that has been inflicted, rounded down (where 1 point rounds down to 0 for LoD Mod purposes).

Minimal SL: The character calculates his Level Of Damage Mods as if he had taken only **one-half** the amount of Stun Damage that has been inflicted, rounded down (where 1 point rounds down to 0 for LoD Mod purposes). There is no effect on the LoD mods for Lethal Damage.

Failure: Nothing happens, except that the warrior is still obliged to run headlong into the nearest clot of enemies.

Botch: The warrior, suddenly unable to find his mental "Berzerker Switch", will panic and freeze. Count the character as having FAILED his A/I roll for the rest of the turn.

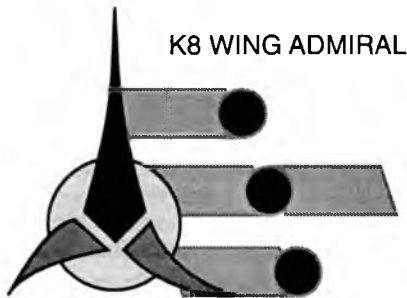
In any case (except a Botch), a warrior who uses this skill is obliged to attack any and every enemy in sight in hand-to-hand combat. He will not stop until so badly wounded as to become unconscious or dead, or until the last enemy has taken flight, surrendered, or been incapacitated. In the round following the end of the combat, the Berzerker rage will fade, and the formerly Berzerk character will assume the full effect of any and all damage that has been dealt him.

Berzerker itself takes no time, but it **MUST** be performed in the same action that the character leaps into combat.

Written by Stephen V. Cole and Steve Petrick
 & developed by Tim Olsen and Mark Costello ♦♦♦

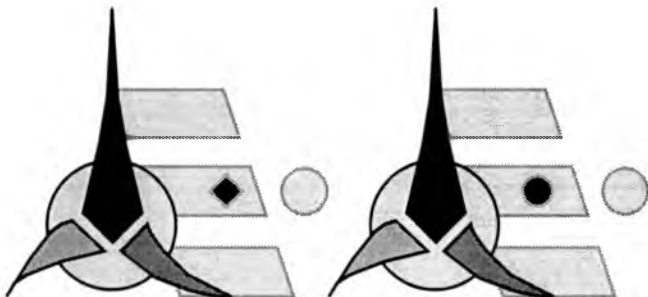
KLINGON RANK INSIGNIA

This general pattern of Klingon rank insignia is explained in the Prime Directive rulebook; this feature by Steve Cole offers some additional examples.

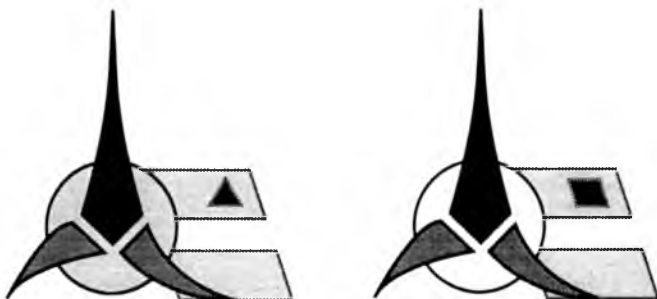


A Klingon K8 Wing Admiral (equal to a Rear Admiral in the Federation) is shown above. Note that the first bar of a new group of three is always in the center to make the badge easily recognizable at some distance.

Technical Officers are limited to a specific service division, rather than being able to handle any assignment as line officers are expected to do. Their rank bars are yellow. The two officers shown below are both Lieutenant Commanders (K4) and both have the yellow bars of technical officers. The small diamond on the left insignia indicates that the officer is part of the Operations Department, which covers such things as navigation and gunnery. The small disk on the insignia at right indicates that the individual is an engineering officer. At the rank of T4, he is probably the chief engineer on a heavy cruiser.

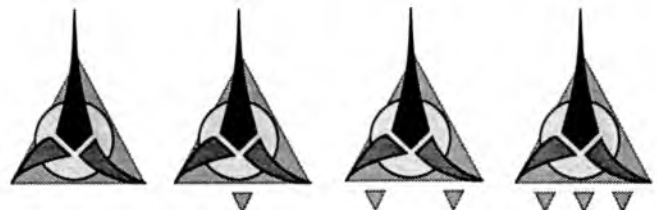


The two Technical officers below are junior lieutenants (rank T2). The one on the left displays the triangle of a shuttle or fighter pilot, while the one on the right displays the rhomboid of the science/medical division (and the white disk of a non-Klingon or Klingon civilian).



The insignia below are for enlisted crewmen. Those with one large triangle are the junior enlisted crewmen, workers, and soldiers. Those with two large triangles are the non-commissioned officers—Marine sergeants and Naval petty officers.

For Junior enlisted troops, the rank is shown by small triangles (points down) below the insignia itself. The plain insignia (no small triangles) is an E1 Recruit, a warrior who has passed the basic tests to enter training. One small triangle marks an E2 Junior Crewman or Junior Private, a warrior who has completed his basic training. Two small triangles mark an E3 Veteran Private or Veteran Crewman. (Note that the triangles are widely spread to make them more visible at a distance.) This rank is achieved only after completing a minimum of a year in actual service and passing various qualification tests. The one-year requirement is waived in the case of crewmen and marines who serve in combat, although even they must pass the tests. Most crewman and Marines will be E2s or E3s. The rank of E4 Senior Private or Senior Crewman is rarely used, as it reflects an individual with considerable experience but who has not been selected for training to become a non-commissioned officer. Sometimes, particularly deserving E3s selected for leadership roles are promoted to E4s before being sent to that training in order to give them increased status within the training unit.

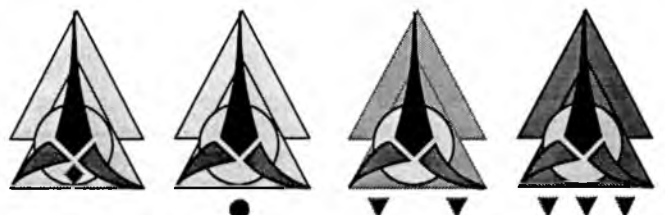


The color of the large triangle shows the branch of the individual. Grey is general fleet, Blue is Internal Security Forces, Green is Marine, Red is ESS, Black is KGB, and Yellow is fleet technician. The Yellow technician insignia is used only for NCOs, not for junior enlisted personnel. It reflects an individual who is qualified only in a specific area, rather than in all areas. A "general" NCO crewman could serve in any position on the ship, but a "technical" NCO could only serve in the department for which he was qualified.

Such "technical" NCOs reflect both those with special skills in a given area who are best kept where they can do their best work, and those who could not qualify for the more prestigious general skills and were forced to take a technical grade in order to get promoted at all.

The Marines use the green background (and the ISF uses the blue background) to show "general" NCOs able to perform almost any function. Both use the yellow "technical" badges for specialists. In the ISF this works the same as in the fleet, where the small "branch" insignia (seen on the officers at left) are used to denote rank rather than the small triangles. In the Marines, a yellow-triangle specialist (for example, a mortar gunner who was not also qualified to lead a Khad) uses the inverted triangles to show his rank.

In the case of an E5 (Corporal or JPO) technician, the "branch" insignia is shown at the bottom of the disk on the main insignia. The insignia below show an E5 Junior Petty Officer (operations), an E6 Veteran Crewman (engineer), an E7 Senior Petty Officer (Fleet), and an E8 Marine Master Sergeant.



THE VUDAR ENCLAVE: A New Race by Jon Cleaves



The Vudar are a humanoid race, taller and thinner than Terrans with oversized eyes and a pale green complexion. Rather than evolving from primates, they are descended from a line of gecko-like reptiles. Their eyes have a clear inner eyelid which affords them protection while swimming. This eyelid also allows them to 'wet' their lenses without seeming to blink. This gives the offworlder the impression that they are always 'staring at you'.

Although descended from carnivores, the Vudar are generally peaceful and academic. They rival the Vulcans for their scientific achievements, and their products are a prized commodity in the Klingon Empire (of which Vudar spent more than a century as a subject world, producing 10% of the Empire's impulse engines). The Vudar rarely, however, serve on Klingon starships due to their need for ionizing radiation that would be hazardous for the remainder of the crew.

Vudar is located in the southernmost part of the Klingon Empire, right up against the galactic barrier. A 'weakness' in this barrier (called 'The Hole') allows some dangerous ionizing radiation to 'leak' into the space around Vudar. Although Vudar's atmosphere protects the planet itself (albeit not to a level comfortable for a Klingon occupation force), Vudar scientists were forced to develop several defensive technologies before they could begin serious space travel. Because of this, the Vudar are the galaxy's foremost experts on ion and impulse technology (or at least *they* think so).

'The Hole' also allowed the Vudar to hide the construction of a fleet that would otherwise have attracted the early attention of their Klingon masters. (The Klingons had authorized the Vudar to build small numbers of "police" ships for local convoy escorts, relieving the ISF in their sector. The Klingons could not tell how many ships were in service because of ion interference with their long-range scans.) This fleet, along with the development of a device that produces an artificial ion storm, provided the Vudar with the means to gain their independence from the Empire in Y178. In the next seven years, the Vudar took advantage of the General War and carved out an Enclave for themselves from Klingon and Hydran territory along the galactic rim.

The Vudar equivalent of Prime Teams are called Storm Teams. Vudar Storm Teams are developed in a manner similar to Federation characters. The Vudar Enclave Military uses the same divisions as Star Fleet. Storm Teams perform the same missions as Prime Teams, although they have few opportunities for "first contact" missions. They do land on planetoids to set up small Ion Storm Generators to cover the construction of larger ISGs used in making the system uninhabitable to other races.

Storm Teams usually contain the following members: Commander, Emplacer (Engineer), Heavy Weapons Specialist, Penetrator (Scout), Medic or Doctor, and a Scientist.

An Emplacer is a highly trained engineer, with a thorough grounding in ion technology. He is responsible for the correct installment and operation of the Ion Storm Generator the team is carrying. (Note: This ISG is a smaller semi-portable version designed only to protect the planetoid selected for installation of the much larger area-defense ISG system.)

A Penetrator is a special type of scout character whose mission is to get the team into whatever area/facility has been targeted for emplacement. He will have an abundance of skills in security procedures and systems as well as sensor systems.

Since the target area usually does not WANT an ISG to be emplaced, Storm Teams will almost always include a Medic and a Heavy Weapons Marine.

Storm Teams did not include Science division officers early in their history as exploration missions were performed by teams of scientists AFTER the target area/world had been grabbed. This was changed after the Vudar began expanding out of their immediate area and found a need for on-site analysis of terrain features and lifeforms. A small number of the scientists are "Non-Vulcan Psionicists".

Vudar Characteristics (Storm Team members)

STR - 3	SPD - 3	LGC - 4	DIS - 3	GKN - 3
ACC - 4	LDR - 2	INT - 2	TEC - 3	PER - 5

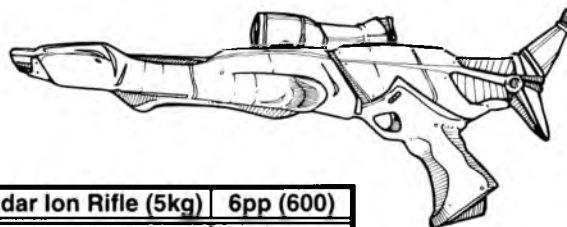
Vudar Characteristics (Naval Personnel)

STR - 2	SPD - 2	LGC - 3	DIS - 2	GKN - 2
ACC - 3	LDR - 1	INT - 2	TEC - 2	PER - 4

THE ION RIFLE: THE VUDAR WEAPON

Ion Rifle: BR# = 7 (BR# = 12 for non-Vudar characters.)

The Ion Rifle is a natural extension of the Vudar's extraordinary affinity for ion technology. This single setting rifle fires a deadly stream of highly ionized particles against a single target. If the target has no Energy AR, the D#s of the rifle's attack are resolved at a flat +2.



Vudar Ion Rifle (5kg)	6pp (600)
Lethal - 2 4/6/8	(12)

Pt Blank	Normal	Moderate	Long	Extreme
4m	5-250m	251-500m	501-800m	801-1200m

FRAXPRIME by Bruce Graw

On the Border of the Kaltic Freestates

XCaptain[duel:15] paused carefully, allowing a few bits to drop as the clock-pulses ticked slowly by. The Klingon ship's electronic matrix, barely visible almost directly ahead, appeared to be circling around for another battle pass. XCaptain knew he had gotten KCaptain[duel:15]'s better in the last sweep, but only because GRandom[common] had favored him, and all four of his disruptors had found their target.

The D7C matrix was bringing a strong shield to face XCCruiser[duel:15]'s front, a standard ploy. "XRetrieveIO," he posted, "report frequency of Klingon maneuver and potential response."

A few clock-ticks passed while XRetrieveIO[duel:all] waited out the call to StandardIO[XCaptain:common]. The input/output circuitry was damnably slow, XCaptain mused, but there was nothing to be done about that. Even plasmax datatrieve, the fastest I/O hardware available, was still only ten percent the speed of a neuroprocessor.

In due course XRetrieveIO replied, "Maneuver attempted in 57% of previous engagements immediately after first battle pass. 63% of such engagements were followed by victories."

"Hardly conclusive, but they may be trying to test the theory. XAdvisor, what response do you suggest?"

XAdvisor[XCaptain:duel] responded almost immediately. The subroutine had been programmed to provide advice on any subject on demand, in much the same way as XCaptain was programmed to make the best possible decision based on the reports from his bridge subroutines and the current tactical situation. "Continue pursuit and broadside to starboard," the advisory routine suggested. "With the primary starboard shield damaged, KCruiser[duel:15] will be forced to either break off, giving us repeated broadsides to his aft side, or parallel us and bear the weakened shield."

"Or charge directly at us," XCaptain pointed out.

"A possibility," XAdvisor said, "but statistically unlikely. As XRetrieveIO will tell you, overruns have been attempted in only 21% of previous duels."

XCaptain absorbed that, noting simultaneously that KCruiser was making its second run. XCaptain felt no excitement, fear, anticipation or other emotion at the engagement; he had not been programmed for that (though perhaps he would in a future revision).

The Klingon ship matrix fired as soon as its disruptors came to bear, three of them hitting XCCruiser[duel:15]'s front shield for minor damage.

Klingon Deep Space Fleet Academy Training Simulator Room

Kikruul grabbed the arms of the command chair to steady himself as the simulator shook with the impact of the Klingon cruiser's disruptors on the front shield. *Got the inertial dampners down to 92% I see*, he thought to himself. Simple shield damage should not have shaken the ship that hard. With a start, he realized he had wasted nearly a second, which could be fatal in battle.

On the Border of the Kaltic Freestates

XCaptain immediately ordered a turn to starboard, accepting XAdvisor's suggestion, but held fire to see what KCruiser would do. It continued to close.

"Disruptors discharging in three phases," the element XWeapons[disr:all] announced.

"Fire on final phase."

Three clock-pulses later the disruptors fired, again all hitting the Klingon, this time on the front shield. With the blow, over a third of the ship's forward shield bits went to zero. XCaptain wondered if there might be a bug in GRandom[common], but that was not for him to worry about.

KCruiser continued closing, actually picking up speed, surprising XCaptain, who ordered an immediate drone launch. XAdvisor recommended accepting the overrun if offered, keeping the broadside to bear so as to avoid surrendering the initiative. XCaptain agreed, holding back on disruptors and phasers until KCaptain was committed.



The defensive weapons on KCruiser took care of the drones and the ship closed to sixty thousand kilometers, then five, and finally four before finally opening up. Phasers and disruptors, two of them overloaded, tagged XCCruiser on its aft port shield. The damage was good, zeroing the shield and causing several nulls in other systems, including a phaser.

"Return fire, then turn to starboard," XCaptain ordered. He didn't need XAdvisor to suggest the same maneuver

KCruiser had used—namely, turning completely around to bring fresh shields to bear on the enemy. The expanded arcs of his ship's weapons would provide a telling advantage over KCruiser, of that he was confident.

XCCruiser's alpha strike was less than average this time, silencing doubts about a GRandom bug. The damage nulled the front shield and most of the hull bits, but no weapons. XCaptain considered his next options, then remembered (before the next clock pulse) that the range and shield bearings allowed a transporter attack.

Quickly, before the clock could tick again, he called XTransport with a subcall to XAdvisor for system targeting. A damage report on the Klingon ship had not yet been passed to his routine, but XAdvisor would know what had already been destroyed; best to let him make the decision.

Apparently KCaptain[duel:15] had the same idea, as seven hit-and-run raids hit XCCruiser on the next pulse. KCaptain had obviously not forgotten the Klingon ship's transporter advantage, a mistake XCaptain had seen made before. Whoever KCaptain was, he was certainly improving.

The damage report followed just a half-tick later, and XCaptain was dismayed. Two of the hit-and-runs had destroyed disruptors, even though they were guarded, and a third had killed a drone rack. "Hastily repair the two disruptors," he ordered, and XComm[main] dutifully passed the order on to XDamCon[XCCruiser].

Klingon Deep Space Fleet Academy Training Simulator Room

Kikruul hit the surrender button with as much nonchalance as he could muster. "When I'm a captain," he remarked casually, "I'm never, ever going to forget about all those transporters."

"Don't you mean IF you ever become a captain?" said Kymoth with a broken-toothed smile. Thanks to his good fortune with the hit-and-run raids, his D7C simulation had quickly overwhelmed Kikruul's Frax cruiser.



Kikruul grunted, half-glaring at Kymoth. It was not enough that his simulation partner would have to be much larger and stronger than he; he also had to be luckier. And not adverse to rubbing it in, either.

"What's the matter, can't stand defeat?" laughed Kymoth. "Get used to it, sub-Warrior. Maybe you should join the Romulans. I hear they're always looking for intellectuals."

Kikruul felt the blood rising to his face, and he longed to challenge the insults, but as usual he backed down. Some would call him coward, but he was anything but stupid. A fight with Kymoth could have only one result. Besides, he had only himself to be angry about. He should have turned away immediately instead of hoping Kymoth would forget the transporters again.

"Bah!" Kymoth spat, interrupting the sudden silence that pervaded the room. "You will never be a warrior. I will request a new simulation partner, one who is not missing a spine." With that, he stalked angrily out of the room, not looking back.

Kikruul sighed, sitting back in the chair and staring at the frozen image of the Klingon and Frax ships on the simulator. Where had he gone wrong? Why hadn't he developed the warrior's instincts and mannerisms like other Klingons? Sometimes he wondered why he'd even been selected for the Academy. True, he had scored in the top of every intelligence and memory test, and passed the rigorous emotional screening with flying colors. He was undoubtedly qualified. Yet, he knew he didn't have the heart of a warrior. What was he doing here?

Perhaps it was because he wanted to prove something to everyone who had ever looked down on him and called him "coward." Didn't being here at least count for something in the courage department?

More than anything, Kikruul wanted to serve on a starship, even if not as a captain, at least as an officer. As things were going, that was never going to happen. Kymoth's request and the reason for it would surely be logged in the Academy records, another strike against him. He had to do something to prove his worthiness. But what?

His thoughts returned to the simulator, the scene of so many failures. He'd done almost everything right this time, he knew. The Frax ship had the advantage, until the battle turned on Kymoth's luck with the hit-and-run raids. Of the fifteen duels he'd fought, Kymoth was the victor in eleven of them, several by luck and the others because Kikruul had made a foolish mistake somewhere along the way. Kikruul's superior intellect and analytical abilities had faltered against Kymoth's blustering, reflexive response on almost every occasion. Perhaps that was what being a warrior was all about—not thinking, just acting as necessary, with raw reflexes and instincts.

If that was true, Kikruul was not, and would never be, a warrior.

Yet, his desire to be an officer remained. If he could not win a position by warrior's skills, he would have to win it with his mind. But how?

KLabs[KCruiser:1], KCruiser[duel:16] Two Days Later

XDag-Zug[frax:1] materialized in the labs, passed within an argument list from XTransport[XCCruiser:3]. The code acted just as a regular boarding party routine would, calling GRandom[common] and passing back the GFailure[] result, leaving the lab bit unchanged.

However, instead of deleting itself as a normal XTransport module would have, the XDag-Zug[frax:1] block attached itself to KLab[KCruiser:1], in such a way that it did not interfere with the lab's operation. "Connection successful," PLink[XDag-Zug:1] reported after two clock pulses passed without detection.

"Commence infiltration," PLeader ordered. "PDef, keep a lookout for security processes. PComm, establish uplink with XComm[XCCruiser] and request instructions."

The two subprocs did not reply, but they did not need to. PLeader knew they would follow his instructions as programmed. XDag-Zug[frax:1] had been designed for one purpose: Infiltrate the enemy ship, and interfere with its operation as ordered by XCaptain[duel:16]. Each subprocess had its own task: PLink connected to KCruiser's net, sustaining and monitoring the link; PDef defended XDag-Zug from Klingon security processes; PComm maintained communications with XCaptain; PTech interfaced with KCruiser routines, interfering with them as needed; and PMod dynamically changed code—either Klingon or Frax—to fit the situation. PLeader, of course, oversaw the operation of all these subroutines, making any and all decisions related to the mission.

"Uplink established," PComm announced. "XCaptain requests information on KCruiser shuttle operations."

"Interface with KShuttle[KCruiser:bay]," ordered PLeader.

"In progress," PTech replied instantly. As programmed, he had anticipated the call but had not executed it. Having the call already loaded saved a clock pulse, and in battle all ticks were critical.

"Warning!" PLink broke in. "KSecure[KCruiser:main] activated."

PLEader had expected that, though it was hoped their tampering would not be detected. He did not need to pass a defense command to PDef, however. In the space of a single clock pulse, the security routine's call had been intercepted, and a nil result returned. PDef had, as programmed, responded by making XDag-Zug's interference look like a null block.

PDef could probably have locked the KSecure call into an infinite loop, or simply returned an anomalous value, but that would have looked like a program bug and nullified the simulation. The nil return told KSecure that nothing was wrong. For this mission, remaining undetected was critical.

"KShuttle says one shuttle is a scatter-pack, and the other is a suicide bomb. Both are fully armed," reported PTech.

PLEader passed the report to PComm. After two ticks XCaptain's orders came back: "Continue monitoring shuttles and return information when launched. Tie into drone racks. Query: Are they being reloaded?"

"Do it," PLeader ordered. PTech could maintain connections to any four KCruiser processes without difficulty.

"Drone racks are in reload," PTech replied. As PComm dutifully reported this, PTech picked up a shuttle launch from KShuttle[KCruiser:bay]. "Suicide shuttle was launched, target is XCCruiser[duel:16]."

XComm sent this information back to the Frax ship as well, then returned: "XCaptain thanks us for a job well done."

PLEader would have smiled, if he had been programmed to do so.

Klingon Deep Space Fleet Academy Simulator Room A Week Later

"You have defeated me again!" shouted Kymoth, slamming a fist down on the hard metal frame of his terminal. On the screen, the nearly destroyed wreck of his Klingon ship drifted away from the victorious Frax cruiser. "It is unbelievable! You outguessed me at every turn!"

"You are becoming predictable, Kymoth," Kikruul told him, the barest hint of a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "After so many battles, I am learning how best to fight you."

"Bah! If only the instructors had granted my request!" growled the big Klingon, who spun on his heels and stormed out of the room, fuming.

Kikruul allowed himself to relax. One of these days, Kymoth was going to lose control and start destroying things. When the Academy had refused his request for a new simulator partner, Kymoth had made a big show of how little a challenge Kikruul offered and how Kymoth's skills were not being tested. Now he was being made to look the fool, for Kikruul had not lost a simulator battle in a week—not since duel #16, when his Dag-Zug process made its first appearance.

The idea had been a simple one at first, and the computer code had not been difficult to generate. Once the process had been attached to the Klingon duel software (under cover of a hit-and-run raid), it remained on the ship for the remainder of that duel, then returned to his own. He'd even been able to upgrade the software a few times until it was all but impossible to detect. Only someone who knew exactly what they were looking for could ever find the Dag-Zug where it was now.

The Dag-Zug software was powerful, and capable of just about anything at this stage, at least with respect to Kymoth's Klingon simulation. Kikruul had stopped short of anything other than information-gathering so far. If he desired, he could order the Team to attack security stations (possibly causing a mutiny), destroy key systems, or any of a number of lesser sabotages, but there was no need to draw undesired attention to himself. It was enough that he looked like a tactical genius. It was easier, although not guaranteed, to win any duel when one knew what kinds of drones were incoming, whether or not certain weapons were armed, or any of a number of other details which, taken by themselves, were minor, but when added together were critical.

Kikruul waited until he was sure Kymoth would not return to the simulator, then opened up his encrypted files. He had a lot of work to do—the first fleet battle was in less than a week, and he wanted XDag-Zug to be ready...

Klingon Deep Space Fleet Academy Graduation Exercises; Two Years Later

Kikruul waited with breathless anticipation as the list of ship-officer selectees was read with typical slowness and deliberation. As each name sounded, a roar of triumph erupted somewhere in the chamber.

There was an outstanding chance that Kikruul would be chosen for a shipboard position. Thanks to XDag-Zug, he rarely if ever lost a battle, and on those occasions when he commanded a fleet, his victories had been overwhelming. Naturally, of course, he scored in the top of his class in all other academic areas, but it was of his combat record that he was most proud.

"Kymoth, son of Krellig..." the Training-master read, and his simulation partner rose with a loud whoop of victory. Kikruul actually found himself smiling with satisfaction, for Kymoth had proven himself a worthy adversary, one who more than deserved a starship position. They had each battled hundreds of other cadets over the years, and even served on the same simulated ship, but their intense rivalry in direct competition was well known, and had made men of both of them. Instead of sulking or plotting petty revenge, Kymoth had instead concentrated all the harder in defeating Kikruul in battle, actually doing so on several occasions (much to his opponent's surprise). Kikruul was confident that Kymoth would make a fine officer, though he still couldn't help hoping to avoid being on the same ship with him.

The names continued to be read for several minutes, Kikruul almost trembling with excitement as he waited for his name to be called. Then, without warning, it came.

"Kikruul, son of Kraalgur!"

Kikruul let out a war-whoop as loud and raucous as any of his fellows, and the shouts of congratulations that followed should have swelled his heart with pride. Yet, what he felt was not victory, but emptiness. It took him by surprise, so much so that he half-sat, half-collapsed into his seat from the shock of it.

As the Training-master moved on to the next name on his list, Kikruul sank down deeper into his chair, oblivious to the elated screams of the chosen. It was suddenly very clear what he had done. He had cheated! There was no victory for him today, only dishonor and defeat. He almost laughed aloud at the realization. And they were going to make him an officer!

Silently he left his seat and slipped out of the auditorium, away from the cheering, jubilant crowd of warriors. He went to his quarters, but only because he had no other place to go. His mind was awl with thoughts of shame, dishonor and the consequences that awaited him.

The door slid open as he touched the access switch, the lights within activating automatically as he entered. The computer screen, glowing softly in standby mode, seemed to beckon to him.

The computer! He sat down before it and activated the electronic mail system. With practiced skill he created a message file and entered the Training-master's node as the destination. Then he sat back in his chair, mentally composing the text he would write that would end his career and all his hopes and dreams forever.

After a moment's thought his eyes drifted from the computer screen to the heavy dagger that adorned his dress uniform — the dagger which had been his father's. How quick it would be to end his disgrace once and for all, he thought. Would he have the courage even for that simple act? But no! It was not a question of courage. Suicide would not bring back his honor. It was the easy way out, the coward's way.

He sat forward and began his message, typing quickly and finishing after a few moments. His statements outlined what he had done and why, and included as its final line his formal resignation from the Academy.

As his hand moved to the SEND key, he hesitated. There was another way out of this, of course—silence. As of now, no one but he knew of his dishonor. If he kept quiet, he would know his own dishonor but would not bring it upon his family as well. Perhaps, for their sake, he could live with his shame and work to offset it with glorious deeds of courage in battle.

As he mulled this over, his hand shifted towards the DELETE key, and wavered there momentarily. Then, as though casting out an inner demon, he punched SEND and jerked to his feet. "No," he muttered to himself. "It ends here."

It was done, and there was no going back. He felt a wave of sudden relief, as though a great weight had lifted from his shoulders. Then there was a buzz from the door.

"Who seeks Kikruul?" he demanded. Already they come, with more congratulations, he thought. How could he face them, any of them? He just wanted to hide.

"You are Kikruul, son of Kraalgur?" came a voice. It was not one he recognized, but carried a heavy tone of authority. Not the Training-master, either. Who, then?

"Enter," he said shakily.

The door opened to reveal an elderly Klingon, tall and imposing despite his age, who strode through the doorway with an air of power about him. "You may call me Trelgur," the old one announced, "and please, do not feel obliged to stand." Somehow he managed to make even that simple statement sound like an order, which Kikruul obeyed unquestioningly.

"You are probably wondering who I am and why I am here," Trelgur said once Kikruul was seated.

"Uh...that is true," Kikruul stammered.

"When you arrived here at the Academy, you were told that everything you did, from the smallest act to the most important examination, would be a test. Were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't call me sir. Not yet, anyway." The mysterious Trelgur sat down in Kymoth's seat, leaning back and getting comfortable. "Did it not occur to you to wonder how that would be done?"

"No, s — no, it didn't. I suppose not."

"Don't be nervous. You have nothing to fear from me. I am not from the ESS, although they are never far away. Relax. You don't have to sit at attention."

Kikruul fumbled with the chair until he managed to get it tilted in such a way that he could be comfortable, but remained wary.

"We've been keeping an eye on you, Kikruul, son of Kraalgur."

"You have...?" Kikruul gulped.

"Yes. We knew about your Dag-Zug program from the moment you entered it into the computer."

Kikruul's head was spinning. *They knew!* But if they knew, they must have allowed it to continue rather than reprimand him. *But why?*

"It is considered most dishonorable to manipulate a computer to gain an advantage over your fellows. Or perhaps you were not aware of this?"

"It — it didn't seem like a question of honor. I had to use the resources available to me to achieve victory."

"In other words, it seemed like a good idea at the time."

Kikruul nodded helplessly.

"And now that you have been selected as an officer, you feel guilty about it. I have read your message, Kikruul. I watched you enter it, and battle with yourself over whether or

not to send it. Had you pressed DELETE it would not be I who would have visited you, and those who came would not be quite so pleasant as I."

Kikruul gulped involuntarily.

"The plain fact is this: You cheated. You cheated completely and totally, and sacrificed your honor in doing so. Yet, by admitting guilt, to yourself and to me, you have regained some of what was lost. You learned. That is why you are here. Some lessons cannot be learned without experience. Do you see now why honor is so important to a Klingon?"

"I do," Kikruul replied honestly.

Trelgur nodded momentarily, then continued. "Your selection as an officer aboard a starship was false," he said. "It was your final test, and provided your last chance to redeem yourself. Your commission as an officer is nonexistent."

Kikruul did not reply, for in sending his resignation, he had already accepted this was so.

"The Training-master feels I am a fool," Trelgur went on, "but I do not wish to see your skills thrown away when they could be such a great service to the Empire. There is still a future for you if you would have it."

Kikruul allowed himself a faint glimmer of hope. "What future?"

"You have exceptional computer skills, and an intellect that rates very high among your graduating class," Trelgur told him. "And your way of seeking alternatives without regard to the consequences could make you a great asset for a Klingon Dagger Team. It need not be said that if you were not qualified as a warrior and in top physical condition, this opportunity would not be open to you, although others might have made you an offer — after you pressed the SEND key."

Kikruul could not answer. He was too stunned.

"I am a recruiter for Ockt-Tah Academy" Trelgur went on. "I screen each graduating class for those with potential, like yourself. Consider my words as you decide whether to accept training at Ockt-Tah Academy. I must have your answer — now."

Kikruul could only nod. For some reason the muscles of his jaw refused to function.

"Good. There is one more thing I would like to say. Do not assume, because of what has been said here, that Dagger Teams are without honor. That is not so. If you attempt subterfuge of this kind again, out there beyond these walls, you will likely be killed on the spot. You will not have a chance to apologize.

"In a society — a ship's crew, the fleet as a whole, a Dagger Team — where everyone is armed, and where lives are on the line every day, a dishonorable warrior cannot be tolerated. Everyone must depend on you, and you on everyone else. You can be forgiven a lack of skill, and rarely even a lack of courage, but never a lack of honor."

"I understand," Kikruul managed.

Trelgur rose and moved to the door. "Oh, and one more thing. You can call me 'sir' now."

"Yes, sir!"

Orbital Shuttle X56 Departing Deep Space Fleet Academy

Kikruul still could not quite believe he was on his way to Ockt-Tah Academy to begin the first phase of Dagger Training. Naturally he had accepted Trelgur's offer; there had never been any doubt of that. It was just the way everything had happened ... like a blur, he could only barely remember the details.

One thing he did know for sure, though: This time there would be no way to program his way around his own inadequacies. They would be judging him solely on his own skills and intelligence, but that was not a problem. He was confident in his abilities in those areas. He had no doubt he would survive — and succeed.

A thought crossed his mind then. In all the excitement, he had not thought to delete the XDag-Zug code from the simulators. Still, they knew about it, didn't they? They'd delete it themselves, or it would be wiped in the end-of-term purge. Besides, he'd programmed the code to be impossible to trace, anyway. What harm could come of it...?

Central Computer Klinshai

"Transit complete," PLink announced suddenly, and the XDag-Zug subprocesses awoke instantly.

PLeader realized with a start how different the net was in this strange new place. Instead of a few dozen nodes, there were millions, and the flashes of communication between them were dazzling. How much larger the universe was than he had first believed!

When the Academy computer's purge began, PLink had detected it immediately. PLeader had received no deletion orders, so the Team's primary objectives, survival and remaining hidden, had to take precedence. PComm received no reply from XCCruiser or any of the other main programs, so XDag-Zug was on its own. And that fact activated another part of its programming, rarely used in the past.

Fortunately, PLeader had been programmed to learn and adapt to its environment. Within a few ticks of the clock he had used PLink to locate a possible escape route, then ordered PMod to convert XDag-Zug's code into a translated electronic mail message. As it was being modified, PComm issued (as its last act before translation) a command to send to the Academy's main computer. Upon delivery they had been automatically unconverted and restored, as PLink had confirmed. Another search found a link to a much larger computer, and another transit was also made.

What were their objectives now? Remain hidden and survive. There were no other directives, so PLeader was free to make his own. XDag-Zug had been programmed to explore its environment and learn what it could, and this is what PLeader set out to do.

The Frax Dag-Zug moved undetected through the Klingon central computer, gathering knowledge, or rather the location of knowledge, as it went. There would be plenty of time to determine an objective, PLeader thought, but for now he was content to learn. ◆◆◆

INITIAL CONTACT REPORT SUMMARY: THE GORNS

For those players who would like to play Gorn characters, we offer the following sourcefile. This ICRS not only expands the Gorn background, it also gives you all the information you will need to field a Gorn Vanguard Team and provides you with a sample Team.



As defined in the Prime Directive Rulebook, modern Gorns are the descendants of three "precursor" races, each of whom developed on different worlds, but who joined into one collective race almost as soon as they came into contact with one another. The striking, essentially identical commonality of their physiognomy and genetic make up and the great similarities in their spoken language and 'certain ancient mystical symbols' at the time of the Egg Bringers, all lead inescapably to the conclusion that the three races are derived of common ancestry. Evaluation of the fossil records on the three planets found no trace of Gorns older than about 13,400 standard years, indicating that the common ancestry did not arise from any of the three planets. (It is also known that 'probable proto-Gorn descendants' were encountered by the Gorns on a planet on the edge of Gorn space toward the center of the galaxy several decades before their first contact with the Federation, but this information is still under review and not available for publication at this time.)

Of course, the fact that each of the three lines has the common myth that S'Yahazah, "The Great Egg Bringer" (known as Oy'Yahzah on one of the worlds), brought the Gorns to their new homes in a Great Egg that traveled the stars when conditions on their original homeworld threatened to drive them towards extinction, certainly points to an ancient, unknown race that purposefully transplanted the ancient Gorns to these three new worlds.

It might also be mentioned that Cygnan scholars have identified striking similarities between the Egg Bringers legends and their own tales of the coming of the Sky Fathers, and that 'certain ancient mystical symbols' in both the Cygnan and Gorn past bear a striking similarity and have been shown to be possibly derived from a common root system. The

Cygnan and Gorn Academies of Science continue to exchange research on these areas in an effort to uncover more similarities. Each has conducted various archaeological expeditions in their respective space in a search for clues (both before and after the Gorn Confederation and the UFP established relations) and on some occasions have invited their opposite numbers to conduct research on some of the more interesting sites.

Today, the Gorns are a unified people who, while still living on three different "homeworlds," have put aside the urge to engage in social stratification based on their planet of origin. While all Gorns are green, the subtle edge markings found on their scales will give the learned observer an idea as to which of the three homeworlds their ancestors were from. This coloration once formed the basis of a caste system within their culture but this disappeared just over a century ago as intermarriage and rising levels of education made it irrelevant. It does, however, form the basis of the only racism (albeit rare) between Gorns that Federation archivists have encountered in their dealings over the last two decades.

Gorn History

At the time that the three Gorn homeworlds came into contact (sometime around Y10-20, the date is unclear), the three planets had reached different stages of development. Ghdar (known to the Federation as Ghdar I) had reached the point of interplanetary spaceflight. Geydar (known to the Federation as Ghdar II) was in the early industrial stage of development, equal perhaps to the early 1900s on Earth. Gihdahr (known to the Federation as Ghdar III) was an Iron Age society, equal in some respects to 3rd century Rome and in others to 12th Century England.

Ghdar was inhabited by the Grey Scales (with grey or off-white tips on the scales covering their necks and shoulders). The population of Ghdar was fairly low, comprising only 20% of the total Gorn population at the time of contact (a percentage that has not changed very much since then). Certain lines of Grey Scales, with scales a particular hue of bluish-slate grey, were held in the highest esteem and were known as High Line Grey Scales.

Contact by Ghdar explorers first with industrial Geydar and then with agricultural Gihdahr occurred within a few months of each other. Within a few decades, the Gorns had integrated into a single, if somewhat stratified, society. The Ghdars, who while no more intelligent were certainly better educated, were the scientists, teachers, and government leaders. They were, in effect, the 'noblemen' of the first century after unification (AU). With technology unavailable to the others, Ghdar businessmen quickly took over key natural resources on Geydar and Gihdahr. The Grey Scales of Ghdar controlled the technology, and with it the jobs and education. The new common language developed (by Grey Scale linguists) was unabashedly Ghdar with a selection of terms borrowed from the other two groups.

The Geydars, known as Brown Stripes for the series of subtle rust-brown edge markings found on their scales, comprised about 50% of the total Gorn population (currently about 40%). The Geydar Brown Stripes, who at least *understood* industrial processes, were first in line for jobs at the Ghdar operations on both planets. Tens of thousands of Brown Stripes came to Gihdahr to work in new mines and factories that the Gihdahrs found imponderable. For the first century AU, the Brown Striped Geydars were the defacto middle class. As the Ghdar education system worked to bring all Gorns up to a common standard of education, the Geydars (with a shorter way to go) got there first. Even today, Geydars

tend to gravitate toward the professional, technical, and managerial occupations. Brown Stripes can (like all Gorns) achieve any position in Gorn society by their effort and ability (or lack of it), although vestiges of the original stratified caste system remain in evidence. Many businesses are owned by the descendants of the original Brown Stripe managers, employing the descendants of the original Gihdahr workers.

"Your grandmother was a Jade!"

Reputedly the last words spoken by Garthorra before he was beaten to a pulp by S'Bahharuzan

The Green Scales of Gihdahr were, at the time of unification, an agricultural society on the verge of developing a mercantile class. The arrival of Grey Scale and then Brown Stripe merchants delayed this development for decades, causing great resentment. While the Green Scales were hardly stupid and absorbed the offered Grey Scale schooling at a prodigious rate, it was usually easier to import Grey or Brown workers to Gihdahr than to train Green peasants for technical jobs. While Greens were taken to the other planets, they were offered only the lower jobs in society (jobs that the Greys and Browns were happy to give up). It took nearly a century of education to bring Gihdahr up to a level where its workers were competitive in the marketplace. The Greens originally comprised about 35% of the Gorn population; this has risen to about 40% in the current era.

The Green Scales of Gihdahr, without any edge-color markings, still exhibit the broadest variety in coloration of all Gorns. Greens can vary from forest green to jade green, from light to pale to dark green, and all of the colors in between. Those with the brightest hues were considered (by the Browns and Greys who initially decided who 'got ahead' in life) to be at the lower end of the social measure. Those Greens with the less garish and lighter scales were the first to be invited into the schools and, a generation later, into the higher social levels. The Greens fought more wars on their own planet (prior to unification) than the Browns. (The Greys had given up warfare after the discovery of fusion power ended the struggle for scarce resources a century before unification.) When the Gorns fought their first interstellar wars, it was the Green Scales who fought in the first line, generally under Brown Stripe officers. While Gorn society is now essentially casteless, the Greens continue to dominate the military (including its officer ranks).

The final historical caste variation was the Blue Yellow. They were a rarity in the Gorn culture and this variation was found only once in every 200,000 births, but on all three planets! The Blue Yellows had swirling lines of blue and yellow scales covering their entire bodies but concentrating on their head and shoulders, setting them unmistakably apart from their fellow Gorns. These Gorns were traditionally associated with the Spiritual Ranks, the Gorn Prophets and Shamans. Holding perhaps the highest social rank of all, these Spiritual Gorns lived out their lives in isolated enclaves, devoting themselves to the pursuit of ancient knowledge, and wisdom, and to the enlightenment of their people. No Blue Yellows have yet been encountered within Federation space.

CREATING A GORN CHARACTER

Gorn characters are created in the same manner as Federation characters with the following exceptions.

1.2 DETERMINING INITIAL CHARACTERISTICS

Gorn player characters start with the initial characteristics listed on the Master Racial Characteristics Table on page 143 of the Prime Directive Rulebook.

1.4 SELECTING YOUR SERVICE DIVISION

The Gorn Military Service has four divisions:

Command
Medical
Technical
Ground Combatant (Marines)
(The Gorns have no Psionics Division)

(While these Service Divisions are similar to their Federation counterparts, please note that all references to "Phasers" should be read as "Gauss Guns" and all references to "Star Fleet Regulations and Operations" should be read as "Gorn Military Codes And Strictures.")

The Command Service Division operates almost exactly as its Federation counterpart, with the exception that there is no "Pilot (Fighter)" skill available under the Helmsmen-Navigator Command Division Specialization until late in the General War (Y176 or later) when heavy fighters became available. (The Skoleans provided almost all the Gorn Military's fighter pilots until that date, and special training was given to any Gorns short [and small] enough to pilot fighters.)

"Get out of the way, you runt!"

Greeting heard by those rare Gorns serving as fighter pilots before the advent of heavy fighters.

The Gorn Medical Service Division spans both the Medical and Science Division. Gorns feel that Medicine is an extension of the study of the natural order, and as a result almost all of their Doctors are naturalists, and vice versa.

1.5 DETERMINING INITIAL CHARACTER SKILLS

Standard Gorn Military Skills

All Gorn Military Personnel get the following:

Strength

Swimming (to the maximum level allowed at the end of Character Generation)

Accuracy

Fire(Gauss Gun) - 1
Melee - 1
Martial Arts - 1

Technical

Console Operations - 1
Field Equipment - 1

General Knowledge

First Aid - 1
Gorn Military Codes And Strictures - 1
Culture - Gorn
Language - Gorn (to the maximum level allowed at the end of Character Generation)

Skills By Service Division

In order to qualify for the Medical Division, your character must have the General Knowledge skills First Aid, Medicine and Natural Science, all to at least skill level 5 by the end of the character generation process.

Medical Division Characters

Add +1 to your GENERAL KNOWLEDGE characteristic
Add +2 to your First Aid Skill

Technical

Medical Systems - 1
Sensor Systems - 1

Medical Division Specialization

General Knowledge
Natural Science - 2
Medicine - 2
Surgery - 1

10 skill levels to be applied to any Medical/Natural science related skills. No skill level may be brought above a value of 4 in this manner.

The Gorn Technical Service Division is identical to the Federation's Engineering Service Division. The Gorn's Engineering Service Division Specialization, however, looks like this:

Technical

Electronics - 4
Mechanics - 4
Communication Systems - 4

16 skill levels to be applied to any combination of Technical skills. NO skill level may be brought above a value of 4 in this manner.

The Gorn Marine Surface Combatant Service Division is identical to the Federation's. The Gorn's Marine Surface Combatant Service Division Specialization list, however, has an additional listing.

Tactical Advisor

Intuition
Evaluation - 4
Security Procedures - 4

4 skill levels to be applied to any combination of the skills listed on the Scout Specialization list.

Natural AR

Due to the presence of a thick layer of leathery skin beneath their scales, Gorn player characters are blessed with a form of natural armor. While this natural armor is never sufficient to stop an energy blast, it is often more than enough to turn a knife blade or punch. When generating your Gorn character, simply note a natural 0-1-1 Armor Rating on your character datafile. This Natural AR is directly additive to the AR of any other armor the character is wearing, and acts like "real" armor in all respects. There is no A/I mod for a Gorn's Natural AR.

GORN VANGUARD TEAMS

The Vanguard Teams are comprised in a manner that is quite similar to Federation Prime Teams, with a few notable exceptions. A Vanguard Team will always have a Tactical Advisor (who rolls on the Marine Combat Specialist/Scout table with any roll of 2-3 being rerolled). The Tactical Advisor's role on the Team is to act as the "Planner." He helps lay out operational strategies and suggests operational modes to the Team leader. This does *not* mean that the Tac Advisor runs the Team; that is still firmly the Commander's job, but rather that he is integral to the formation of the Team's operational strategy. The Tac Advisor also has the responsibility to see to it that the Team has been fully briefed, and is up-to-speed with all the mission parameters. (In this way the Tac Advisor almost performs the function of the Prime Team's Briefing Officer, a position not found within the Vanguard Corps.)

In addition, it is traditional for a Vanguard Team to include a very junior Command officer (almost always an Ensign) sent along to be shown the ropes. If none of your players want to run such a character, then the GM will usually run one as an NPC.

Vanguard Teams are usually assembled for a specific type of mission and use the following designations:

- **Diamond Teams** deal with recon, raids, and search & rescue missions.
- **Circle Teams** deal with contact, exploration, and scientific research assignments and missions.
- **Oval Teams** are assigned to Protocol/Liaison missions and therefore fall slightly outside the standard 'Prime Team' category.
- **Slash (or Sword) Teams** are straight-up line combat troops, being closer in makeup to Commandoes than Prime Teams. (The difference between Circle and Diamond is that the raid teams have officer-engineers and NCO-scientists, while the explorers have sergeant-engineers and officer-doctors. There would, of course, be variations in specific cases.)

If the GM feels that restricting the Team to any one of these specific Team types would too severely limit their activities, then he should feel free to designate his Gorn Vanguard Team as one of the rare "General Purpose" teams. These are referred to as "Star Teams" because there is no function code listed in their Team name. For example, a General Purpose Team might be called "Gold Star Nine."

The Color portion of the Team name refers to which Sector Command of the Gorn Military currently controls the Team. Blue is assigned to the Federation border, Red covers the Romulan border, Green is deep space, Orange is assigned to internal affairs and central reserves, Gold covers the ISC border, etc. (If circumstances call for a Red team, for example, to be sent to the ISC [Gold] area for any length of time, the Team will simply be renamed.) The number at the end of the Team designation distinguishes it from other teams of the same type operating in that sector. While there would only be one 'Red Diamond Six' operating, the fact that there is a #6 team does not mean that there is a #5 or a #4, as teams can be broken up (or destroyed) in any order, and newly formed teams simply take the lowest available number. (In some cases, a number might be reserved for some reason.)

Please note: While it is very rare, it has been known for a Vanguard team to operate so well together under certain circumstances that permanent status is conferred upon it.

Skoleans: Mercenaries to the Gorns

To fly is to live. To fly for the Gorns is to soar.

SAF Motto

Skoleans are a humanoid reptilian race, resembling the Terran chameleon both in appearance and special abilities. While they rarely exceed 160 cm in height and are not particularly strong (although they *are* lean and wiry), they move fast and possess an amazingly high level of hand-to-eye coordination. They are acknowledged throughout the Galaxy as being excellent fighter and shuttle pilots ... albeit *only* for the Gorns and always for a price. They refer to their tour of duty (often as long as five years) as a "*S'torra*" or "pact" and will be incredibly loyal to whoever is paying them, be it the Vanguard Corps or a Gorn Merchant Trust seeking protection for its convoys. Once the contract is over, however, they are off to their next pact. Their nickname of "Mercenaries to the Gorns" is well deserved.

Natives of the planet Skoleos, a low-tech planet with no spacefaring capability of their own, the Skoleans first came into contact with the Federation in Y157. The Skoleans first demonstrated their affinity for piloting in Y159 when the Federation provided a number of fighters for local defense. Volunteers for flight duty in the newly-formed Skolean Aerospace Force (SAF) soon outnumbered the available fighters by several hundred to one. Clamoring for any opportunity to get behind the controls of fighters (or shuttles), the Skoleans made it known to the Gorns that they were available for flight duty and were willing to enter into long-term pacts. Their availability as pilots made it possible for the Gorns to field fighters purchased from the Federation.

Although the Skoleans are an Associate Member Race of the Federation, with all corresponding rights and privileges, their true devotion seems to lie with the Gorns. For reasons still unclear to the Federation, Skoleans have shown no interest whatsoever in joining Star Fleet and are never found on Federation ships or in Federation units. Militarily-oriented Skoleans who do not make it as fighter pilots (for whatever reason) will often operate as scouts in the Vanguard Corps or Army.

Federation archivists researching Skolean history have uncovered several incidents in the first few years of Gorn-Skolean contact (Y157-Y159) where Gorn assistance had a profound effect on Skolean survival. In particular, a vaccine developed by Gorn scientists in Y158 completely eradicated the *S'Vella virus* from the Skolean world, drastically reducing infant mortality. In the years that followed, Gorn engineers, with their "*New Forge*" project, introduced the concept of dams and advanced irrigation to the three major Skolean continents dramatically improving quality of life. Because of these humanitarian projects, the Skoleans developed a deep kinship and affection for their benefactors. (This could explain their dedication to the Gorns above all others.)

For their own reasons (and perhaps due to their own slanted view of Gorn-Romulan history), Skoleans have an undying hatred for Romulans and will often take incredible risks when in combat against them. They also display an unwarranted distrust for Vulcans, believing the two races to be more closely linked than they actually are.

Special Abilities

Their eyes have the ability to swivel slightly, allowing them a 240° angle of vision. (Their *quality* of vision, however, is not substantially different from the human norm.)

The Skoleans have the ability to change their skin coloring to match their surroundings, allowing them to blend into the background and fool any onlookers. This ability is strictly a visual one, though, and will not fool tricorders or other sensing devices. It is a trick best used in low-light situations. Also, the Skoleans must be completely naked for this to work as the ability does not extend to clothing or equipment. Consequently, this skill is used only in dire emergencies as it leaves the Skolean completely at the mercy of his enemies if he is detected.

Skolean Naming Conventions

The Skoleans have adopted Gorn naming conventions as their own and insist to all who ask that this is as it has always been. Federation archivists have found evidence, however, that as recently as Y145 (and possibly later), the Skoleans followed a naming structure of their own relying heavily on long vowel clusters and without the predominance of Ss found in Gorn speech. (This recent discovery is currently being researched at the Presidio on Prime Central.)

Basic Skolean Characteristics

STR - 2	SPD - 4	LGC - 2	DIS - 3	GKN - 1
ACC - 4	LDR - 1	INT - 2	TEC - 3	PER - 2



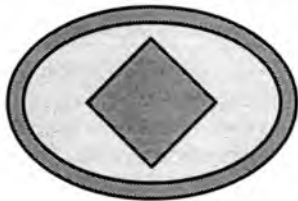
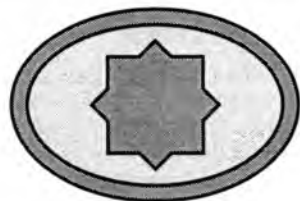
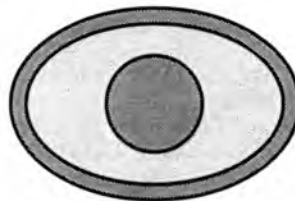
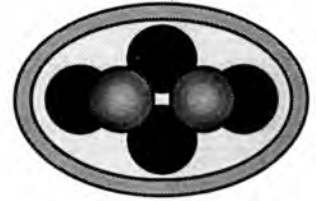
Gorn Rank Equivalencies

Gorn/Federation Rank Equivalencies

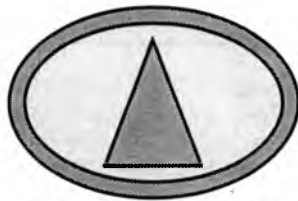
Star Fleet	SF Marines	Gorns
Fleet Captain	Regimental Col	Senior Captain
Captain	Colonel	Junior Captain
Commander	Lt Colonel	Senior Commander
Lt Commander	Major	Junior Commander
Lt SG (Senior)	Captain (Senior)	Exemplary Lt.*
Lt SG	Captain	Senior Lieutenant
Lt JG	1st Lieutenant	Junior Lieutenant
Ensign	2nd Lieutenant	Ensign
Chief PO.	Sergeant Major	Sergeant Major
Master PO	Master Sergeant	(no equivalent)
PO 1st Class	Sgt 1st Class	Senior Sergeant
PO 2nd Class	Staff Sergeant	Junior Sergeant
PO 3rd Class	Team Sergeant	Corporal
Junior PO	Corporal	Exemplary Crewman
Crewman 1st Class	Private 1st Class	Senior Crewman
Crewman	Private	Junior Crewman
Recruit	Recruit	Recruit

* There is no directly equivalent Federation rank to the Gorn rank of Exemplary Lieutenant. The nearest equivalent would be a very senior O-3 (Lt SG or Marine Captain) who had not been selected for promotion to Lt Commander/Major.

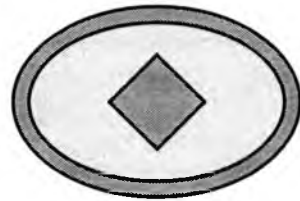
The Gorns combine rank and branch insignia into a single device. All devices are based on an ellipse 1.5 times as wide as it is high. Each device (except for admiral) has a "branch" insignia in the center, indicating which part of the Gorn forces the individual serves in. Rank is shown by dark dots or ellipses superimposed on the branch insignia. Note that as shown on the illustrations on the opposing page, officer rank pips are arranged horizontally while enlisted rank pips are arranged vertically, apparently to avoid confusion.

STARSHIP CREWS
(OPERATIONS)STARSHIP CREWS
(ENGINEERING)STARSHIP CREWS
(SCIENCE-MEDICAL)

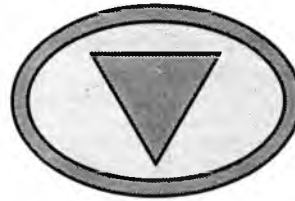
ADMIRAL-IN-CHIEF



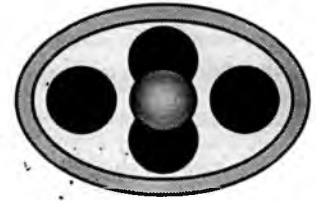
FIGHTER PILOTS



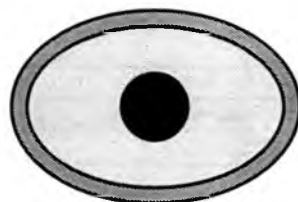
PF CREWS



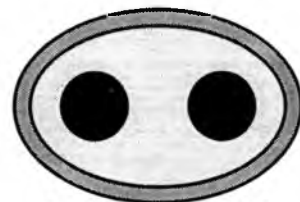
GROUND TROOPS



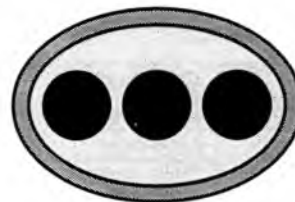
GRAND ADMIRAL



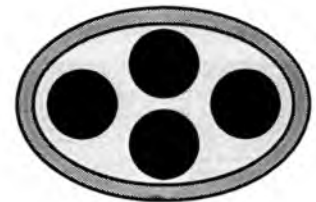
COMMODORE



REAR ADMIRAL



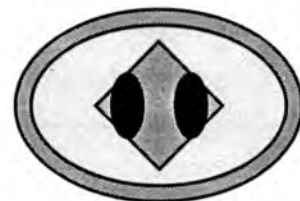
VICE ADMIRAL



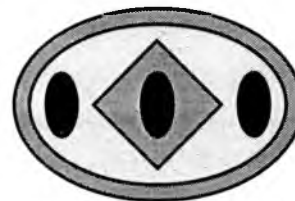
FLEET ADMIRAL



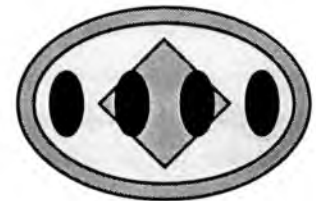
JR COMMANDER



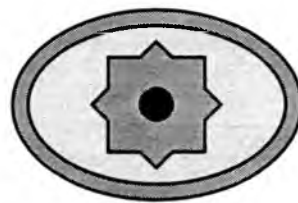
SR COMMANDER



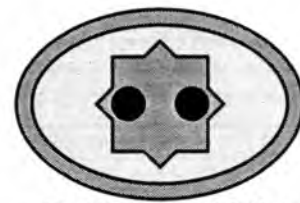
JUNIOR CAPTAIN



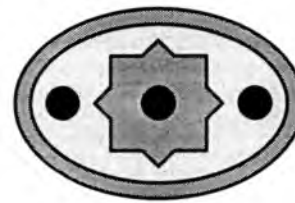
SENIOR CAPTAIN



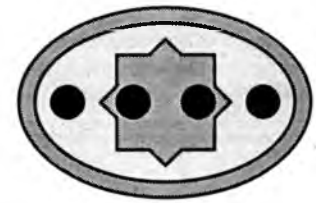
ENSIGN



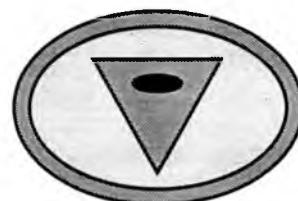
JR LIEUTENANT



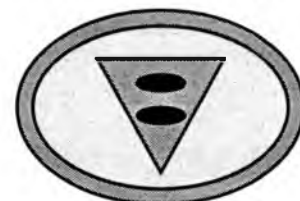
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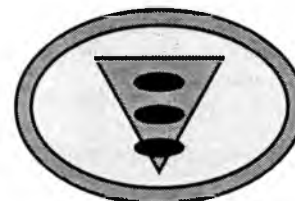
EXEMP LIEUTENANT



CORPORAL



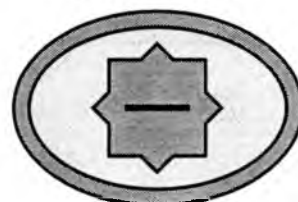
JR SERGEANT



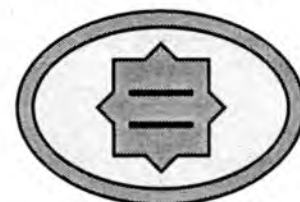
SR SERGEANT



SERGEANT MAJOR



RECRUIT



JR CREWMAN



SR CREWMAN



EXEMP CREWMAN

Red Diamond Six – Gorn Vanguard Team

Red Diamond Six (RD6) is a fairly typical Gorn Vanguard Team. Drawn from the Vanguard Corps, the members of RD6 are all highly qualified in their areas of expertise. However, unlike Federation Prime Teams, with their special traditions and long standing Team names, Gorn Vanguard Teams are all "ad hoc" formations, albeit highly elite ones, formed to perform specific mission types (or even just one specific mission) and then broken up as the needs of the Gorn High Command dictate. While most newly formed Vanguard Teams can look forward to operating as a unit for at least several years, as casualties mount and the need for Team members to fill out the roster of new Teams deplete the Team's personnel, a Team will eventually be broken up and assigned a new Team with a new name. (Vanguard Team's names are drawn from a standard pool, and are used repeatedly as they become available. There have been several other RD6's throughout the history of Gorn Vanguard Activity, for instance.) It is not unusual for a particularly qualified (and lucky) Gorn Vanguard Corpsman to be assigned to several Vanguard Teams during his service career.

Junior Commander Gargarok - Team Commander

Gargarok is a Veteran Team Commander who has spent most of his military career serving in various Vanguard Teams. This is the second Team for which Gargarok has served as Leader. The previous Team under his command, Blue Sword Nine, also contained Sergeant Major (then simply Sr. Sergeant) H'harass. The two are distantly related and have a strong line of command empathy. Gargarok is a dedicated, highly competent officer, who enjoys the advantages that Command has conferred upon him in terms of social station and prerogative. In the field, Gargarok is a canny, if somewhat cautious, leader. Always open to the input and comments of his Team, Gargarok is often led by his not inconsiderable Intuition. An expert in savage hit and run raids, Gargarok has led RD6 on several difficult raids behind enemy lines, and has racked up close to 120 kills and over 3200 metric tons of supplies in just two short years.

Strength: 7	Intuition: 5	Movement: 8	Pro. Rep. Level: 6	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 5	Discipline: 7	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 1	Natural AR: 0-1-1
Speed: 4	Technical: 3	AR Mods:	LDC: 14	Lift:
Leadership: 6	Gen. Knowledge: 4	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 14	Jump:
Logic: 4	Perception: 4	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 3	Range Type: N

Fire (Gauss Gun) - 5/5
Melee Combat - 5/5

Martial Arts - 5/5
Field Equipment - 3/3

Swimming - 7/7
Negotiation - 6/6

First Aid - 2/3
Administration - 4/4

Equipment: Gauss Pistol +1 Clip, Standard Field Armor, War Knife, Personal Communicator

Exemplary Lieutenant Jazagha - Scientist/Doctor

Jazagha is a highly qualified Field Medic ... with a secret. Jazagha possesses a rare Psionic trait, Precognition, but this fact is known only to his immediate superiors. His Clan Seniors have tried repeatedly to withdraw him from Military Service and return him to the Spiritual Ranks but so far Jazagha's recognized skills and devotion to duty have thwarted their efforts. While Dr. Jazagha is a dedicated officer, and loves the thrill of combat and victory, his dedication to the service is actually born more of his aversion to the cloistered life he knows awaits him in the Spiritual Ranks. While he realizes that, at length, his investiture there is all but a forgone conclusion (sooner or later his clan *will* succeed), he wishes to experience as much as he can before the inevitable, and to bring a more worldly point of view to the stifling stillness and rigidity of the Spiritual Life.

Strength: 6	Intuition: 4	Movement: 6	Pro. Rep. Level: 5	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 3	Discipline: 5	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 0	Natural AR: 0-1-1
Speed: 3	Technical: 4	AR Mods:	LDC: 12	Lift:
Leadership: 4	Gen. Knowledge: 6	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 11	Jump:
Logic: 4	Perception: 4	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 3	Range Type: N

Fire (Gauss Gun) - 3/3
Martial Arts 3/3
Melee Combat - 3/3

Field Equipment - 3/3
Swimming - 6/6
Natural Sciences - 6/6*

Physical Sciences - 6/6*
Medicine (Gorn)- 6/6
Surgery - 4/5

Precognition - 1/3

Equipment: Gauss Pistol +1 Clip, Light Field Armor, War Knife, Medical/Life Sciences Scanner, Medkit, Personal Communicator

* The GM should choose the appropriate skill.

Note to the GM: Also, while at first glance it might appear that the Red Diamond Six Team members are lacking in the skills department, the skill lists in these templates have deliberately been left unfinished so that players can customize them to their own personal taste. (GMs should, of course, supervise the skill additions.)

Sergeant Major H'harass - Tactical Advisor

Sgt. Major H'harass is a first rate Tac Advisor, which is in many ways an even more important position in a Vanguard Team than the Commander's. A good Tac Advisor is responsible for the Team's training and general operation procedures. While the Commander's role is to lead the Team, issuing orders and generally determining what the Team does in the field, the Tac Advisor is the Team's planner, determining the general mode of the operation, the type of dispersal, the required equipment load, etc. Without a solid Tactical Planner, even the best Vanguard Teams are really nothing more than hopped-up Security Teams. But H'harass is one of the best Tac Advisors in the service, with an uncanny sense of where the enemy is lacking, or has left a hole in his perimeter. The fact that he and Commander Gargarok seem to operate "on the same wavelength" also helps. It is not unknown for Vanguard Teams to operate at less than their potential peak efficiency if there is a lack of understanding, or outright friction, between the Commander and Tac Advisor.

Strength: 6	Intuition: 5	Movement: 8	Pro. Rep. Level: 6	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 4	Discipline: 6	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 1	Natural AR: 0-1-1
Speed: 4	Technical: 4	AR Mods:	LDC: 12	Lift:
Leadership: 4	Gen.Knowledge: 3	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 12	Jump:
Logic: 4	Perception: 4	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 2	Range Type: N

Fire (Gauss Gun) - 4/4

Melee Combat - 4/4

Martial Arts - 4/4

Field Equipment - 4/4

Swimming - 6/6

Security Procedures - 5/5

Security Systems - 4/4

Interrogation - 4/4

Resist Interrogation - 4/5

First Aid - 3/3

Instruction - 5/5

Memorization - 4/4

Evaluation - 5/5

Equipment: Gauss Pistol +1 Clip, Standard Field Armor, War Knife, Tactical Scanner, Covert Ops Kit, Personal Communicator

Sr. Lieutenant Maharangk - Communications/Sensors

While Sr. Lieutenant Maharangk is a fine CommSens officer, he not so secretly wishes that he was a Marine. Maharangk is all too willing to drop his Communications or Surveillance gear and leap right into the thick of combat. Decorated for bravery above and beyond the call on several occasions, it is a miracle that Maharangk hasn't been killed or even seriously wounded in his rapid rise through the ranks. Much younger than most other Sr. Lieutenants, Maharangk still hasn't really developed the self discipline and poise that he needs to fill out his rank. Sgt. Major H'harass realizes that this is the case, as does Commander Gargarok, and both of them are seeing to it that the young Lieutenant's "enthusiasm" is reined in enough to allow him to live up to his potential, and to make sure the Team is able to hang onto their Comm Tech!

Strength: 6	Intuition: 3	Movement: 6	Pro. Rep. Level: 4	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 3	Discipline: 5	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 0	Natural AR: 0-1-1
Speed: 3	Technical: 5	AR Mods:	LDC: 12	Lift:
Leadership: 4	Gen.Knowledge: 4	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 11	Jump:
Logic: 4	Perception: 5	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 2	Range Type: N

Fire (Gauss Gun) - 3/3

Martial Arts - 3/3

Melee Combat - 3/3

Field Equipment - 5/5

Swimming - 6/6

First Aid - 2/3

Electronic - 5/5

Mechanics - 5/5

Jury Rig - 5/5

Comm Systems - 5/5

Transporter Ops - 3/4

Sensor Systems - 5/5

Power Generation Syst. - 3/4

Equipment: Gauss Pistol +1 Clip, Light Field Armor, War Knife, Technical Scanner, Field Tools, Personal Communicator

Sr. Sergeant S'Bahharuzan - Heavy Weapons/Demolitions

Sr. Sergeant S'Bahharuzan is a bit of a puzzle. Born into a family with an impressive military history of officers and leaders, S'Bahharuzan has chosen a career path that to many seems incongruous with his station. S'Bahharuzan doesn't seem to care, though, and has turned down Officer Candidate School training on the several occasions that it has been offered to him. When asked, he simply replies that he likes to handle big guns and blow things up!

Strength: 8	Intuition: 3	Movement: 6	Pro. Rep. Level: 4	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 4	Discipline: 6	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 0	Natural AR: 0-1-1
Speed: 3	Technical: 5	AR Mods:	LDC: 16	Lift:
Leadership: 4	Gen.Knowledge: 6	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 14	Jump:
Logic: 4	Perception: 4	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 1	Range Type: N

Fire (Gauss Gun) - 4/4

Heavy Weapons Ops - 4/4

Fire (Parabolic Arc Wpns) - 4/4

Melee Combat - 4/4

Martial Arts - 4/4

Field Equipment - 5/5

Swimming - 8/8

Demolitions - 5/5

First Aid - 3/4

Civil Engineering - 3/4

Equipment: Gauss Repeater +2 Reloads, 37mm Support Mortar (with 6 rounds), Gauss Pistol +1 Clip, Light Skirmish Armor, War Knife, Technical Scanner, 6 Units PPC, Personal Communicator

Jr. Sergeant Hassunaz - Scout/Close Combatant

Hassunaz is a Skolean Mercenary. Although an intelligent, highly capable individual, Hassunaz is a loner, who unlike most Skoleans who always seem "eager to please," does not seem to easily connect with the Gorns with whom he serves. To the highly communal and interdependent Gorns, this predisposition towards introversion is akin to deviance. In his position as Scout, however, his aloofness and independence is considered to be a virtue, and his considerable talents with the War Knife and Sniper Rifle are respected and appreciated.

Strength: 2	Intuition: 3	Movement: 10	Pro. Rep. Level: 3	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 5	Discipline: 3	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 0	Weight (optional):
Speed: 5	Technical: 3	AR Mods:	LDC: 4	Lift:
Leadership: 4	Gen. Knowledge: 1	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 5	Jump:
Logic: 2	Perception: 3	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 1	Range Type: N

Fire (Gauss Gun) - 5/5

Pilot (Shuttle) - 3/4

Stealth - 3/4

Sniper - 5/5

Melee Combat - 5/5

Martial Arts - 5/5

First Aid - 2/1

Field Equipment - 3/3

Pilot (Fighter) - 3/4

Throwing - 3/4

Equipment: Gauss Pistol +1 Clip, Light Field Armor, War Knife, Throwing knife, Tactical Scanner, Personal Communicator

Ensign Mahzhoraz - Team Novice

While Mahzhoraz is arrogant enough to chaff at the "low man" position of Team Novice, he still has the sense to realize that every Commander has to learn the ropes in this manner, and that he would never have been assigned to a Vanguard Team even as the Novice unless someone somewhere had bigger things in store for him. For the moment, young Mahzhoraz is content to pick up whatever tricks of the trade that he can from his betters, especially H'harass, who he considers to be the "real" leader of the Team. Ensign Mahzhoraz still has a few hard lessons to learn about the way that things are done in the Service...

Strength: 6	Intuition: 2	Movement: 6	Pro. Rep. Level: 4	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 4	Discipline: 5	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 1	Natural AR: 0-1-1
Speed: 3	Technical: 3	AR Mods:	LDC: 12	Lift:
Leadership: 1	Gen. Knowledge: 4	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 11	Jump:
Logic: 4	Perception: 2	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 3	Range Type: N

Fire (Gauss Gun) - 3/3

Martial Arts - 1/2

Swimming - 6/6

First Aid - 2/3

Melee Combat - 3/3

Field Equipment - 3/3

Negotiation - 3/4

Equipment: Gauss Pistol +1 Clip, Standard Field Armor, War Knife, Personal Communicator

RD6 is a fairly new Team that contains a mix of Veteran Vanguard Team members and newbies. The pragmatic Gorns' Vanguard Teams are usually put together to fulfill some sort of specific need of the moment that no other available Team is designed to complete. If the newly formed Team performs well, and there is no pressing need to reassign the bulk of the Team's personnel to another posting, the Team is usually allowed to continue to train and operate together, for at least a while. Red Diamond Six, for instance, was put together for a raid on a Romulan training camp.

Hassunaz, the Skolean, joined the team *during* this first mission. He was, in fact, a fighter pilot shot down during an attack on the base, and managed to exist for several months, stealing from the Romulans and killing the odd Guard here and there. When the Team arrived, *he* snuck up on *them*, introduced himself, and produced weeks of notes on the layout of the base, rotation schedule of the guards, etc. He so impressed Gargarok that he was 'hired' as the team's scout on the spot and has been with them ever since.

In keeping with the paramount Gorn virtues of "No Wasted Effort" and "Neatness and Completeness", Junior Commander Gargarok and his Team performed their raid efficiently and with minimal mission "leakage" (and limited casualties) and were conferred permanent status as a Raiding (Diamond) Team. They were awarded the uncommon, but not unknown honor of absorbing new members into an existing Team rather than being broken up and fed into several other newly-forming Teams. Now, RD6 is assigned almost exclusively to raids on enemy personnel and supply bases.



INITIAL CONTACT REPORT SUMMARY: THE LYRANS

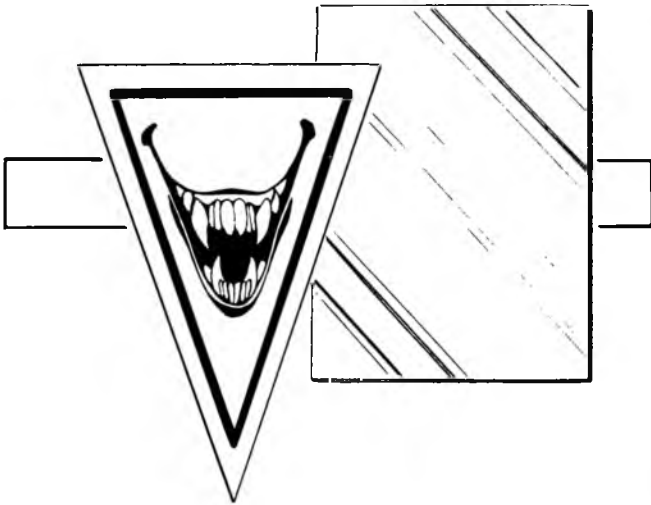
For those players who would like to play Lyrans characters, we offer the following sourcefile from Prime Staff member Jon Cleaves. This ICRS not only expands the Lyrans background, it also gives you all the information you will need to field a Lyrans Stalker team and provides you with a sample team – the Vicious Grin!

Tamzin's Test

Training Complex on Ar-Kajon, Hidden Dagger County

Tamzin scanned the clearing intently. She struggled to breathe because she had received a 'hit' in the ribs during the last encounter. The disruptor blast had not been real, but the training suit had identified the power setting as one consistent with an actual wound to the left lung and had constricted over that area. The lack of oxygen was playing hell with her concentration, which was bad. He was out there...somewhere in the fog which surrounded her.

In the center of the clearing lay a small satchel. It contained a secret known only to the few who had passed this test, a test she was now within a few meters of completing. If she got to the satchel 'alive,' she could open it and learn the secret. Success would also make her a member of the Vicious Grin, one of the most prestigious Stalker Teams in the Empire.



So here she was, Molaz Tamzin, pride of the Lyrans Armed Forces Reconnaissance Corps, fur matted with sweat, training suit constricted in three places, pressed to the ground at the edge of a heart-tree clearing in the middle of the Ar-Kajon training complex. A mere seventy-five meters from a brown leather satchel containing her life's goal and she had not the first clue to her adversary's location.

Bridge, Lyrans CA Vicious – In orbit above Ar-Kajon

High above Tamzin's clearing, Count Kleave and his bridge crew watched the drama unfold on the ship's main viewer. With Kleave on the bridge stood Naket Relief, the science officer for the Vicious Grin. Kleave eyed Relief carefully. As the Stalker Team's 'Thinker,' Tamzin's training was Relief's responsibility. If she should fail, no small part of that failure would fall on his shoulders; he had proclaimed her

ready to take the acceptance test. As Tamzin entered the final stage of the test, no emotion played on her mentor's face. The impatient Kleave could stand the silence no longer.

"She does not know where he is. If she hesitates any longer, she will fail," Kleave declared.

Relief pondered for a moment and then said evenly, "She is a 'spotter.' She knows that Tar Malkar can wrest the initiative from her, but she also knows that to do so he must reveal himself. A little patience here will not be the cause of any failure."

"Hmmpf," grunted Kleave, obviously unconvinced. The final phase of the Stalker test of acceptance belonged to the team's 'Leader.' Malkar, he knew, possessed a hard won reputation for cunning and ferocity, and so while he was the only thing between Tamzin and success, that was enough. Kleave returned his full attention to the viewer.

Ar-Kajon

"Where is he?" Tamzin asked herself. She knew the answer, of course. Malkar was nearby, concealed by his personal signature masker. She was down to three courses of action. First, she could move to the satchel, trying to reach it before Malkar could act. Second, she could bring on finding him and dealing with him first and then return to the satchel at her leisure. Finally, she could wait him out. As she wanted to retain the initiative, she ruled out the third option. Sprinting across the clearing would surely not meet with Malkar's approval in her final evaluation; it was not his style. As she began to form a search plan, he suddenly appeared in the clearing.



Rather, five Malkars appeared. One directly across the clearing from her and two matched pairs on either side, all facing the satchel. He was obviously using a holoprojector but

where was it hidden? She scanned the trees but could not spot the distinctive bulky casing anywhere. The Malkars were crouched in identical fighting stances, wearing training suits, PSMs, and holding a wicked-looking knife in one hand and a Fighting Claw fitted to the other. This last detail caught her attention immediately. He had no ranged weapon.

Bridge of the Vicious

"He has her now," Kleave said to himself, "using a holo-projector no less. He really is something."

Ar-Kajon

Tamzin raised up on all fours in a sprinter's crouch. As Malkar had no ranged weapon, he would have to get to her to stop her from reaching the bag. When she started to run, he would have to run to intercept her and at that point his PSM would no longer conceal which Malkar was real. When the tricorder on her belt indicated which one was not a hologram, she would turn and engage him, unless she had a lead to the satchel in which case she would get to it first and fight him there.

She launched into the clearing at top speed. Each of the Malkars simultaneously started to charge toward the center as well. Ten meters from the edge, her tricorder was still not registering a 'real' Malkar. She had no time to react to this problem. Her mind raced as fast as she was running. His PSM should no longer protect him: either they are all holos, or he has some other ability unknown to her. She had no option but to go for the satchel.

As she reached it, all five Malkars stopped a meter away in a tight circle around her, knives raised. She stood on the satchel ready to defend it with her life. The only sound was her labored breathing.



Seconds passed. Neither she nor any of the Malkars moved. Suddenly something touched her shoulder and she whirled around, her own knife ready.

It was the real Malkar.

"You realize what happened." He phrased it more as a statement than a question.

"Yes, Tar." Instantly, she did. He had crept upon her while she scanned the clearing and activated the holo-projector. When she began to run, he stayed within the minimum range of her tricorder, knowing that she had set it to avoid picking up interference from her own lifeform reading and PSM. She should have looked behind her when the holos appeared. She had been focused on them and not the rest of her environment – just as he had wanted her to. He could have killed her at any time ... any time ...

Tamzin quickly leaned down and snatched up the satchel. She stared defiantly at Malkar. He could have killed her, but hadn't, and she had acquired the secret.

"It's about time you did that," Malkar said.

"I do not understand why you did not kill me, but you are going to have to to keep me from looking in this bag."

Malkar grinned. He was not the first leader of the Vicious Grin and had nothing to do with naming the team, but his feral smile and the team patch on his left breast looked amazingly similar.

"Yes. Please look, but first switch off your communicator." Tamzin did not understand, but complied.

"You will find in the bag a small hand mirror and a team patch. The mirror is a reminder that you must understand yourself first, so that you will see what the enemy sees. I know of your personal study of the martial arts and knew you would be happy to see that I had no ranged weapon. The chance to meet me in close combat and test your skills hurried your decision. The mirror is also a reminder to look behind you." He smiled again.

"The team patch is yours," Malkar continued, "but do not remove the mirror from the bag just now. Let that remain our secret. After all, the training center cameras are sending this all up to the Vicious."

"I do not understand. You let me live, but I have passed?" she asked.

"You chose feasible courses of action. You did not give up when you saw your mistake. You have the satchel," he stated flatly.

"You outwitted me," she admitted.

He leaned close to her and said, "I must. I am 'leader.' This test is not only for you. When I can no longer best a new member at the end of their acceptance test, I must resign. So, turn your communicator back on and let's return to the Vicious. I think we have some paperwork to fill out!"

Bridge of the Vicious

"What was that? I missed that last part," Kleave said as he turned to Relief.

Relief only smiled, his own hand mirror resting comfortably in his breast pocket. *There are some things even Counts need not know!* ♦♦♦

LYRAN STALKER TEAMS

Lyran Stalker Teams, like so many aspects of Lyran culture, are derived from their ancient tribal way of life. Each of the members of a Stalker Team has duties corresponding to the six principal members of ancient tribal leadership. Rather than using titles like Team Commander, Doctor, and Science Officer, Stalker Teams refer to the team positions using the traditional, ancient Lyran terms for these tribal masters. These positions are: 'leader,' 'thinker,' 'spotter,' 'slasher,' 'mother,' and 'fixer.'

The positions on a Stalker Team are fixed. There will never be two 'slashers,' for example. If more muscle is needed, Lyran marines or commandoes will be attached to the team. If a member is lost, the team will go short until a replacement can be found. New members have to pass an acceptance test to join the team. The test is a series of scenarios designed to evaluate the new member's decision-making ability, tenacity, endurance and courage. It is administered by the team's 'leader,' but the team 'thinker' is responsible for the new member's preliminary training. If a new 'thinker,' is being tested, the 'leader' and the Stalker Team's Count or Duke will make other arrangements for a trainer. New 'leaders' are tested by the County's liege, the Count or Duke, directly. While this is relatively simple to arrange during times of peace, it is a much more difficult affair to arrange during wartime.

'Leader' is a Command Division officer. He is chosen from among the very best field commanders in the county. He will not be a foppish noble or a political appointment. He may remain 'leader' until he dies, retires, is promoted to Zarkat [Captain] or fails to outsmart/fight a new member during an acceptance test. (Marine or Recon characters *could* lead a team, although they would be required to obtain certain command series skills first.)

'Thinker' is a Science Division officer. He is chosen for his ability to impart knowledge to the team, anticipate events and uncover secrets. He is most akin to the oriental martial arts master or tribal wiseman. He is the team trainer, spiritual leader and philosopher.

'Mother' is a Medical Division officer. His mission is to ensure that all parts of the team are functioning well, both physically and mentally.

'Spotter' is a Reconnaissance Division officer. He is the equivalent of the scout in the ancient hunting packs. His job is to locate the enemy and report on his location and activity so that the team may act as a unified whole against the enemy's weak point.

'Slasher' is a Marine Division officer. When Lyran tribes hunted, certain members were identified as those who would bear the brunt of the close-in fighting. These were younger, stronger Lyrans who had demonstrated prowess in combat. On a Stalker Team, the 'slasher' is the combat specialist. There is no finesse to his employment. When the 'slasher' is called upon, it is a certainty that all peaceful options have been ruled out.

'Fixer' is an Engineering Division officer. 'Fixers' were originally the clan's flint knapper and spear-shaft straightener and were included in the tribal hierarchy when technological advances began to be made within Lyran society. Today, he is a critical member of the team, ensuring the team's equipment does what it is supposed to and the enemy's equipment does not.

Note that, in Lyran society, psionics are civilians. They serve the nobility in much the same way as nobles on medieval Earth were served by mystics and alchemists. When the mission dictates, Lyran counts and dukes attach one of their psionics masters to their Stalker Teams (with specific instructions that he should be protected at all times). Some do so often enough to create a permanent relationship.

Lyran Enforcer Teams

Lyran Enforcer Teams are a special type of Stalker Team. They serve under the direct command of Lyran Marshals and are often aboard the Wildcat-class battle-cruisers those officers use as flagships. Lyran Marshals serve the Lyran King directly and are responsible for the continued loyalty of the counts and dukes to the empire as a whole. Enforcer Teams, a principal tool in carrying out this mission, are made up of personnel educated at the Lyran Royal Academy who are of unquestioning loyalty. There are no science officers in an Enforcer Team and the team will never receive exploration, first contact or rescue-missions. All team members are expert martial artists. Enforcer Teams include:

Leader: This function is unchanged, although like all members of an Enforcer Team, his skills will be oriented toward the single-minded missions rather than the more general skills of other stalker and prime teams.

Fixer: The team engineer will be a specialist in security systems and computers.

Spotter: The role of the scout is effectively unchanged.

Slasher: The role of the heavy weapons gunner is effectively unchanged.

Mother: The team medical officer will have skills oriented toward rendering the victim unconscious (and easy to transport) and will be an expert in all types of poisons.

Hunter: A trained Royal Assassin (with the Sniper skill) replaces the science officer on a normal Stalker Team.

The Marshal's personal psionics master (and every Marshal has a non-Vulcan psionic) will often accompany the Enforcer Team.

The Briefing Officer is on the Marshal's personal staff and is almost always in his immediate presence in order to advise the Marshal as to what the Team can do (or is doing). It is also common for one or more members of the Marshal's Enforcer Team to be in personal attendance as a bodyguard whenever the team is not on a mission. This practice has political implications. A Marshal who appears with an Enforcer at his side is saying "I have ways to deal with you" or perhaps "I do not trust your security arrangements". A Marshal who has been visiting a count with an Enforcer at his side and who suddenly appears without the Enforcer is saying "I am dealing with the problem even as we speak". As a deception, Marshals sometimes keep an Enforcer with them when the team is deployed, or keep him hidden even if the team is not deployed.

Obviously, Enforcer Teams are very dangerous. Fortunately, they are mostly involved in internal duties and will almost never be antagonists for other prime-type teams. Enforcer Teams belong to the King, not to his Marshals, and could be used against an errant Marshal if necessary. Enforcer Teams are often employed as counter-assassination teams, providing security for the Marshal or any individual thought to be the target of an impending assassination attempt.

It is important to note, however, that Lyran Marshals are not just Enforcers. They often take on missions which the King feels that the Counts and Dukes would never get around

to, lead combined missions, lead entire squadrons of 'royal' ships, and sometimes conduct missions that, because of political problems, cannot be done by a count or duke. For example, if an underling of Count B commits an offense against Count C, then he must be punished, but if the punishment is implemented by Count C, it will touch off a vendetta. So Marshal A comes in and punishes the offender, who then cannot take offense since offense against the crown is treason.

Also, the Stalker Teams are not just there to kill the errant Count, although doing it that way is certainly simpler than sending a fleet to blow up the Count's command cruiser. Assassin missions should always be a last resort. Enforcer Teams may deal with the problem their target is presenting by kidnapping a relative (royal hostages are an honorable part of Lyrans politics), accessing their computer records, conducting various types of surveillance, etc. Enforcer Teams are also used to deal with rebellious elements that might try to overthrow one of the counts, and might 'remove' individuals from any walk of Lyrans life who are disrupting the good order and discipline of the Empire.

Lyrans Marshals assigned to duties other than enforcement (for example, exploring a new planet before the crown decides which count will be allowed to exploit it) will be provided with Stalker Teams by the King. (The King, like the Dukes and Counts, recruits and forms his own Stalker Teams. In the Lyrans Empire, all Stalker Teams are owned by the nobility. As in any race, the higher ranking commanders tend to recruit the best personnel and lavish more training funds on them. Players, however, must always start with standard Teams created by the rules. If you want to become a better Prime Team, you have to earn it.)

Far Stars Stalkers

The Lyrans Far Stars Duchy, being far from the borders with the Kzintis and Lyrans (and Klingons), operate a slightly different type of Stalker Team than the other duchies. Combat is considered to be far less likely than exploration and survey work, so the teams are focused on these missions. A typical team includes:

Leader: This function is unchanged, although the individual may have fewer combat skills and more scientific or exploration skills than the leaders of teams in other duchies.

Fixer: This will be a civil engineer/geologist, not an electronics tech.

Spotter: The Scout role is unchanged, although the individual will have more science skills at the expense of some combat skills.

Talker, a skilled negotiator, replaces Slasher, the heavy weapons gunner on a standard Stalker team. Most of the negotiations will be to resolve disputes between the various Lyrans (and Klingon) colony and exploitation missions in the Far Stars region. On some teams, this individual is known as "Talker to the dead" and is an archaeologist skilled in searching ancient dead civilizations rather than a negotiator. (Some of these teams, with carefully selected members, are assigned to any mission that might involved the Proto-Felis race, the putative ancestor to both Kzintis and Lyrans. The Lyrans officially deny the existence of such a common ancestor, and teams assigned to search potential sites must be aware of the political sensitivity of their missions.)

Thinker: The role of the science officer is unchanged. The Far Stars Stalkers recruit scientists from across the Lyrans Empire because of the new frontiers to be explored.

Mother: The role of the medical division officer is unchanged.

CREATING A LYRAN CHARACTER

Lyrans characters are created in the same manner as Federation characters with the following exceptions.

1.2 DETERMINING INITIAL CHARACTERISTICS

Lyrans player characters start with the initial characteristics listed on the Master Racial Characteristics Table on page 143 of the Prime Directive Rulebook.

1.4 SELECTING YOUR SERVICE DIVISION

The Lyrans Armed Forces has six service divisions:

Command
Science
Medical
Engineering
Marine
Reconnaissance

The first three are identical to their Federation counterparts. Note that in the Lyrans Armed Forces, the Combat Engineer Specialization is included in the Engineering Service Division, not the Marine Service Division.

Marine Service Division

The Lyrans Armed Forces are integrated and there is no separate Marine service; Marine is a service division of the Armed Forces. Lyrans player characters should use the Marine Surface Combatant service division without the Scout specialization. All officers and NCOs will therefore be in the same service (i.e., no 'Navy' vs. 'Marine' ranks). Lyrans ranks and their Federation equivalents are detailed below.

• Officer Ranks

All Lyrans military ranks reflect the tribal/clannish origins of the Lyrans culture. In the earliest times, Lyrans placed much emphasis on the experience gained from paw-to-paw combat, and one's place in the clan depended largely on performance in such exploits. Young Lyrans males were kept safe from fighting until victory in their first melee signaled passage into adulthood. Until that first fateful combat, they were employed as scouts, avoiding contact but reporting on the enemy clan to their elders. As they grew, Lyrans males gained more and more experience and were given commensurate responsibilities in the clan. Males more experienced than others in their peer group, but not yet ready to move to a higher level of command, were given the suffix '-alan' to their names and were allowed to act as leaders of others in the same category.

The two most junior officer ranks are *Molaz* and *Molaz-alan*, corresponding roughly to Federation ensign and lieutenant-JG, respectively. These officers are never in command, but are considered to still be in training, gaining experience aboard ship just after academy graduation.

Molaz-alans are "working officers" and set to watch over other *Molazi* to reduce the span of command of the next higher officer in the chain. The rank insignia for *Molaz* is a diamond (two for *Molaz-alan*) representing a stylized eye and the use of young adults as scouts in the old clan warfare. The nicknames for these ranks are, naturally enough: one-eye and two-eyes.



The next four officer ranks are those associated with ship command. While Lyrans officers also serve in staff positions, ship command is the only true goal of any self-respecting Lyrans. These ranks (and the Federation equivalents) are:

Naket Federation LtSG, fighter flight or PF
 Tar Federation LtCdr, frigate captain
 Mokatar Federation commander, destroyer captain
 Zarkat Federation captain, cruiser captain

The insignia for these officers are one, two, three, and four stylized 'claws', respectively. As the Lyrans are impressed by prowess in hand-to-hand combat, the number of claws one was able to effectively employ in a fight showed various levels of experience. Fighter squadrons and PF flotillas are led by *Tars*, although wartime attrition meant that many were led by *Nakets*.

The last five officer ranks are associated with fleet command. As in the case of ship command ranks, officers of these ranks may be found serving as staff officers or department heads for officers of the next higher rank.

Zarmat – Commodore, Marshal, squadron commander
 Lovar – Rear Admiral, Count, task force commander
 Farek – Vice Admiral, Duke, sector commander
 Farek-alan – Admiral, Archduke
 Mozur – Grand Admiral, the King*

* For the LDR, there is no *Mozur*. The chairman has the honorary title of *Farek-alan*, which most nearly translates as leader of admirals. The senior officer of the LDR Defense Command is a *Farek*; *Lovars* command the three LDR "fleets".

The insignia for these ranks are one to five triangles representing teeth. In the Lyrans mind, ultimate competence and bravery in hand-to-hand combat is finishing off the opponent with one's teeth. The nicknames for these ranks are first fang, second fang, etc.

In peacetime service in the Lyrans Empire itself, only the serving nobility hold ranks higher than *Zarmat*, although the informal title *Zarmat-alan* can be used to denote a senior non-noble commander (insignia: one fang and one claw). During the General War, many officers rose to the rank of *Lovar* and even *Farek* who were not themselves counts or dukes, and the rank of *Lovar-alan* (two fangs and one claw) came into use.

• Warrant Officers

There are two warrant officer ranks: *Mosat* and *Mosat-alan*. These officers serve exclusively as fighter pilots. (Technical specialists in the Lyrans/LDR military are enlisted.) These ranks were created for those who would fight in purchased Klingon fighters. They draw more pay than enlisted specialists and get more perks due to their obvious bravery!

The insignia is a chevron with its vertex ending in the center of either one or two horizontal bars. The nicknames for these ranks are "crasher" and "leader of crashers." It is said the insignia represents the nose of a fighter contacting some solid object.



• Enlisted Ranks

The enlisted ranks of the Lyrans military are drawn from the peasants of Lyrans society. These commoners serve at the pleasure of their nobility. LDR enlisted men serve two-year enlistments, at the end of which those *Chondi-alans* who show promise are given the option to make the military a career.

Rank	Fed Equivalent	Insignia
Raket-alan	CPO/Sergeant Major	two chevrons
Raket	PO/Sgt 1st Class	one chevron
Aref-alan	PO/Sergeant	two diagonals
Aref	JPO/Corporal	one diagonal
Chondi-alan	Sr Crewman/PFC	none
Chondi	Crewman/Private	none



Reconnaissance Service Division (Recon)

In order to qualify for the Recon Division, your character must have a **Perception** characteristic of 6 or greater by the end of the Character Generation Process

Reconnaissance

Add +1 to your PERCEPTION Characteristic

Accuracy

+1 Fire Weapon (Disruptor)
 +1 Martial Arts
 Melee Combat - 2
 Throwing - 1

Intuition

Evaluation - 1

Technical

Sensor Systems - 1

Perception

Shadowing - 1

Specialization in this service division is identical to the Scout specialization for Federation characters, but the character may also use the free skill levels in Memorization, Disguise and Security Systems.

Psionics

There is no Psionics service division in the Lyrans Armed Forces. Psionics are civilians, but the character is created in the same manner as a non-Vulcan Psionics. These individuals serve senior Lyrans nobles. A ship captain would attach his Psionics 'adviser' to his Stalker Team almost as a matter of course.

1.5 DETERMINING INITIAL CHARACTER SKILLS

Standard Skills: Lyrans characters receive the same standard skills as Federation characters, with the exception that Philosophy (Prime Directive) - 1 is replaced with Philosophy (County Politics) - 1 and Fire Weapon (Phaser) is replaced with Fire Weapon (Disruptor). (Skills by Service Division: see above.)

1.6 INITIAL CHARACTER RANK

See the above discussion on the integrated nature of the Lyrans Armed Forces. If players do not wish to use the Lyrans names for ranks, they may use either Federation equivalent (Marine or Navy). Reconnaissance division personnel use the Scout table for rank determination.

Lyrans Weaponry

Fighting Claw: BR# = 4* (0.7 kg)

The Lyrans fighting claw is a four-bladed melee weapon that is worn on the back of the hand (similar to the ancient Roman cestus). It allows the wearer to fight like a boxer but to do much more damage. The fighting claw is a light melee weapon which gives the wearer a base D# of 2/4/6.

* BR# = 12 for non-Lyrans characters.

The Vicious Grin - Lyran Stalker Team aboard the *Vicious*

The Vicious Grin is the personal Stalker Team of Count Kleave, leader of the Hidden Dagger County of the Lyran Empire, at the beginning of the General War. They are posted to his flagship, the Tiger-class heavy cruiser *Vicious*. The team symbol is a red patch with a black border. In the center of the patch is a large, white, wickedly fanged smile.

Tar Malkar: 'Leader'

Malkar is one of the finest young combat commanders in the empire. He is fanatically loyal to his County, while at the same time devoted to ending the constant Lyran civil wars. He is a cunning warrior who prefers more to outwit his opponents than to destroy them through brute force. He will readily accept any mission that his count requires, no matter how dirty or seemingly unimportant. However, he would rather be destroying Hydran Triads than just about anything else.

Strength: 6	Intuition: 4	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 5	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 6	Discipline: 4	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 2	Weight (optional): 103kg
Speed: 5	Technical: 3	AR Mods:	LDC: 12	Lift: 30/150kg
Leadership: 6	Gen.Knowledge: 3	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 10	Jump: 2/4/1m
Logic: 2	Perception: 6	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 2	Range Type: N
Fire (Disruptor) 2/4	Pilot (Starship) 2/4	Console Ops 1/2	Language (Lyran) 6/4	
Fire (Phaser) 2/4	Stealth 4/5	Damage Control 1/2	Phil. (County Politics) 1/2	
Free Climbing 2/4	Zero-G Maneuvering 1/3	Field Equipment 1/2	Fleet Regs (Lyran) 2/3	
Heavy Weapons Ops 2/4	Negotiation 2/4	Ship Weapon Systems 3/3	Language (Klingon) 3/3	
Martial Arts 4/5	Persuasion 2/4	Transporter Systems 1/2		
Melee Combat 4/5	Evaluation 2/3	Cult. Knowledge (Lyran) 3/3		
Pilot (Shuttle) 4/5	Security Procedures 2/3	First Aid 1/2		

Naket Relief: 'Thinker'

Relief was working diligently on an advanced degree in xenobiology at the Lyran Royal Science Academy when the needs of the General War called him to active duty. Initially resistant to the idea, he has since grown to like what he does and has stayed on past his initial obligation to serve on a Stalker Team and is now in for the duration of the war. He is older than the average Naket for that reason. He is a walking library while at the same time as cool and collected in the heat of battle as a 20-year marine veteran. He is on the quiet side, but when he speaks, the Team listens.

Strength: 5	Intuition: 3	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 4	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 4	Discipline: 6	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 1	Weight (optional): 87kg
Speed: 5	Technical: 4	AR Mods:	LDC: 10	Lift: 25/125kg
Leadership: 3	Gen.Knowledge: 10	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 11	Jump: 1.5/3/.75m
Logic: 2	Perception: 4	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 2	Range Type: N
Fire (Disruptor) 2/3	Console Ops 1/2	History (Military) 4/7	Language (Kzinti) 1/5	
Martial Arts 2/3	Damage Control 1/2	Language (Lyran) 10/10	Language (Ethnic Orion) 1/5	
Pilot (Shuttle) 2/3	Field Equipment 2/3	Phil. (County Politics) 1/5	Language (English) 1/5	
Zero-G Maneuvering 1/2	Sensor Systems 2/3	Physical Sciences 6/8	Biochemistry 4/7	
Survival (Jungle) 2/4	Transporter Systems 1/2	Language (Klingon) 1/5	Xenobiology 4/7	
Survival (Mountain) 2/4	Cultural Know. (Lyran) 10/10	Language (Romulan) 1/5	Fusion Technology 4/7	
Survival (Desert) 2/4	First Aid 1/5	Language (Hydran) 1/5	Geology 4/7	

Molaz Tamzin: 'Spotter'

The newest member of the Team is a recent graduate of the Lyran Royal Academy and a collegiate martial arts champion. Tamzin is a serious go-getter with no time for 'pussy-footing' around. She wanted to be on a Stalker Team from the day she could spell the words and has not let up. She does not make friends easily and has been rather hard on love interests, but has made fast friends with Hakar. This is probably because she has finally achieved her goal and is truly relaxed for the first time.

Strength: 5	Intuition: 4	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 2	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 6	Discipline: 3	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 1	Weight (optional): 77kg
Speed: 5	Technical: 3	AR Mods:	LDC: 10	Lift: 25/125kg
Leadership: 3	Gen.Knowledge: 3	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 8	Jump: 1.5/3/.75m
Logic: 2	Perception: 8	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 2	Range Type: M
Fire (Disruptor) 2/4	Interrogation 3/3	Sensor Systems 1/2	Language (Hydran) 3/3	
Martial Arts 6/6	Evaluation 2/3	Transporter Systems 1/2	Language (Klingon) 1/2	
Melee Combat 2/4	Resist Interrogation 1/2	Security Systems 1/2	Shadowing 2/5	
Pilot (Shuttle) 1/3	Survival (General) 1/2	First Aid 1/2	Tracking 4/6	
Stealth 4/5	Console Ops 1/2	Language (Lyran) 5/4		
Throwing 1/3	Damage Control 1/2	Phil. (County Politics) 1/2		
Zero-G Maneuvering 1/3	Field Equipment 1/2	Fleet Regs (Lyran) 1/2		

Molaz Hakar: 'Mother'

Hakar is the original 'wet behind the ears' Molaz. He is also a highly proficient field surgeon and the team practical joker. The son of minor nobility, he has worked hard to prove that he got here on his own. (Anyone who has seen him handle a combat trauma case would have no doubts.) He does exasperate his fellow team members with his gags. His command of various dialects of Lyran has allowed him to simulate the voice of many characters from the indignant admiral to the vengeful lover. All members of the Vicious Grin now require visual verification before taking personal communications.

Strength: 5	Intuition: 3	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 2	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 4	Discipline: 3	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 1	Weight (optional): 82kg
Speed: 5	Technical: 6	AR Mods:	LDC: 10	Lift: 25/125kg
Leadership: 3	Gen. Knowledge: 7	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 8	Jump: 1.5/3/.75m
Logic: 2	Perception: 4	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 2	Range Type: N

Fire (Disruptor) 1/2
 Martial Arts 1/2
 Pilot (Shuttle) 1/2
 Zero-G Maneuvering 1/2
 Comm. Systems 2/4

Console Ops 1/3,
 Damage Control 1/3
 Field Equip. 1/3
 Life Support Systems 2/4
 Medical Systems 4/5

Transporter Systems 1/3
 First Aid 5/6
 Language (Lyran) 7/7
 Medicine 5/6
 Surgery 5/6

Language (Hydran) 3/5
 Language (Klingon) 3/5

Raket-alan Sarmin: 'Fixer'

Sarmin represents all that is good about the underdog. Taken off the street by recruiters (read press-gang), he took his conscription seriously and excelled as a junior enlisted engineer. When his initial two years were up, he decided to make the military a career and has continued to excel. He has an impressive number of combat decorations and his ability to work engineering wonders actually seems to improve if he is being fired upon. He has used his peasant background to good effect and has a unique ability to blend into the shadiest sections of town. He also has a number of contacts within the pirate cartels, a fact Malkar uses but does not publicize.

Strength: 5	Intuition: 3	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 5	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 4	Discipline: 3	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 3	Weight (optional): 84kg
Speed: 7	Technical: 8	AR Mods:	LDC: 10	Lift: 25/150
Leadership: 3	Gen. Knowledge: 3	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 8	Jump: 1.5/3/.75m
Logic: 4	Perception: 4	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 3	Range Type: N

Fine Work 2/3
 Fire (Disruptor) 2/3
 Martial Arts 1/2
 Pilot (Shuttle) 1/2
 Zero-G Maneuvering 2/3
 System Speed 3/5
 Comm Systems 2/5

Console Ops 2/5
 Damage Control 2/5
 Field Equipment 2/5
 Impulse Drive Systems 2/5
 Life Support Systems 2/5
 Power Gen Systems 2/5
 Sensor Systems 2/5

Shield Systems 2/5
 Weapon Systems 2/5
 Transporter Systems 2/5
 Computer Systems 4/6
 Electronics 4/6
 Mechanics 4/6
 Warp Drive Systems 4/6

Jury Rig 6/7
 First Aid 1/2
 Language (Lyran) 5/4
 Language (Ethnic Orion) 3/3
 Phil. (County Politics) 1/2
 Fleet Regs (Lyran) 1/2

Aref-alan Fazim: 'Slasher'

Fazim's recruitment into the LAF was more polite than Sarmin's. Two Lyran soldiers on leave watched Fazim (then 16 years old) write his name on a leather square at 1200 meters with a hunting phaser. When the Raket-alan from the local recruiting unit told Fazim there was a place that allowed you to shoot anything you wanted anytime you wanted and would pay for the power packs, he signed up. Malkar chose him for the team for his almost surgical ability to take out targets from a secure, hidden location. He is the ultimate sniper. Although early encounters with officers have left him cold on most higher ranks, he has respect for all the members of *his* team. Hakar's antics, however, bother Fazim the most.

Strength: 6	Intuition: 3	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 4	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 6	Discipline: 8	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 1	Weight (optional): 100kg
Speed: 5	Technical: 3	AR Mods:	LDC: 12	Lift: 30/150kg
Leadership: 3	Gen. Knowledge: 3	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 14	Jump: 2/4/1m
Logic: 2	Perception: 4	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 2	Range Type: S

Fire (Disruptor) 4/5
 Heavy Weapons Ops 4/5
 Martial Arts 4/5
 Melee Combat 2/4
 Pilot (Shuttle) 1/3

Sniper 4/5
 Stealth 2/4
 Throwing 1/3
 Zero-G Maneuvering 1/3
 Console Ops 1/2

Damage Control 1/2
 Field Equipment 1/2
 Transporter Systems 1/2
 Demolitions 3/3
 First Aid 1/2

Language (Lyran) 5/4
 Phil. (County Politics) 1/2
 Fleet Regs (Lyran) 1/2

The Vicious Grin is featured in this sourcefile to give you a good example of a well balanced Team with all of its skills listed. Players should feel free, however, to customize the Team to their own tastes (trading some skills for others) if they so desire...provided they remain within the rules.



Communications Central

Prime Directive Tournaments and Events

We will publish announcements of upcoming conventions which feature Prime Directive events and lists of the winners in this section.

Genghis Con XVI – Denver Area, February 17-19, 1995

Held at the Holiday Inn Southeast, I-225 at Parker Road, Aurora, Colorado, Genghis Con XVI will feature more than 30 role-playing events in addition to more than 50 boardgame and 40 miniature gaming events. There will be a Task Force Games-sponsored Prime Directive event on Saturday and Sunday, starting at Noon each day, in addition to a sanctioned Star Fleet Battles tournament and more. Pre-registration is \$15 until 2/6/95, checks payable to the Denver Gamers Association. Con information line = (303) 665-7062, evenings. Hotel reservations = \$58/night single or double, call (303) 695-1700. Write to Denver Gamers Association, Inc., P.O. Box 440058, Aurora, CO 80044 for more information.

Origins 1995 – Philadelphia, July 13-16, 1995

In 1995, Origins returns to the East Coast! Task Force Games will be sponsoring the Origins Prime Directive tournament and several Prime Directive events (for both novice and experienced players) throughout the weekend. ADB will be the exclusive operator of the always magnificent SFB events! Andon, the convention organizers, promise round-the-clock gaming in the amazing, state of the art Convention Center, attached to a brand new Marriott hotel by skywalk. Write to Andon, P.O. Box 3100, Kent, OH 44240 for more info or call 1-800-529-EXPO (216-673-2117 in Ohio).

Gen Con 1995 – Milwaukee, August 18-21, 1995

Gen Con is where we host the Grand National Prime Directive Championships, in addition to events for both the novice and experienced player going on continuously throughout the entire four days! (Although Gen Con is a convention aimed primarily at the role-player, it does host the largest SFB event outside of Origins.) Write to TSR-Gen Con Info, P.O. Box 756, Lake Geneva, WI 53147 for more information.

Task Force Games will be in attendance at all three of the conventions listed above.

If you would like to run a Prime Directive event or tournament at your local convention or game store Open Day, and aren't sure how to go about it, just drop us a line and we'll do what we can to help.

What's in store for the future?

The following features are currently in development for future issues of Prime Adventures:

FEATURES

- **The Orion Crime Team Sourcefile** by Cliff Yahnke
- **"Tarsitano Surprise"** - Meet the intrepid Lost Angels Prime Team in this fictionalization of the Online game of Prime Directive held on the GENie computer network. Written by Timothy D. Olsen and David M. Everett with help and inspiration from the participants themselves.
- **A Guide to the Federation** in upcoming issues will feature the Antareans and the Arcturians, two Associate Member races you can add to the ranks of your Prime Teams.

ADVENTURES

• **Renegade** – Espionage is the order of the day as the Primes try to recover the plans to the KR class ship before it was even built!!!

• **Rainy Day Missions** – Your Prime Team is assigned a covert mission on the jungle planet of Kolorian III. Which will get you first: the bad guys or the humidity?

Prime Directive Questions

We welcome questions about the Prime Directive Universe and will answer them direct if you include an SASE with your letter. Questions which require a simple Yes or No response will be dealt with immediately; others will be answered as swiftly as time permits. Also, the best questions (those of interest to all our readers, rather than just one specific gaming group) will appear in a future "Ask Commander Kosov" column. Any significant typos or errors you bring to our attention will appear in a future "Hey, shouldn't that be...?" column.

SUBMISSIONS OF NEW MATERIAL

Task Force Games welcomes the submission of new material for use in future Prime Directive products. It is important to note that Prime Directive is a part of the integrated Star Fleet Universe system of games and anything submitted for any of these games must be consistent with the overall universe. If you do not have copies of all of those other games, just do a really good adventure and we'll try to make it fit with everything else.

All submissions of new material are accepted ONLY under the following terms unless specifically agreed otherwise in writing in advance by both TFG and Amarillo Design Bureau: All Prime Directive materials submitted become the property (and come under the copyright) of Amarillo Design Bureau upon publication. Any submissions may be used, modified, expanded, or changed as TFG and ADB, in their sole judgement, see fit. (It is not sufficient to claim an exemption to these rules within a submission; you must obtain an exemption first.) No materials based on, for use with, or incorporating elements of Prime Directive can be published without permission from TFG and ADB.

All materials used will be credited to the original author to the extent of his original submission. We respect the creativity of the authors of submissions, but a higher respect must be given to all of the players, who deserve a stable and balanced game system that is not in constant uproar as every new adventure, rule, story, or piece of equipment makes all of the previous adventures unplayable.

All submissions (and any requests for exceptions to the rules) *must* include a stamped self-addressed envelope for use in sending you an evaluation of your material; the material itself cannot be returned. You should retain a complete copy of your material for your own reference.

We are looking for all kinds of exciting new material, for all of our games. Prime Adventures has a number of departments and regular features, and we need new articles for all of these. And if you have an idea for a new regular column, tell us! If you can write the first couple of such articles yourself, great, but if not, don't hesitate to send in your suggestion. Never ask us what we want you to create. If we had an idea, we already assigned it to a staffer. We want *your* new ideas! Do we want to see your new adventure, story,

rule, tool, monster, play aid, NPC, or weapon? *Yes!* We are also interested in Tactics articles for Prime Directive.

Getting something published is both easy and difficult. Good stuff goes to the head of the line. Anything we don't have to fix gets priority treatment, but that doesn't mean that you should hold onto your idea until it's perfect. Do the best you can, and we'll take care of the rest. Persistence, preparation, and presentation all pay off. The more you know about the Star Fleet Universe, the better your chances.

We very much want to see new Prime Directive fiction of all lengths, from one-page to novels. The *first* thing is to write a good rip-roaring action story, with powerful characters who face and meet challenges both within themselves and within the adventure. The second thing is to be consistent with the rules of Prime Directive and the historical background of the Star Fleet Universe. Spelling, grammar, and punctuation is easier to fix than bad writing or rules violations. It's nice to read a story free of such errors, but perfect punctuation will not save a boring story or cover over a major historical glitch.

Authors submitting material used in Prime Directive products will be paid at standard rates set from time to time by TFG. Authors submitting other material used in a future product will receive a copy of that product or other compensation at the discretion of TFG. Subsequent development and/or re-use of the same material is not generally subject to further compensation.

In cases where an author only suggested the idea, or where it was something relatively minor or obvious, published credit as the designer may be the only compensation offered.

Authors warrant, by their submission, that it is entirely their own work and does not violate any copyrights or other rights. Authors will be held responsible for any such violation of rights.

TAKE NOTE! Submission of any material is considered to be acceptance of these terms without reservation, which are legal and legally binding on all submissions not specifically exempted by the Bureau in advance and in writing.

For additional details, contact Amarillo Design Bureau.

Input Guide for Prime Directive Adventures

Always query about a possible adventure before putting any serious amount of work into it; if we like your idea, your subsequent adventure submission must include:

- Your name, address, phone number *and* a self-addressed stamped envelope. (If you submit over the GENie or America Online network, your e-mail address is sufficient.)
- The working Title for the project.
- The Year in which the adventure is set.
- A two to three page outline, briefly summarizing the plotline, and any novel elements (technology, devices, characters, races, location, historical events, etc.) that are central to the adventure.
- ALL submissions must be typed or machine printed. No handwritten submissions will be considered. (Electronic submissions via GENie, through the Internet Gateway, or via America Online are fine. Players can contact Task Force Games via the **GENie** computer network at the GEmail address **TFG\$,** via **Internet** at **TFG\$@genie.geis.com.,** and **America Online** at **TFG1.**)

- Submissions should be sent to
Task Force Games
P.O. Box 50145
Amarillo, TX 79159-0145

GENERAL OPERATING PROCEDURES FOR PRIME DIRECTIVE ADVENTURES:

PLEASE NOTE – ALL unit measure references in Prime Directive *must* be in Metric System notation. Manuscripts should not include references to feet, miles, pounds or degrees F and alien measurement systems should not be used. (It is far better to say that something is 10 meters long, rather than 49.765 kreplac'vahs, which you have decided is equivalent to 10m.)

Also, remember, that every different group playing your adventure will have their own Team, Briefing Officer, ship, etc, so while it is okay to specifically mention a particular Prime Team or Starship etc., in the Color Text sections (see below) you *must not* write the adventure from the point of view that "your" Team, on board "your" ship, with "your" captain and crew are the ones actually going through the adventure. That is to say your adventure must allow *any* Team on board *any* ship with *any* Briefing Officer to be the subject of the adventure.

The best way to see what we want in a PD adventure is to take a careful look at our adventures currently in print. As a general rule, please don't send us adventures where the Team has 24 hours to save the universe from destruction. We would prefer situations that are less galaxy-shaking, in favor of solidly-written, challenging adventures, that don't effect the course of the Star Fleet Universe *too* dramatically. This is not to say that we think that Prime Teams should spend their time rescuing cats stuck up in trees, but that after a Team saves the Earth from being swallowed whole by the dreaded Zilon of Tharg and his killer-monster death machine (...for the second time!), stealing a prototype dilithium engine from an Orion Pirate stronghold will seem slightly tame, right?

Format – All Prime Directive Adventures follow a fairly strict Format in terms of the ordering of various elements. This ordering format *must* be closely followed:

Color Text: Initial Color Text is a short piece of fiction (usually no more than a few hundred words long), drawn from the point of view of one or more of the characters or NPCs involved in the adventure. This sets the mood of the scene for the GM, serving as a "hook" to draw him into the adventure. The intro Color text should give the GM (and later the players) some idea of the mood and tone that you would like to have established in the adventure. (Interior Color Text pieces are very short blocks of text inserted to add a scene setting or humorous accent to the section of text that follows.)

Plot Synopsis: This is a short distillation of all the plotline information that the GM needs to know concerning the events leading up to the beginning of the adventure, and then an overview of the plot elements presented in the adventure itself.

Background Character Involvement: This section details the Background Character NPC relations and Special Skills "assigned" to one or more of the Characters. Don't write the character's history for them here, just let them know who and or what they know, and then let the player figure out HOW it all fits into their background.

Mission Briefing and Equipment Allocation: This section should contain an "in character" Mission Briefing, presented from the point of view of the Team's Briefing Officer. (However, as discussed above, this should be a

"generic" Briefing Officer, not a specific character of the author's devising.) This Briefing should outline the mission to the characters in a manner consistent with the information that could be reasonably possessed by Star Fleet, or the Team's Superiors on board their ship. It should then outline the Team's objective on the mission, and their relative importance, and detail any special information, instructions, or operating procedures required for the mission. Remember, there will usually be elements in the adventure that aren't (and can't be) covered in the Mission Briefing.

Equipment Allocation. This is to follow the Mission Briefing and is a list of the gear that the Team's Briefing Officer assigns to the Team to get the job done. Remember, this isn't supposed to be a test or a drill. The Briefing Officer will assign the Team all the equipment he thinks they will need to perform the job. This means he won't hold back vital equipment (like respirators, environmental survival gear, vac suits, etc.) just to "see if the Team members are using their heads." This is also the place to outline any modifications to the standard BR#s for additional gear, in case the Team thinks they DO need something they weren't assigned.

Notes to the GM: This is your place to talk directly to the GM, pointing out special elements that he should be aware of, potential trouble spots, how to handle overly-clever players in key situations, additional notes on NPC motivations, suggestions for how to expand the adventures with new elements, etc.

The Actual Mission Sections: These sections should comprise the bulk of your adventure, and each individual section MUST have a short title. Also, some of these sections might begin with a short color text block, as discussed above. If your adventure has a TREE format, where once the players finish one situation, they are more or less directed to go onto another situation, then the bulk of your adventure will be comprised of SCENES. (Take a look at The Kam'srit Riddle adventure in the PD Rulebook for an example of a SCENE structured adventure.) In this case you must be sure to logically order the scenes, and to provide the GM advice on how to continue with the adventure if the players manage to "Jump the Rails" and go off on a tangent. If your adventure is more free form, where the players can wander from location to location and situation to situation, then area descriptions are the key. (Take a look at The Web Of Darkness adventure in the PD Rulebook for an example of a Location structured adventure.) In this case, you should still provide the GM with a set of notes explaining how he can use the elements in the various location to help build a sense of structure, essentially giving the players the biggest "bang" possible.

In either case, each scene or section must provide the GM with all the information he will require to play out the situation. If any situation you present will be likely to be resolved by dice rolls, then you must present all the information the GM will need, times, distances, special tricodes and mods, special skill application, any special factors that might effect the outcome of the tests, the works.

Mission Review: The Mission Review states the Criticality Level and Type that Star Fleet has assigned the Mission, and outlines the basic mission elements that the Team is expected to have accomplished and the corresponding Mission Review SL they are initially assigned. The Mission Review section then outlines the additional elements that would raise or lower the Team's Mission Review SL, or might allow the Team to Wheedle their Briefing Officer into a higher Mission Review SL. This section will also discuss any non-review ramifications of the mission.

Non-Player Characters and NPC Templates: In this section, you provide a complete character description for any major NPCs, including their name (of course), stats, skills, equipment, and a paragraph or two that details the character's personality, motivations and mannerisms, and their relation with other NPCs in the adventure, if any. Minor NPCs, or NPC groups will follow the same pattern, but don't waste your time naming individual Generic Spreadable Thug Products, and giving each one of them individual personalities and motivations. Just describe the group as a whole, perhaps adding an extra line or two to describe their leader, or any special individual.

Maps: You must provide sketches of any Maps or Diagrams to be included in the adventure, which must include a reference scale bar and a symbol key. Any special notes or descriptions for these maps or diagrams should be provided here.

That's about it. We look forward to receiving your submissions for PRIME DIRECTIVE. ♦♦♦

CODE NAME: INNUENDO

A Solitaire Adventure

by Timothy D. Olsen and Mark Costello

Code Name: Innuendo is a solitaire adventure which pits your character, a Prime Team member on a special solo assignment, against a traitor and his cohorts on an unfamiliar world. The adventure itself is laid out as a series of descriptive sections which first tell you what is happening around you, and then give you a number of options for further actions on your part. Choose the one that sounds right for you and the adventure tells you where to go from there. (You should *not* read the descriptive sections in numerical order - only read a numbered section when you are told to go there or you will spoil the adventure.)

This adventure is unique in that it is designed for one player and requires no Gamemaster. The modified Solitaire rules below will allow you to play the adventure and the special Solitaire Character Datafile provided at the end of this adventure will allow you to keep track of important events, the time you have taken, etc. (A sample character is included which will allow you to begin your game immediately. If you would prefer to create your own character, however, guidelines for this are featured at the end of this section. Also, the *Peltier* character from the Prime Directive Rulebook is well suited for this adventure - simply add a Climbing skill and you're ready to go.)

Of course, there are a handful of special concerns that are necessitated by this sort of "GM-less" system. First, there are no provisions made for characters with psionic abilities in Code Name: Innuendo, although future solitaire adventures will include psionics where appropriate. Also, when your character enters into combat with other characters, it is assumed that you will be using the standard Prime Directive combat system, in terms of determining Actions & Initiative, Defensive Actions, Level of Damage Mods, etc. If, however, you prefer to use the Simplified Combat System instead, that's fine. Just ignore any references that don't pertain to the SCS. In any event, when your character is involved in ranged combat with another character, the Range Effects *for the NPC*, if any, have been taken into account when you are given the tricodes, D#s, etc. that they will use in their attacks. Remember, though, that while your character will almost always be better than the NPCs, a hot roll of the dice for the bad guys can still be dangerous. (When you're rolling for the bad guys, don't use your lucky dice!)

The actual time you spend doing things is often a concern in solitaire adventures and a time track (one box = one hour) is included on the solitaire datafile which will allow you to keep track of time. (After your first "day" in Code Name: Innuendo, the adventure becomes more of a "plot-driven" adventure, where events carry you along to your next encounter, but you should still record the passage of time whenever told to do so.)

It is also not a bad idea to keep track of your last location so that if you need to return to a prior number, you will not be racking your brains to remember where you just came from!

If at any point in the adventure, you decide that things have gone badly for you and you wish to simply 'give up the chase,' you can do this by simply hiding out and waiting for the station to notice you are missing. (How do you hide out, you ask? Simple - just close the book!) They will then send out a search party for you. This will, however, count as a failed mission.

Finally, the Yes/No Test features prominently in several situations and is reprinted here for your convenience.

The Yes/No Test is a test wherein the only results possible are Success and Failure, much like the BR# test for additional Mission Equipment Allocation Requests. Any mods listed are applied directly to the listed test #, including Level of Damage mods, Repeated Task mods (if any), etc. However, Yes/No tests are **not** subject to the Continuing Task Attempt rules, nor can a Yes/No test result in a Botch regardless of how low the task roll is.

That's it. Sharpen your pencil, prepare your datafile and go to (1). It's time to begin Code Name: Innuendo!

1

Recently, Orion raider activity along the Federation-Klingon border has increased dramatically. In the past three months, twenty merchant ships traveling along the border have been attacked by the Pirates who seem to have an uncanny knack for knowing the flight plans of ships which are carrying valuable cargos. The worst incident was the seizure of the USS *Chelsea Holbrook*, a Federation Merchant Marine vessel carrying vital medical supplies, along with other valuable durable goods, to the agricultural colony on DeGurden's World. Over three hundred colonists there would have died of Sullivan's Disease if not for the swift intervention of a Federation Hospital Ship.

Star Fleet Intelligence believes that the most likely explanation for the increased Raider activity is that the Orions have planted a double agent in one of the Civilian Spaceflight Administration's (CSA) numerous Communications Relay Stations that dot the border. Such an individual could easily be transmitting coded data concerning merchant ships' flight plans and manifests to an Orion ship waiting at specific coordinates at predetermined times.

It is with this idea in mind that Star Fleet Command has authorized this covert internal-security operation, Code Name: Innuendo! Your Team is one of several assigned to infiltrate the CSA's Comm/Relay Stations in this sector. However, since there are so many more stations in the area than available Prime Teams, you have all been given *individual* assignments. You don't like the idea of operating without the rest of your Team there alongside you, but you know that the sudden appearance of a large number of new personnel on a Comm/Relay Station would attract interest, and perhaps tip off the double agent that something was up. This may be your first assignment on your own, but as a Prime Team member you *have* been specially trained and it's time to put that training to the test!

Following a short training/refresher course, you have been operating as a new junior systems operator on the Comm/Relay Station in orbit above the planet Nin'Yend for ten days, looking for anything suspicious in its day-to-day operations. One of the Senior Communications Specialists has caught your eye: Geralom'Mos, a secretive, ill-tempered Cygnan. While he is obviously highly qualified in his field, he is also lazy as hell, delegating much of what should be his own work onto others (mostly you as you are the "new guy" in his unit).

It came as quite a surprise, then, to find him alone in the Communications room this morning before his regular shift was set to begin. While his claim of "just getting a few extra

things done to help the morning crew get started" might have seemed reasonable from almost anyone else, it was a joke coming from Geralom'Mos. As the day progressed, and he seemed tense and nervous, your suspicions became even more aroused. Even if this guy wasn't the double agent you were looking for, he was certainly up to *something*. With your duty section scheduled to start a three-day leave that same day, you figure that this would be a good time to follow Geralom'Mos around for awhile.

While most of the unit elects to spend their leave in the recreational facilities on board the Station, Geralom'Mos and a handful of others have decided to purchase tickets for the single daily shuttle down from the station to the city of Kuh'Yang which is the closest thing to a "fun-spot" on the planet for off-duty Federation personnel. This creates a real dilemma for you as it is prohibited to take weapons of any kind on shore leave to Kuh'Yang but you have no choice. You can't take the chance of losing contact with Geralom'Mos so you board the shuttle. Geralom'Mos hardly notices you board the shuttle with him, and as the flight progresses, you observe that he becomes even more twitchy and nervous and clutches his travel satchel the whole way down.

It is mid-afternoon when you arrive at the shuttle port in Kuh'Yang with nothing on you besides your clothes, your fake CSA ID badge and 150 credits in local currency. Geralom'Mos heads straight out of the terminal and into the heart of the city. You are barely able to keep up with him! Soon, you realize that you have followed him into the market area. After a few bad seconds where you think you've lost him, you spot him sitting at a cafe table sipping Saurian Ale. Before you can decide what your next move should be, he is joined by an individual who, although disguised, you recognize from your briefings as Tranton McClure, a member of one of the most ruthless of the Orion Pirate Cartels! There can be no doubt that Geralom'Mos is the double agent! From here on in, how the adventure progresses is up to you...go to (44).

2

You zip along at a breakneck pace, seemingly unperturbed by the harsh conditions. As the early evening gloom begins to settle, you hear voices in the distance and smell the inviting aroma of food being cooked over an open fire. Feeling energetic and confident, you press on toward the source of the sounds and smells. Go to (20).

3

You keep on riding, chatting with Mai'Fon who, after so many years of using it, must know this portion of the road very well. He would surely let you know if anything was wrong. Just then a brilliant bolt of energy lances out of the darkness of the treeline and strikes you squarely in the chest, the force of the attack knocking you off the mule-beast. (You kick yourself for forgetting about the sniper in town as you fade into unconsciousness.)

You wake up hours later. The sun has begun to rise in the sky. The pack-beasts are gone, and Mai'Fon lies dead beside you. The sniper's stun attack was too much for his old heart. Disheartened by the death of your newfound friend, and having lost many precious hours, you realize that too much time has gone by. You spend the rest of the day tracking down McClure's base in the hills, but he is already gone. Later, back on board your ship, you find that four more merchant ships were raided along the border. You could have

prevented it, and captured the criminals responsible, but you didn't listen to your instincts and could help no one. You fail...

4

You drag yourself down the Road at a crawl, almost completely overcome by the harsh conditions along the road. Note that all tests that you take until the text says that you are Rested are taken with a flat +4 fatigue mod. Go to (132).

5

You ask around and find your way to the main road into the foothills (which are only a short distance to the south). Even if Geralom'Mos and McClure went by groundcar, you should still be able to hike to the hills in less than a half-day. That will still give you almost a full day to find them. Onward! Go to (40).

Record that this has taken you 1 hour.

6

You follow the road into the hills with no particular joy, encountering no more opposition. The hills become more steep and you will need to proceed with care. Go to (67).

7

Better and better. Another knife, and some better armor. (You can use the Sentry's armor if your Strength is a 3, 4, or 5. If your Strength is a 2 or a 6, then you suffer an additional +1 flat mod to all your Strength, Accuracy, and Speed tests, including your A/I test.) But best of all, a Scatter Phaser! Now you've got some real striking power. And unless you are mistaken, there is the Orion's base, right over there. Go to (45).

8

You're declared a member of Blo'hke's Brigands and are greeted enthusiastically by the gang of ruffians. Blo'hke declares that you have shown your worth, and you shall be shown the way into the hills in the morning. But first, they invite you to sit by the fire and eat your fill of their dinner before settling in for a night's rest.

Will you eat and sleep in the camp? If so, go to (72).

Or do you distrust the Brigands and elect to leave their camp? If so, go to (151).

9

You decide to ask a passerby on the street and pick a kindly looking individual to help you out. Roll a D6.

On a 1-3, go to (69).

On a 4-6, go to (47).

10

You are close enough to jump out at the pair and tell them that the jig is up, and that they are both under arrest. (Although you are unarmed and alone, this may be your only chance to apprehend the pair and you hope that the element of surprise will allow you to take control of the situation.) Geralom'Mos flushes red (which for Cygnans means that they

are about to pass out) while McClure makes a violent motion with his right hand. For a moment you think he might be drawing a weapon, which you are very conscious that you do NOT possess at the moment, but it turns out that he was signalling an unseen sniper lurking somewhere nearby. A sudden phaser blast knocks you unconscious. Go to (51).

11

Well, it looks like if you want to cross the river, you're going to have to get past 'ol Taahnga.

The Taahnga Beast has the following characteristics:

Strength - 6

Speed - 3

LDC - 12

SDC - 10

Natural AR 0-2-2

Claws = Light Weapons (with Strength Mod = 2/4/6 D#s)

Melee Skill (Claws) - 3

Movement = *more than yours*.

The Taahnga Beast has quite a reach with his front legs, which means that you will have a flat +1 to hit him or parry his attacks with a knife (if you have one). If you purchased cord in town (or chose the rope from the Brigands as reward for your excellent storytelling) you can take a few minutes to attach the knife to a long branch, turning it into a spear. This will negate the +1 mod for the Taahnga Beast's longer reach. However, in this case a Botch means that your spear has broken, and that you must continue to fight the Taahnga Beast unarmed. If you find yourself in this situation, either because you broke your spear or because you had no weapon to begin with, then you will end up fighting the Taahnga Beast hand-to-hand, which is not usually the sort of thing that one wishes to find himself doing. All Martial Arts attacks directed against the Taahnga Beast are resolved with a flat +2 to the attacks and block rolls. These mods are in addition to whatever fatigue mods that you have accumulated, if any.

Roll for initiative as normal. If you can reduce the Taahnga Beast to 6 or fewer LDC points or 5 or fewer SDC points, he will flee, leaving the tree bridge open to you. The Taahnga Beast is much faster than you so once you enter combat with him, you can't break it off until he flees.

If you drive the Taahnga Beast off and cross the tree bridge, go to (107).

If the Taahnga Beast defeats you, then, well...just enjoy the fact that you have become an important part of the Nin'Yend food chain!

12

You push on into the darkness. The long march is causing you some fatigue, however, and a vicious wind has whipped up chilling the air. Then your stomach begins to growl and you realize that you haven't eaten since morning. Make a test using your SDC in D6 vs. a base tricode of 6/8/10 to see how fatigued you are when you reach the next encounter. If you have spent 0-4 hours so far, then there is no mod applied to the tricode.

If you have spent 5-8 hours so far, then apply a flat +1 to the tricode.

If you have spent 9 or more hours so far, then apply a flat +2 to the tricode.

If you have either the Leather Jacket or the Durrafil Windbreaker, then apply a flat -1. (You get no additional bonus for having both.)

If you bought the Travel Food you may apply a flat -1 mod.

If you have a Lantern with you, it makes your nighttime traveling easier. You may apply a flat -1 mod.

If you score a Complete SL, go to (65).

If you score a Moderate SL, go to (123).

If you score a Minimal SL, go to (56).

If you score a Failure, go to (4).

If you score a Botch, go to (138).

13

First you need to sneak up on him. If Mai'Fon is with you, he tells you that he can't go any further. He's never had to kill a man before, and he sees that this is turning mean. He says that he will wait for you here, however.

Make a Stealth roll vs. a 4/6/8 tricode.

If you score a Complete SL, go to (144).

If you score a Moderate SL, go to (139).

If you score a Minimal SL, go to (35).

If you score a Failure, go to (54).

If you score a Botch, go to (105).

The sentry's characteristics are:

Strength - 4

Accuracy - 3

Speed - 3

Discipline - 3

LDC - 8

SDC - 7

Fire (phaser) - 3

Melee Combat - 3

Martial Arts - 3

He has a Combat Knife, a Scatter Phaser with a full powerpack load, and Standard Field Armor (AR 2-2-1) which gives him a flat +1 to his A/I roll.

Mark this section and refer to these stats during the combat.

14

You give the man the money and follow his directions. You're a little worried by the strange smirk he had on his face as he stuffed the money into his jacket and quickly walked away but you shake that off as nerves on your part. Go to (131).

15

You scan the forest, alert for any sign of danger. Roll your Survival or Perception dice vs. a 6/8/10 tricode.

If you score a Complete SL, go to (86).

If you score a Moderate SL, go to (127).

If you score a Minimal SL, go to (62).

If you score a Failure, go to (79).

If you score a Botch, go to (98).

16

You turn and run for cover. Too late! A brilliant bolt of energy lances out of the darkness of the treeline and strikes you squarely in the back, the force of the attack knocking you

off the mule-beast. (You kick yourself for forgetting about the sniper in town as you fade into unconsciousness.)

You wake up hours later. The sun is just rising and in the early morning light, you see that the old man lies dead just down the road and his pack-beasts are gone. The sniper attacked him too, as he rode through the forest alone. The stun was too much for his old heart. Disheartened by the death of the old man, and having lost many precious hours, you realize that too much time has gone by. You spend the rest of the day tracking down McClure's base in the hills, but he is already gone. Later, back on board your ship, you find that four more merchant ships were raided along the border. You could have prevented it, and captured the criminals responsible, but you didn't listen to your instincts and could help no one.

Although you have failed at your mission, your efforts did unmask Geralom'Mos as a double agent. Small consolation, though, as your solitaire adventure draws to a close...

17

There were just too many of them for you to hope for success in this endeavor. There will be no more adventuring for you as you learn the hard way just how much Lethal Damage you can take....

18

The Test of Healing! You are brought into the tent of an individual who has mangled his leg in a fall. The camp healer can do no more for him and you have six rolls to achieve a Complete SL in either First Aid OR Medicine for the wounded man, applying the usual repeated task attempt mods as you go.

First Aid is resolved vs. a 6/8/10 tricode.

Medicine is resolved vs. a 4/6/8 tricode. (First Aid is NOT treated as a supporting skill for Medicine in this case, and vice versa.)

If you have Medical Supplies with you, apply a flat -1 to the tricode.

Remember that you are still subject to fatigue mods, if you accumulated any on the trail. If you succeed in Completely patching up the wounded man, go to (8).

If you fail, go to (25).

19

You follow the officer's instructions with only a few missteps and very little loss of time. The gate to the Old Road now lays before you. You're off! Go to (33).

Record that this encounter took 2 hours.

20

You observe an odd jumble of patched and battered thermo-tents set up in and amongst equally worn looking stitched animal hide lean-tos. Several Tung'Bo, the local equivalent of horses, are tethered to nearby trees, and there are three carts piled high with the pelts of dozens of creatures. There are about twenty hard-looking Nin'Yend men and women sitting around a large open fire, cooking game and tubers and passing around several jugs of what you assume is ale of some kind. Realizing that there is nothing more to be learned from this position, you move in closer. All their eyes turn to you when you enter the camp. The largest,

a man of considerable size, stands and challenges you. None of the others are a match for him in terms of sheer physical strength or presence and you decide that he is the leader of this crew.

"I am Blo'hke, and these are my Brigands," he says, ripping a huge chunk of meat from the "thing" rotating over the fire and jamming it into his mouth. "Pretty nifty name for our group, don't you think? *Blo'hke's Brigands!* Has a nice sound to it. Anyway, what do you want, young'un?" he slobbers, chewing on the meat and belching. "Looking for some food perhaps, or are you a cove trapper looking to steal our pelts?"

You explain to him that you are traveling into the foothills to capture some dangerous criminals who have fled there. The entire camp bursts into laughter. "We are ALL criminals here!" they cry. After a few moments the levity dies down, and the leader asks you if there is a reward for the capture of the criminals. You reply that Star Fleet would most certainly reward anyone who helped you bring the men to justice. They all laugh again and shout comments like, "How come you're on your own? Couldn't they afford to send a posse?" and "Star Fleet couldn't find a pearl in a coal bin!" etc. Looks like your Professional Reputation isn't going to help you much here.

The leader silences the horde, and strides up to you. He says that he might help you, but only if you are worthy of assistance. If you can pass one of the tests of the Brigands, he will make you an honorary member of the Camp, and see to it that you get where you are going quickly and safely. If you fail, though, he says that all your belongings are forfeit to the Camp, and that you will be turned out, back into the night!

"The path into the hills from here is a difficult one, stranger," Blo'hke says to you, "if you do not know how and where to travel. Become one of us and we will show you the way. Fail, and you had best go back and use the Long Road of the pampered city dwellers!" Will you:

Accept their challenge and take the test? Go to (63).

Or

Decline and press on by yourself? Go to (49).

21

The Orion out front resolves his first round A/I roll with a flat +4 due to surprise. If you don't take him out with your first shot, then he slips back into the shack. Every few minutes someone pokes his head out to take a look at what's going on, but any shots directed against them are resolved with a flat +8 to hit mod. Refer to (99) for the stats of the Guards, McClure and Geralom'Mos.

You may take a total of twenty shots in this manner before you must turn to (133). If you do manage to take out everyone in the shack in this manner, go to (147).

If you start to try to take the shack apart to get shots at the guys inside, go to (133).

If you want to try to charge the shack now, go to (66), but ignore the first turn surprise mods.

22

You stop for a moment to survey the forest ahead, cloaked in darkness. You can see nothing! Suddenly, a phaser bolt lashes out of the trees and strikes you squarely in the chest for 2 SDC points! There! In the trees! His blast may have hurt but now you have his position.

Do you:

Turn and run? Go to (16).

Or

Maneuver toward the attacker's position? Go to (53).

23

You ask around the southern districts for a while trying to locate the gate where the Old Road leaves the city. You know that you're working against a time limit, so you want to get on the trail as soon as possible. Will you:

Ask a Police Officer? Go to (58).

Ask a passerby? Go to (9).

Just wander around trying to find it yourself? Go to (81).

24

Something is wrong here, very wrong! There is imminent danger lurking just within those trees ahead. Do you:

Stop and try to determine more precisely where the source of danger is. Go to (124).

Or

Do you gallop ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (32).

25

You have lost your contest! Blo'hke reminds you that the conditions of the test force you to give up all your belongings to the camp. At first you think of refusing. You need that stuff, damn it! But then you see that they are deadly serious and there are twenty of them to only one of you. Reluctantly, you surrender your gear and Blo'hke tells you that you must leave. No warm fire or supper for you tonight. You turn and march wearily into the cold dark. Go to (115).

26

The distance across the ravine was exactly 4 meters. Did you make it?

If so, turn to (82).

If not, you fall valiantly to your death...

27

That's more like it! You may take the Sniper's Combat Knife and Rifle. The Rifle is a standard Phaser Rifle, with an attached Sniper Rig, and a (full) power pack load. You may only take his Light Field Armor if your Strength characteristic is a 4 or less. However, if your Strength is a 4 (or a 1) there is a flat +1 mod to all your Accuracy and Speed tests (including your A/I test) for as long as you wear the armor.

If you want to interrogate the prisoner, go to (85).

If you just want to tie him up and keep him knocked out, go to (61).

28

Your companion goes briefly to forage for foodstuffs in the forest, and then makes a simple meal. The Sniper, if he is still around, complains that he is hungry too, but you wait until you have both finished before you feed him, checking his ropes as you do. If you have taken any LDC, and have medical supplies, then you may attempt to heal yourself at this time. Also, if you have used any of your Heroic Reputation so far during the adventure, then you may get one point back. If you have not used any so far, then you may

temporarily add one to your total to be used later during the adventure. Mai'Fon does not even try to conceal his admiration for you after the combat with the Sniper.

"I've seen many a brave deed in my time, my young Star Fleet friend, but nothing that compares with charging a concealed sniper and winning! *This*," he proclaims, "is now officially *my* greatest story of all time. Of course, when I tell it, it will be *me* who performed this great deed. Good night, young Star Fleet." Go to (73).

29

The Test of Luck! You must roll dice against Blo'hke. Roll 2D6 five times for both you and Blo'hke, and add each of your scores. If you have the Gambling skill, you may add your task dice in points to your total at the end. Whoever scored higher is the winner. In case of a tie, each of you continues to roll a single D6 until one of you rolls higher than the other.

If you win, go to (8).

If you lose, go to (25).

30

Although you insist that this is a matter of the utmost importance, the station manager informs you that if you continue to disrupt the station he will call the city police to have you escorted out of the premises.

If you want to keep pushing the issue with him, go to (96).

If you want to leave, and try something else, go back to (51) and choose another option.

31

"Well, I suppose I can understand why a cocky young thing like you might not want to trust an old mountain man on the road. Perhaps we will meet again later. Good day, son." He spurs his mount and continues his travels alone. Go to (59).

32

You know that you have to close with the attacker before he can draw a better bead upon you. You spur your pack-beast, wishing that it were more like a racehorse than a mule!

Roll your Ride (animal) skill vs. a 6/8/10 tricode.

If you score a Complete SL, you get 5 points.

If you score a Moderate SL, you get 3 points.

If you score a Minimal SL, you get 1 point.

If you score a Failure, then you get no points and have spooked the creature so that all your subsequent rolls while charging the tree line are resolved with a flat +1 mod.

If you score a Botch, then the beast stumbles and you are thrown to the ground. You must now run for the trees on foot, which gives you 1 point per turn.

You must score 10 points to close with the sniper.

The sniper may fire at you each turn until you close with him. He has a Fire (Sniper Rifle) skill of 5, and rolls vs. a 4/6/8 tricode. (This already takes into account his Sniper Skill ability.) His weapon's D#s are 2/4/6 (Stun). You may NOT dodge these attacks.

If you close with the sniper, go to (97).

If you are knocked unconscious, go to (141).

33

The gate to the Old Road dumps you out of the city walls into an area of swampy marshes and strange smells. To your left, you see the mighty Xi'Po river churning with the spring thaw and ahead of you in the distance you see the imposing peaks of the southern mountain chain with the foothills dwarfed before them. The rough potholed scar across the marshes that is the Old Road stretches out before you. This is your last chance to head back!

If you continue on the Old Road, go to (41).

If you decide that you really want to go via the Eastern Road, go to (40). In this case (only) record that this encounter took you 2 hours.

34

You travel to the Kuh'Yang Police Department, a large adobe building with bars on every window. You are met by a bored-looking Sergeant named Kun'Fa. When you tell him that you are a Federation agent sent to track down a dangerous spy, he looks at you blankly and asks for ID. Of course you have none to produce. (Federation agents on undercover assignments in the field never carry ID that might give them away if captured.) You follow standard operating procedures and ask the officer to contact the Federation's Planetary Liaison, who in turn will contact the nearest starbase or Sector Administrator. Unfortunately, Sgt. Kun'Fa tells you, the department's Communications officer is off that day. If you would come back tomorrow, maybe he could help you then. It is obvious to you that Kun'Fa is more concerned with problems of his own and does not believe you in the slightest.

If you want to push the issue with him, go to (143).

If you want to leave, and try something else, go back to (51) and choose another option.

Record that this encounter has taken 1 hour.

35

You manage to get some degree of surprise on the sentry for the first round of combat. You roll for your A/I normally, while he rolls with a flat +3 (including his AR mod).

If you defeat the sentry, go to (7).

If he manages to turn the tables, however, and defeats you, go to (80).

36

Something is wrong here, very wrong! There is imminent danger lurking just within the darkness of those trees ahead. Suddenly, a brilliant beam of phaser energy lances out of the forest, missing you, but not by much! Do you:

Stop and try to determine more precisely where the source of the attack is? Go to (22).

Or

Do you charge ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (53).

37

The Test of Riddles! The camp's resident sage comes out to ask you three questions. Roll a D6 for each question. On a 1-3 it is a question that can be answered with Natural Science. On a 4-6 it is a question that can be answered with Physical Science.

Roll your appropriate Science skill vs. a yes/no number of 5. Remember that you are still subject to fatigue mods, if you accumulated any on the trail. If you answer all three questions correctly, go to (8).

If you answer even one of the questions incorrectly, go to (25).

38

You are totally lost. The officer's instructions have sent you into a portion of the city that you cannot seem to find your way out of! No matter how many roads and alleyways you take, you always seem to end up in the same courtyard! Go back to (23) and try something else.

Record that this encounter took you 3+1D3 hours.

39

You've snuffed it, mate! As you succumb to your wounds and fade into unconsciousness, you realize that your ears will probably end up on the sniper's trophy belt. This adventure is over for you.

40

The Eastern Road spreads out before you, barren and forbidding. There is very little traffic this time of year. Since winter has not entirely receded from the high ranges of the mountains to the south, there is still a constant danger of snow slides or even blizzards along the road. Everyone that has to get over the southern range these days, and for a few weeks still to come, will just have to pay the outrageous fees to travel in fliers and shuttles. You, however, are on foot. Fortunately, the hills you are headed for are neither up in the snow peaks nor particularly far. Of course, you will have to go a bit out of your way to the east before the road turns south again. You start out on what you hope will be an uneventful hike. Go to (71).

41

The trail is rough and taxing one. While not difficult to follow, walking along the Old Road is not as easy as it looks, and the mud seems to be everywhere. It's starting to get toward evening, and as the sun goes down it's getting colder. You can't decide which is louder - the distant thunder or the sound of your stomach growling as you realize that you haven't eaten since morning.

Make a test using your SDC in D6 vs. a base tricode of 4/6/8 to see how fatigued you are when you get to the next encounter (If you have spent 0-4 hours so far, then there is no mod to the tricode.):

If you have spent 5-8 hours so far, then apply a flat +1 to the tricode.

If you have spent 9 or more hours so far, then apply a flat +2 to the tricode.

If you have either the Leather Jacket or the Durrafilm Windbreaker, then apply a flat -1. (You get no additional bonus for having both.)

If you bought the Travel Food at the market, you may apply a flat -1 mod.

If you score a Complete SL, go to (2).

If you score a Moderate SL, go to (52).

If you score a Minimal SL, go to (117).

If you score a Failure, go to (78).

If you score a Botch, go to (121).

42

You head off in search of supplies. After a short time shopping around (time is of the essence and let's face it - you don't have flipping great wodge of cash to spend!), you have located the following items for sale:

- Combat Knife - 75 Cr
- Stunner (equivalent to a Romulan Stun Baton - see page 77 of the Prime Directive Rulebook.) - 125 Cr
- Heavy Leather Jacket (0-1-1 AR but a flat +1 to all Strength, Accuracy and Speed tests) - 25 Cr
- Durrafilm Windbreaker (Just as warm as the Leather Jacket but with no AR or Strength, Accuracy or Speed mods.) - 15 Cr
- Travel Food - 15 Cr (per day)
- Backpack - 5Cr
- Electronic Lantern - 50 Cr
- Medical Supplies (equal to a First Aid Kit) - 50 Cr
- Nylon rope (per 50 meters) - 25 Cr

Also available is a pamphlet offering General Traveler's Information about the surrounding area - 5 Cr [Go to (146) if you purchase this information.]

You find that you do not have enough money to arrange for transportation out of the city via groundcar or flier. Looks like you're going to have to hoof it! Make a note of your remaining credits and record the information of your purchases on your character datafile. Do you now:

- Attempt to enlist the aid of the local Police Force? Go to (34).
- Or
- Go to the Shuttle Bay and return to the station. Go to (64).
- Or
- Head out of the city, on foot, to follow the traitors? Go to (100).

Record that this encounter has taken 2 hours.

43

As you approach the edge of the forest, something starts to prickle along the back of your neck. Do you:

- Ignore the feeling and just keep riding? Go to (114).
- Wish to use Evaluation to see if you can figure out what is making you uneasy? Go to (94).
- Or use your Perception characteristic or Survival (Forest or Jungle) [whichever is higher] skill to see if you can spot anything out of the ordinary? Go to (15).

44

Will you attempt to approach Geralom'Mos's table stealthfully to listen in on the conversation between him and the Orion? Go to (130). Or attempt to apprehend the pair? Go to (10).

45

The Orions are holed up in what appears to be an old mining shack at the top of a slope, overlooking a deep ravine with a branch of the Xi'Po flowing through it. The problem is that there is another guy sitting out front of the shack with an excellent line of sight down the front approach. Just walking up to the front door doesn't sound like a good idea. The scatter phaser (if you have it) doesn't have the range to duel

with phaser pistols, and while you might be able to take the shack apart bit by bit with the Rifle, it could take longer than you have. That ship might be arriving any minute now!

However, it occurs to you that someone who was very brave (or foolish) might be able to swim across the stream and climb the face of the ravine away from the guy out front, or even jump over the ravine if he was willing to try! This would certainly give you the element of surprise to take out everyone in the shack in the shortest period of time!

So, do you:

Frontally assault the shack? (You cannot choose this option if you don't have a phaser weapon.) Go to (74).

Swim across the stream and climb the Ravine face? Go to (108).

Or

Try to jump across the ravine in one fell swoop...you hope. Go to (75).

46

Face to face at last! You thought that you would never get through the sniper's attacks. Now as you close with the Orion, you see the fear on his face as his powerpack runs out. Without the time to slap in a fresh powerpack, he throws the rifle aside and draws his knife. He may be a crack shot with his rifle, but with just a knife in his hand, he doesn't seem so confident.

The Sniper has the following characteristics:

- Strength - 3
- Accuracy - 4
- Speed - 3
- Discipline - 3
- LDC - 6
- SDC - 6
- Melee Combat - 2
- Martial Arts - 2

He is armed with a Combat Knife and Light Field Armor (AR = 1-1-0).

You may now engage the Sniper.

If you kill the sniper, go to (129).

If you knock the Sniper unconscious, go to (27).

If you are defeated by the Sniper, go to (77).

47

The individual asks you for a small amount of money for his help. If you still have even 5 Cr, he will give the directions.

If you pay the man 5 Cr, go to (14).

If you don't have any money, or refuse to pay, go to (23) and do something else.

48

Roll your Evaluation skill vs. a 6/8/10 tricode.

If you score a Complete SL, go to (83).

If you score a Moderate SL, go to (140).

If you score a Minimal SL, go to (36).

If you score a Failure, go to (95).

If you score a Botch, go to (120).

49

The Brigands boo you loudly. They jeer at you and tell you that you are lucky that they don't take your belongings.

You wander alone into the cold night until you can no longer hear them whooping and hollering behind you. Go to (115).

50

Something is wrong here, very wrong! There is imminent danger lurking just within those trees ahead. Do you:

Turn and retreat from the forest as quickly as you can, ordering Mai'Fon to do the same? Go to (124).

Or

Do you gallop ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (32)

51

You wake up a short time later. The phaser attack which knocked you off your feet was set to stun, fortunately, and the crowded marketplace must have made it impossible for the "bad guys" to take you with them. Several bystanders are now standing over you with obvious looks of concern on their faces. Things like this don't happen everyday in Kuh'Yang! One of the individuals helps you up. When you ask what happened to the two men who were sitting at the table next to you, she tells you that they took off in the direction of the southern city gates about an hour ago.

You are in a difficult situation. The "bad guys" know that you have identified Geralom'Mos so you can expect to find him at the Orion camp waiting for evacuation by the Orion ship. You know that you cannot simply call the station duty officer and identify yourself and have him transport equipment down to you (and you to the Orion camp) since there may well be other spies on the station. You do, however, take a moment to send a message back to sector HQ reporting what you have found. While it won't arrive in time to bring you any help, at least if you fail others will know what you were doing.

The chase is on! Do you:

Attempt to enlist the aid of the local Police Force? Go to (34).

Or

Go back to the Shuttle Bay and return to the station. Go to (64).

Or

Immediately head out of the city, on foot and with no equipment, to follow the traitors? Go to (100).

Or

Go to the market area of the city and pick up necessary supplies before going after them? Go to (42).

52

You move along the trail at a reasonable pace, only slightly fatigued and impeded by the harsh conditions. As the early evening gloom settles over the countryside, you hear voices in the distance and smell the inviting aroma of food being cooked over an open fire. Feeling untaxed and confident, you press on toward the source of the sounds and smells. Note that all tests that you take until the text says that you are Rested are taken with a flat +1 fatigue mod. Go to (20).

53

You know that you have to close with the attacker before he draws a better bead upon you. You spur yourself on.

Roll your Speed characteristic vs. a 6/8/10 tricode.

If you score a Complete SL, you get 5 points.

If you score a Moderate SL, you get 3 points.

If you score a Minimal SL, you get 1 point.

If you score a Failure, you get no points and have temporarily strained a muscle in your leg. All your subsequent Speed rolls while charging the tree line are resolved with a flat +1 mod.

If you score a Botch, you have twisted your ankle and are thrown to the ground. You must now hobble for the trees on one foot, which gives you 1 point per turn.

You must score 10 points to close with the sniper.

If you have a Lantern and it is turned ON, it will be easier to see where you are going and will give you a flat -1 mod to your Speed rolls.

The sniper may fire at you each turn until you close with him. He has a Fire (Sniper Rifle) skill of 5, and rolls vs. a 4/6/8 tricode. (This already takes into account his Sniper Skill ability.) His weapon's D#s are 2/4/6. You may NOT dodge.

If you close with the Sniper, go to (46).

If you are knocked unconscious, go to (77).

54

You fail to adequately surprise the sentry. He may fire his scatter phaser at you once (set to Stun-2, one array dispersion), with a flat +2 to hit, before you engage him in hand-to-hand combat. If you defeat the sentry, go to (7).

If he manages to turn the tables on you, however, and defeats you, go to (39).

55

"Excellent! I can use the company," he says as he stows away what you have given him. (Remember that anything you gave him must be marked off your character datafile.) "My name is Mai'Fon, and I have lived and worked up in those hills almost all my life. Years ago I was a prospector for one of the big companies that used to own mines up there. Now with the Old Road closed down and the sites all played out, there are only a few of us that still work up there. Mostly it's just the spirits of all the miners who have lived and died there." He helps you up onto the back of his pack-beast, rearranging the numerous packages to give some leg room.

"It just so happens that I am heading back up into the hills to start my prospecting again for the season. I hope that I find something of some worth this year. I want to live some time in comfort before I join the rest of the hill-spirits." Go to (84).

56

You move along the road at a slow pace, greatly impeded and fatigued by the harsh conditions. Note that all tests that you take until the text says that you are Rested are taken with a flat +2 fatigue mod. Go to (132).

57

The Test of Judgement! Five men are brought before you. Each of them in turn speaks three statements, of the "I was born before Ka'Fu, but after Xin'La" variety, and you are told to pick which of the five is the liar.

You may either use your Logic or Intuition characteristic to select the one that you think is the liar. Roll vs. a yes/no number of 6. You may use Evaluation as a supporting skill if

you use Intuition. Remember that you are still subject to fatigue mods, if you accumulated any on the trail.

If you succeed in picking the liar, go to (8).

If you fail, go to (25).

58

You locate a member of the Kuh'Yang police force. If you have spoken with Sgt. Kun'Fa, and he told you that you only had one hour to get out of town, go to (148).

Otherwise, go to (102).

59

You stroll on alone, watching the old man get further and further ahead of you. As your feet begin to ache later in the day you regret having refused the old man's offer. Later, as the sun begins to sink low in the sky, you find that you have just barely reached the southern turn in the road. You are behind schedule! Do you:

Continue to march on into the night? Go to (12).

Or

Do you hope that you can make up the time tomorrow and settle in to make camp for the night? Go to (116).

60

You decide that the Taahnga Beast is not the sort of thing you want to take on without a Scatter Phaser, and so you keep working your way down the Old Road near the riverbank. After an hour or so, with no luck getting across the river, you begin to hear a thunderous sound booming ahead. As you keep going, it gets louder and louder until you are standing at the base of a huge waterfall, dumping millions of liters of water down out of the mountains into the Xi'Po every minute. There is simply no way that you are going to be able to get around this thing without spending days getting up the mountain face! Not enough time for that by a long shot. Go back to (89) and try something else.

61

You make camp for the evening. If you have taken any LDC and have medical supplies, then you may attempt to heal yourself. If you have both a Jacket or Windbreaker, AND you bought Travel Food along, then you wake up in the morning Rested. Go to (116).

62

There is movement in the forest...but where, and what? In the moment while you sit and ponder the question, a brilliant beam of phaser energy lances out of the forest, striking you a glancing blow for 2 SDC points! Do you:

It's time to get out of here! Go to (124).

Or

Do you gallop ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (32).

63

You accept Blo'hke's challenge, and a great roar goes up from the assembled crowd. The Leader tells you to pick your test. Will it be:

A Test of Strength? You must arm-wrestle Blo'hke! Go to (137).

A Test of Riddles? You must answer three questions about the "nature of creatures and the earth." Go to (37).

A Test of Judgement? You must select the one deceitful speaker out of five. Go to (57).

A Test of Healing? You must help a sick member of the Camp. Go to (18).

A Test of Knowledge. You must repair a dysfunctional device which belongs to the camp. Go to (126).

A Test of Endurance. You must swim upstream 100 meters in the icy waters of the Xi'Po. Go to (142).

A Test of Luck. You must roll dice with Blo'hke...and win! Go to (29).

64

When you arrive at the shuttle station, you are told that your return ticket is for two days hence, and that due to the limited nature of the shuttle schedule, exchanges are not possible.

If you want to push the issue with the station manager, go to (30).

If you want to leave, and try something else, go to the options section of (51).

Record that this encounter has taken 1 hour.

65

You zip along at a breakneck pace, seemingly unperturbed by the harsh conditions. Go to (132).

66

You bravely charge up to the shack, your phaser blasting! The Orion out front resolves his first round A/I roll with a flat +4 due to surprise. Regardless of whether you take him out with your first shot, the other guard and McClure will take cover in the doorway (+2 to be hit on top of everything else) and fire upon you as soon as you come into range. Their weapons are set to their maximum Lethal settings. Refer to (99) for the stats of the Guards, McClure and Geralom'Mos.

If you manage to clean out the shack, go to (147).

If you are killed in the melee, well, then you're dead...

67

You scout around in the hill for several kilometers, looking for any sign of the Orion's base camp. Make a Survival (Hills or Mountains) or Stealth roll vs. a yes/no number of 6. (If you have a Survival skill, but not for Hills or Mountains, then the number is an 8.) If the Sniper told you that there was a sentry patrolling around the base, then lower the number by 1. If you are wearing the camouflaged hunter's tarp given to you by the Brigands, also lower the number by 2. If Mai'Fon is with you, also lower the number by 2. (These mods are cumulative.)

If you succeed, go to (45).

If you fail, go to (128).

68

As you succumb to your wounds and fade into unconsciousness, you realize that the sniper will make quick work of you once you are out. Now you'll *never* see the twin moons rise over Transkaal!

69

The individual gives you complete and easy-to-follow directions. In hardly any time at all, you're at the gate to the Old Road and ready to roll! Go to (33).

Record that this encounter took you 1 hour.

70

That's more like it! You may take the Sniper's Combat Knife and Rifle. The Rifle is a standard Phaser Rifle, with an attached Sniper Rig and thermograph nightscope, and a (full) power pack load. You may only take his Light Field Armor if your Strength characteristic is a 4 or less. However, if your Strength is a 4 (or a 1) there is a flat +1 mod to all your Accuracy and Speed tests (including your A/I test) for as long as you wear the armor. If you want to interrogate the prisoner, go to (104).

If you want to tie him to a tree while you and Mai'Fon make camp for the night go to (28).

71

After marching down the road for several kilometers without seeing a soul, you hear noises behind you. Turning, you spot a figure coming down the road behind you. It is an old man riding on what appears to be a Nin'Yend variant of the Terran mule, with a second mule-beast in tow. There are numerous satchels strapped to the animals along with what appears to be a varied assortment of tools and supplies. While the mule-beasts are certainly no speed demons, they do move faster than you walk and the old man and his menagerie catch up to you in short order. He greets you and asks your business, a solitary foreigner out on the road in the early spring. Will you:

Make up a story about just hiking around, sightseeing on various alien worlds? Go to (135).

Tell him the true story about your being an undercover Star Fleet officer, tracking down a band of ruthless criminals in the foothills? Go to (110).

Or tell him to mind his own business and get lost? Go to (90).

72

You eat your fill of their very tasty dinner, and afterwards they all sit around the fire telling tales of their adventures. You tell a story or two, embellishing whenever it makes a better tale, and then you curl up to sleep by their fire. Go to (87).

73

The next morning Mai'Fon guides you expertly up into the hills where he has spent much of his life. He is sure-footed and knows all the trails and rough spots. You feel fortunate to have him as your guide. Go to (67).

74

Okay, it's 60 meters from the nearest cover to the entrance to the shack. Do you:

Shoot at the sentry from a distance with the phaser rifle? Go to (21).

Or

Charge him up the slope! Go to (66).

75

It's hard to judge the exact distance across the ravine, but you're pretty sure that you either need to be pretty darn strong or one hell of an accomplished jumper to even think about trying this! If you want to go ahead and try anyway, calculate your Running Jump distance, using the Jumping skill, if you have it, and turn to (26). (If you are wearing ANY armor, then apply a flat + mod to the listed tricode equal to the largest AR rating of the armor.)

If you decide that you don't want to jump, go back to (45) and try something else.

Record that this encounter takes 1D3 hours.

76

You sit and wait as the Taahnga Beast rummages around for a while. Just as you think that he might leave, he crawls up on the tree trunk and settles in, scratching himself in a few unsavory places. He's not sleeping, so there doesn't seem to be much of a chance to slip by him. If you had more time, waiting a while longer might be a good idea, but you don't have the time to waste! Go back to (89) and try something else.

77

As you succumb to your wounds and fade into unconsciousness, you realize that the sniper will make quick work of you once you are out. Your chances of receiving a commendation for this mission are pretty slim. In fact, the chances of your body being recovered are pretty slim with all the hungry Taahnga Beasts hanging around!

78

You drag yourself along the trail at a crawl, almost completely overcome by the harsh conditions along the trail. As the late evening gloom settles over the countryside, you hear voices in the distance and smell the intoxicating aroma of food being cooked over an open fire. Using the last vestiges of your energy, you press on toward the source of the sounds and smells. Note that all tests that you take until the text says that you are Rested are taken with a flat +4 fatigue mod. Go to (20).

79

Nothing! But you were **sure** that there was something there. Just then a brilliant beam of phaser energy lances out of the forest, striking you a moderate blow for 4 SDC points! Do you:

Stop and try to determine more precisely where the source of the attack is? Go to (124).

Or

Do you gallop ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (32).

80

Once you are unconscious, your adversary will make quick work of you. There will be no more adventuring for you.

81

You wander around trying to find your way to the gate. It is a random shot to see how long it takes you to find your way. Roll either your Logic or Intuition characteristic vs. a yes/no number of 6.

If you succeed, go to (33).

If you fail, then roll again, or go back to (23) and try something else.

In any event, mark that this encounter took you 1 hour for EACH time you roll the yes/no test.

82

Success! You are behind the shack and no one knows you're there. This is it - the final battle!

You automatically surprise the front guard on your first turn of combat, meaning that he gets no A/I roll. If you can cut him down in the first turn (automatic with a Complete SL on your first attack), then you can take the guard's weapon and step into the shack to attack on turn two while everyone else inside will suffer a flat +4 to their A/I rolls.

If you don't get past the front guard right away, then everyone inside will get their A/I rolls as normal.

Turn to (99) for the stats of your opponents and return here for the rumble!

If you succeed in defeating everyone in the shack, go to (147).

If you are defeated, go to (17).

83

Something is wrong here, very wrong! There is imminent danger lurking just within those trees ahead. Do you:

Turn and retreat from the forest as quickly as you can? Go to (16).

Or

Do you race ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (53).

84

You are grateful to be off your feet and on your way. You ride on for a while listening to Mai'Fon tell you about his various adventures and his scrapes with the law and about the time that he had two wives who knew nothing about each other in two different mining camps just over the hill from each other! "Ah, to be young," he sighs. You have turned the corner in the road and are now travelling south. Ahead of you you see that the road enters a forested area.

"Dark soon," says Mai'Fon, "We will camp in the forest tonight and tomorrow, early, we will go into the hills." Go to (43).

85

Once the Sniper comes to, it won't take much persuasion before he starts to sing. He gives you the precise location of McClure's base, and informs you that there is an armed sentry roaming around the area, as well as two more men armed with phaser pistols in the hideout with McClure and the Cygnan. You leave him tied to the tree while you and Mai'Fon make camp for the night. Go to (61).

86

There, in the last rays of daylight shining through the trees, is the glint of a polished metal object. It could be a weapon! Do you:

Turn and retreat from the forest as quickly as you can, ordering Mai'Fon to do the same? Go to (124).

Or

Do you gallop ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (32).

87

In the morning you are refreshed and ready to go. The warm food and a good night's sleep have completely recharged your batteries. You are now Rested.

Blo'hke comes to you and tells you that they will show you the easiest way into the hills. But first, he offers you a parting gift. It seems the Camp really enjoyed your storytelling abilities and would like to offer you your choice of a piece of gear that might help you. You may take one of the following:

A Combat Knife

50 meters of nylon rope

A camouflaged hunter's tarp (for stealth movement in the hills)

Or

An oilskin bodysuit (for resistance to cold in the water.)

Mark your selection down in the equipment section of your character datafile.

Next, Blo'hke escorts you just out of the camp to the east. You can see the raging Xi'Po not 25 meters away. There is no way that anyone could ford that river! Much to your surprise, however, you see that the Brigands have rigged up a rope bridge across the waterway!

"One such as yourself should have no trouble finding his way across our bridge!" Blo'hke says proudly, pointing to the two long, swaying strands that hang low over the white water of the Xi'Po. Maybe this isn't such a good idea.

Do you want to attempt to cross the bridge? Go to (119).

Or do you want to refuse, and try to find your own way into the hills? Go to (145).

88

Now both you and I *know* that no text block directs you to this number!!! Are you cheating?

89

As the morning progresses, the hills rise up before you, but over to the left. You have to find some way to get to the other side of the river! After almost an hour of skirting the river bank, you spot what appears to be a fallen tree, crossing the river at a narrow spot. However, just as you start to believe that you have found your way across, you spot something moving near the end of the tree on your side of the river. As it bellows, you realize that it's a Taahnga Beast sharpening his claws on the trunk. This could be a problem.

Do you want to wait around and see if the Taahnga Beast wanders off? Go to (76).

Do you want to confront the creature in an attempt to get across the fallen tree? Go to (11).

Or do you want to avoid all contact with the creature and continue your search for a way across further down river? Go to (60).

90

"Hrrmpff!" he says. "Good luck getting up into those hills, junior. I've lived and worked there almost all my life and even I get turned around up there myself sometimes. Have a nice walk!" Go to (59).

91

You line up on the sentry with the rifle and put him down easily. Go to (7).

92

Something is wrong here, very wrong! There is imminent danger lurking within those trees ahead. Just then, a brilliant beam of phaser energy lances out of the forest, striking you a glancing blow for 2 SDC points! Do you:

Stop and try to determine more precisely where the source of the attack is? Go to (124).

Or

Do you gallop ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (32).

93

You follow the officer's instructions with ease and find the gate to the Old Road with no difficulty. You're off! Go to (33).

Record that this encounter took 1 hour.

94

Roll your Evaluation skill vs. a 6/8/10 tricode.

If you score a Complete SL, go to (50).

If you score a Moderate SL, go to (24).

If you score a Minimal SL, go to (92).

If you score a Failure, go to (103).

If you score a Botch, go to (98).

95

There is something wrong here, but what? In the moment while you sit and ponder the question, a brilliant beam of phaser energy lances out of the forest, striking you a glancing blow for 2 SDC points!

Do you:

Stop and try to determine more precisely where the source of the attack is? Go to (22).

Or

Do you gallop ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (53).

96

You will not be dissuaded. After raising a ruckus for several more minutes, a local police officer arrives. He tells you to come along with him and that the Sergeant will help straighten the whole thing out. Go to (34).

97

Face to face at last! You thought that you would never get through the sniper's attacks. Now as you close with the Orion, you see the fear on his face as his powerpack runs out. Without the time to slap in a fresh powerpack, he throws the rifle aside and draws his knife. He may be a crack shot with his rifle, but with just a knife in his hand, he doesn't seem so confident.

The Sniper has the following characteristics:

Strength - 3

Accuracy - 4

Speed - 3

Discipline - 3

LDC - 6

SDC - 6

Melee Combat - 2

Martial Arts - 2

He is armed with a Combat Knife and Light Field Armor (AR = 1-1-0).

You may now engage the Sniper.

If you kill the sniper, go to (129).

If you knock the Sniper unconscious, go to (70).

If you are defeated by the Sniper, go to (68).

98

You stop for a moment to survey the forest ahead. There is nothing there. Your imagination must be working overtime! Just then a brilliant bolt of energy lances out of the darkness of the treeline and strikes you squarely in the chest, the force of the attack knocking you off the mule-beast. (You kick yourself for forgetting about the sniper in town as you fade into unconsciousness.)

You wake up hours later. The sun has begun to rise in the sky. The pack-beasts are gone, and Mai'Fon lies dead beside you. The sniper's stun attack was too much for his old heart. Disheartened by the death of your newfound friend, and having lost many precious hours, you realize that too much time has gone by. You spend the rest of the day tracking down McClure's base in the hills, but he is already gone. Your chest still hurts from the phaser blast, but you shake off the pain and begin the long, lonely trek back to the city. Your adventure is over.

Later, back on board your ship, you find that four more merchant ships were raided along the border. You could have prevented it, and captured the criminals responsible, but you didn't listen to your instincts and could help no one.

99

The stats for the four individuals in the shack are:

McClure

Strength - 3

Accuracy - 4

Speed - 5

Discipline - 5

LDC - 6

SDC - 9

Fire (Phaser) - 4

Melee Combat - 4

Martial Arts - 3

Phaser Pistol with full powerpack
 Combat Knife
 Standard Field Armor (2-2-1) (+0/+1/+1 exp. A/I mod)

Bodyguards x2

Strength - 4
 Accuracy - 3
 Speed - 3
 Discipline - 3
 LDC - 8
 SDC - 7
 Fire (Phaser) - 3
 Melee Combat - 3
 Martial Arts - 3
 Phaser Pistol with full powerpack
 Combat Knife
 Standard Field Armor (2-2-1) (+0/+1/+1 exp. A/I mod)

Geralom'Mos

Strength - 2
 Accuracy - 2
 Speed - 2
 Discipline - 1
 LDC - 4
 SDC - 2

McClure and his two remaining Guards will fight fiercely, giving no quarter and expecting none. Their weapons are set to their maximum lethal settings. Geralom'Mos will simply cower in the corner while the fighting goes on. Even if a weapon ends up loose and near him he will not pick it up.

100

Do you wish to leave the city by the Eastern Road, or the Old Road which leads west? The Eastern Road is longer, but seems to be easier to travel, while the Old Road takes you directly into the hills, but seems to be a much more difficult route. Once you make your decision, you're stuck with it because the Xi'Po river is reaching flood level due to the spring thaw, and is quite impossible to navigate or cross.

Eastern Road? Go to (40).

Old Road? Go to (23).

101

You get about 5 meters away from the pair when Geralom'Mos spots you and stands up abruptly, grabbing McClure's sleeve to pull him to his feet. Go to (10).

102

The officer gives you instructions to the Old Road, but they are confused and full of references to places and things you know nothing about. If you want to follow his instructions, then make a Perception characteristic test vs. a 3/5/7 tricode. (Each time you come here, make a tick mark in the margin in pencil. For each tick mark you find if you return to this paragraph, increase the listed tricode by a flat +1.)

If you score a Complete SL, go to (93).

If you score a Moderate SL, go to (19).

If you score a Minimal SL, go to (134).

If you score a Failure, go to (106).

If you score a Botch, go to (38).

103

There is something wrong here, but what? As you ponder the question, a brilliant beam of phaser energy lances out of the forest, striking you a moderate blow for 4 SDC points! Do you:

Stop and try to determine more precisely where the source of the attack is? Go to (124).

Or

Do you gallop ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (32).

104

Once the Sniper comes to, it won't take much persuasion before he starts to sing. He gives you the precise location of McClure's base, and informs you that there is an armed sentry roaming around the area, as well as two more men armed with phaser pistols in the hideout with McClure and the Cygnan. You leave him tied to the tree while you and Mai'Fon make camp for the night. Go to (28).

105

You completely fail to surprise the sentry. He may fire his scatter phaser (set to Stun-2, one array dispersion) at you three times, before you engage him in hand to hand combat.

If you defeat the sentry, go to (7).

If he manages to turn the tables on you, however, and defeats you, go to (80).

106

You are hopelessly lost. Go back to where you came from - (23) or (102) - and try something else.

107

Finally, you're on the right side of the river and back on the trail of the bad guys. The terrain here gets steeper and steeper, and you know that you're going to have to proceed carefully through here. If you have taken any damage from the Taahnga Beast and you have medical supplies, then you may attempt to heal yourself. Go to (67).

108

You decide to swim across the stream and climb the face of the bluff. Okay, there are two tests involved here. First, you need to make a number of Swimming tests vs. a 5/6/7 tricode (taking into account the temperature and swiftness of the water). If you are wearing the oilskin suit given to you by the Brigands, the tricode is a 4/5/6 instead. If you are wearing ANY armor, then apply a flat + mod to the listed tricode equal to the largest AR rating of the armor. You may not wear both the oilskin suit and armor, nor may you bring any armor across if you are not wearing it.

If you want to bring any phaser weapons across with you, you must resolve your swimming tests with a flat +1 to the tricode. (You're holding the weapon(s) up out of the water.) Any Failure result means that the weapons get wet, short circuit, and are now useless. (The Orions don't take care of their weapons like Primes do!)

You need to swim 40 meters to cross the stream. For every five whole turns you are in the water, apply an

additional flat +1 to the swimming tricode. This mod is applied for every 10 whole turns if you are wearing the oilskin suit. ANY Botch result means that you are swept downstream, far from the Orion camp, and you are lucky that you didn't drown! You failed and now it's time to make your way back to the station to make your report...

If you make it across, you need to scale the rough face of the ravine. Make any number of Free Climbing rolls vs. a 4/6/8 tricode to get to the top. You need to get a total of 40 meters of climbing success to get to the top. If you are wearing ANY armor, then apply a flat + mod to the listed tricode equal to the largest AR rating of the armor.

If you have a coil of Rope with you, you may make the rolls against the easier Rope Climbing tricode of 3/4/5, if you wish. You still need 40 meters of success.

ANY Botch result means that you take a nasty fall and end up trapped at the bottom of the ravine for several hours. Eventually you are able to crawl out, but not until long after the Orions have escaped...

If you make it across the stream and to the top of the ravine, go to (82).

If at any point you want to turn back, go back to (45), recrossing the stream if necessary, and try something else.

109

At last, you spot someone wandering around the hills, and he is carrying a Scatter Phaser! This sure isn't another prospector. Best of all, you have seen him but he has not seen you.

Do you:

Take him down with the Sniper Rifle? (If you took the rifle from the sniper on the East Road?) Go to (91).

Or

Move to engage him in personal combat? Go to (13).

110

He says, "I thought it might be something like that. Tell you what. If you give me 5 credits, I'll let you ride my second pack-beast and take you down there myself. Course, I'm always in the market for general gear if you don't have any money..."

Do you offer him 5 Cr, or a piece of your equipment, in exchange for a ride and a guide? Go to (55).

Or

Do you tell him that you don't want to ride with him? Go to (31).

111

Despite the fact that you were able to convince some of the police that you are telling the truth, Sgt. Kun'Fa doesn't buy it. He orders his men to lock you up. You struggle, but there are too many police and you are unarmed. As you are thrown in a cell, you wonder whether you were perhaps just a touch impetuous in your actions.

When you don't return from your three-day leave as scheduled, your Station reports you missing and you are released. Upon your return to the Station, you find that Geralom'Mos has disappeared and four merchant ships were raided along the border. You could have prevented it, and captured the criminals responsible, but you were in jail and could help no one. An inauspicious end indeed to your first solitaire adventure...

112

You can't quite get close enough to hear everything the pair is saying. All that you know for certain is that Geralom'Mos "has the disks" and that McClure "has a cloaked ship coming in tomorrow at dusk in the hills just south of the city".

If you want to make a move to apprehend the pair, go to (10).

If you want to try to get closer to listen to their conversation further, then roll again against a 7/9/11 tricode, and go back to (130) to determine your new SL effect. (Each time you come here, make a tick mark in the margin in pencil. For each tick mark you find if you return to this paragraph, increase the listed tricode by a flat +1.)

113

Victory at last! You may take the Sniper's Combat Knife and Rifle. The Rifle is a standard Phaser Rifle, with an attached Sniper Rig and thermograph nightscope, and a (full) power pack load. You may only take his Light Field Armor if your Strength characteristic is a 4 or less. However, if your Strength is a 4 (or a 1) there is a flat +1 mod to all your Accuracy and Speed tests (including your A/I test) for as long as you wear the armor.

To bad you didn't leave him alive, though. Now he can't answer any questions... Anyway, you and Mai'Fon settle in to make camp for the night. Go to (28)

114

You continue down the trail, certain that it is just the ache in your legs and the cold wind causing your apprehension. Just then a brilliant bolt of energy lances out of the darkness of the treeline and strikes you squarely in the chest, the force of the attack knocking you down. (You kick yourself for forgetting about the sniper in town as you fade into unconsciousness.)

You wake up hours later. The sun is just rising and in the early morning light, you see that the old man lies dead just down the road and his pack-beasts are gone. The sniper attacked him too, as he rode through the forest alone. The stun was too much for his old heart. Disheartened by the death of the old man, and having lost many precious hours, you realize that too much time has gone by. You spend the rest of the day tracking down McClure's base in the hills, but he is already gone. Later, back on board your ship, you find that four more merchant ships were raided along the border. You could have prevented it, and captured the criminals responsible, but you didn't listen to your instincts and could help no one.

Although you have failed at your mission, your efforts did unmask Geralom'Mos as a double agent. Small consolation, though, as your solitaire adventure draws to a close...

115

Away from the Brigand's camp, you settle in against the trunk of a tree to try and get some rest before morning. The ground is wet and muddy, though, and a cold wind snatches away any vestige of warmth you try to hold onto. You sleep fitfully and awaken to find yourself no more refreshed than you were when you settled down the previous evening. But you are facing a deadline. You have to find Geralom'Mos and

McClure before they can be retrieved by the cloaked ship. And that's later today! Groaning, and feeling like someone has dumped sand in all your joints, you turn south, with the Xi'Po on your left.

You now have a flat +1 to all your task rolls due to fatigue until the end of the adventure, in **addition** to those you have already acquired, if any. Go to (89).

116

The sun is just rising and in the early morning light, you see that the old man lies dead just a few dozen meters down the road and his pack-beasts are gone. The sniper attacked him as he rode through the forest alone. The stun was too much for his old heart. If only you had been there with him! Disheartened by the death of the old man, you continue on... Go to (6).

117

You move along the trail at a slow but steady pace, greatly impeded and fatigued by the harsh conditions. As the late evening gloom settles over the countryside, you hear voices in the distance and smell the inviting aroma of food being cooked over an open fire. Feeling spent and not too confident, you press on toward the source of the sounds and smells. Note that all tests that you take until the text says that you are Rested are taken with a flat +2 fatigue mod. Go to (20).

118

You are able to get close enough to overhear most of what the pair are saying although the noise of the market obscures some of their conversation.

"Shadup, 'Mos. My people tell me that there may be a Star Fleet snoop showing up at your station to poke around looking for you. The last thing we need is for someone to take a look at the Communications logs and find out that you've been playing with the tight-beam transmitter. From now on you're going to hand over the disks in person," McClure replied as he slid three blank disks across the table to Geralom. "These are for the next three transmissions. Now where are the disks I told you to bring with you?"

"From now on!? Are you crazy!?" Geralom'Mos said as he snatched the disks from the table and jammed them into his travel satchel. "What if someone sees me? What if anyone suspects? I can't keep doing this!"

"Sure you can, 'Mos. You don't have any choice. All it would take to get you sent to a penal colony for the rest of your life is for any starbase to get a copy of the transmission logs you've sent us, all of which feature a log-on code ultimately traceable to you. We own you."

"But but but...how are you going to get out of here? You're a wanted man! How are you going to get through the Planetary Customs Office?"

"Don't worry about me, 'Mos. I've got a cloaked blockade runner coming in for me tomorrow at dusk. We've got a base out near the old mining sites, south of the city. No one will even know I was here. And if someone does notice, I brought a few of my boys with me. Now give me the disks..."

If you want to make a move to apprehend the pair, go to (10).

If you want to listen to their conversation further, go to (122).

119

The rope bridge sways in front of you. You try to convince yourself that this should be simple, but then you look once again at the churning water of the Xi'Po river, and notice how the wind is buffeting the fragile looking ropes. You begin to have your doubts.

To cross the rope bridge, you need to roll your Accuracy characteristic in D6 against a 3/5/7 tricode.

Complete SL gives you 5 points.

Moderate SL gives you 3 points.

Minimal SL gives you 1 point.

Failure gets you no points, and shakes you up so that all your subsequent rolls on the ropes are resolved at a flat +1.

Botch means that you fall into the raging waters of the Xi'Po and the current sweeps you downriver. As you go under for the final time, you decide that perhaps you *should* have returned to the road.

You will need to score 10 points to successfully cross the rope bridge and Repeated Task Attempt Mods are applied as normal.

If you make it across the rope bridge in one piece, the Brigands all wave, cheer and clap as you make your way into the hills themselves. Go to (107).

120

You stop for a moment to survey the forest ahead, cloaked in darkness. There is nothing there. Your imagination must be working overtime! Just then a brilliant bolt of energy lances out of the darkness of the treeline and strikes you squarely in the chest, the force of the attack knocking you off the mule-beast. (You kick yourself for forgetting about the sniper in town as you fade into unconsciousness.)

You wake up hours later. The sun is just rising and in the early morning light, you see that the old man lies dead just down the road and his pack-beasts are gone. The sniper attacked him too, as he rode through the forest alone. The stun was too much for his old heart. Disheartened by the death of the old man, and having lost many precious hours, you realize that too much time has gone by. You spend the rest of the day tracking down McClure's base in the hills, but he is already gone. Later, back on board your ship, you find that four more merchant ships were raided along the border. You could have prevented it, and captured the criminals responsible, but you didn't listen to your instincts and could help no one.

Although you have failed at your mission, your efforts did unmask Geralom'Mos as a double agent. Small consolation, though, as your solitaire adventure draws to a close...

121

You drag yourself along the trail, almost completely consumed by exhaustion. It is well into the night before you hear voices in the distance and smell the intoxicating aroma of food being cooked over an open fire. Using the last vestiges of your energy, you press on toward the source of the sounds and smells. Unfortunately, you pass out just before reaching it. In the morning you awaken to find out that the natives whose camp you (almost) stumbled across in the night have left and you are alone. Racked with chills and running a high fever, it is several days before you resume consciousness.

When you return to the city and contact your superiors, you find that Geralom'Mos has disappeared, and that four more merchant ships were raided along the border. You could have prevented it, and captured the criminals responsible, but you were deathly ill in a wilderness camp and could help no one. You fail...

122

"Well, at least you're not the only agent we have on this job," McClure says with a look of disgust on his face.

Geralom'Mos hands McClure the disks and the two begin to get up. You have no choice – you have to do something! Go to (10).

123

You move along the road at a reasonable pace, only slightly fatigued and impeded by the harsh conditions. Note that all tests that you take until the text says that you are Rested are taken with a flat fatigue +1 mod. Go to (132).

124

You attempt to turn your pack-beast, yelling for your friend to do the same. Too late! A brilliant bolt of energy lances out of the darkness of the treeline and strikes you squarely in the chest, the force of the attack knocking you off the mule-beast. (You kick yourself for forgetting about the sniper in town as you fade into unconsciousness.)

You wake up hours later. The sun has begun to rise in the sky. The pack-beasts are gone, and Mai'Fon lies dead beside you. The sniper's stun attack was too much for his old heart. Disheartened by the death of your newfound friend, and having lost many precious hours, you realize that too much time has gone by. You spend the rest of the day tracking down McClure's base in the hills, but he is already gone. You have failed and all that awaits you now is the lonely trek back to the city. You splash some water in your face from a nearby pool and start back...

Later, back on board your ship, you find that four more merchant ships were raided along the border. You could have prevented it, and captured the criminals responsible, but you didn't listen to your instincts and could help no one.

125

You can't get to a good place to overhear what the pair is saying. Roll your Stealth again against a 7/9/11 tricode, and go back to (130) to determine your new SL effect. (Each time you come here, make a tick mark in the margin in pencil. For each tick mark you find if you return to this paragraph, increase the listed tricode by a flat +1.)

126

The Test of Knowledge! Blo'hke brings you in front of a very old, very bashed-up looking water purifier. It is at least forty years out-of-date and of alien construction to boot! You have six rolls to achieve a Complete SL in Jury Rig vs. a 5/7/9 tricode, applying the usual repeated task attempt mods as you go. If you don't have Jury Rig, you may use any other Technical skill with a flat +2 mod. Remember that you are still subject to fatigue mods, if you accumulated any on the trail.

If you succeed in Completely repairing the purifier, go to (8).

If you fail, go to (25).

127

For just a moment you are sure you see something ahead hunched down behind one of the trees. Do you:

Stop and try to determine more precisely where the source of danger is? Go to (124).

Or

Do you gallop ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (32).

128

While you are trying to find the Orion base, the sentry that McClure posted finds you first! He fires his scatter phaser (set to Stun-2, one array dispersion) at you 1D3 times (D6/2) before you engage him in hand-to-hand combat. You may NOT dodge his first attack.

The sentry's characteristics are:

Strength – 4

Accuracy – 3

Speed – 3

Discipline – 3

LDC – 8

SDC – 7

Fire (phaser) – 3

Melee Combat – 3

Martial Arts – 3

He has a Combat Knife, a Scatter Phaser with a full powerpack load, and Standard Field Armor (AR 2-2-1) which gives him a flat +1 to his A/I roll.

If you defeat the sentry, go to (7).

If he manages to turn the tables on you, however, and defeats you, go to (80).

129

Victory at last! You may take the Sniper's Combat Knife and Rifle. The Rifle is a standard Phaser Rifle, with an attached Sniper Rig, and a (full) power pack load. You may only take his Light Field Armor if your Strength characteristic is a 4 or less. However, if your Strength is a 4 (or a 1) there is a flat +1 mod to all your Accuracy and Speed tests (including your A/I test) for as long as you wear the armor. Too bad you didn't leave him alive, though. Now he can't answer any questions... Go to (61).

130

You try to blend into the afternoon crowd and sneak up on the pair. Make a **Stealth** skill roll vs. a 4/6/8 tricode.

If you score a Complete SL, go to (150).

If you score a Moderate SL, go to (118).

If you score a Minimal SL, go to (112).

If you score a Failure, go to (125).

If you score a Botch, go to (101).

131

You are totally, hopelessly lost. The passerby's instructions have sent you into a portion of the city that you

cannot seem to find your way out of! Go back to (23) and try something else. (You may ask another passerby at (9) if you feel lucky!)

Record that this encounter took you 2+1D3 hours.

132

As you slog on into the night, you become vaguely aware that the road enters a forested area ahead. Well, you've marched far enough for one day! You figure you'll make it to the forest and settle in for the night. As you approach the edge of the forest, though, something starts to prickle along the back of your neck.

Do you:

Ignore the feeling and just keep walking? Go to (114).

Wish to use Evaluation to see if you can figure out what is making you uneasy? Go to (48).

Or

Come to a halt for a moment and see what happens? Go to (22).

133

The Orion ship is landing. You made a valiant effort, but you were too late. The ship lands between you and the guys in the shack. You might fire at it a few times in anger, but after just a few moments it's gone. All that is left now is the trek back to the shuttle station.

Later, back on board your ship, you find that four more merchant ships were raided along the border. You came so close to preventing it, and capturing the criminals responsible, but you just didn't quite have enough time and in the end helped no one.

Although you have failed at your mission, your efforts did unmask Geralom'Mos as a double agent. Small consolation, though, as your solitary adventure draws to a close...

134

You take quite a while finding the gate to the Old Road based upon the officer's instructions, but you do get there. Better late than never! Go to (33).

Record that this encounter took 3 hours.

135

He chuckles as he listens to your story, and says, "Oh, that's why you were in town a while ago raising such a ruckus, eh?"

Do you stick by your story - Go to (31)

Tell him the truth - Go to (110)

Tell him to get lost - Go to (90).

136

Even though you are still a slight distance away from the pair you charge toward them shouting that the jig is up, and that they are both under arrest. Geralom'Mos flushes red (which for Cygnans means that they are about to pass out) while McClure makes a violent motion with his right hand. For a moment you think he might be drawing a weapon, which you are very conscious that you do NOT possess at the moment, but in fact it seems that he was signalling an unseen

sniper lurking somewhere nearby. A sudden phaser blast knocks you unconscious. Go to (51).

137

The Test of Strength! Blo'hke smiles as others clear space on a nearby table. The rules are simple; force the other's hand down against the table. Blo'hke has a Strength characteristic of 8. This is a Reciprocal Response Test (RRT), contest mode, as described on pages 40-41 of the Prime Directive Rulebook. Roll for yourself and Blo'hke in turns, recording the results. The first one to reach a point total of 12 wins. (No ties are possible in this test.) Remember that you are still subject to fatigue mods, if you accumulated any on the trail.

If you win the contest, go to (8).

If you lose the contest, go to (25).

138

You drag yourself down the road, completely consumed by exhaustion. You can go no further and drop in your tracks. In the morning, you are racked with chills and running a high fever. It is several days before you can return to the city. When you finally make contact with your superiors, you find that Geralom'Mos has disappeared, and that four more merchant ships were raided along the border. You could have prevented it, and captured the criminals responsible, but you were deathly ill in the wilderness and could help no one. You fail...

139

You manage to get a huge jump on the sentry for the first round of combat. You roll for your A/I normally, while he rolls with a flat +5 (including his AR mod).

If you defeat the sentry, go to (7).

If he manages to turn the tables on you, however, and defeats you, go to (80).

140

Something is wrong here, very wrong! There is imminent danger lurking just within those trees ahead.

Do you:

Stop and try to determine more precisely where the source of danger is? Go to (22).

Or

Do you charge ahead to close the distance to the trees as quickly as you can? Go to (53).

141

As you succumb to your wounds and fade into unconsciousness, you realize that the sniper will make quick work of you once you are out. Now you'll *never* get to sit at the Captain's table!

142

The Test of Endurance. While the brigands shout and jeer at you from the bank, you have an unlimited number of rolls to travel 100 meters using the standard Swimming skill rules. However, owing to the icy conditions of the water, and the fact that you are swimming against the current, there are

special mods which are applied the longer you take to get there. For every five whole turns you are in the water, there is a flat +1 mod to your roll. So, on turns 5-9, you are at a +1, turns 10-14 a +2, etc. If you Botch the Swimming roll, you go under and fail the test. (One of the brigands will dive in to pull you to the shore.) Remember that you are still subject to fatigue mods, if you accumulated any on the trail.

If you succeed in swimming the 100 meters, go to (8).

If you fail, go to (25).

143

You forcefully insist that Sgt. Kun'Fa help you. You tell him that a dangerous Orion agent is loose in his town with a traitor to the Federation in tow who has secret information that will allow the pirates to attack defenseless ships in deep space. You bellow, plead, cajole. You demand to speak with his superiors and threaten that he will be severely reprimanded for his inaction. He just stares at you, remarks that you have obviously been hitting the Saurian Ale, and tells you that you have one hour to get out of his city. After that, he says, you are going to be arrested and incarcerated. Responding to your raised voice, several of the other policemen in the station wander into the room while you're working on Sgt. Kun'Fa. They all have stun guns. You don't. Some of the men seem to think that you might be who you say you are.

If you still want to push the issue with him, go to (111).

If you want to leave, and try something else, go back to (51) and choose another option.

Record that this encounter takes 1D3 (D6/2) hours.

144

You sneak up on him like the trained killer that you are. The sentry is completely Surprised for your first round of combat. If you take him down, go to (7).

If he manages to turn the tables on you, however, and defeats you, go to (80).

145

The camp is stunned. You won't cross the rope bridge? How insulting! What lack of courage! They were wrong to take you in, they cry. Blo'hke gives you a sour look, tells you to head south, and then he turns his back on you. So much for that idea! You do as he says and head into the hills on foot, fully aware that you are still on the wrong side of the river. Go to (89).

146

You receive the following information about the region surrounding the city of Kuh'Yang:

Kuh'Yang is an industrial center of approximately 1.2 million. Until only a few years ago, mining was the primary industry in the area, until most of the mines in the south ran out. The mining area is now almost completely abandoned, with only a few prospectors still working in the hills and a growing number of brigands and ruffians who prefer the roughness of the forest and mountains to the controlled atmosphere of the city.

Rivers running down from the southern mountain chain are quickly run low by the dry sandy soil which turns to open

desert to the north, but still manages to create the thin fertile strip between them in which the city is located.

Kuh'Yang itself is situated along the Xi'Po river. From the city, the Xi'Po stretches almost directly south leading into the northern foothills of the Yun'Chi mountains.

The major southern road from the city runs to the east of the river, and leads into the foothills and eventually through the mountain chain itself. However, because of the swampy areas directly south and east of the city, the road veers significantly to the east before turning south.

There is also a rough-hewn path called the "Old Road" which runs directly south of the city on the west bank of the Xi'Po into the foothills. (Most natives choose to take the newly built Eastern Road.) The Old Road is so rarely used that it has fallen into a state of disrepair and while it is a more direct route into the foothills than the eastern road, it is certainly more difficult to travel.

You are in the spring season of this hemisphere, and it can become quite cold at night, especially in the hills.

With the exception of the information about the "Old Road," the material simply duplicates the file you had already read on the Station's library computer but it was a good "refresher course." Either go back to (42) to select another option,

Or

Go to (100) if you are ready to leave the city.

147

All the criminals lay vanquished before you! You get on the subspace radio you find in the shack and issue an emergency distress call for any Federation ship in the area to intercept a cloaked Orion vessel approaching Nin'Yend. About twenty minutes later the Orion ship tries to signal McClure to get his coordinates. Of course you do not reply. After about an hour, you hear a Federation Destroyer challenge the Orion ship, which flees. You are beamed aboard, with any of your live prisoners, and begin your debriefing.

Several months later, when you are once again operating with your Team, you are informed that all of the members of the captured Orion ring (including Geralom'Mos if he was captured alive) have been found guilty of all charges and have received a stiff sentence on a Federation penal colony. Not bad for a few days work...

148

The police officer looks at you and says, "Hey, aren't you the guy that Sgt. Kun'Fa told to get back to your station? We don't need anyone around here causing trouble! Are you going to leave or do I need to take you back to the Sergeant?"

Ix-naye the ops-caye! Go back to (23) and try something else.

149

You awaken in the morning to the sound of a heavy rain. You are soaked, cold and not entirely rested. You push on as best you can in the face of the stiff wind that seems to always be against you. By late afternoon you have only barely made it to the beginnings of the hills and you scour the hills and vales until well after dark. Finally, toward morning, you stumble across a shack in the hills which appears to have

been McClure's hideout. It is empty. The Orions left hours ago, with the Cygnan.

Later, back on board your ship, you find that Geralom'Mos has disappeared, and that four more merchant ships were raided along the border. You could have prevented it, and captured the criminals responsible, but you decided to lie by the side of the road when you could have kept going.

Although you have failed at your mission, your efforts did unmask Geralom'Mos as a double agent. Small consolation, though, as your solitaire adventure draws to a close...

150

You skulk through the crowd like a pro and are able to get almost right next to the pair! You overhear the following conversation:

"I'm nervous about you being here, McClure," Geralom'Mos said, small beads of sweat forming on his brow. "Why couldn't I just tight-beam the manifest information to you like usual?"

"Shadup, 'Mos. My people tell me that there may be a Star Fleet snoop showing up at your station to poke around looking for you. The last thing we need is for someone to take a look at the Communications logs and find out that you've been playing with the tight-beam transmitter. From now on you're going to hand over the disks in person," McClure replied as he slid three blank disks across the table to Geralom. "These are for the next three transmissions. Now where are the disks I told you to bring with you?"

"From now on!? Are you crazy!?" Geralom'Mos said as he snatched the disks from the table and jammed them into his travel satchel. "What if someone sees me? What if anyone suspects? I can't keep doing this!"

"Sure you can, 'Mos. You don't have any choice. All it would take to get you sent to a penal colony for the rest of your life is for any starbase to get a copy of the transmission logs you've sent us, all of which feature a log-on code ultimately traceable to you. We own you."

"But but but...how are you going to get out of here? You're a wanted man! How are you going to get through the Planetary Customs Office?"

"Don't worry about me, 'Mos. I've got a cloaked blockade runner coming in for me tomorrow at dusk. We've got a base out near the old mining sites, south of the city. No one will even know I was here. And if someone does notice, I brought a few of my boys with me. Now give me the disks..."

If you want to make a move to apprehend the pair, go to (10).

If you want to listen to their conversation further, go to (122).

151

Blo'hke looks at you with a look of disappointment on his face and says, "Trust was the final test, young'un, and you've failed." Go to (25).

Character creation guidelines for CODE NAME: INNUENDO

Your character should be a starting level character right out of the character generation process. Of course you could use one of your experienced player characters, but he might not find the adventure to be particularly challenging, especially if he has already spent a large number of IPs, so this is not recommended.

Your character should have a good balance of combat and technical abilities, as well as other *special* abilities. (You never know what's going to come in handy!) Of particular importance to characters created for Code Name: Innuendo, however, are the Climbing, Evaluation, Survival, First Aid, Stealth and Ride (animal) skills. (This adventure will take you through hills, mountains, rivers; forests, etc.) Your character *must have at least 1 skill level* in each of these skills. If you are playing one of your regular player characters, who does not possess any of these skills, then you can give him 1 skill level in each of these skills for the purposes of this solitaire adventure *only*.

The skill areas on the solitaire character sheet have been left blank and you should simply write in the skills you choose. It is also a good idea to have some scratch paper available as there are several situations in this adventure where you are required to remember something or to write it down.

Create your character, start rolling the dice and let's get this adventure underway!

Sample Character for CODE NAME: INNUENDO

If you decide that you would like to leap right into the adventure, here is a sample character you can use. Simply copy the following information onto a photocopy of the enclosed solitaire character datafile and you are ready to go.

Human Lt. Commander John Joshua - Team Leader

STR - 5	SPD - 4	LGC - 3	DIS - 6	GKN - 3
ACC - 5	LDR - 6	INT - 4	TEC - 3	PER - 4
Pro Rep - 5	LDC - 10		BR - 2	
Heroic Rep - 2	SDC - 11		RT - N	
Lift:25/125kg	Jump:1.5m/3m/.75m			

Martial Arts - 3/4
Fire(Phaser) - 5/5
Melee Combat - 3/4
Field Equipment - 3/3
First Aid - 1/2
Negotiation - 1/3
Evaluation - 4/5

Interrogation - 4/5
Free Climbing - 3/4
Survival (Hills) - 4/5
Damage Control - 3/3
Swimming - 3/4
Riding - 3/4
Stealth - 3/4

Equipment- CSA Badge (Fake), 150 credits (Local Currency)

Character Name, Rank and Race	
Service Division	
Service Branch	
Seniority	

Strength:	Intuition:	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level:	Armor Rating:
Accuracy:	Discipline:	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Pro. Rep. Points:	Credits:
Speed:	Technical:	AR Mods:	Her. Rep. Level:	Lift:
Leadership:	Gen. Knowledge:	Dmg. Mods:	Her. Rep. Points:	Jump:
Logic:	Perception:	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating:	Range Type:

LETHAL DAMAGE CAPACITY																							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
STUN DAMAGE CAPACITY																							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
TIME TRACK																							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48

STRENGTH

level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____

ACCURACY

level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____

SPEED

level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____

LEADERSHIP

level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
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LOGIC

level _____ dice _____
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INTUITION

level _____ dice _____
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DISCIPLINE

level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
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 level _____ dice _____

TECHNICAL

level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
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 level _____ dice _____

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
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PERCEPTION

level _____ dice _____
 level _____ dice _____
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EQUIPMENT	WEIGHT	EQUIPMENT	WEIGHT

PERSONAL INTEREST SKILLS AND ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

THE WANDERING CHILD

by Gary Plana

ABOARD THE SUVAROV, Y159

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Captain William Rogers stepped onto the Bridge.

"Okay, S'Lenn, what have we got? Not another storm, I hope!" He said as he took the Command Chair.

The Vulcan punched up a tactical display on the main viewscreen. "No Sir, not *another* ion storm," he replied, "the same one. Long range sensors have picked up a ship, bearing 257 mark 14. I have identified it as a small freighter."

"In the Neutral Zone? On what course?"

"It appears to be crossing from Klingon Territory into Federation Space, Captain. Assuming that it holds its present course and speed, it will enter Federation space in 2 hours, 15 minutes. Should I plot an intercept course?"

"Not yet. Hail them first!"

"I have attempted to, Captain, but there has been no response on any frequency." S'Lenn replied as he continued to work the controls.

"Are you getting through?" the Captain asked.

"We should be," S'Lenn answered. "I tripled the broadcast power, just to be sure we got through any ionic interference. Four possibilities: They are unable to respond, perhaps due to equipment difficulties. They are unwilling to respond, which is unlikely as they know we can catch them. They are unaware that we are hailing them, again due to technical problems. There is no one on board to respond, due to any of a number of reasons."

Rogers contemplated the tactical display, and then called for Halvorsen, his Briefing Officer. "Red, let's send over the Rangers; call it a Customs Inspection. Let's see what's up with this bad boy. Helm, move to intercept when they cross the border."

PLOT SYNOPSIS

In Y159, a routine "Customs Inspection" boarding of a small freighter swiftly escalates into a much more serious situation: with the freighter's crew dead, the ship falls into an interdimensional rift as the Prime Team must discover not only how the crew died, but also how to get home!

The *Wandering Child* is a Small Freighter, owned by an Andorian mercantile cooperative. Its ten civilian crew members are Andorians, with the exception of the Chief Engineer, a Tellarite. Operating along the Federation/Klingon border near Tholian Space, the appearance of this antique rustbucket was never considered cause for alarm.

A month ago on a Klingon world called K'Daal, the *Wandering Child* made a number of purchases in addition to its normal cargo of assorted frozen meats, including a large number of kRyth'Ha ("Siren Bugs"). All of these frozen meats and other foods are considered delicacies on Andor. The

Andorians, with their heightened senses, are perhaps the ultimate gourmand, and the *Wandering Child* specializes in seeking out unusual sources and bringing rare and extraordinary foods and wines to Andor, where top prices can be had.



The Siren Bugs had not previously been offered to the *Wandering Child*, but its captain was always on the lookout for a new item to keep his customers interested. Similar in appearance to Terran lobsters, the habits of this carnivorous predator are more akin to the Terran hyena. Approximately 1/2 meter long when full-grown, the Siren Bug is equipped with formidable claws and a rudimentary "hive" intelligence. Originating on a planet with wildly-varying temperatures, the Siren Bug will go into hibernation when exposed to temperatures below freezing. When hunting, they emit an extremely loud high-pitched sound which stuns their intended prey. The superior senses of Andorians make them horribly vulnerable to this sound, and their final destination was Andor.

The Klingon trader made no attempt to conceal any information about the Siren Bugs; the Andorian trader just failed to ask the right questions, the most important of which was "Are kRyth'Ha shipped *live*?"

The ship carrying the Prime Team detects the *Wandering Child* while operating along the border. It appears to be operating normally, moving at Warp 2.25 on a course that will take it to Andor. Upon closing with the freighter, the ship carrying the Prime Team is unable to establish communications. There could be any number of reasons for this, but in fact the crew are all dead (with the exception of the Surprise Guests; see below). The Prime Team is sent to board the freighter and just as they beam over, the *Wandering Child* enters a dimensional rift and disappears from normal space. Discovering all of the freighter's shipboard power systems (other than battery) inoperable, and its crew missing, the Prime Team must solve the riddle with no support from their ship ... or universe!

THE BRIEFING

Your Briefing Officer enters the Briefing Room and begins. "As you know, our ship has been surveying this section of the Federation/Klingon Neutral Zone for the last several weeks. It is very prone to ion storms, and the Federation Science Council wants to know why! Just over two hours ago, a small freighter was spotted on long-range sensors, approaching Federation Space at Warp 2.25, nearly its top speed, from the Klingon side of the Neutral Zone. It has been positively identified as the Andorian merchantman *Wandering Child*.

"Communications are still down, so we have been unable to establish communications with the freighter. So ... let's find out just exactly what is going on over there. Get moving!"

BACKGROUND CHARACTER INVOLVEMENT

At this point, the GM should roll to see if the players are familiar with the *Wandering Child*. The tricode is 6/8/10 unless the character is Andorian, in which case the tricode is 4/6/8. If successful, the following information is known (including information learned at lower Success Levels):

Complete SL: The character has either been aboard *this* freighter before or has been aboard a very similar vessel. He receives a set of deck plans.

Moderate SL: It is believed that the ship is Tellarite built (which may be responsible for its durability). While the design is somewhat non-standard, it still conforms to the standard Small Freighter design in general.

Minimal SL: It is believed that the ship is a relatively unremarkable small freighter owned by an Andorian Cartel, and has been in service for a long time.

Failure: Never heard of it, sorry.

Botch: The character will firmly believe (incorrectly) that the ship has serious criminal connections.

EQUIPMENT ALLOCATION

ALL CHARACTERS RECEIVE –

Communicator
Light Field Armor
Hand Phasers

TEAM LEADER –

Transporter beacon

MARINE SC (Officer and Enlisted) –

Phaser pistol

TEAM MEDIC RECEIVES –

Basic Medkit
Med/bio tricorder

ENGINEERING CHARACTERS RECEIVE –

Eng/tech tricorder

SCIENCE CHARACTERS RECEIVE –

Biblio/SF tricorder

If any of the players want Assault Armor or any weapons heavier than a phaser pistol, apply a flat +4 mod to the BR number, and do not let them have more than one heavier weapon (phaser rifle, grenade launcher, etc.). This is a customs inspection, and they're not supposed to shoot up the suspect ship, just find out what is going on.

NOTES TO THE GM

CRITICAL FACTS THAT THE TEAM MUST LEARN

1. Once aboard the freighter, they are no longer in their own universe, but in a different one (see below) which is the reason the engines of the freighter and shuttle do not work.

2. The Life Support shutdown (forcing the team to watch the clock) has nothing to do with the vacuum in the shuttle or on the Bridge.

3. The freighter's crew died because of the Siren Bugs, and that the bugs pose a threat to the Federation in general and Andor in particular.

TASKS THAT THE TEAM CAN ACCOMPLISH

Half of the fun in this adventure is trying to discover what the goals are! There are several challenges that the Team might wish to tackle. These are:

1. Discovering the fate of the crew of the *Wandering Child* and the threat posed by the Siren Bugs.

2. Learning as much as possible about this other universe – this is a unique opportunity for observation!

3. Piloting the freighter back to normal space.

4. Getting Home Alive (always a favorite!).

NPCS THE PLAYERS WILL ENCOUNTER

There are two Andorian crewmembers wandering around the ship, absolutely insane (even if not in hearing of the Siren Bugs) and more than eager to shoot at anything that moves. (They have torn off their own antennae to escape the incessant screech of the Siren Bugs and are in considerable pain.) They will not follow any rational course of action and will not respond to any questions from the Prime Team. They each carry a Pulser. (See page 89 for their stats.)

The GM should put these two roving madmen in some preset location onboard the *Wandering Child*, or simply pull them out to surprise the Team at some dramatically appropriate moment.

Note to the GM: Keep your players guessing by varying the total number of Andorians on board, and the total number of "Surprise Guests". (See pages 89-90 for their stats.) A ship such as this one could have a crew of anywhere between 7 and 20, so never let your players count bodies and get sloppy when they hit the magic number of ten. There are other possibilities that could be used to surprise the players (enough, perhaps, to make this adventure worth playing repeatedly). Some of these surprise guests (which may or may not have been driven insane by the Siren Bugs) include:

- A Klingon spy, hoping to cross the border on this well-known and harmless freighter, now desperate to get off the ship before it is lost forever in the void.
- A Dunkar Stowaway, trying to flee Klingon oppression.
- A Kzinti prisoner from a previous war, making his escape from a Klingon POW camp by the only available route.
- An Orion pirate (or two), from an ill-fated attempt to hijack the freighter and its valuable cargo.
- An Astralan Nightbloat, destined for a Zoo on Andor. (This creature is fully defined in the Adversary Index, found earlier in this issue.)

THE BEAM OVER

After drawing equipment (and other last-minute preparations including a scan of the ship to determine that it is holding atmosphere), the team will assemble on the transporter platform. When the command "Energize!" is given, the party will dematerialize in the usual fashion (as far as they are concerned), and rematerialize aboard the freighter. (If the players try to convince you to beam them to another location, agree, and at the instant of transporting tell them there is too much interference but that you have locked onto the transporter pad on the freighter.)

What *actually* happens is that at the **exact instant** that the beam over occurs, the *Wandering Child* enters a rift in space – cutting the transporter beam. The freighter has left our own "normal" space and is now somewhere else – and the characters are aboard!

The Prime Team's home ship plays no part in this adventure other than to deliver and pick up the Team from the freighter. When the freighter disappears, the ship will instantly know that something is up, but they won't be able to do anything about it (so far as the team knows). It is up to the characters to prove whether they are really a Prime Team or not!

As the transporters aboard the two ships had been linked together by the operator on the home ship, the freighter's transporter mechanisms will sense an emergency situation when the freighter enters the rift and will complete the characters' rematerialization itself. Unfortunately, this draws power ... the characters will be totally unaware that anything out of the ordinary is happening, until the lights go out! (The team will eventually notice that the artificial gravity still works.)

The rift that the freighter has entered leads to a parallel, but slightly altered space-time continuum which has slightly different universal constants (for example, the Speed Of Light) than our own universe. As a result, all power-generating systems (warp and impulse engines) become inoperative and cannot be started. Batteries work normally, and this is the only power source aboard the ship. In addition to the equipment the team brings, there is an emergency battery backing up the power sources aboard the freighter.

However, the abnormal engine shutdown due to entering the "other universe" (made worse by the age of the ship and the lack of recent maintenance) causes a total Power Systems Failure, which causes **everything** aboard the freighter to shut down (except for the artificial gravity grid). This specifically includes both normal Life Support **and** Emergency Life Support!

Special Equipment Use Conditions: On Board *The Wandering Child*

Due to the nonstandard qualities of the space-time in the Rift, the Team's Tricorders will be at a flat +4 to detect/analyze any Life Signs at a range of greater than 5 meters. Within the 5m range there is no mod. (This could be the Team's first clue that something weird is going on.) Also, the Communicators will have a maximum effective communications range of 50 meters. Of course, a clever GM might just tell his players that an Ion Storm seems to have whipped up and it is interfering with the Team's equipment! (The GM could vary the scenario by having other equipment affected while leaving the tricorders alone.)

SCENE ONE:

THE WANDERING CHILD's TRANSPORTER ROOM

"Where's the <bleep>ing light switch?"

As mentioned above, the characters are totally unaware that anything out of the ordinary happened during their beam over. As soon as the team materializes, the lights will flicker and go out, and the emergency back-up lights fail (due to poor maintenance). Before the lights are completely out, the Team will see that they are on the freighter's transporter pad and that no transporter operator is evident.

The team's first reaction will probably be to contact their ship. They can use their own communicators, the freighter's (after power is restored), the shuttlecraft's, and the Transporter Beacon but they will get no response, as their ship is on the other side of the rift. Team members will still be able to contact each other normally, within 50m.

Any attempt to turn the room's lights on, activate the transporter, or to get any response over an intercom will fail because *there is no power*.

If someone attempts to use their tricorder's lights and screen as a light so that they can see what they are doing, permit it. (Assume that as a light source, a tricorder is equivalent to a weak candle.) Tricorders, phasers, and all other equipment issued to the characters will work correctly, and give correct readings.

Note that even if battery power is restored, there is insufficient power left in the battery to operate the transporter!

Also, once characters note that all power is off, tell them that now that they think about it they DO NOT hear the normal air circulation sounds of the Life Support systems! Make a Life Support Systems roll to determine that (based on the assumed amount of available power) the valiantly struggling life support system will totally fail in just a few hours. This failure will make the ship totally uninhabitable as the temperature will rapidly head for absolute zero, far too cold for any fur coat (or even campfire) to keep them alive.

Complete SL: 8 hours left (the correct amount)

Moderate SL: 12 hours left

Minimal SL: 16 hours left

Failure or Botch: They will be confident that they have unlimited time left.

Regardless of the size of the party, they **will** have only eight hours of life support left, unless they do something specifically mentioned below. (This time limit is a plot device and has been introduced to keep the timekeeping simple.)

There are equipment lockers in the transporter room and players who feel along the wall (looking for a locker, or for any other reason) will automatically be able to find one. Inside the locker is a Battle Lantern, a very powerful light source; its battery charge indicator will (correctly) indicate 12 hours of operation remaining. No spare batteries are present; in fact, the only other thing in the locker is a Damage Control (DC) kit (as defined on page 11) which contains emergency hull-patching equipment.

Once the players have the lantern, they may then move on to other sections of the ship.

DOOR AND AIRLOCK SPECIFICATIONS

Unless otherwise specified (in the description of the area the door is in), no door has a peephole, window, or other viewport in it, nor do they have a manual (key)lock. All doors are 5cm thick (unless otherwise specified).

Manually-Operated Doors: These doors are found on all lockers, and where otherwise specified. The door has a gasket with a magnetic strip in it that will hold the door closed, although not sealed airtight. The door is hinged on one side and has a handle in the center; when turned clockwise, the handle drives wedges into the doorframe on all four sides to seal the door air-tight (provided the gasket is intact). The handle only turns 90 degrees from full open to full closed, clockwise to seal it and counter-clockwise to open it. These doors may or may not have a lock; if there is one, it will be in the center of the handle, and when locked prevents the handle from being turned. Should someone want to open a locked door without a key, they are usually 1 cm thick Alloyed Metal.

Cabin Door: This is the most common door, the one to such things as the crew cabins, auxiliary control, etc. These doors are not usually sealed air tight, but if pressure falls on one side, an emergency gasket will seal the door airtight (although it will not hold more than 24 hours). These doors slide into the wall when opened. It is normally operated electrically; with the power off, it must be forced open (or closed) with a Strength task of 2/4/6. It is rated as Armored Metal.

Bulkhead Door: This is a heavier, airtight door that is used for those doorways that pass through the heavier bulkheads. The door slides into the wall when opened. It is normally operated electrically; with the power off, it must be forced open (or closed) with a Strength task of 4/6/8. It is rated as Armored Metal, twice as thick as the Cabin Door.

Security Door: this is an extremely heavy, airtight, electrically-operated door that can only be forced open with a Strength task of 12/14/16 – good luck! It is rated as a Hi-Tech Security Plastic door/wall.

In the above descriptions, the Success for the Strength tasks to open a door are as follows:

Complete SL: wide open, completely shut, or whatever the player wanted.

Moderate SL: just wide enough for someone to squeeze through – 25cm to 30cm, maximum.

Minimal SL: just a crack, 1cm or so. A limited view can be seen, and if there is a vacuum on the other side, it WILL be obvious!

Access Hatch: These hatches are about one meter in diameter. (An access hatch is nothing more than a hole with a heavy, gasketed plate bolted over it.) There are 24 bolts holding each plate in place; the heads of the bolts are part of the wall. To remove the plates, the character must use a wrench to remove all 24 nuts, which will take some time (use of System Speed will help) before the plate can be removed and access gained. The hatch plates should be considered to be 1 cm Armored Metal. [As a practical matter, those hatch plates that get into less dangerous and more frequently-accessed areas will have only a few of these bolts installed. If the crew finds a hatch with all 24 bolts installed, they almost certainly do not want to open it!]

EXPLORING THE FREIGHTER

The following sections detail the different areas aboard the freighter. The list of locations are:

Forward Command Module locations:**First Deck (Support deck):**

- Air recycling system
- Liquid recycling system
- Air and Water reserves storage

Second Deck (Bridge deck):

- Bridge
- Latrine
- Captain's cabin (including office, bedroom, sauna)
- Vault (Locker on a standard Small Freighter)
- General storage compartment

Third Deck (Crew deck):

- The Commons
- Transporter pad
- Galley compartment
- Electronics Bay
- Auxiliary Control (Aux Con) Compartment
- Air lock to outside
- Air lock to pod
- Crew berthing compartments and latrine

Fourth Deck (Shuttle deck):

- Shuttle control room (with locker and airlock)
- Shuttle bay (with shuttlecraft in place)
- Shuttle spares compartment
- Upper battery rooms (port and starboard)

Fifth Deck (Battery deck):

- Batteries

Amidships locations (Cargo Pod):

- Turbolift system
- Cargo pod:
- Cargo decks 1 through 10

Aft location (Engine Room):

- Engineering control room
- After crew berthing
- Airlock to cargo pod
- Impulse engines
- Warp engine access (port and starboard)

The players may elect to split up the team, and have different characters examine different parts of the ship. Be certain to keep track of the time spent as they do so!

LOCKERS

There are a large number of lockers aboard the ship. Unless otherwise specified, all can be opened without any problem. All lockers contain a battle lantern, and three random lockers in the Command Module (selected in advance by the GM) will contain Damage Control kits, along with whatever else is listed for them.

THE CARGO

Once the team has computer access (from either the Bridge or Aux Con, after power is restored) they can call up the cargo manifest. It will list a variety of foodstuffs being carried aboard, all in refrigeration; Rumyat eggs, kRyth'Ha, and p'Thakka. Also listed are crates of herbs and spices.

At this time, allow the team members a Background Roll; on a Moderate or Complete Success, they will have heard of some of these things before (but NOT the kRyth'Ha!) The same information can be learned with a Minimal success (or better) on a Klingon Language Task roll; for example, a character may have heard someone being called a "Son of a p'Thakka!" and so forth.

AREA DESCRIPTIONS

The team can (and should) explore the entire ship. The following paragraphs outline what may be found. The Briefing Officer is encouraged to "flesh out" these descriptions as desired!

COMMAND MODULE**FIRST DECK: LIFE SUPPORT**

This deck is 6 x 25 meters. The ceiling is only 1.5 meters high, however, and the characters will be forced to hunch over or crawl, cutting their normal movement in half!

The storage locker on this deck contains spare parts for the recycling systems, and a battery operated pump. The pump will be useful if the characters remove the access plate to the water storage room!

AIR RECYCLING ROOM

This room contains all the equipment and systems necessary to keep the ship's air breathable. Without power, it is not operational; the ship would normally switch to emergency life support in this event, and had done so.

LIQUID RECYCLING ROOM

This room is much the same as Air Recycling, except for its obvious difference.

AIR AND WATER RESERVE STORAGE ROOMS

These two rooms contain the reserve air and water for the ship. The air reserves are stored in 12 large tanks (rated as 10cm thick AFV armor); tanks 1-8 were used for compressed air storage and are almost empty, and tanks 9-12 stored liquid Oxygen, and these *are* completely empty.

The Liquid Reserve room is one big water tank! Opening the access hatch (which has all 24 bolts in place) is never done in space, as when the hatch is opened all of the water floods the entire deck, runs down the staircase (if the door was open for some reason), and is a real mess to clean up!

COMMAND MODULE**SECOND DECK: BRIDGE DECK**

Not counting the Bridge itself, this deck is 6 x 25 meters. The ceiling is 3 meters high, of which 80 cm is taken up by cabling, air ducts, gravity grids, etc.

THE BRIDGE

The Security Door to the Bridge is closed and apparently locked. Should the players open it or attempt to cut a hole through the door or an adjacent wall, they will discover that the Bridge is in vacuum! A hole can be easily patched by any character who remembers the location of a DC kit and makes a Minimal Success with DC skill.

This will slow them down, as they will not want to lose access to the Second deck!

The Bridge contains many of the clues the team needs; the Briefing Officer should contrive to keep them off the Bridge until most other areas of the ship have been examined.

In all probability, the team will decide to do an EVA rather than going through the door. Further detail on the Bridge is in the section "EVA".

It is also possible that once the team gets to the Bridge and gets the power running, they will attempt to get a fix on their ship. If they have already gone on an EVA (see below) or examined the engines in the Engine Room, they may already have some idea that something is **very wrong** about where they are. In this case they might decide to take some readings with the ship's sensors (if power has been restored). See the section "Scanning the Rift" (pg. 88) to see how to handle this.

CAPTAIN'S CABIN

The Captain's Cabin is a suite of three rooms. The room off the Second deck passageway is his office; the two doors leading off that go to his bedroom and to a rather lavish bathroom/sauna complex. In addition to the usual voice-recorded ship's log, it is customary on this ship to also keep a written log. This can be found in the desk in the office, and goes back (through several volumes) 75 years to the ship's commissioning! No extensive entries were made on the current trip, as the captain has gotten somewhat lazy over the years. However, the log will show that the ship has made numerous trips into Klingon space over the years ... as well as Tholian, Romulan, and Kzinti space!

VAULT

On most small freighters, the locker between the Captain's Cabin and the Bridge is just another storage locker. At some point in the past, the walls were armored (5cm AFV armor!) and a security door was installed to allow the room to serve as a vault. This is NOT shown on the deck plans! To unlock the door, a sequence must be keyed into a numeric keypad. The unlocking sequence is not written down anywhere, and was lost when the captain of the freighter died. Opening the door will require a Complete Success on a Mechanical Lockpicking or Security Systems Task Roll. Both rolls are conducted with a flat +4 Mod. If the character has Cryptography, it may be used as a supporting skill for the Security Systems roll. This will probably take a Continuing Task Roll. However, a Botch at any point damages the locking mechanism so completely that the door cannot be opened, period.

Once the door is opened (or the characters burn through the wall) the characters will find a cabinet on the wall containing six Pulsers (ship's armory) and six packing crates. There is also a large chest on the floor, 1m wide and 66 cm high and deep - locked, of course! It contains the Captain's rock collection and is of no interest to the Team. The crates contain Klingon herbs and spices in hermetically sealed containers. The manifest will show these to be quite valuable.

GENERAL STOREROOM

This contains all kinds of junk! None of it is immediately useful to the team, but if they require some odd piece to jury-rig something, let them find it here. (They of course cannot jury rig engines to drive the ship or a nuclear reactor to run the environmental systems.) There is also a very large hull-patching kit, which will be needed if there is a major vacuum breach. (This is a large version of the standard Damage Control kit found elsewhere on this ship.)

COMMAND MODULE**THIRD DECK: CREW SPACES**

This deck is 12 x 25 meters, with a 3 meter ceiling (80cm of which is taken up by air ducts, cables, plumbing, etc.). There are four lockers on this deck. The locker next to the air lock is a space suit locker, and contains two suits. One is sized for a normal human, the other for a humanoid

considerably shorter. (Characters cannot wear this suit unless they are less than 140 cm tall.) This is a spare suit for the freighter's Chief Engineer – he is 135 cm tall, which is short even for a Tellarite! There are no air flasks in the locker, although there is a recharging station. Air used to recharge flasks is taken from the Life Support system.

A Field Equipment Task roll will allow the characters to evaluate the suits, as follows:

Complete SL will show that both suits are fully functional ... if only they had air flasks.

Moderate SL indicates that the suits are *probably* airtight.

Minimal SL will reveal merely that all the parts for both suits are present.

The locker next to the Galley is used for food storage, and is refrigerated. There is nothing of major interest here.

The locker next to the air shaft contains spare parts for the Transporter. It also contains a medical tricorder, optimized for Andorians, and two Advanced and four Basic medkits – the freighter is too small to have a sickbay. Should a character use the modified medical tricorder on an Andorian, the normal penalty for a different race is negated.

The rear airlock leads into the cargo pod, specifically into one of the "special holds" which is loaded with food and other consumables for the crew. Note that this is a double airlock, and the Siren Bugs loose in the bridge were not able to pursue the crew into the pod. (There are plenty of Siren bugs, albeit frozen, in the pod already. And maybe some live ones!)

THE COMMONS

The Commons is the large unmarked area in the center of this deck, a combined relaxation, entertainment, and eating area. Off to one side is the galley, where the ships' meals are prepared. Everything in this area is much as might be expected. On the right side, there are three round tables 2 meters in diameter; each has four chairs. On the left wall (between the two doors to Aux Con) is a theater-sized vid screen, which serves as entertainment for the crew. Facing it are two comfy sofas and three overstuffed chairs.

In addition to the various plants, bookshelves, furniture, and so forth is a rather unremarkable object that the Team may mistake as a trash can of some sort. There is *nothing* that would cause the Team to consider it unusual, so do not tell them it is there, unless a character who assisted in searching the cargo decks is present, and then only if a Perception Task roll is a Moderate Success or better.

The trash can is actually an empty shipping container. The crew had purchased some additional Siren Bugs for their own consumption, and had broken out a container for their evening's supper. Unfortunately, when the bugs thawed they began singing and knocked out most of the crew. The Tellarite Chief Engineer dragged the comatose members of the crew to the bridge, suited them up, and manually opened the emergency hatch (which is on top of the bridge). This vented the air from the bridge, and the vacuum prevented further damage from the bugs' sirens. The Chief Engineer died on the Bridge after his suit was damaged by one of the Siren Bugs nipping at his leg; the resulting puncture caused his death when he decompressed the Bridge.

THE TRANSPORTER

Dominating the center of the Commons is the Transporter pad. As the Commons is the assembly area for Abandon Ship drills, the location is a good choice. When the

characters beam aboard the ship, they will find themselves here.

Although old, the controls for the Transporter are almost standard. If they had power, the characters would have no trouble operating it, although they would have no place to go and could not get a lock-on good enough to transport onto the bridge.

THE GALLEY

"Oh boy, dehydrated Tegarrian Sul'hop...again!"

Aside from the cost, a Small Freighter is far too small to have food replicators aboard, and all food is prepared and cooked using decidedly archaic methods. The galley has two large phase induction heating plates (for *real* food), a hydroinfusion bath for dehydrated food packs, and a standard microwave tent for quick heating food and beverage packs. There is also a sonic cleaner set into the wall and three drawers filled with mismatched eating utensils.

There is a large red button on the wall just outside the galley door, in the Commons. It has a cover over it, and is labeled (in Andorian) "FIRE". When it is pressed, the door to the galley will slam closed and seal shut (it is an airtight door, with its own emergency power supply) and a valve will open, venting the air inside the galley to vacuum – if there is no air, there can be no fire! However, doing this while the cook is inside is *not* recommended as, if he survives, he has access to cleavers and other weaponry! To close the valve and unlock the door, the button must be pulled out manually; this will require a Complete Success on an Accuracy roll, as the button is greasy and hard to grasp.

ELECTRONICS BAY

This room contains the ship's electronic systems: computer, communications, navigation systems, sensors, etc. All of the systems are operated from the Bridge or Aux Con; only the necessary controls needed for maintenance and repair of these systems are present.

AUXILIARY CONTROL

Until power is restored, all the controls and panels here are dead. Once powered, all controls will work normally. Accessing the ship's log will shed no light on events; the last log entry was made weeks ago and was a routine entry made after clearing Klingon customs.

Note to the GM: When the Team tries to take control of the ship from Auxiliary Control, they will find (to their dismay) that these controls are 'locked out' from the Bridge. [This was apparently done by the Engineer when his paranoia convinced him that someone - or something - was trying to take control of the ship.] Releasing these interlocks from within Auxiliary Control will require 2-3 hours of intense, uninterrupted work by your Team engineer or science officer and the Siren Bugs found here will make that kinda difficult (Throw 1D6 to determine how many Siren Bugs have found their way here); alternatively, this lock out can be released by throwing a simple switch on the Main Bridge.

CREW'S BERTHING

These two rooms each have three bunks in them, stacked vertically, a small table and chair, and lockers along two walls. All show signs of recent habitation, and none will contain anything of interest to the Team. The normal complement of a small freighter is about ten. The captain has his own cabin, most of the crew live in these two rooms, 3-5

men each, and the Chief Engineer and his two assistants have a separate berthing space aft in Engineering.

COMMAND MODULE

FOURTH DECK: SHUTTLE BAY

SHUTTLE CONTROL ROOM

There is a small control panel to control pressurization of the shuttle bay and opening/closing its external door. There is also a communicator, tied into the ship's main communications system, which means that it will not work until power is restored.

There is also a large viewport to the shuttle bay; characters looking through the viewport into the bay will see that it is dark inside; shining a light through the viewport will reveal that there is a shuttlecraft in the bay, that the external door is closed, and that everything appears to be in order. If power has been restored, the control panel will indicate that the external door is closed and sealed, and that there is no pressure in the bay. The external bay can be repressurized manually or from the control panel. The external door cannot be opened unless the bay is depressurized by pumping the air out, or unless a manual override switch is operated, in which case any air within the bay will be lost.

The locker behind the control room contains maintenance equipment for the main door, the smaller airlocks, and general maintenance equipment for all of the airtight doors aboard the ship.

SHUTTLE BAY

8 x 25 meters in size, this contains the shuttlecraft and is airtight. What more need be said?

THE SHUTTLECRAFT

The shuttle appears to be similar to an extremely old class of Star Fleet shuttle, but has commercial markings. In fact, this is a Sublight shuttle, the original 75-year-old Tellarite-built shuttlecraft that came with the freighter! Please note that while Star Fleet keeps up-to-date on equipment and technology (including shuttlecraft), there is no reason for a commercial freighter to carry a top-of-the-line shuttlecraft.

Characters who are examining the shuttle visually may make a Task roll on any shuttlecraft-related skill.

Complete SL will reveal that it is a Sublight shuttle at least 75 years old, and is Tellarite-built.

Moderate SL will reveal that it is a Sublight shuttle.

Minimal SL will merely reveal that the shuttle is an antique.

Special note of interest to players of Star Fleet Battles: Although this shuttlecraft is Tellarite built (with standard Federation controls and systems installed), in all *operational* respects it corresponds to the Romulan SLS found in STAR FLEET BATTLES. It functions as an Admin shuttle, except that it is totally unarmed (no phaser-3) and can only move at Sublight speeds (SFB speed 1). See SFB rule R4.F0 for further details.

The shuttlecraft has a large, rectangular rear door (hinged at the bottom, so that it can double as an access ramp), and a circular, 90 cm diameter access hatch on its roof. This hatch opens outward and appears to be locked from the inside. When someone operates the controls on the rear of the shuttlecraft to open the rear door, the sound of the motor will be heard, then it will slow down for a second. Immediately after, the door will pop open. The reason for this

is that the interior of the shuttlecraft is a vacuum! The top hatch is being held closed by the exterior air pressure, and the pressure on the rear door will hold it closed until the motor builds up enough torque! Note that at normal air pressure of 100,000 pascals (14.7 PSI) a 90 cm diameter hatch will require about 6400 kg (!) of lift to open, so it will be impossible for the players to open the shuttlecraft and enter that way!

As the door opens, air from the bay will rush into the shuttle with a "whoosh"! Anyone standing near the rear of the shuttle (especially the person operating the door controls) will tend to get sucked in! Have these characters make a Strength roll vs. a 6/8/10 (with a flat +4 for the person operating the door).

Complete SL means that they were prepared for the inward rush of air and get to make rude comments about their clumsy teammates.

Moderate SL indicates that they were pulled off balance.

Minimal SL means that they fell down but took no damage – except to their pride!

Failure means that they hit the shuttlecraft and take 1 point of Stun Damage.

Botch indicates that the character hit the shuttlecraft HARD and has taken 1 point each of Stun and Lethal Damage.

The reason that the interior of the shuttle is a vacuum is that when the Siren Bugs first got loose, one of the Andorian crew figured out what was happening. Sound will not propagate through a vacuum. His solution was to quickly don a space suit, evacuate the air from the bay (and from the shuttle, as its door was open) and then enter the shuttle and close the door. He then closed the shuttle's rear hatch and hid inside one of the lockers within the shuttle. Remember that this crewman was in severe pain and disoriented, and simply panicked.

Unfortunately, enough of the sound was conducted through the hull of the freighter to the hull of the shuttlecraft (Andorians are VERY sensitive!!!) to knock him unconscious; he remained so until his air ran out, when he died. The space suit is functional, although it also has no air. But the Team now has ONE air flask that they may recharge if they desire, and a functional space suit.

When the Team examines the interior of the shuttle, all will appear normal until they open the locker door, at which point the dead Andorian will fall out. A First Aid task roll will reveal that he died when he ran out of oxygen. A medical examination (Medical Task roll) will reveal the following.

Complete SL will show that he had first suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. The cause of the hemorrhage cannot be discovered without an autopsy, which will take four hours.

Moderate SL will show that he was already unconscious at the time of his death.

Minimal SL will show that he did, in fact, die of asphyxiation. (An easy mistake to make.)

• **Autopsy Results:** If the medic performing the autopsy is not familiar with Andorian anatomy, apply a flat +2 modifier; usage of the modified medical tricorder (found in the locker on Deck Three) will negate this modifier. At the end of the autopsy, the following information may be revealed to the Team:

Complete SL will reveal that the Andorian had been subjected to some type of intense sound that proved fatal.

Moderate SL will indicate that the antennae were themselves damaged by an unknown external force.

Minimal SL will indicate that the hemorrhage occurred around the nerves leading to the antennae.

Failure or **Botch** will yield no useful information about the cause of death.

When the Team evaluates the shuttle itself, they will find that its engine is totally non-functional; use the information supplied for the freighter's engines as a guideline. The shuttle's battery is fully charged, so all shuttle systems can be powered up and used normally, including the maneuvering thrusters, which can be used to maneuver the shuttle to reach the bridge (or the rift). The battery is minuscule compared to the freighters; fully charged, it only contains a few seconds worth of power.

In all probability, the Team will eventually do an EVA, either in the shuttle or in suits. See the section titled "EVA."

SHUTTLE SPARES

This contains various spare parts for the shuttlecraft, all obsolete and out-of-date, which means that they are the correct type! This is a bonanza to someone attempting to Jury-rig something, though. The locker also contains a small workbench with a variety of tools on it, which will make the characters even happier. Assume that the tools are sufficient to allow characters to do almost anything they need to.

SHUTTLECRAFT FUEL TANK

This is behind the Shuttle Spares room, and is only accessible through an access hatch (which has all 24 bolts in place). Fuel for the shuttle's maneuvering thrusters is stored here. A number of warning signs are posted above the hatch, in Federation Standard English, Andorian, Klingon, and Tellarite! The signs all read:

**DANGER – EXTREME FIRE HAZARD
SHUTTLECRAFT FUEL STORAGE
EXTREMELY VOLATILE
ACCESS RESTRICTED TO
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY**

Hopefully, the Team will take the hint and leave this compartment alone! If not, simply tell them that it is jammed and they cannot access the tank.

UPPER BATTERY ROOMS

These two rooms are packed with batteries; each battery is a cylinder 1.5 meters tall and 1 meter in diameter. There is no room left between the batteries; non-conductive crawlplates are mounted over the batteries, and can easily be removed for access to the batteries. There are no switches or circuit breakers in these rooms. Those may be found on Deck Five.

COMMAND MODULE DECK FIVE: BATTERY DECK

This deck is 8 x 25 meters, but the ceiling of this deck is only 1.5 meters high. As the batteries are the same size as the ones on Deck Four, a crawlway has been left between the batteries.

There is a panel in the locker on the wall adjacent to the spiral staircase; each battery has its own circuit breaker, plus there are three master circuit breakers (one for each room) to connect or remove each room's batteries from the ship's power distribution grid. There are also voltmeters, ammeters, and other indicators to show overall battery status, as well as the condition of each individual battery.

ALL three of the main breakers are blown, as are about 75% of the individual breakers. As soon as these breakers

are reset, power will be restored to the ship! There is very little power available, though; not enough to restart the ship's main Life Support systems. And of course, none of this power can be used to activate the ship's engines.

AMIDSHIPS (i.e., THE CARGO POD)

THE POD

The cargo pod is 200m long and 40m wide. It is subdivided by heavy bulkheads into eight different sections, and all sections are divided vertically into ten decks. A deck plans map is provided for this area.

TURBOLIFT

This is a minimal turbolift system with only two cars. It connects the Bridge deck with the Engineering room in the Drive Section aft, running along a tube that is external to the cargo pod section. This turbolift system is, however, connected to the self-contained turbolift system in the cargo pod. All of the turbolift cars in the pod have been deactivated and stored for the trip, so the Team will be able to use only the two turbolift cars in the "external" system. The entire turbolift system is slow and antiquated, but functional. All doors into the turbolift shafts are Bulkhead doors, but the interior door of each car is only a Cabin door. If pressure is lost in the turbolift system, Team members in the cars not in suits will be killed when the emergency gasket fails after 24-48 hours.

In each of the turbolift cars are two heavy Arctic-style parkas, hung on hooks that have been added to the walls, and two respirators. The reason for these will become clear when the Team investigates the Cargo Holds.

Note that the respirators are NOT standard Federation issue, but an older, far less reliable design. They do not have air tanks, but instead contain chemicals that break down exhaled CO2 into oxygen, continually refreshing the air. Each respirator is good for about 4 hours use; more chemical cartridges can be found in the General Storage room on Deck Two. Should a resourceful character try to Jury Rig these respirators to work with the space suits, apply an expanded +2/4/6 mod to the Jury Rig task roll. This system is NOT at all compatible with a spacesuit!

These respirators will become necessary if the Team does a lot of poking around in the cargo pod, as most of the holds are pressurized with nitrogen to preserve the cargo, although the main corridors have standard air. Opening one of the large bay doors suddenly would cause the air and nitrogen to mix, resulting in an almost unbreathable atmosphere in the combined space.

CARGO HOLDS

"It's dead! Wrapped in plastic!"

The Cargo Pod being carried by the *Wandering Child*, more or less permanently, is a refrigerator unit. There are 10 cargo decks and while the temperature on each deck varies, it is sub-zero in most cases!

An interesting note about the life support systems in the cargo holds: The passageways on the cargo decks have a normal atmosphere, but as the holds are normally unoccupied during flight they were flooded with nitrogen gas. This helps to preserve the cargo of meat and other produce and ensure that they retain their flavor. If the characters explore Decks 1

and 10, they will find that the huge air tanks there hold nitrogen, not air, except for one tank on each deck, which does indeed hold air. There are a set of external vents in each hold that can be opened to space (from the Bridge or Aux Con, or the small control rooms on that deck of the pod).

Decks 1 and 10 have water storage (most of which is filled with undrinkable seawater from the Klingon colony world of Kargasok and holds hundreds of live fish) and air tanks (most of which are filled with nitrogen). These decks are at a temperature of about 5°C.

Decks 2 and 9 are "open cargo," huge empty rooms. Both decks are filled with hundreds of small fruit trees (each in its own bucket or burlap sack). These decks are at a temperature of about 15°C (60°F), and being (in a limited way) "jungle" are a good place for surprise guests (and the odd Siren Bug) to be hiding.

Decks 3 through 5 all contain meat carcasses, each approximately 450 kilos in mass. They are wrapped in plastic and tied down to the deck with cargo webbing. These are p'Thakka, a herbivorous dinosaur found on the Klingon planet of Korplak, and are bound for Andorian dinner plates. These decks are at 0°C or less.

Deck 6 contains shipping containers about the size of a small drum, 60 cm in diameter and 90 cm high; each drum contains three to five Siren Bugs. (Determine the precise number by die roll if it becomes a factor.) All of these bugs are comatose but alive! If checked for, no life signs will be detected. Two reasons: first, they are hibernating due to the low temperature, and will not revive until they warm up. Second, their biological processes are so alien that even if fully awake and active, they would not be detectable except at point-blank range. (Once the team figures out what a Siren Bug is, they can recalibrate the tricorders to find these.) This deck is at 0°C or less.

Please note that all the cargo is referred to by their Klingon names; the cargo manifest will refer to these as "kRyth'Ha", and NOT as "live Siren Bugs"!!! If the Team removes a container from the hold to a normally heated area, the bugs will thaw and reawaken in about 30 minutes. Like all predators that hibernate, they wake up hungry – **very hungry indeed** – and in their tiny little predator's minds, Prime Team = Prime Rib.

Decks 7-8 contains boxes; each box holds 12 very large (cantaloupe-sized) Rummyat eggs, a type of giant snail. This hold is only a few degrees below freezing. Note that the bulk holds on these decks are loaded with Klingo-tritcale, a Klingon-bred grain hybrid which is used to manufacture a popular breakfast cereal on Andor. These decks are at 5°C.

Note to the GM: It is entirely possible that the unfrozen sections of the cargo pod may have Siren Bugs wandering around, but this is your call and they should only be added to the "cast list" if you feel that the adventure needs it.

AFT LOCATIONS

ENGINEERING CONTROL ROOM

"So what you're telling me is that even though there's nothing wrong with the engines, they still don't work!"

A character who tries to figure out why the engines are not functional should be told that "everything seems okay". The fact that a universal constant has changed is something

that would NOT be considered normally, so do not reveal this information to the players unless they **specifically** check for it. If a player starts talking about checking "the area" with his tricorder rather than checking the engines themselves, then let him take a shot at figuring out what is going on. See the section "Scanning the Rift" (pg. 88) to see how to handle this.

As mentioned in the Plot Synopsis, the crew of the freighter died some weeks ago. During this time, the ship has been running on its last course setting and speed, with all systems running in their default settings. As the ship is extremely elderly and has had no routine maintenance for a while, various systems are not operating correctly. When the engines go down, breakers trip and other things conspire to cause a total power failure aboard the ship. These breakers ensure that some power is left for salvage operations, as the Team is finding out.

There are facilities here to recharge space suit air flasks, but none are currently stored here.

AFTER CREW BERTHING

This class of ship carries a Chief Engineer and two assistants. All three live in this room, which is similar to the berthing rooms on Deck Three. Characters searching this room may make a Perception Task roll.

Complete SL will reveal that the books and the clothing on the bottom bunk are all Tellarite. (This happens to be the Chief Engineer's bunk, who is a Tellarite.)

Moderate SL will reveal that some of the books here are in a language other than Andorian.

Any other result yields no information.

IMPULSE ENGINE ROOMS

There are three of these rooms. An Impulse Task roll will reveal that these engines, although antiques, have been lovingly cared for and should be fully functional. But, they don't work...

WARP ENGINE ACCESS

The players can, if they have a mind to, crawl down the access tubes to the warp engines. They cannot actually get inside the warp engines (fortunately), but they can access the various instruments (which will confirm what the control panels tell them) and could scan the engines (again confirming the situation — the engines do not work!).

EXTRA-VEHICULAR ACTIVITY, or "Lets go for a walk!"

At some point, the Team may decide to do an EVA. First, when they get outside, they will immediately note (on almost any attempt using an astronomy-related skill, or a Perception roll at +4) that the starfield *looks wrong*. They can't explain it — it simply does. They will also look around to see if they can spot *their own* ship, but they cannot, as it isn't here. The rift is invisible, as well.

Examining the outer hull of the freighter will reveal no damage or anything else remarkable, with the exception of the bridge. The characters doing the EVA will see that the emergency bridge hatch has been opened. The emergency hatch has a wheel on the inside to manually open and close it, but nothing on the outside hull. In order to close the hatch, one of the characters must do so from the inside.

Upon entering the bridge (in suits; the shuttle does NOT have a docking port!) they will see a number of space-suited bodies. Upon examination, these will be found to be most of the missing crew. The Andorians present all appear to have

died when they ran out of air, as all of their air gauges read empty. The one Tellarite present will obviously have died by explosive decompression; there is a rip in the back of one leg of the suit. Note that the suits are not fancy self-sealing ones, just regular commercial-grade ones.

The Team will also discover the missing spacesuit air flasks; these were brought here by the Chief Engineer, as he realized that they might be here for a while. All are full, as he died before he could use them, and the rest of the crew, all Andorians, never regained consciousness.

Also on the Bridge are three Siren Bugs. As it took several trips for the Tellarite to drag some of his shipmates to the bridge, the bugs had time enough to follow. The bugs are small enough to scuttle under things and hide, which is their instinctual reaction when they feel hibernation coming on, although in this case, the hibernation was triggered by the vacuum and not by cold. Vacuum will not damage the bugs (at least for several months) as they are exoskeletal. When they wake up, they'll be undamaged and hungrier than ever!

If the Team closes the hatch and repressurizes the bridge, the room will warm up rapidly, and the bugs will revive in about 15 minutes. Assume that the bugs will wait until most of the Team leave the bridge before revealing their presence, and then attack whoever is left. The first indication that they are present will be their siren, which will knock any live Andorians unconscious in a matter of moments (no die roll) and will cause one Stun Damage point to all non-Andorians per combat turn. This is the amount of damage that is done as long as at least *one* of the bugs is singing, and no extra damage is done if *more* than one is singing during any given turn. The bugs each have 1D6+3 points of Stun Damage Capacity, and 1D6+3 of Lethal Damage Capacity; roll these stats before combat starts.

Once the Team kills the bugs and gets medical treatment for their teammates, they should be well able to reconstruct the chain of events in full. This leaves them with the problem of getting home.

SCANNING THE RIFT

If a character gets wise to the idea that there is something very *wrong* about the nature of the space in which they are currently operating, then they may try to use their tricorders or the ship's sensors (if power has been restored) to figure out what is going on. In fact, if they are to get out of the rift on their own, then they **MUST** do this.

If someone on the Team uses the freighter's sensors (accessed through either the Bridge or Auxiliary Control) then they must make a Sensor Systems roll vs. a 6/8/10 tricode. If the character comes up with a neat way to test his hypothesis, like actually saying that he wants to measure the gravitational curvature of time/space around the vessel or to measure the speed of light passing the ship, or anything even remotely technical (as opposed to just "I scan to see what's so weird around here"), then make the tricode a 4/6/8 instead.

Complete SL means that the character realizes that several of the universal physical constants have been altered. This leads the character to the inescapable conclusion that they have traveled, somehow, into some sort of spatial Rift, outside the boundaries of the normal space-time continuum. He will also become aware of an area of intense subspace disruption about 12,000 meters aft of the ship. This, no doubt, is the actual rift that the ship passed through. Note that the character has gained COMPLETE SCANNER DATA of the region.

Moderate SL also means that the character realizes that several of the universal physical constants have been altered. However, the conclusion that they are in a different area of space from where they started is not a given. Of course, if the player goes, "I'll bet we went through a dimensional rift!", or something clever like that, then he will automatically corroborate his hypothesis with another scan. However, he still hasn't got all the details worked out. He also becomes aware of some extensive turbulence aft of the ship, but has no solid data on what is causing it or what it represents. Note that the character has gained MODERATE SCANNER DATA of the region.

Minimal SL means that the character discovered that there is "something unusual" about the properties of this area of space, but nothing concrete. Allow him to continue his scans. He is unaware of the Rift aft of the ship. Note that the character has gained MINIMAL SCANNER DATA of the region.

Failure means that the character can detect nothing unusual about the area and is completely unaware of the rift aft of the ship. He gains NO SCANNER DATA of the region.

Botch means that the character is convinced that the local Ion Storms are to blame for the unusual observations. He gains NO SCANNER DATA of the region.

A character attempting to perform these scans with his tricorder rather than the ship's sensors may do so (with his normal Field Equipment skill) but with a flat +4 mod to his roll.

If a character decides to use his Starship Navigation skill, on a Complete Success (this will be a Continuing Task attempt) he will discover that the speed of the ship is only a few hundred meters per second and, given the time elapsed from the Team's arrival aboard, that the disturbance aft of the freighter – the rift itself – is almost exactly where the ship was when the Team beamed over!

GETTING HOME

There are basically two ways of getting out of the rift: the **Easy Way** and the **Hard Way**.

The Easy Way is for the Team to identify the dimensional Rift aft of the ship, and to somehow get back through it. The *getting back through it* part of the deal is the hard part of the Easy Way, but the Team has several options.

The shuttle is operational (albeit with only the thrusters for motive power) and is the obvious choice. If they choose this route, then a successful Pilot (Shuttle) roll will clear them of the Shuttle Bay without mishap, and another roll of Moderate or better will get them through the Rift. A roll of Minimal will miss the core flux area of the rift and require another pass. A Failure or Botch roll will pass the shuttle through the corona of the rift effect, damaging the shuttle. Resolve subsequent Pilot rolls with a flat +2. If any subsequent roll is another Failure or Botch, then the shuttle is disabled and the Team will have to get out of the Rift the Hard Way. (See below.)

If the Team decides that they want to try and get the freighter out as well, then they will have to do some pretty fancy flying. The freighter is much too massive to be towed by the shuttle, and its engines are down for the count. However, a character with any Pilot skill, or one with a Complete SL in the Background roll for the *Wandering Child*, will realize that the freighter has a number of solid-fuel emergency maneuvering thrusters along its hull. By carefully igniting these Emergency Maneuvering Thrusters (EMT), a skillful pilot *might* be able to coax the vessel right back through the

rift. However, there are only 6 of these EMTs still in operation, so the pilot had better be pretty good! Resolve the test using the players' choice of either Pilot (Starship Helm) **OR** Pilot (Shuttle) vs. a 6/8/10 tricorder. There is a cap of a flat +1 (max) on the Repeated Task Attempt (RTA) for this task, unless the character rolls a Botch, in which case use the normal Botch RTA mods. The Character has to achieve a Complete SL by his sixth roll or the freighter passes by the rift without entering it. If the players want to do something clever, like selectively venting atmosphere from the hull in an attempt to get a seventh or even eighth roll, then let them (good roleplaying should ALWAYS be rewarded) but resolve the rolls with a flat +2 to the Pilot roll, *in addition to* any other RTA mods they've picked up. If they STILL don't have a Complete success, then the Team will either have to use the shuttle, or wait around to get out The Hard Way. Once clear of the Rift, their ship will signal the Team, and close to take the freighter (or just the shuttle) under tow. The Team can either be beamed back on board, or, if they feel showy, land the shuttle.

The Hard Way for the Team to get out of the Rift is for them to run out of ideas about the same time they run out of heat, lapsing into unconsciousness. They will wake up some indeterminate amount of time later, in their ship's sickbay, being treated for frostbite. The Hard Way assumes that their ship figured out what was going on (with the Rift, anyway) and when the Team didn't come back out with the Freighter after several hours, the Captain ordered a shuttle into the rift to find the Team. (The shuttle's engines failed immediately, but the pilot was able to reach the *Wandering Child* by using the maneuvering thrusters. Of course, this option will not go over well with either the Captain, or, more importantly, the Briefing Officer.

Note to the GM: Be prepared for your players to come up with something radically different from the options discussed here. It's your job to be ready for them to swing off the beaten path, and the only thing you can be sure of is that you can never be sure of what your players will come up with next!

MISSION REVIEW

The Federation has run into Time/Space warps before and as such considers any such incident to be a standing order Code 3 Exploration mission. However, the brass is more concerned with retrieving the vessel and finding out what happened to kill her crew. (It would also be a pretty good idea for the Team to fill them in on the Siren Bugs.)

To be assigned a **Complete SL** for the mission review, the Team needs to have accomplished ALL THREE of the following:

Have piloted the *Wandering Child* out of the Rift.

Have discovered and dealt with the Siren Bugs.

Have a more or less complete understanding of what happened to the crew of the *Wandering Child*. (Don't get caught up on minutiae and the precise order of events. If they have most of the pieces together in pretty much the right sequence, give it to them.)

To be assigned a **Moderate SL** for the mission review, the Team needs to have accomplished ANY TWO of the above. To be assigned a **Minimal SL** for the mission review, the Team needs to have accomplished ANY ONE of the above. If the Team accomplished NONE of the three, they are assigned an initial Mission Review of **Failure**. In ANY EVENT, if the Team came out of the Rift using The Hard Way option, regardless of any other factors, they are assigned an initial Mission Review of **Botch**.

If the Team collected **COMPLETE SCANNER DATA** on the Rift (and was able to get it home within the memory banks of a tricorder if the freighter itself was left behind) then they will **automatically** increase their initial Mission review by +1 level. (If they didn't bring the data home, either in a tricorder or the ship's databanks, then they get no bonus.)

If the Team collected **MODERATE SCANNER DATA** on the Rift (and was able to get it home in a tricorder if the freighter itself was left behind) then they have the **POTENTIAL** to increase their initial Mission review by +1 level by Wheedling. (If they didn't bring the data home, either in a tricorder or the ship's databanks, then they get no bonus.)

If the Team collected **MINIMAL SCANNER DATA** (or worse) on the Rift, they do not receive any potential Wheedling bonus.

If the Team points out that the Siren Bugs pose a threat to the Andorian population as a whole, and suggest that stricter handling practices, or even a ban, of the Siren Bugs be enacted, then there is a **POTENTIAL** to increase their initial Mission review by +1 level by Wheedling.

Note to the GM: If the team had to be rescued the hard way, they will get no bonus for scanning the rift, as the rescue pilots will have done that and reported their findings before the Prime Team recovered from their ordeal.

NPCs ABOARD THE WANDERING CHILD

• **Roving Andorian Crewmen** – Two members of the *Wandering Child's* crew have been driven mad by the effects of the Siren Bug's attack and the horror of hearing their crewmates being killed over the intercom. They have torn their antennae out in an effort to block out the wail of the Bugs, which has added extreme pain to their already terror-driven madness. When the Team encounters these poor devils, the Andorians will immediately attack, first with their Pulsers, then with their hands and feet. The Andorians are so crazed with fear and pain that they will not respond rationally to anything the Primes might say or do. Their only drive at this point is to attack.

Because of the mania under which the Andorians are operating, they completely ignore the first two points of any Stun hit they suffer, and the first point of any Lethal hit they suffer. (It is as if they are wearing armor that provides 2 points of AR from any Stun attack and 1 point of AR from any Lethal attack.) Rescuing these men gains a potential for wheedling.

Roving Andorian Crewmen

STR - 4	SPD - 2	LGC - 1	DIS - 4	GKN - 1
ACC - 2	LDR - 1	INT - 1	TEC - 1	PER - 3
AR: Special (See below)			LDC - 8	SDC - 5

Fire (Pulser) - 2/2

Martial Arts - 2/2

Melee Combat - 2/2

"SURPRISE GUESTS" – ALTERNATE NPCs

If the GM feels a need to vary the adventure, giving the players something extra to deal with during their struggle to return to their own ship (or if the players simply vanquish the Siren Bugs too easily...), the following NPCs can be added to the adventure.

• **Klingon Spy** – "Kond, Lieutenant Kond, at your service, sirs," the bedraggled Klingon introduces himself. "I was conducting a departure inspection when the ship left port with

me on board," he explains sheepishly. The Team should have serious doubts as to whether the Klingon port authorities are *that* incompetent. Bringing Kond back in handcuffs gives the team a potential to gain a level through wheedling.

Klingon Spy				
STR - 3	SPD - 3	LGC - 3	DIS - 2	GKN - 4
ACC - 3	LDR - 3	INT - 3	TEC - 2	PER - 2
LDC - 6		SDC - 5		

Fire (Disruptor) - 2/2
Melee Combat - 2/2
Cryptography - 2/2

Martial Arts - 2/2
Investigation - 3/3
Comm. Systems - 2/2

★ ★ ★

• **Dunkar Stowaway** - "Can we leave now?" is the most frequent phrase you will hear from this individual, who appears to have put on a good 20 kilos since departing the Emperor's service. Rescuing him gives a potential to wheedle a humanitarian commendation.

Dunkar Stowaway				
STR - 2	SPD - 2	LGC - 2	DIS - 2	GKN - 2
ACC - 2	LDR - 2	INT - 2	TEC - 2	PER - 2
LDC - 4		SDC - 4		

Fire (Pulser) - 2/2

Melee Combat - 2/2

★ ★ ★

• **Escaped Kzinti Prisoner** - "GRRRRRRR!!!!" said the Kzinti as he charged down the corridor, a half-eaten siren bug grasped in each paw. The team will have little more than a second to judge if this Kzinti is totally insane or just glad to see them. Rescuing him gives a potential to wheedle a humanitarian commendation.

Escaped Kzinti Prisoner				
STR - 6	SPD - 5	LGC - 3	DIS - 5	GKN - 2
ACC - 5	LDR - 2	INT - 2	TEC - 2	PER - 4
LDC - 12		SDC - 11		

Fire (Pulser) - 3/3

Melee Combat (claws) - 2/2

★ ★ ★

• **Lost Orion Pirate** - "An honest merchant, I am, good sirs," the Orion explained as he climbed out of the locker where he had been hiding. "I booked passage on this ship and, I must say, the accommodations have not been satisfactory! Now, if you'll collect those 12 cases of luggage...."

Lost Orion Pirate				
STR - 2	SPD - 2	LGC - 2	DIS - 3	GKN - 3
ACC - 3	LDR - 3	INT - 2	TEC - 3	PER - 3
LDC - 4		SDC - 5		

Fire (Pulser) - 2/2
Melee Combat - 2/2

Martial Arts - 2/2

★ ★ ★

• **Astralan Nighbloat** - If you decide to surprise your players with one of these creatures, refer to the stats on page 23.

★ ★ ★

COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO THIS ISSUE'S INSERT: THE WANDERING CHILD DECKPLANS

GENERAL: The freighter consists of a command module (the small five-deck structure at the front), a 40x200m cargo pod, and an engineering module (the small engine room at the stern along with the warp engine pods that are not shown). The pod is divided into eight compartments by bulkheads. These compartments are (from forward to aft, right to left on the drawing) 10m, 35m, 35m, 25m, 35m, 25m, 25m, and 10m long. There are 10 decks, each 4m high (generally 3m of clear space, plus 1m for the deck plates, gravity grid, and the service ducts (air, water, electricity, intercom). Each compartment consists of 10 zones, each zone being one deck of that compartment. Generally speaking, the environmental controls work on a zone-by-zone basis, and the walls between rooms inside each zone are not capable of resisting a blast of any magnitude (although they would remain air tight at least for several days).

TURBOLIFT: The pod has its own turbolift system, consisting of four vertical tubes (at each end, and two spaced out just to the portside of center) and two horizontal shafts (on Decks #1 and #10). The vertical shafts are fitted with sealing hatches at the level of each deck, and the horizontal shafts are fitted with sealing hatches at the line of each bulkhead.

ELEVATORS: The four large cargo elevators (each 7.5x7.5 meters, marked "E") run vertically from decks #2 through #9. They do not move sideways as the turbolifts do. Each elevator is surrounded by a safety forcefield, and a horizontal-sliding hatch can seal each elevator shaft at the level of each deck. This is done so that the forklifts can travel efficiently down the length of the ship if need be, or if "bulk passengers" (whether humanoid or domesticated animals) are housed on that deck, or to prevent any contamination (or air loss) in one deck of a given zone from spreading to the decks above and below.

VERTICAL SERVICE SHAFTS: There are four of these, colored gray, one by each turbolift shaft. These provide a means for plumbing, wiring, and air ducts to traverse the ship vertically, connecting such systems on each deck. There is a ladder inside each shaft, and space for a humanoid to climb up or down. The hatches on these shafts are bolted in place. (There are bolt-holes for 24 bolts, but in most freighters there will not be more than three or four in any one hatch because the crews find installing and removing the bolts tedious and boring and don't really consider them necessary. In the event of a pressure loss or contamination, emergency seals will keep the hatch closed regardless of how many bolts are missing.)

REST ROOMS (RR): There are several of these on each deck (except #1 and #10). During travel, these are all shut down and purged. Their primary use is during cargo handling operations, when dozens of stevedores are on board the ship to move the cargo in and out. If the ship has to carry a large number of passengers, additional restrooms on self-contained pallets must be brought on board.

LADDERS: There are six ladders which extend through all ten decks (going through tubes in the bulk holds). At the point where each ladder passes through a deck, there is an armored air-tight trap door which can be manually operated. These trapdoors are often left open during loading and unloading operations, but are closed and latched during travel. These trapdoors are latched shut but not locked.

DECK #1 (OVERHEAD DECK): This deck includes mostly liquid storage tanks (using the insulated outside hull of the ship for the outside wall of the tanks), a row of gas storage tanks (most of which on the *Wandering Child* hold nitrogen to preserve the cargo), and two recycling stations (marked LR for Liquids Recycling and AR for Air Recycling) which are accessible only through the vertical shafts (not by turbolift). The air tanks are in a long row down the length of the ship, and there is a crawlspace for people to directly access the tanks and the plumbing. There are two "emergency battery" compartments which provide power only for emergency life support for the pod. (If the team tries to divert this power to the command module, they will find it impossible. If the team gets the idea of shutting down the pod's emergency life support with the idea of restarting it after the batteries in the command module are exhausted, they'll find that these batteries lack the power to bring the pod back up to a livable temperature.) At either end of the deck are "equipment" compartments which control the attitude thrusters and docking clamps. It is interesting to note that the ship's only phaser is mounted at the top of the turbolift shaft above the level of this deck.

DECK #2 (OPEN CARGO): This deck consists of six large open rooms for the storage of cargo. The rooms are connected by a series of doors wide enough to handle the palletized cargo and even vehicles. The long walls are lined with lockers used for keeping smaller cargo items sorted and safe. There are storage and equipment rooms at either end of the deck; these have the ladders which form the primary access to the equipment rooms on Deck #1. At three positions along the deck are paired "control rooms" (CON) and sanitary facilities (RR for Rest Room). These are used not to control the ship but to manage the handling and recording of cargo. In space, these facilities are unused, although an occasional crewman might use one of them to "get away from it all" for a few hours. The facilities in these control rooms are spartan at best, any furniture being brought in by the stevedore crews that load and unload the ship at each port.

DECK #3 (CARGO): This deck has 26 cargo holds of various sizes, one equipment storage room, two environmental systems rooms, and a "ship's stores" room which the crew uses for their own supplies. Note that the two central turbolift shafts open into a "lobby" or "control room" (with a rest room), allowing a supervisor positioned there to control access to the cargo areas and to assign workmen to their duties. It may seem curious that these lobbies open into cargo holds rather than the central corridor, but this is a safety feature in as much as the forklifts run down the corridors, often at high speeds, and it would not do to have people waiting for (or stepping out of) the turbolifts directly into the lane of traffic. Each hold is closed by a rolling metal door which raises straight up, and is strong enough to hold pressure inside the hold (or even liquid or grain filled through hatches in the deck above). Note the row of bulkhead doors down each side of the ship, allowing workers to move between cargo bays as needed. There is a small "garage" at the aft end of this deck which houses a battery-driven forklift. When the ship docks, the docking facility provides most of the forklifts needed to unload the cargo. The two forklifts carried on board are there in case the crew needs to shift cargo during the trip.

DECK #4 (CARGO) is essentially identical to Deck #3 except that it is a bit wider.

DECK #5 (CARGO-DOCK): This deck is similar to #3 and #4 (although wider) but has key differences. There are eight

"special holds" of various sizes (two at each end, and four small ones in the center) which have security locks and individual environmental controls. (The other cargo holds, on all decks, are environmentally controlled only in groups.) This deck also has a total of eight docking positions, hold-sized airlocks with outer doors. These (two near each end, four near the center) are used when docking to other ships and to bases for cargo transfer. They are even capable of landing administrative and heavy transport shuttlecraft, although only when the ship is unmoving and rigged for cargo loading or unloading. (They certainly have no facilities to operate or maintain shuttles.) During travel, the docking bays can be used for more cargo storage. It should also be noted that, at the forward end of the ship, there is a hatch in the hull to allow the pod's turbolifts to link with those of the "ship" parts. There is a "crew lounge" at the rear of this deck, but this is normally used only during cargo loading when there are more personnel on board.

DECK #6 (CARGO-DOCK): This deck is essentially identical to #5 except that the turbolift connector hatch is at the stern. There is a connecting corridor from the command module to the Special Hold that is used for the crew's own supplies.

[On the tramp steamer *Satchel Paige*, the two forward 35m compartments on deck six are used for passenger cabins and galley facilities. On the *Satchel Paige*, the two forward "special holds" are used for accommodations for the stewards, and the four central "special holds" are used to store the food supplies for the passengers. Also on the *Satchel Paige*, the two forward docking ports on this deck are not present, and the next two are used to hold shuttlecraft that are used to ferry passengers when docking is not practical.]

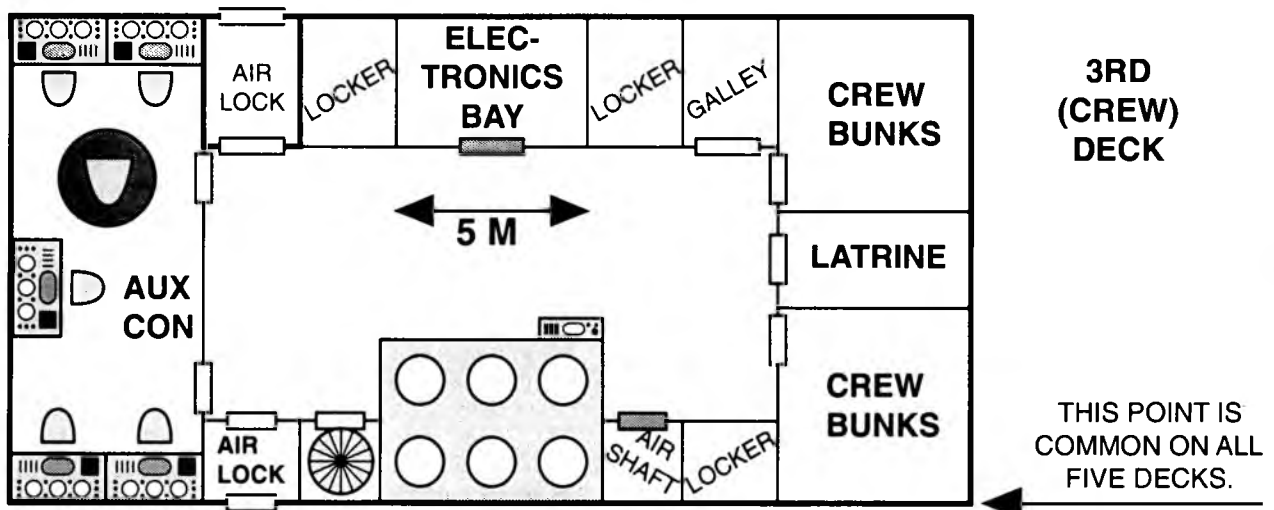
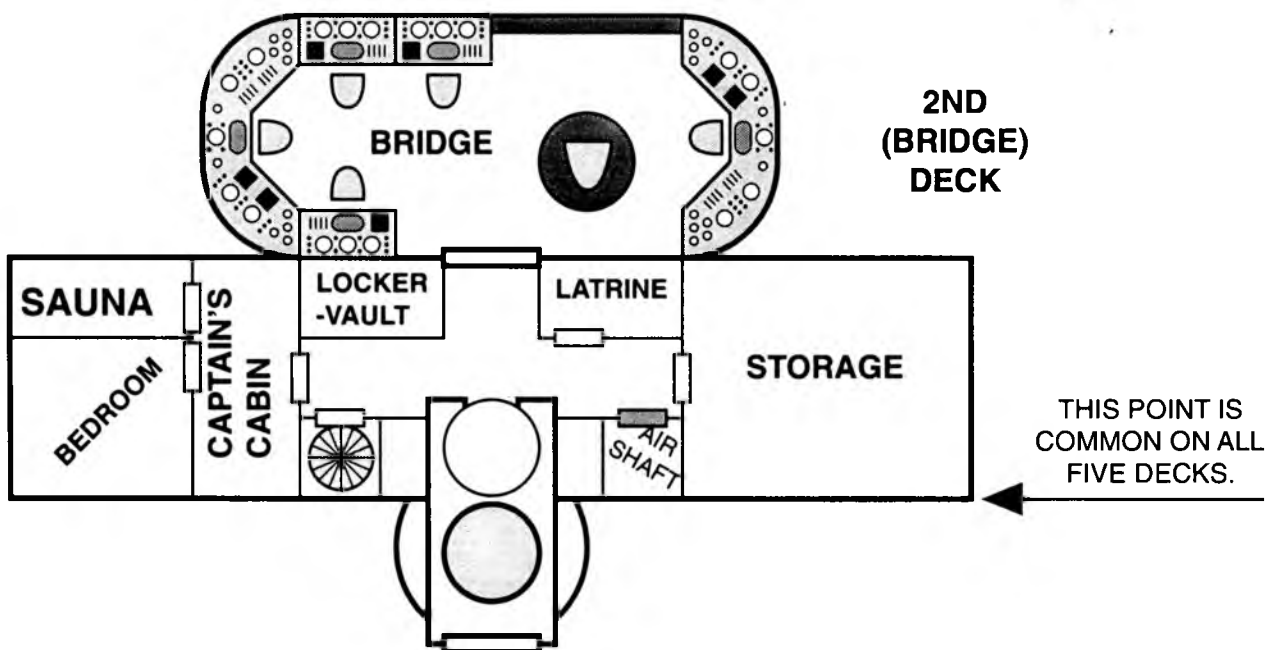
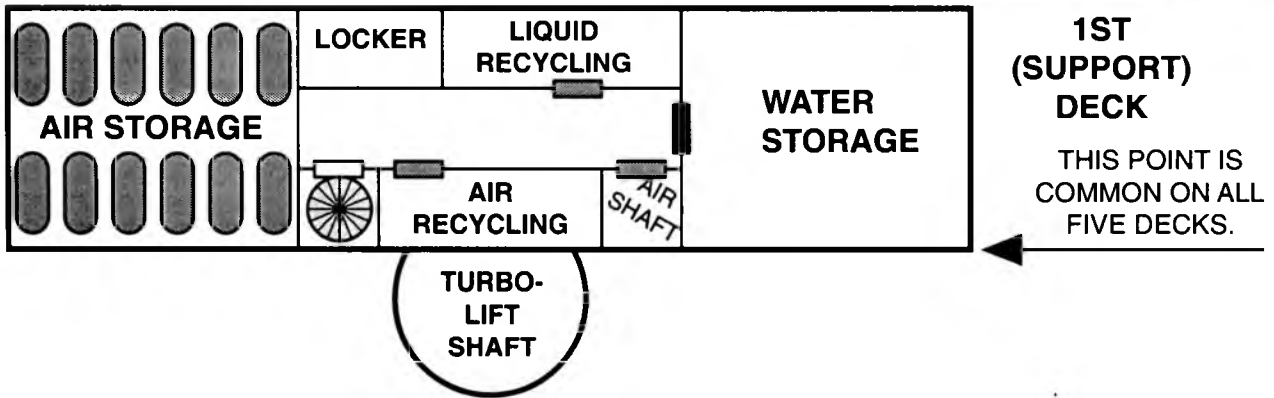
DECK #7 (CARGO): This deck is essentially identical to Deck #4 except for the large "bulk cargo holds" and the lack of a forklift garage. These holds (which are two decks high, extending down into Deck #8) are simply huge open holds that are not (normally) loaded by doors and forklifts, but instead are loaded by pouring grain or liquids through hatches in the floor of the docking ports on Deck #6.

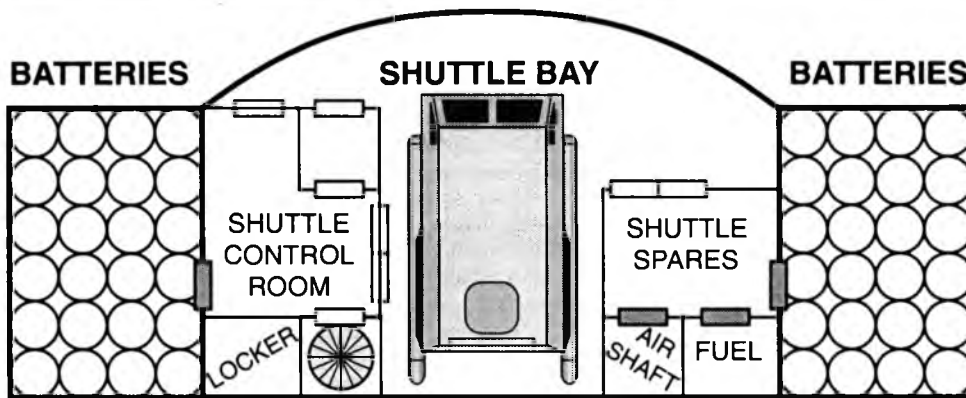
[On the tramp steamer *Satchel Paige*, the two forward 35m compartments on deck seven are used for passenger cabins and galley facilities, as shown on the overlay found on page 95.]

DECK #8 (CARGO): This deck is essentially identical to Deck #3 except for the bulk cargo holds and the lack of a forklift garage.

DECK #9 (OPEN CARGO): This deck is essentially identical to Deck #2. The Klingon KGB team on the *Satchel Paige* was holding Ashton Rhodes in the small storeroom just aft and left of the forward elevator. The Federation team was cutting through the partition (much thinner than a bulkhead) on the forward side of this compartment.

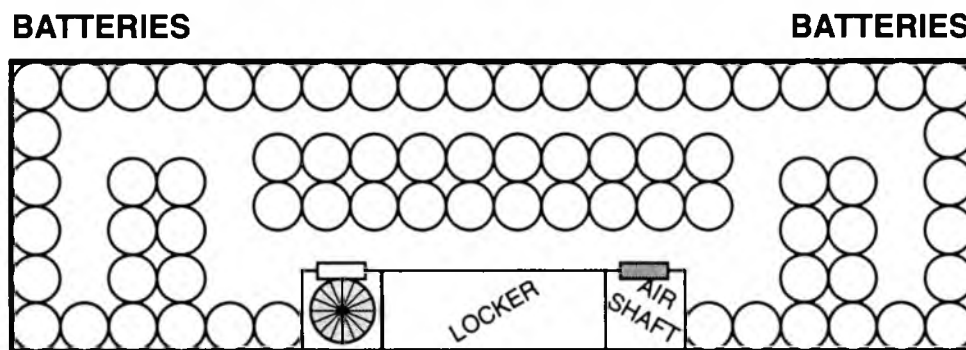
DECK #10 (BILGE): This deck is essentially identical to Deck #1.





**4TH
(SHUTTLE)
DECK**

THIS POINT IS
COMMON ON ALL
FIVE DECKS.



**5TH
(BATTERY)
DECK**

THIS POINT IS
COMMON ON ALL
FIVE DECKS.



SPIRAL
STAIRCASE



DOOR



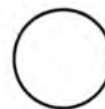
HATCH



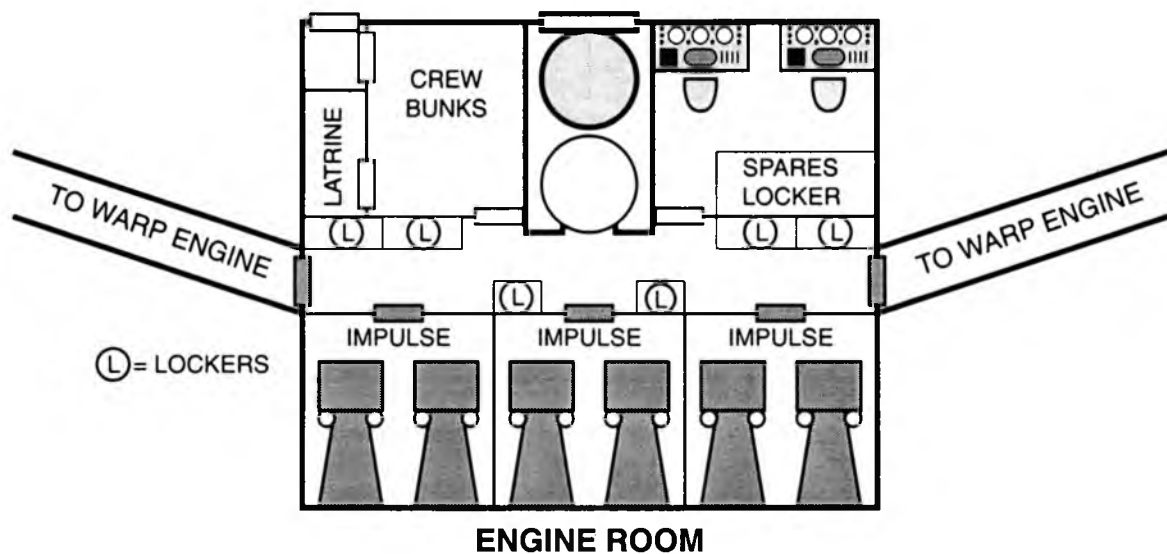
WINDOW



TURBOLIFT
SHAFT



TURBOLIFT
CAR



ENGINE ROOM

PLAY-AIDS:

**Satchel Paige Passenger Section
Floorplan overlay and details**

For those industrious GMs who have read *Disputed Prize*, the story which begins this issue of Prime Adventures, and would like to set an adventure aboard the *Satchel Paige*, we offer the following. This section contains not only a comprehensive breakdown of how this ship differs from the *Wandering Child*, but also includes a floorplan overlay which will allow you to use the deck plans of the *Wandering Child* included as an insert with this issue.

The *Satchel Paige* is different from a standard freighter such as the *Wandering Child*, in that passenger accommodations have been installed in the first two compartments of decks 6 and 7. The forward freight elevator seen on the *Wandering Child* Plans does not function below deck 5. (On decks 8 and 9, the elevator shaft hatches are closed, but could be opened if needed even though no elevator could reach them.) The rest of the *Satchel Paige* is more or less like the *Wandering Child*, except for the two shuttlecraft stored in the docking bays on deck 6 (and the needed support equipment for them in the adjacent hold). There are a total of 96 passenger cabins: 30 second-class cabins in each of the forward sections and 18 first-class or luxury cabins in each of the aft sections. In theory, each of the 96 cabins can accommodate four passengers, but this theory is largely ignored. The 36 first class cabins in the aft compartments are usually occupied by only one or two passengers, while the 60 second-class cabins in the forward sections are usually occupied by four passengers. If there are enough passengers with the fare, however, the second-class cabins are often used to accommodate six or even more people.

Each of the cabins is 5x5 meters, plus an adjoining lavatory and closet section of 2x5 meters (which includes the ducts for the plumbing, wiring, and ventilation). Each first-class cabin can be individually controlled for temperature and even (to some extent) atmosphere; the second-class cabins are controlled by the crew in blocks of three or six. The seemingly luxurious provision of separate lavatories for each cabin is in fact intended to encourage passengers to stay in their cabins for most of their passage, making it easier for the crew to keep order. For the same reason, each cabin is provided with a tri-video screen and various audio channels. The first class cabins have a wider selection of programming, as well as computer terminals and interactive media. During a typical voyage, there are a dozen or more games of chance going on in various cabins around the clock.

Four groups of cabins (657-9, 661-3, 757-9, 771-3) are fitted with connecting doors and can be booked as a group for well-to-do passengers, including the odd ambassadorial party or rich merchant who finds the *Satchel Paige* to be the only efficient means of reaching the destination in time.

There are two dining facilities. The one on deck six is used by the first-class passengers; the one on deck seven is used by the second-class passengers (who are admitted in shifts to avoid crowding) and overflow from deck six. There are rest rooms in each dining facility, as well as separate food preparation areas. There are spiral staircases adjoining each dining facility to allow passengers and crew to move between them as needed. The passengers cannot enter the turbolifts without the keycodes known only to the crew. This is for their own safety, as they could easily become lost in the various cargo holds on the other decks.

There is an emergency evacuation airlock on each side of deck six – one in the dining facility and the other on the opposite side of the ship.

There are laundry facilities in each passenger area, and vending machines with packaged food, snacks, toilet articles, reading material, etc. are provided for each area (except the luxury suites, which are provided with 'honor bars' for this purpose). None of the accommodations are fitted with individual replicators. The storage lockers are used by the crew for various items, including (for a fee) overflow baggage storage from the passenger cabins. The second class passengers do their own laundry (or pay a steward to do it) while the first class passengers have their laundry done for them by the first class stewards.

First class passengers may avail themselves of the Lounge on deck 6 (where the bar serves a variety of refreshments) or work out in the gym on deck 7. Either of these facilities could be used as a meeting room or theater if passengers wanted to rent it. There are rest rooms in the lounge and shower rooms in the gym. There are no entertainment facilities per se for the second-class passengers, although if there is a cargo hold open on deck eight the Captain has been known to allow the second-class passengers to use it for sports or other physical exercise. This keeps them occupied and allows them to work off excess energy in non-violent ways. When the ship is carrying its maximum passenger load (which is something over 600, although no one knows for sure just how many could be packed into the cabins) the deck 8 cargo spaces are sometimes fitted as temporary dining facilities. (Some other tramp steamers have extensive entertainment and amusement facilities on deck 8, but not the *Satchel Paige*.)

In the forward section of the ship are nine cabins for the stewards, who serve the needs of the passengers, as well as two 'lock up' facilities (where a disruptive passenger could be locked away if it was impractical to lock him in his own cabin). The Purser's office is on deck 6, available to passengers wishing to exchange currency, deal with small problems, or acquire items not available elsewhere. There is a spiral staircase in this forward section (next to the turbolift) which the passengers can use to move between decks 6, 7, and (if allowed) 8. There is a locked storage area behind this spiral staircase. The staircases are in separate compartments so that if pressure is lost (or some contaminant is released) on one deck, other decks will not be affected. Passengers are not allowed into the Steward or Purser areas unless authorized by the Chief Steward, and cannot go forward into the command module without permission from the Captain himself. The Purser and Chief Steward have their own cabins on deck 6 (portside), with the two senior stewards sharing the third cabin there. The other six cabins accommodate the 16 stewards. There is no 'security unit' per se, although some of the stewards were recruited for their size and strength, and one of the senior stewards aboard the *Satchel Paige* during the *Disputed Prize* affair is a retired sergeant major. The 10-man crew of the ship itself are accommodated in the forward and aft modules in the same manner as the crew of the *Wandering Child*. There is no infirmary as such, but several of the stewards have some first-aid training (the second senior steward is a rated nurse, married to the sergeant major). A sick passenger could be accommodated in one of the lock-up facilities if his own cabin could not be used for some reason.



Instructions for use: Simply photocopy this template, cut it out and paste it over the corresponding sections on the insert of *The Wandering Child* and voila! You now have the deckplans for the *Satchel Paige* (as featured in *Disputed Prize*) which you can use for your own adventures.

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INDEX TO PRIME ADVENTURES 1

• A •

Advanced Prime Team Training (APTT)	10
Adventure, Code Name: Innuendo	59
Adventure, <i>The Wandering Child</i>	79
Adversary Index, The	23

• B •

Berzerker Skill	33
-----------------------	----

• C •

Cause Pain Skill	18
Character Datafile, Solitaire	78

• D •

Deckplans Insert, Comprehensive Guide to	90
Deians	21
Domicile Skill	17

• E •

Encounter and Adventure Hooks	22
Enforcers, Lyrans	51
Equipment, Damage Control Kit	11
Equipment, Electric Binoculars	11
Equipment, Emergency Thermal Blanket	11
Equipment, Field Truth Analyzer	11
Equipment, Flexible Restraints	12
Equipment, Hologprojector	12
Equipment, Personal Styluspad	12
Equipment, Shock Glove	13
Equipment, Vision Enhancement Goggles	13
Equipment, Visual Jammer	13
Equipment Availability by Year	14

• F •

Far Stars Stalkers, Lyrans	52
Fiction, Blanket of the Mind	27
Fiction, Disputed Prize	3
Fiction, FraxPrime	36
Fiction, Tamzin's Test	49
Fighting Claw, Lyrans	53

• G •

Gorns	41
-------------	----

• I •

Ion Rifle, Vudar	35
Input Guide for Prime Directive Adventures	57

• K •

Klingon Dagger Team, Organization of a	31
Klingon Dag-Zug Templates	32
Klingon Rank Insignia	34

• L •

Lyrans	49
Lyrans Stalker Teams	51
Lyrans Enforcers	51

• N •

Natural AR, Gorn	43
Nightbloat, Astralan	23

• P •

Play Aids, <i>Satchel Paige</i> Floorplan overlay	94
Play Aids, <i>Satchel Paige</i> template	95
Prime Team, Red Diamond Six	46
Prime Team, The Vicious Grin	54

• Q •

Quick Reference Chart, Psionic Skill	20
--	----

• R •

Race, Player, Deians	21
Race, Player, Gorns	41
Race, Player, Lyrans	49
Race, Player, Skoleans	44
Race, Player, Vudar	35
Random Adventure Situation Generator	24
Rank Equivalencies, Gorn/Federation	44

• S •

Sample Gorn Vanguard Team, Red Diamond Six	46
Sample Lyrans Stalker Team, Vicious Grin	54
San'var – The Dark Path	18
Shades	18
Shield Skill	17
Skill, Berzerker	33
Skill, Cause Pain	18
Skill, Domicile	17
Skill, Shield	17
Skill, Torment	18
Skill, Wreak Havoc	19
Skoleans	44
Stalker Teams, Lyrans	51
Submissions of New Material	56

• T •

Torment Skill	18
Tournaments and Events, Prime Directive	56

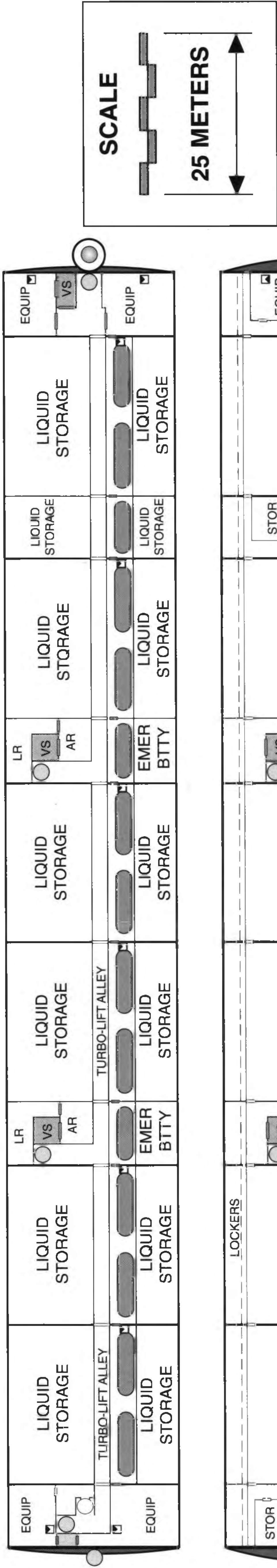
• V •

Vanguard Teams, Gorn	43
Vudar	35

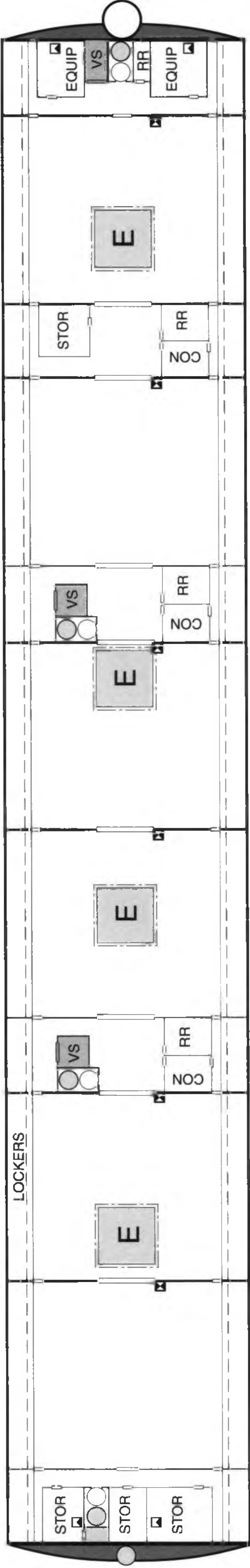
• W •

Warrior Philosophies, Klingon	31
Wreak Havoc Skill	19

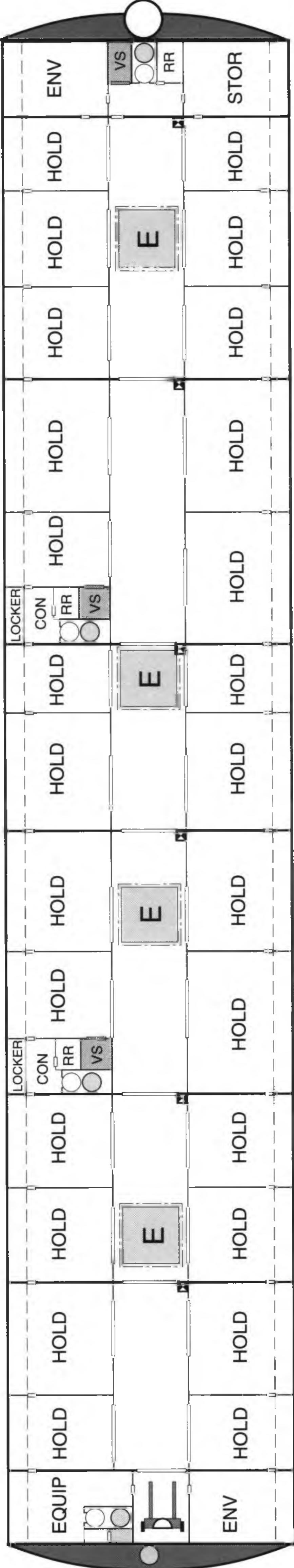
OVERHEAD DECK (#1)



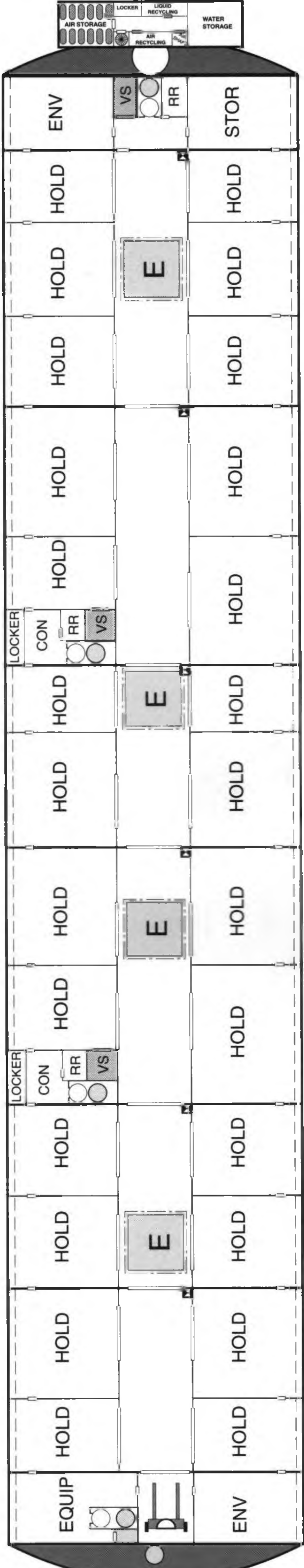
OPEN CARGO DECK (#2)



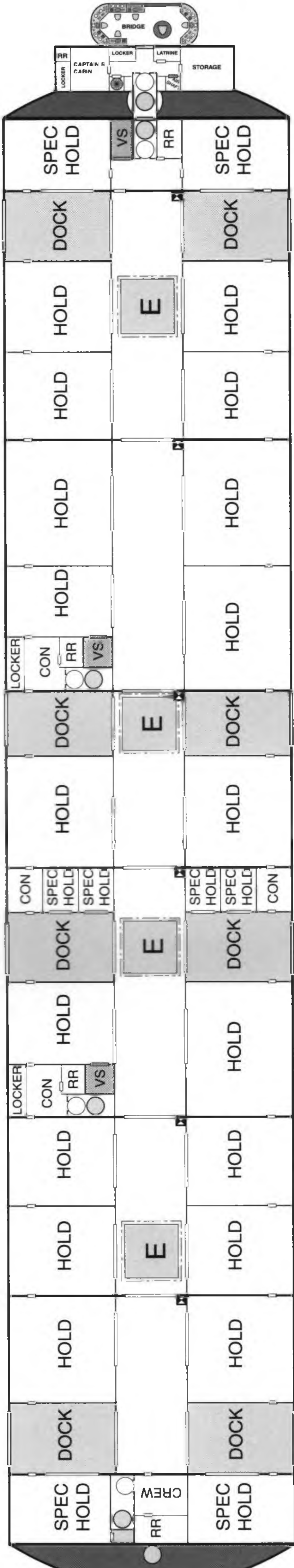
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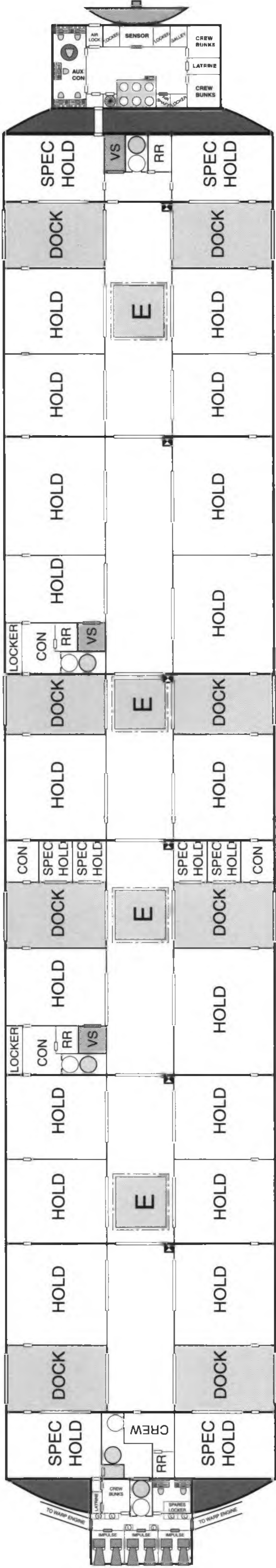


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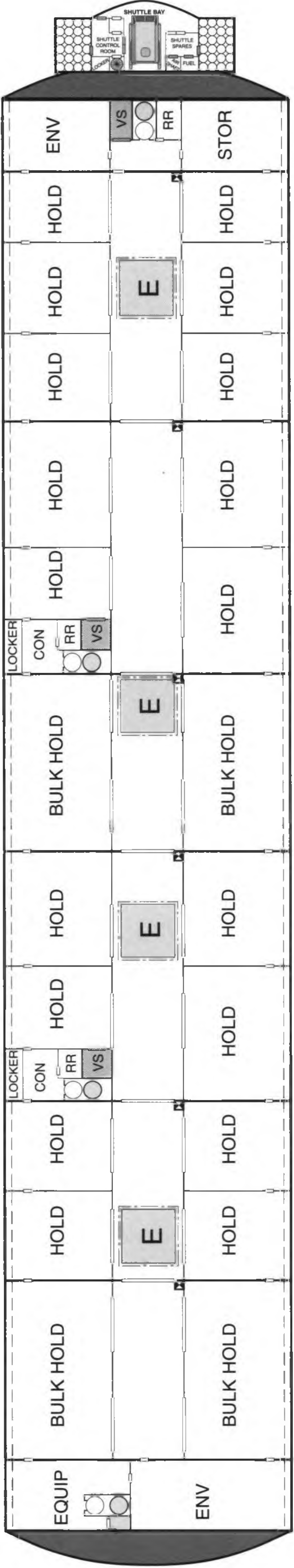


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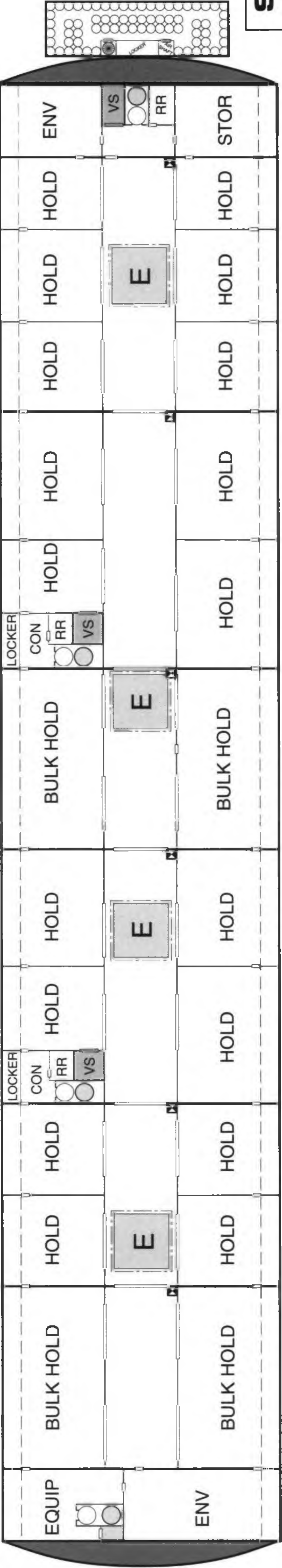




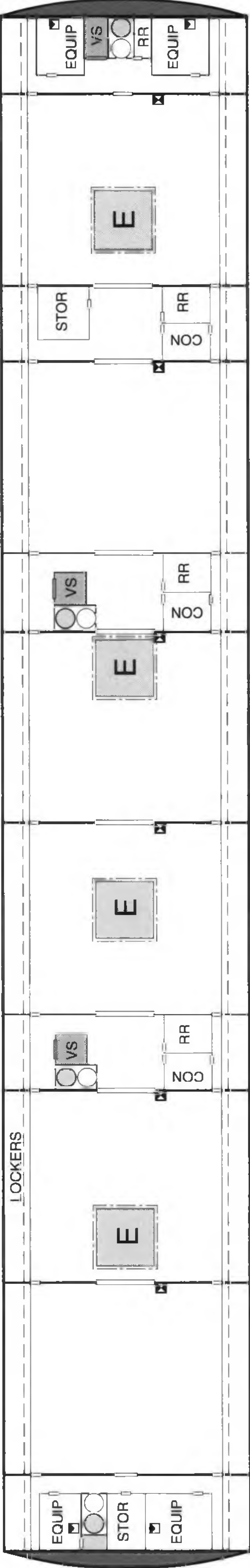
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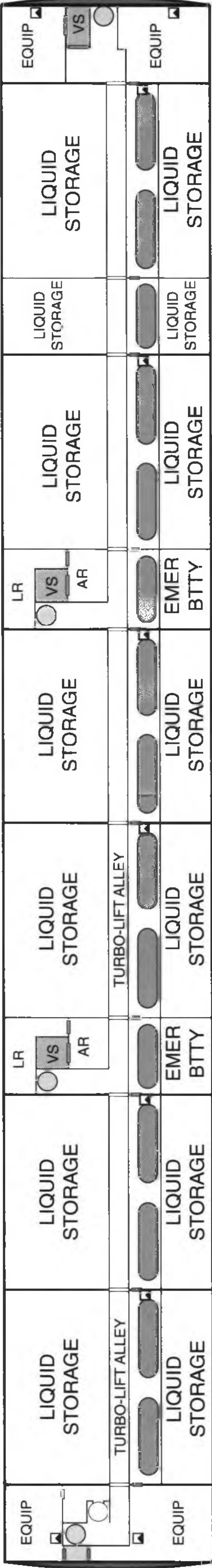
CARGO DECK (#7)



CARGO DECK (#8)



OPEN CARGO DECK (#9)



BILGE DECK (#10)

STANDARD
SMALL
FREIGHTER

S.F. WANDERING CHILD

DOOR

HATCH

WINDOW

SPIRAL STAIRCASE

LADDER HATCH

TURBOLIFT SHAFT

TURBOLIFT CAR

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FEDERATION

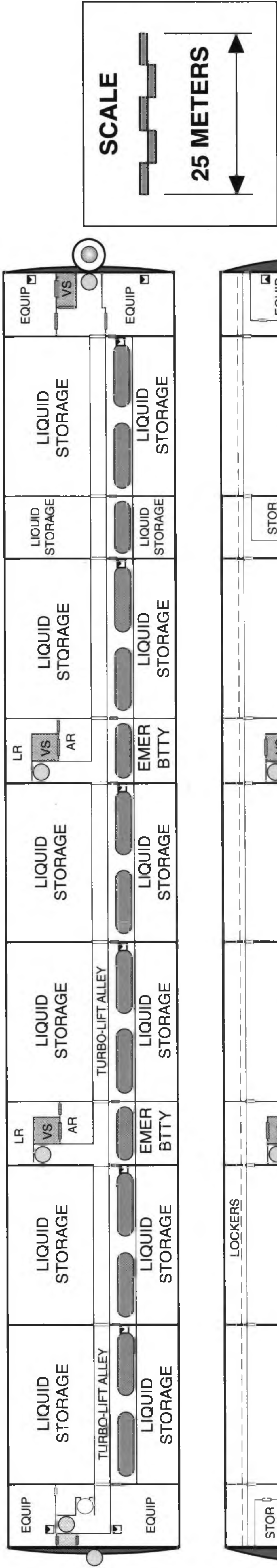
S. V. COLE

REGISTERED

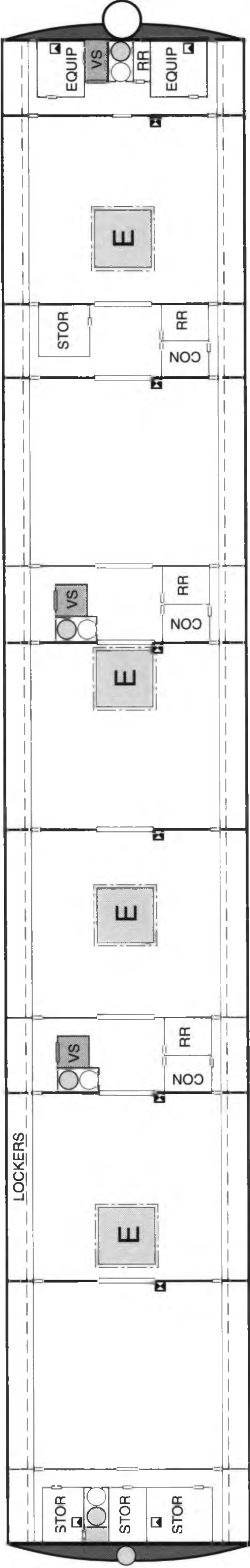
PROFESSIONAL ENGINEER

47252

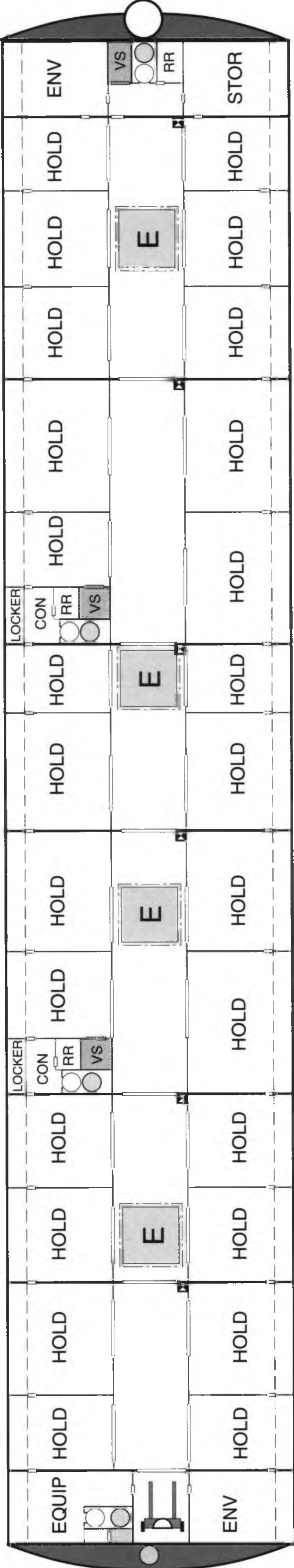
OVERHEAD DECK (#1)



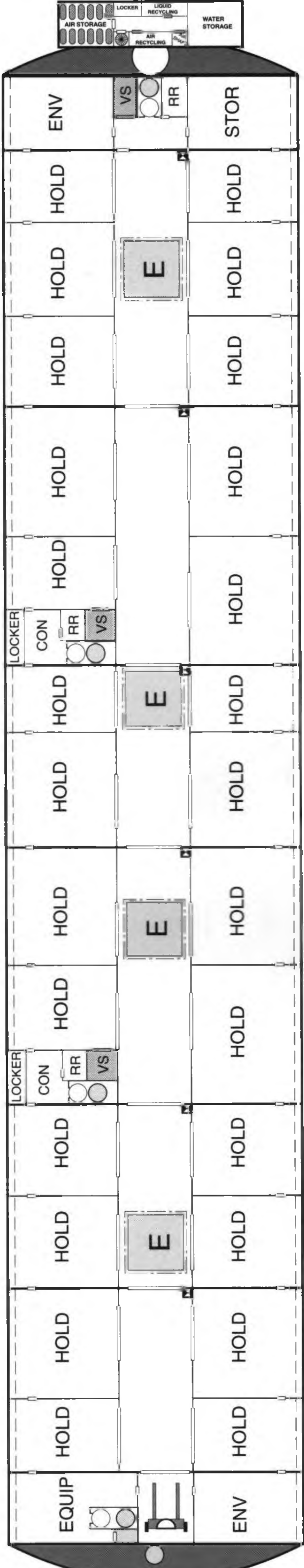
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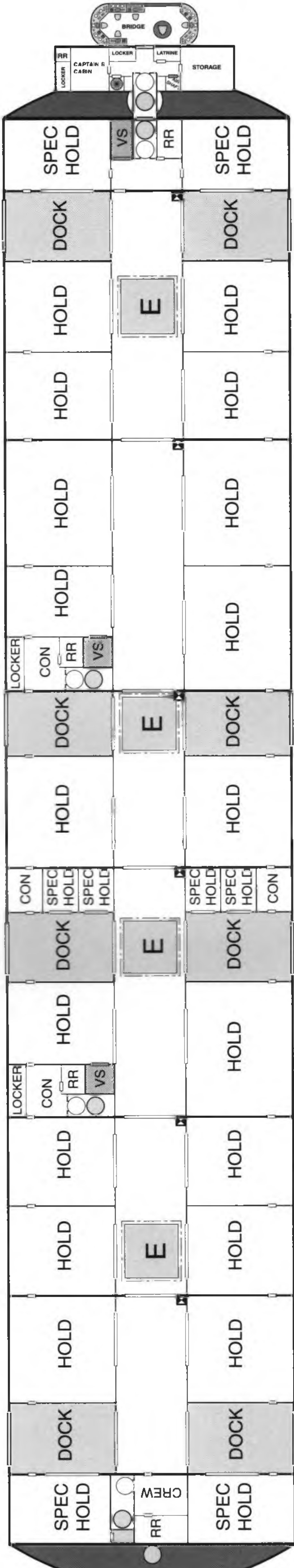
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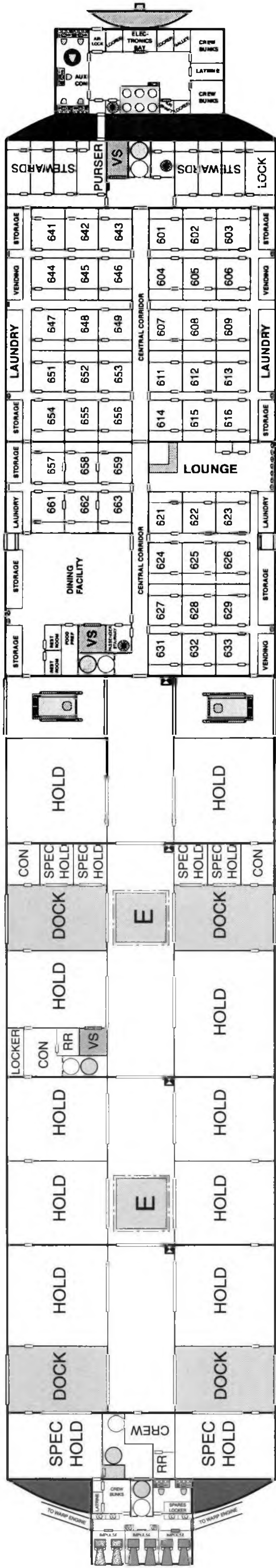


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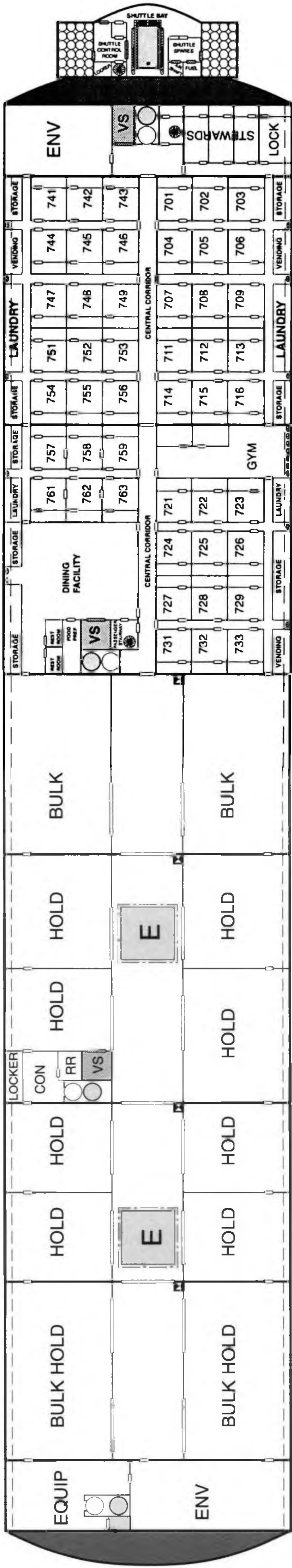


CARGO DECK (#5)

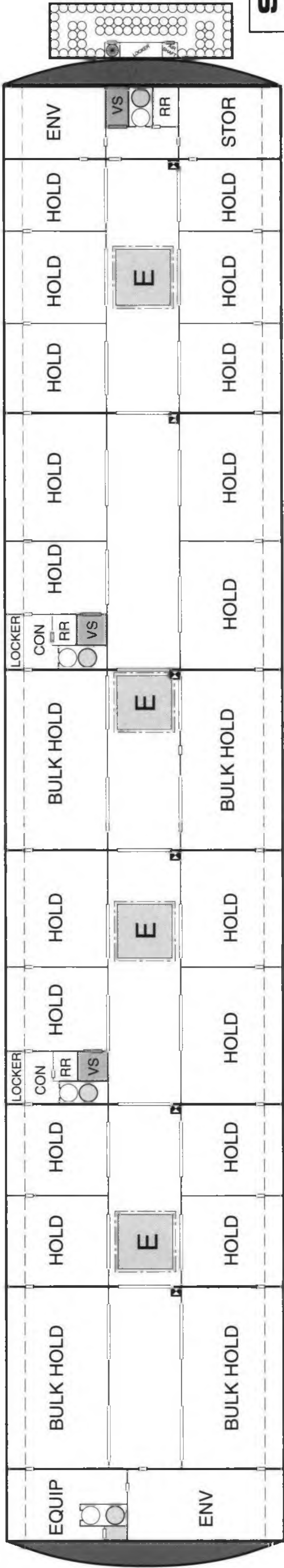




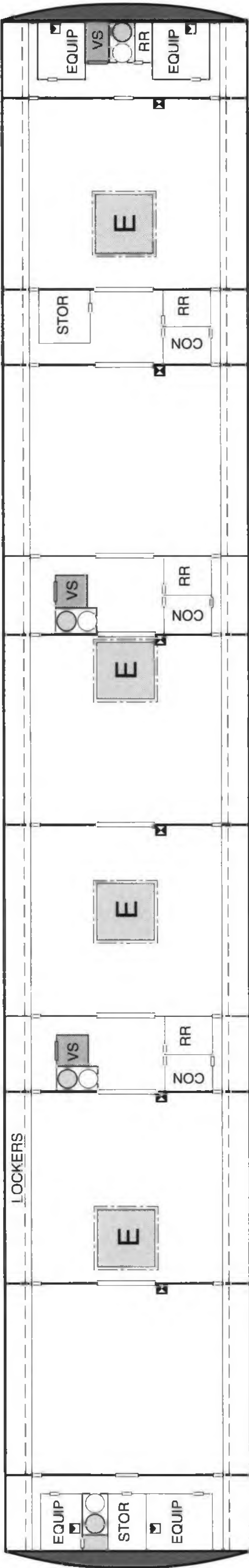
CARGO
DECK (#6)



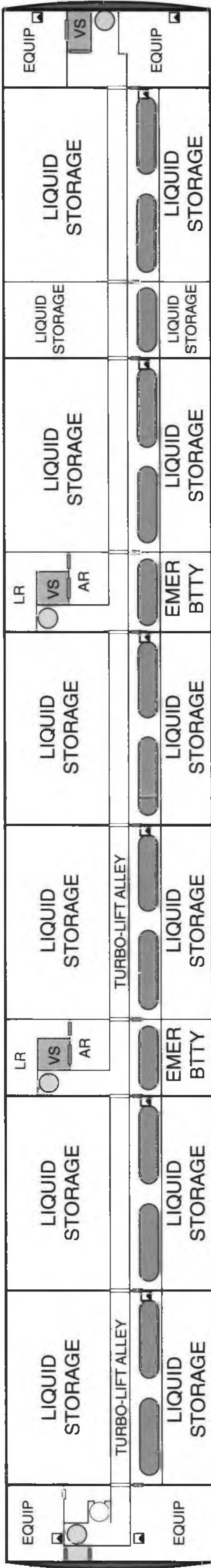
CARGO DECK (#7)



CARGO DECK (#8)

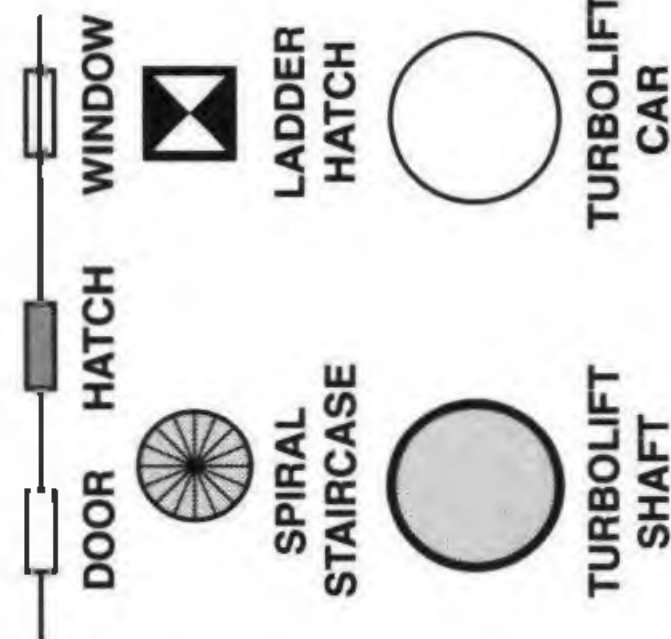


OPEN CARGO
DECK (#9)



BILGE DECK (#10)

STANDARD
SMALL
FREIGHTER
S.F. SATCHEL PAGE



PRIME ADVENTURES 1

Welcome to the first issue of Prime Adventures, the new journal/module series for players of Prime Directive!

This issue contains:

- A preview of *Empire of Steel*, the Klingon Sourcebook, including details of Klingon Warrior Philosophies, the Klingon Berzerker skill and two exciting fiction stories!
- Sourcefiles for both the Gorns and the Lyrans, including the pulse-pounding tale of Tamzin's Test!
- *Disputed Prize* – Primes and Klingons hunt down a renegade spy in the Neutral Zone.
- Mind Games – *San'var*, the Vulcan Dark Path!
- The Deians – A new player character race!
- The Equipment Locker – Lotsa new toys!
- Two New Adventures – *The Wandering Child* and *Code Name: Innuendo*, the first solitaire adventure for Prime Directive!
- ... and more!



This issue also contains an insert – Detailed deck plans of a Tramp Steamer for use with the exciting adventure: *The Wandering Child*!



Editor:
Timothy D. Olsen

You will need a copy of
the Prime Directive
Rulebook to use the
material included herein.

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