

UPRISING!



AN ADVENTURE FOR

PRIME DIRECTIVE

**TASK
FORCE
GAMES™**

UPRISING!

By Mark Costello

SECRET BASE OF THE ALL AMPHIBIANS
REVOLUTIONARY PEOPLE'S FRONT – CAPITAL CITY
OF DEBROCK, SIX HOURS AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF
THE FEDERATION PRIME TEAM



A powerful figure, draped in the shadows of a vast and echoing darkness, waited for the scrambled subspace link to straighten out. A woman's face began to resolve out of the snowy static on the screen and snapped, suddenly, into clear focus. She was young and strong, much like himself, he thought, and...beautiful. She was also a Romulan, again like himself, and she wore the crossed daggers of the Praetorian Preditrate. *But I have worn mine longer*, he thought.

"Greetings, Tribune," she said as she smiled up at him from the view screen. "How goes the revolution?" Her light tone and impish smile did not bode well for his request.

"I have..." he paused before continuing. "...run into a slight snag here. I may require some assistance." Well there, he had said it. After the previous hours of fury and denial, he had been certain that those words would have hurt much more than they did just then, passing through his own lips.

"I see," she replied, a cold tone to her voice. "And how can I be of service to you?"

This is my fault, he thought. *I should have never said the things that I said when last we spoke. Never...*

"A Federation starship has taken up post just outside the system, damn them!" he said.

"Well, you are operating in Federation space, you know. They do things like that, from time to time."

"But they frightened off that miscreant Dalbo. He took one look at that ship and ran! Fled the system without even coming near the planet. I **told** that fool that he was safe as long as he stayed cloaked. I **need** those weapons!"

"Which Federation ship is it?"

He was silent for a moment before he answered. "The one that was there when I went on board the *Derelect*. When I lost my..."

"And did they land the Prime Team?" she interrupted.

"Of course they landed the Prime Team, you little fool! What do you think? That they were going to just let me walk in here and take over?"

It was her turn to be silent. Lowering her eyes, she replied. "I have overstepped my bounds. Please tell me what you want, and I shall do as my duty requires."

This is all spinning out of control, he thought.

"Crusia, I helped you regain your rank after the Ghost Watch affair, because I think that you are a superb officer. I spoke before the Tribunal on your behalf, because I **know** that the Federation Prime Teams are near our equal. You are just too worthy a Praetorian to lose. To the service, I mean."

"That is not what you said to me later, in my quarters."

"That was different. We were not in uniform then."

"We weren't..." She began, but she did not finish her statement. She looked away from the screen.

"Crusia, please. You aren't making this any easier."

"I would dive into the WYN Cluster with nothing but a knife between my teeth for you, and you know it! You're the one who's making this hard!"

"Crusia, when this is done, when the Praetor has unlimited access to all the dilithium that this world has to offer, and I have **crushed** the Team that the Federation has sent to oppose me, then there will be time again for us to talk. But now I need your help, Crusia. You are the only one that I can rely upon, that I can trust. Will you help me now, Crusia Malak? Help me as I have helped you?"

Her eyes swung back to meet his. "Of course, Marcus Tal, you have but to ask. What can I do?"

"I need those weapons, Crusia, and I need them very soon..."



PLOT SYNOPSIS



This adventure takes place in Y172 on the planet of Debrock, a mineral-rich world in UFP space whose frog-like native populace has just recently achieved sufficient cultural and technological advancement to allow the Federation to come'a callin'. In the years since the Federation's arrival, the deeply divided Debrockian populace has gone around and around on the issue of whether to accept membership in the Federation or to remain independent, with neither side gaining a clear advantage in the debate. The ramifications of this decision are not inconsequential. Accepting membership into the Federation would all but ensure a ready access to the technological and cultural benefits they have to offer, but would also severely curtail the Debrockians' ability to interact (read – *trade*) with other cultures outside of the Federation. The Debrockians are an intelligent and curious race, who are anxious to meet with and learn about the other races in the galaxy and to inevitably adopt aspects of their cultures. The current debate, then, centers around the Debrockians' opposing desires to obtain the security and advancement the Federation represents while still remaining open to other cultural influences. A score of Federation Representatives have tried to convince the Debrockians that they *can* have both, but to no avail.

Recently, however, Hr'grt, a visionary young Debrockian with massive popular support and leader of Debrock's major political bloc, has been elected to the presidency. During his campaign, he lobbied extensively on the benefits of Federation membership for his world. It is assumed that if Hr'grt is able to sway his bloc to accept membership into the Federation (which at this point is all but a foregone conclusion), then the other power blocs will also fall into line.

No one could be happier about the break in the deadlock than the Federation itself, especially since early survey scans of the planet indicated that it was rich in dilithium. A new dilithium-rich world in the family is never a bad thing! Well, there are those who would disagree. The Romulans, for instance, don't want the Debrockians to swing over to the Federation. If Debrock were to declare itself an independent world, there would be, under the Federation's own laws, no

barriers to the Romulans establishing trade with the Debrockians, and while those laws would prohibit the sale of weapons and other militarily applicable materials (like dilithium), an illegal flow of trade for such would inevitably develop, one that would be virtually impossible to stop. The Praetor would still be able to smuggle dilithium, which he needs to fuel the expansion of his fleet, out of Debrock. Even better for the Romulans would be to poison the independent Debrockians against the Federation altogether, so that none of the rich supply of dilithium would end up in the Federation's hands! The Praetor himself has deemed this a Priority Gold matter and has assigned his top Praetorian agents and their Teams to **do something** to keep the Feds out of Debrock and to put the Romulans in.

Enter our old pals — Marcus Tal and Crusia Malak. Marcus devises a cunning plan to equip and fund a militant uprising against Hr'grt's government and replace it with a pro-Romulan faction. Through an intermediary Arms Dealer and an Orion Smuggler, Crusia begins supplying a radical and highly militant branch of the All Amphibians Revolutionary People's Front (AARPF) with advanced weapons. Somewhere in the mad rush to learn about "All Things Terran", these poor slobs get hold of a data disk of Seret of Vulcan's seminal work, *From Karl Marx to Koreth of Klinshai – Four Hundred Years of Thoughts and Essays In Defense of the System of Structured Communal Social Equality*. It had been buried in the massive download of Terran literature and technical writing that was transferred to the Debrockian Central Library just after the initial Federation contact. From the reading of that work, the inquisitive founders of what was to become the AARPF were turned onto a trail of Socialist philosophical writings that spanned the works of Drenkath Turen, Adirius Valli's works on Romulan pre-starflight Social Structures, and the writings of Karl Marx.

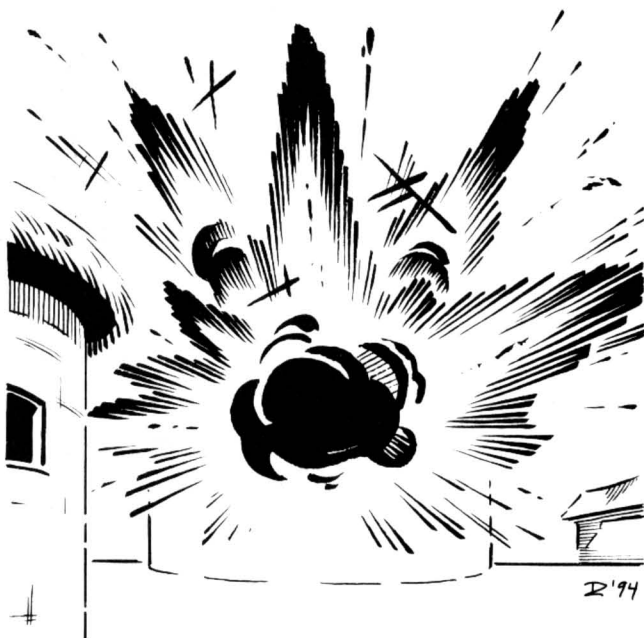


These Debrockians were intrigued by the utter novelty of the notion of a classless society and began to regard the works they had been reading with greater and greater conviction. As a result, they have been making all the same mistakes that individuals throughout the galaxy have been making for over four hundred years now. The AARPF members croak about "All power to the frogs!" and "Throwing off the oppressive chains of the decadent, bourgeois Federation and

their mammalian running-dog Star Fleet lackeys!" and maintain that the "powered elite" of the often hereditary Debrockian Government are simply capitalist pawns, caught up in the anti-worker conspiracies of the Federation. Tal feeds them a line about how the Romulan "Union" is a worker's paradise, and about how the AARPF members can best serve "the revolution" by combating the Feds, etc., etc., ad nauseam. What can you say? The frogs buy it.

Tal continues to weave his webs, waiting for a sufficient stockpile of weapons to arrive before having the AARPF members make their big move to seize power. (It takes several weeks to build up a sufficiently large supply of weapons and equipment, because Tal is utilizing a single Orion trader to smuggle the stuff in on his cloaked ship.) But something goes wrong. A splinter of the AARPF decides that things are going too slowly for their liking, as fanatical revolutionaries are wont to do. They nab a few of the stockpiled weapons and begin a (brief) campaign of terrorism with their limited arsenal. They set off some disruptor grenades in the Eastern Market community, "to protest the continued presence of the Federation on Debrock and Hr'grt's corrupt government's dealings with them." Then they get bold and attempt to kidnap the Federation Ambassador from the President's Palace! The attempt fails to capture the Ambassador herself, but several of her staff are taken and secreted away in the splinter group's secret base out in the northern swamps. When the assailants are found to have been armed with disruptor weapons and grenades, no one can then deny that the AARPF members, who had previously been seen as fringy kooks, are now a dangerously real threat.

Hr'grt asks for direct Federation assistance in locating and rescuing the captured Federation personnel, rooting out the source of the revolutionaries' weapons, and crushing the uprising that everyone now knows is coming. Tal, though, has spies everywhere, including in the President's household. He is well aware of Hr'grt's request for Federation aid, and he is certain he knows what form it will take. Now that the cat is out of the bag, so to speak, Tal is content to let his die-hard AARPF loyalists lay low, staying out of the picture while the Federation "running-dog lackeys" waste their time tracking down the splinter group, who Marcus believes know too little of his plans to be a threat to him. Enter the Prime Team...



MISSION BRIEFING AND EQUIPMENT ALLOCATION

[Note to the GM: Uprising! is, at times, a very intricate adventure with large amounts of information for the players to absorb and you have an important decision to make before you begin: Either read the following Mission Briefing out loud to your players or familiarize yourself with the briefing before the adventure starts and summarize it for the players.]

"At ease, gentlemen. I hope that the last two weeks of emergency drills have been sufficient to get your last shore leave out of your system, because the Brass has come up with one hell of a 'welcome back' mission for you. Approximately nine hours ago, a radical group of political separatists in the capital city of the planet Debrock made a raid on the Palace of Hr'grt, the planetary President, in what we believe was an attempt to kidnap the Senior Federation Ambassador, who was in residence at that time. While Ambassador Shallert herself was not taken during the raid, several members of her staff were. Within the hour, demands for the complete evacuation of Federation personnel from Debrock were delivered to the Palace, along with holos of the captured staff. The group claiming responsibility for the abduction is a local radical organization known as the All Amphibians Revolutionary People's Front, AARPF for short, who claim that they will execute the hostages if their demands for the Federation's withdrawal are not met within 96 hours.



"As you know, Debrock is a class M world in the Sagittae sector that was first approached by the Federation nineteen years ago, shortly after the native inhabitants launched their first sublight ion-driven vessel and began to experiment with the principles of subspace propagation. The Debrockians are descended from amphibian forbearers, quite similar to Terran frogs. They are described as highly intelligent, inquisitive, and quite open to accept cultural influences from other races. Since their initial contact with us, the matter of Federation membership has been a sorely debated point amongst the native population. Numerous clan-affiliated factions have either vehemently supported or opposed membership, resulting in a perpetual deadlock in the government's position. Recently, however, the strongly pro-Federation Hr'grt, the

spokesman for one of the largest and most influential Debrockian clans, was elected President. Our representatives believed that it was simply a matter of time before Hr'grt and his clan could swing a majority of the other clan leaders to accept membership, despite the fact that he currently enjoys only a limited ability to speak for the government until he receives a mandate from the rest of the parties and various clan coalitions.

"Upon receiving the AARPF's demands, President Hr'grt immediately contacted UFP President Surat, requesting direct Federation assistance in the recovery of the abducted personnel. President Hr'grt also reported that the AARPF raiding team employed advanced disruptor weapons, both in the raid on the Palace and in an attack on a Debrockian market community four days earlier. This is telling because the Debrockian government has banned the import of all high-tech weaponry since the initial contact with our representatives, including a ban on equipping their own military and police forces.

"The clear implication here is that some outside force is equipping the revolutionaries. The Federation Council agrees with Hr'grt's analysts that if this is the case, and it seems to be undeniably so, that the locals are unequipped to deal with the insurgent threat. To this end the Federation Council has agreed to Hr'grt's request for Federation assistance. However, owing to the current division of opinion in the Debrockian government, and our resulting need to honor the guarantees of neutrality currently enjoyed by the planet, Hr'grt has not been able to secure the right to bring a Federation warship into the system. His opponents in the government still seem to believe that the local Debrockian Security Forces are capable of resolving the situation. Further, President Hr'grt fears that his opponents might be able to convince the public that the presence of a Federation starship in orbit and the landing of a large number of Federation marines in the capital might simply be the first step toward a Federation military occupation. This would undoubtedly sway public opinion away from pro-Federation sentiments and would, in any event, alert the AARPF members as to our plans. However, in the interests of compromise and cooperation, Hr'grt has talked the government into allowing a single Prime Team down to the capital to help work this whole mess out. They're calling this 'an experiment in direct and open cooperation with the Federation'. We're the ship on station. Guess who's the lucky Team?

"Your primary objective is to locate and retrieve the three members of Ambassador Shallert's party. We would like them all back in one piece, of course. You are also expected to track down the core of the AARPF organization and determine by what means they are acquiring their advanced weapons. President Hr'grt has secured local police powers for your Team, giving you the right to enter premises, question and detain individuals, and return fire upon anyone who attacks you. You are enabled to initiate fire only upon those individuals who you have *unquestionably* identified as AARPF members, or other related hostiles, and *only* when a failure to do so would endanger your own lives, or the lives of the hostages or other native Debrockians. Roughing up the locals without an *excellent* justification is only going to get the Debrockians riled up against us, which won't be of much help for our supporters in the government. You *must* act in a respectful, professional manner to *everyone* you encounter in public throughout the course of your mission. You are our strongest ambassadorial tool in this situation, and you must be aware of that at all times!

"You're only going to have about three days until the withdrawal deadline once you get down there, so you'll have

to work fast if you expect to be able to go out where the locals can see you. We have no idea who might tell the AARPF members that they've seen you. In any event, you'll be issued a suit of 'civvies' that you are expected to wear in public at all times, until you're ready to make a move.

"We're going to slip you down to the surface on board the liaison ship we're supposedly sending in to collect the Federation dependants on the planet in accordance with the withdrawal demands. That ship will leave within an hour of your arrival and cannot support you. Once there, you will confer directly with President Hr'grt and his Chief of Security, Marshall Gr'brp. I *strongly* suggest that you all take a look at the Cultural portions of your Mission log before actually beaming down to meet with the local officials.

"Now let's be very clear about this. We are NOT going to be in transporter range of the planet at all during the mission, since the government has ordered all Federation starships out of the system until the crisis has passed. While you will have access to the ambassadorial party's subspace radio in the Palace, we will also be out of normal communicator range and we're only going to be able to sneak into communicator range for a 15-minute communications window once a day, at local dawn. You are going to be operating on your own down there. The local Debrockian security forces are all you are going to have for backup on this one, so let's not go out of our way to annoy them, right? This is going to be a rough one, but I still expect that you will breeze this mission, performing to the utmost of your abilities and to comport yourselves as demands your position as representatives of Star Fleet and the Federation. There is a lot riding on you this time; don't you DARE screw this one up. Are there any questions?"

If the Team asks about the condition of Ambassador Shallert and/or the captured ambassadorial party members, inform them that Ambassador Issabel Shallert (an Alpha-Centauran) was not injured, even though she very briefly fell into the possession of the AARPF raiders before overcoming her abductors and making her way to the Palace Security Forces. The captured ambassadorial party members—Vulcan Junior Ambassador Sieret, Human Cultural Attache Terry Ferrington, and Cygnan Technical Consultant Kasrin'Jazal—did not appear injured in the holos that were delivered to Hr'grt's Palace. If the Team asks for a more detailed report on the AARPF's raid on either the Palace or the Eastern Market, then tell them that they will need to get that information from the Local Debrockian Security Forces.

If the Team asks why an outside faction might be interested in supporting the native revolutionaries, inform them that while Debrock is not in a particularly strategic location in Federation space, that it *is* a mineral-rich planet with abundant untapped supplies of dilithium and other vital defence materials.

If the Team asks what is in their Cultural Briefing that is so important, then tell them that ALL official business in Debrockian society is conducted in mud baths! "Soaking" is a hugely important part of Debrockian public and personal life, and a refusal to "Soak" with one's host is one of the worst insults imaginable. When in Rome...



Equipment Allocation

ALL CHARACTERS RECEIVE –

Jungle Fatigues (Debrock is a swampy planet)
 A set of civilian clothes
 Standard Issue Federation Bathing Suit
 Field Pack/Jungle Survival Gear
 Combat Knife
 Phaser Pistol with 4 extra Power Packs
 Field Dressing
 Hummer Helmet
 Communicator
 Universal Translator
 Debrockian "Police Badge"
 (After they talk with Marshall Gr'brp)

TEAM LEADER RECEIVES –

Standard Field Armor or Light Skirmish Armor
 (His Choice)
 Covert Ops Kit
 HEP Beacon
 Back Pack Mini Computer (BPMC)
 Culture (Debrock) Chip
 Survival (Jungle) Chip
 Mission Outline/Log Chip

TEAM MEDIC RECEIVES –

Full Medkit
 1 extra Field Dressing per Team member
 Standard Field Armor or Light Skirmish Armor
 (His Choice)
 Medical/Biological Tricorder
 1 Dose of Nutroboost per Team member
 (to be administered if the situation warrants)

MARINE SC COMBAT SPECIALIST RECEIVES –

Light Skirmish Armor or Skirmish Armor (His Choice)

MARINE SC HEAVY WEAPONS SPECIALIST RECEIVES –

Light Skirmish Armor or Skirmish Armor (His Choice)
 One (1) of the following (His Choice):
 Scatter Phaser, Phaser Rifle, or Repeater Phaser
 (Whatever weapon is selected will have a stock-mounted Tactical Tricorder)
 + 1 complete Power Pack Reload

MARINE SC SCOUT RECEIVES –

Standard Field Armor or Light Skirmish Armor or
 Skirmish Armor (His Choice)

SENIOR MARINE SC ADDITIONALLY RECEIVES –

3 Photon grenades and 6 Phaser grenades

ENGINEERING DIVISION CHARACTER RECEIVES –

Standard Field Armor or Light Skirmish Armor
 (His Choice)
 Engineering/Technical Tricorder
 Field Tools

SCIENCE DIVISION CHARACTER RECEIVES –

Standard Field Armor or Light Skirmish Armor
 (His Choice)
 Medical/Biological or Survey/Geological Tricorder
 (His Choice)

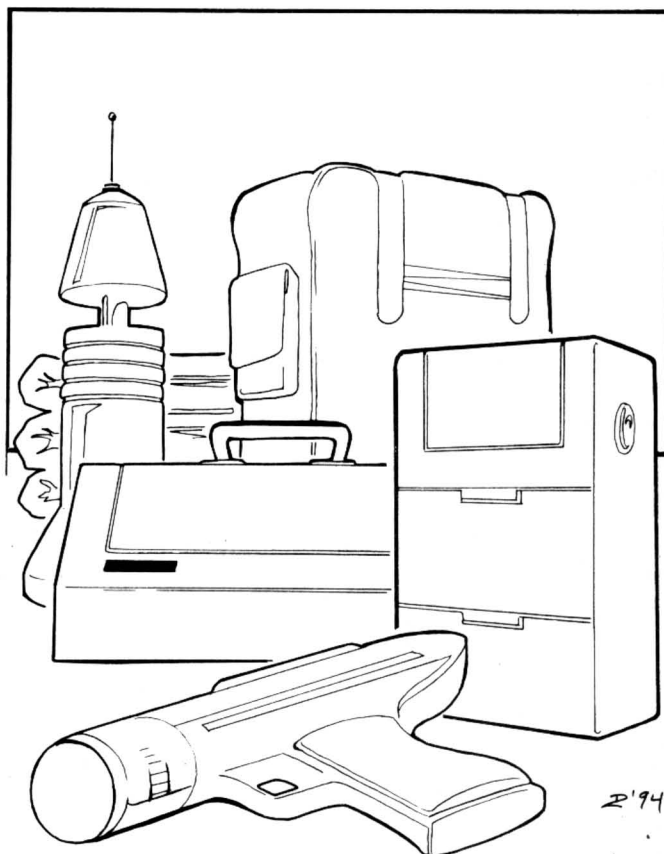
VULCAN PSIONICS MASTER RECEIVES –

Standard Field Armor or Light Skirmish Armor
 (His Choice)
 Tricorder (His Choice)

Notes On The Team's Equipment

ALL the Team's armor is Urban Cammoed, which gives them a flat -1 mod to their Stealth rolls in Urban areas during the mission, and a flat +1 to any Perception Reciprocal Response Tests (RRTs) rolled by their opponents against their Stealth SLs to spot them. Each character also has a Jungle Cammo smock in his Survival Kit that provides exactly the same benefits for the characters out in the swamps. The GM is the final arbiter of what terrain does and does not constitute urban/swamp for the purposes of these mods.

Also note that while the characters *are*, in fact, fitted with the standard Emergency Transporter ripcords, their ship will be out of transporter range for most of the time period covered in the mission. The only way for the characters to get their ship's attention, except for the 15 minutes each day that it slips in for a brief check-in with the Team, is to trigger the HEP beacon, which will bring the ship back within communicator/transporter range in about five minutes. Make it abundantly clear to the Team, however, that bringing the ship back into close proximity to Debrock *without the expressed permission of the Planetary Government* is technically a violation of Debrockian neutrality and could have severe repercussions on future Debrock/Federation relations, and the Team's mission review! One last thing. Since the Team is supposed to keep a low profile while in the capital, provisions have been made for them to stow their armor and heavy weapons at Hr'grt's Palace while they're out wandering the streets. GMs! Don't let your players wander the crowded downtown streets of the Debrockian capital bristling with war gear! It doesn't look good for the Federation.



BACKGROUND CHARACTER INVOLVEMENT

None of the characters have been to Debrock before, so there is no chance of any of them having a Background Cultural Knowledge skill for the world. (Don't worry, there's a Cultural Knowledge chip in the BPMC.)

Of course, any of the characters who participated in the *Web Of Darkness* scenario from the Prime Directive Rulebook will remember Marcus Tal. He sure remembers them! (And if you haven't run *Web Of Darkness* for your players yet, shame on you!) Besides, every Prime Team member knows about the elusive Tal. If they haven't actually met him yet, then they will still know about him; no roll is necessary!

In addition, one of the characters will have some sort of close tie to one of the captured ambassadorial party members on Debrock. This will serve to add a degree of personal urgency to the early part of the adventure where the Team is trying to locate the captives. Have everyone roll their Background Rating in D6. Whoever rolls highest has the background contact. Maybe the characters were lovers, or romantic rivals, or their parents were good friends. Perhaps they met on a crucial ambassadorial mission in the past, or they both survived a horrific shuttle crash in the desert together. Heck, as long as the characters are closely tied, somehow, it just doesn't matter what their relationship is. Spend a few minutes with your player figuring out how the characters know each other, and get on with it.

WELCOME TO DEBROCK

The Team is transferred via liaison ship to the planet, and the adventure begins.

[Note to the GM: Either read the following out loud to your players or familiarize yourself with the information before the adventure starts and summarize it for the players.]

"You are taken to the private courtyard of the President's Palace. The courtyard is a lush garden with numerous shallow pools of dark, steaming water with aromatic blooms of every imaginable color floating upon the surface, mixed in amongst loosely packed batches of tall, slender reeds. The pools and walkways, and the walls of the courtyard and the looming Palace beyond, are constructed of smoothly carved blue-veined marble. The air is warm and heavy with the mingled scents of damp earth and water-flowers and musk, and the only sounds are the slow bubbling of the pools and the gentle hum of the circling insects. Just then a darting figure springs out from around the corner of a nearby pool. For all the world he looks like a giant frog, about 165 cm tall and mottled green, with a huge jaw and bulbous eyes and a pair of shiny skin sacks on his neck that rise and fall as he (or she) breathes. The figure is standing erect, albeit hunched, and gestures with his webbed, and clawed, left hand. The device in his hand activates, and in a tinny, flat voice you know to be the result of a Universal Translator, he says, 'Greets, honored guests. I am Bl'nt, the President's liaison. His Graciousness, President Hr'grt, Lord of the Western Marshes, and Brood Sire of Twenty plus Four, awaits you in the Greyblossom Baths, where waters have been drawn for you. If you will follow me this way, please, you may don your water skins before joining him.' Then he turns and shuffles down the path toward the Palace with a foot-dragging gait."

Bl'nt is actually part of Tal's spy network in the President's household, and a character in this adventure who will inform Tal of the Team's every move. But unknown to Tal, Bl'nt is playing a double game with the radical splinter group

who bombed the Eastern Market, and it was he who provided them with the information that allowed them to make the raid on the Palace.



"You are taken to quarters where you can stow your gear and change into your bathing suits. Bl'nt waits until you are changed and then leads you to your audience with Hr'grt.

"The Greyblossom Baths are a spectacular series of connected pools that fill the breadth and depth of the floor under a tuliped dome that seems to be at least 150 meters in diameter. Thick vines and cascading water-shoots cover the walls. You are led across a series of ramps and walkways that span the vast complex of pools. Finally, you spot two Debrockians — Hr'grt and Marshall Gr'brp — and a human female (Alpha-Centauran, actually), whom you recognize as Ambassador Shallert. She smiles as you enter. Bl'nt announces you and withdraws.

"President Hr'grt then rises, and speaks, in broken but passable Standard Terran English. 'Come and sit, my friends. We have much to speak of and very little time. Do not fear. We have learned what manner of water comforts your kind; you will not be scalded!'

"Ambassador Shallert gives you a subtle but stern look as you contemplate the dark, bubbling water. Then, one by one, you step down the awkward steps to settle into the steaming water and the soft muddy floor. It's not as bad as you thought it would be. You could actually get used to this!"

GETTING STARTED

At this point President Hr'grt gets down to business. He fills the Team in on what he knows about the situation, deferring to Marshall Gr'brp when appropriate. Ambassador Shallert also pipes in from time to time with her insights and thoughts. Most of the information revealed here is determined by the type of questions asked by the Team. If the Team appears to be heading off in a tangent with their questions, you might have Shallert or Gr'brp steer them back in the right direction, but don't just hand them all the info on a plate. Always make the Team dig a little bit. In the end it will make them feel better about getting the information.

Ambassador Shallert begins by reminding the Team that there is a subspace radio set in the Federation Quarters in the Palace, but that it is much too large to cart around with the Team. If they need to use it, they should expect to return to the Palace where Ambassador Shallert has arranged clearance for one member of the Team to have access to the radio. (The Team should decide which character is most logical for this clearance. Of course, since the Team is going to be spending most of its time far afield, they will usually be several hours away from the Palace, limiting their overall access to the radio.)

If the Team wants to know about the abduction from the President's Palace, then either Shallert or Gr'brp will tell them the story. Twelve Debrockians slipped in after disabling the guards and the security electronics on the Postern gate. There is little doubt that the raiders had some inside help, and this *should* put the Team on their guard. (If a Vulcan starts suggesting that they allow him to mindprobe everyone in the Palace, then Hr'grt will tell the Team that this is not possible. There is a strong prohibition against mentalist activities on Debrock, and the President would lose a great deal of his popular support if it were to come out that he allowed the indiscriminate use of telepathy against members of his staff.)

The weapons used in the assault were definitely disruptor weapons, and the frogs weren't all that good at using them. Later, if the Team wants to look for themselves, they will be shown some of the marks that stray shots left on the wall of the Palace. This has some obvious Klingon implications. (Implications which are wrong, of course. Marcus Tal is much too smart to have brought in weapons that, if captured or displayed, would point straight to Romulan involvement. In fact, Marcus has arranged for a mix of the weapons used by various races to be brought in to add to the confusion.)



Several of the AARPF members that were killed (none were captured alive) revealed evidence during their autopsies of having recently eaten a diet consisting exclusively of food-stuffs found **only** in the deep swamps. This indicates that they were in the deep swamps for at least the past several weeks. Gr'brp informs the Team that his spies have led him to believe that the AARPF members do, in fact, have a secret base out in the swamps, somewhere, but that their own *primitive*

scanning equipment has been incapable of locating it. Perhaps the Federation instruments might have a better shot?

Marshall Gr'brp also invited the Team to approach a former member of the AARPF organization that he has been keeping under surveillance. Perhaps with an outsider's view of the entire AARPF phenomenon, the Federation Primes might be able to glean some information that has escaped his own people. Gr'brp can provide the Team with the name and address of the inactive member. The Debrockian Security Forces have so far left this individual alone, but have kept him under close surveillance. If the Team decides to follow up on this possible lead, then skip down to the CHECKING UP ON KNOWN AARPF MEMBERS section, on page 11.

If the Team asks further questions of Ambassador Shallert regarding how she eluded her captors, she will tell the characters that she was able to "overpower" one of her escorts and then turn his disruptor against the others with him. (Four in all.) Well, she *is* an Alpha-Centauran after all! If pushed, she will explain that the Debrockians are very vulnerable to damage to their breathing sacks, the dual membranous balloons under their jaws. Of course, she apologizes to her hosts for the indelicate nature of her reply. Indelicate or not, this is good info. If later, the characters try to use this fact to their advantage, then use the following rules. A character may make any (non-psionic) attack versus a Debrockian in an attempt to hit their vital breathing sacks by declaring their intention before the attack is rolled and by applying a Flat +4 mod to the attack roll. These effects apply to both Stun and Lethal attacks.

Complete SL (only) will DOUBLE the amount of damage that is done by the attack, after all Defensive Action and AR mods are applied.

Moderate SL will add +1 to the Damage inflicted by the attack, before any Defensive Action and AR mods are applied.

If the Team at this time, or at any point in the future, asks about getting some back-up in the form of a company or two of Gr'brp's Security Forces, he will uncomfortably inform the Team that they are ready and willing to aid the Team on any raid or assault they might ultimately make, but apologizes that the sophistication of the Debrockian weapons and armor would, of course, hardly be up to the task of facing troops with technically advanced weapons. Relatively primitive kevlar-esque armor and ballistic slug-throwers just don't cut it against hi-tech composite polyceramic body armor and energy weapons. Of course, in the interests of helping to recover the missing personnel, he would be more than willing to throw away the lives of some of his finest, bravest brood-kin in a futile (and undoubtedly suicidal) frontal assault. If that doesn't get the Team to decide against the idea of getting the locals to do their job for them, then Ambassador Shallert will. She will flatly tell the Team that what President Hr'grt and Marshall Gr'brp are too polite to come out and say is that the whole reason that the Debrockians asked for Federation assistance to begin with was because they felt that they were going to be overwhelmed by the quality of hardware being employed against them. She will firmly state that it's the Prime Team's job to get to the bottom of all this. Period.

The Team might also ask about the earlier bombing of the Eastern Market community. Gr'brp will tell the Team that he believes the explosives used in that assault were bundled disruptor grenades and the AARPF claimed responsibility for the attack. He has no other information. Gr'brp also tells the Team that the Eastern Market community seems to be something of a center for AARPF activity, with numerous impromptu rallies popping up and lots of placards and leaflets being distributed. If the Team decides to check out the

Eastern Market themselves, then skip down to the CHECKING OUT THE EASTERN MARKET section below.

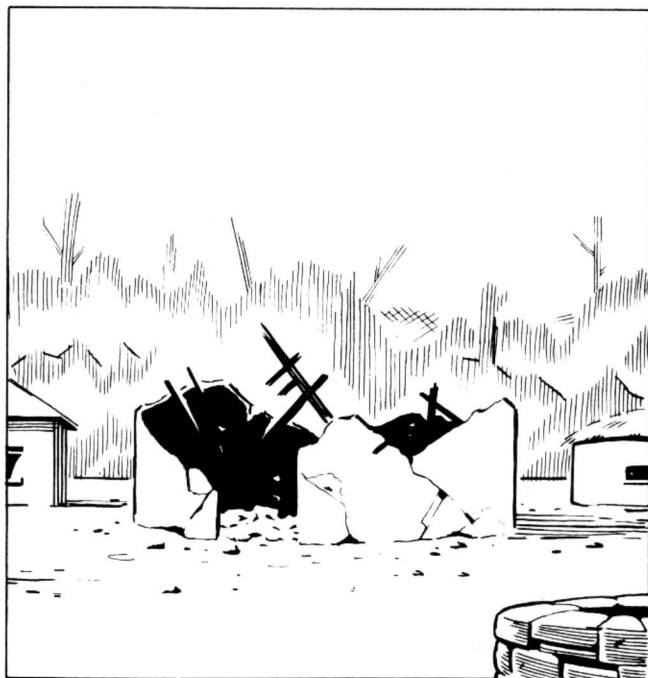
If the Team asks to look at the holos of the captured Federation personnel, then Hr'grt provides them. (Provide the players with a photocopy of the Captured Federation Personnel handout on page 25.) There is nothing to be learned from the holos, other than that they are genuine, not a composite or computer generation. The background on each is a simple white piece of fabric, and there are no telltale shadows or other obscured images in evidence. A dead end.

However, if the players ask for some more information about the captured personnel, hand them a photocopy of the Personal Dossiers handout, on pages 25-26.

That's about all the Team can hope to find out from Hr'grt, Gr'brp, and Ambassador Shallert. If the Team comes up with any other questions or strategies that aren't covered here, then just wing it. If it's a good idea, then let the Team go with it! Then it's time for the Team to get up out of the comfortable water and *do something!* Bl'nt returns and provides the Team with towels and accompanies them to their quarters to get changed. He tells the Team that if they require any further assistance to call upon him.

By now the Team should have some ideas about what they're going to do, and there are several directions they might go. In no particular order, they might try...

CHECKING OUT THE EASTERN MARKET



If the Team decides to go look over the site of the bombing, they will need to find a way to get there. Hr'grt, through Bl'nt, can provide transportation in the form of (unmarked) motorized rafts, the most common conveyance on Debrock. Bl'nt volunteers to act as their guide.

[Note to the GM: Either read the following out loud to your players or familiarize yourself with the information before the adventure starts and summarize it for the players.]

"The Eastern Market is about twenty kilometers from the capital, and the raft trip takes about half an hour. You hear the

market several minutes before you see it. The chorus of croaking in the distance is almost frightening! Your UTs are struggling to keep up with the flood of voices. 'Fresh Insects! Juicy and succulent!!' cries one, while another is yelling, 'Mud Salts! Mud Salts! The best Salts in the East! Get your Mud Salts!', before all the voices merge into a single rasping roar. What an odd place, this Debrock!

"Bl'nt leads you up a rough hewn set of steps from the stone quay where you moored. It is crowded with scores of other rafts. None of them is secured with anything but a single hemp rope, and you have no idea how your guide intends to find the raft you arrived on when you are ready to leave.

"The Eastern Market is composed of a large number of low structures clustered together on a large rocky plain that rises some four meters up out of the surrounding swampy marsh. The rocky shelf is roughly oval and about three kilometers by one and a half kilometers at its widest points. It seems that almost every exposed portion of the island is covered with low mud and straw shacks, with Debrockians of every hue of green imaginable hawking their wares. Relatively advanced electronic devices are offered for sale on the same tables as live crustaceans in rough clay pots.

"There must be thousands of Debrockians here! No one gives you more than a second glance as you move through the aisles. There are a number of other aliens here, both familiar and unfamiliar. Moving slowly through this crowd, Bl'nt guides you to the location of the recent blast. There are shock compression faults in the surface of the rock that spread out about thirty meters from a central location, a ragged pothole in the rock big enough for a large man to lay down in. The entire area has already been covered over by new stalls, and now everyone is going about their business as if almost three hundred Debrockians hadn't been killed and wounded here not even a week before. Now it's time for you to go about your business too."

A Tricorder SL of Minimal or better will confirm that the explosion was caused by a powerful package of disruptor grenades going off together. If the Team decides to ask around, to find if anyone saw anything, they will have the opportunity to talk with both the local native merchants and some of the aliens that are in the market area. The best way for the Team to go about this is to split up into a couple of groups of two or three to try to cover as much ground as possible. Try to dissuade the Team from going around in one big clump by having the first few individuals they approach say something like, "I don't mind talking to you, but I don't want to talk to your whole clan, eh?"

If the Team goes about the Eastern Market asking the locals about the attack, try to have them talk with the local Debrockian merchants first, because some of what they have to say may then send the Team off to talk with the offworlders in the Eastern Market.

The Team will easily locate any number of merchants who will spin the Team stories about what happened that day. Debrockians just *love* to tell stories. LONG stories. (Which is one of the reasons why Parliamentary procedures take so long to resolve here.) Much of their recollections and speculations are wrong, of course, but each story holds a grain of truth. For each merchant questioned by the Team, roll a D6 for each of the charts below to see what sort of demeanor he presents and what elements of truth and what outright disinformation creep into the tale he tells the Team. As the GM, it's your job to weave all of these elements together into a confusing, convoluted story and to respond to the Team's questions in an exaggerated and entertaining manner. (Mark

off each set of results in turn as the players get to them so that no element comes up more than once.)

Of course, if you have a great idea that you'd like to use, then go right ahead! Maybe something that came up earlier in the adventure gives you an idea that would work out just right here, and be a lot of fun for both you and players. Go for it! Maybe you even have your own idea for a whole new section of the story! This might be a great way to get the Team turned in that direction. In any event, feel free to improvise and elaborate to your heart's content. Putting your own personal stamp on the adventure will make it all more enjoyable and memorable for everyone.

TABLE 1 – Demeanor

This determines the nature and conversational motivation of the individual being questioned by the Team.

1 - 2: The Salesman – This frog, Uj'klg, is mainly interested in selling the Team some of his wares, which in this case are squirming, slimy bloodgrubs in convenient economy sized packs of 25! The bloodgrubs are about 15 cm in length and as big around as your thumb. They are sticky-looking and foul-smelling things that are about as appetizing as moldy bean burritos. Uj'klg will often interrupt his narrative, or the Team, to extol the virtues of his grubs, over the others available in the market. "Sure, Kr'brk over there, might have bigger grubs, but everyone knows that big grubs are older and tougher. Too much crust and fur. These little beauties are as tender and juicy as you can get!" Oh, and he mentions, often, that bloodgrubs are considered to be powerful aphrodisiacs, for Debrockians at least. Remember, Uj'klg is only interested in talking to the Team to entice them into making a purchase. It might become necessary for one of the Team to take a nibble of the "free sample" that he offers to keep him talking!

3 - 4: The Paranoid – This poor frog, Hk'kwe, thinks that everyone is out to get him. All the other merchants are conspiring to keep him from getting ahead. Someone is replacing his stock (aromatic mud salts) with "inferior substitutes" because they are trying to discover his "secret formula". The rest of his clan was told "by the government" to sever contact with him, and there are shadowy figures constantly watching him, at work in the market and as he leaves from and returns to his residence each day. Hk'kwe quickly becomes intent upon convincing the Team of the "insidious dangers" represented by whatever conjecture comes up in his "False Assumptions" roll. Since no one ever spends any real time talking with this guy (gee, what a surprise!), he is starved to talk with anyone who even pretends to take him seriously, so the Team has a real opportunity to get him to talk. Of course, being a grade A wackoid, Hk'kwe will immediately become suspicious of the Team if they even casually question any of his ramblings, or he might even go off in response to some random, seemingly innocent comment. When this happens (and it WILL happen), the Team will need to do some pretty fancy talking to get the frog to quit cowering under his stall and croaking "THIEVES! THIEVES! HELP! THEY'RE HERE TO STEAL MY SALT!!!!" at the top of his voice!

5 - 6: The Story Teller – There is nothing this old greying frog, Jk'ahk, likes better than a captive audience. Once he has the Team's attention, he will begin to spin a tale of ENORMOUS length and complexity. "Well, in order to get to the very heart of all this," he will begin, "you need to understand the nature of the tragic rivalry between the Yt'lug, the first of the Great Sires of the Mud Clans, and his lifelong enemy, Gr'uhg, Swampwarrior-First of the Western clans. You see, both of them had made designs to spawn their broods with Lk'grth, the most comely and eligible amphib in all

the lands. Well, there came the day that Gr'ugh..." And so on. Jk'ahk will drop subtle hints that this is all leading up to the **real** story of the impending revolution and the attack on the market. He's wrong, of course, but once he gets up a good head of steam, he's virtually impossible to derail. All the Team can do is to sit back and let him ramble and to seize upon anything of relevance that seems to come up in his story. What Jh'ahk doesn't know, in response to the Team's questions, he will simply make up!

Of course, after a few minutes of all this, the Team will look up and find themselves surrounded by several dozen of the locals, and perhaps a few of the offworlders. Jk'ahk's stories are enormously entertaining, if not particularly informative!

TABLE 2 – FALSE ASSUMPTIONS

This table provides a brief description of the patently wrong ideas the Debrockians have about what was going on with the bombing. Just weave this in with the rest of the conversation, and watch the Team start tearing out their hair trying to figure out what's really going on!

1 - 2: Botched Assassination Attempt – This speaker is convinced that the whole bombing scene was actually an attempt (and a successful one) to kill one of the more powerful merchants in the market. Ramble on about the notion that there was a financial dispute between Kl'glk (who USED to have a stall right over there, at the center of their blast area) and one of the more powerful Southern clan sires. Of course, this individual tells you, the fact that he knows for certain that the perpetrators fled SOUTH into the swamps (WRONG!) only proves that his story is true.

If the Team takes the bit between their teeth here and heads south, then they are headed off in the wrong direction! This could prove to be a bit of a problem since there is nothing down here for the Team to find besides snakes, bugs, and other unpleasanties, none of which have any relevance to the adventure. The fact that the Southern clan sires the Team is supposedly looking for are almost three HUNDRED kilometers away might give them a clue that this lead was a red herring. Of course, the fact that Bl'nt is in a tough spot here might actually help the Team out. Bl'nt can't afford to be so far away from the capital for the length of time that a trip to the Southern Shires would require. So if the Team looks like they are dead set on slogging all that way south, Bl'nt will try to make some excuse to turn around after four to six hours of travel. He will encourage the team to continue, of course, but since Bl'nt is such a poor liar, the Team may smell a rat. If all else fails, a call from Ambassador Shallert, asking the Team what they're doing floundering around so far from the capital might serve to get them back on track, as would the news that there has been another attack in the capitol. (Use the JUST HANGING AROUND AND CAUSING TROUBLE section on page 12.)

3 - 4: Accidental Explosion – The speaker says that he has heard that the merchant Kl'glk (remember him from above?) was actually the local source of illegal arms being brought into Debrock. He is supposed to have stockpiled the smuggled arms in the back of his stall, dispersing them to local AARPF members disguised as purchases, and it seems that one of his shipments accidentally went off. The speaker seems convinced that the frogs seen running out of the central market area just before the explosion were some of Kl'glk's employees, who became aware of the imminent detonation of the grenades moments before they went off. In any event, says the speaker, the surviving members of Kl'glk's AARPF crew are probably operating in a whole different part

of the city now, and there's nothing left for them to find in the Eastern Market. (WRONG!)

5 - 6: Defending Themselves From Government Operatives – This speaker has it on excellent, eye-witness authority that in the minutes before the explosion, the AARPF members in question were just handing out pamphlets and reading passages from various of their tracts when they were confronted by several of Gr'brp's Commando Secret Police. (This DID happen, but it was several days before the explosion.) After being threatened by the Commandoes, the AARPF members began to flee through the crowd. It was only after being pursued by the armed Commandoes that the AARPF members detonated the grenades to cover their escape. (Quite untrue.) The speaker most likely has some pro-AARPF sentiments and, while conceding that the use of explosives in a crowded market was not really a bright thing to do, will still mention that if the government is going to oppress free expression in a public forum, that perhaps the AARPF members are right to call for the dismantling of the government. Besides, everyone knows that the only reason that the AARPF members have lasted as long as they have is because their leaders are actually highly placed members of the government who seek to overthrow Hr'grt using the AARPF as a front. (Very, very wrong!)

TABLE 3 – A GRAIN OF TRUTH

Each of these tales will contain an element of truth. The trick is for the Team to pick up on them!

1 - 2: "They Went North!" – The speaker will state with great conviction that the individuals who set off the grenades took off north, into the swamps, after the attack. (Of course, if this is the same speaker who got False Assumption #1, that has the assailants going south instead, then this is going to be a very twisty, confusing tale!) If the Team turns their tricorders to the north, they will be able to pick up a power source in that direction at the very limits of their scanning range, about twenty-five kilometers away. The large amount of local technical activity, radio broadcasts, a microwave power transmission station in the capital, and all the other general "noise" produced by a technological culture all make it difficult to get a firm reading at that range. (Besides, the base itself is signature masked to make it hard to find, but the players don't need to know that!) However, a little bit of research will indicate that there shouldn't be anything at all out there anyway. Gr'brp had mentioned that the Palace Raiders have spent some time in the deep swamps prior to the attack. A secret base in the swamps? Could be!

Of course, if the Team strikes out toward the secret base, you-know-who is going to set up a nasty surprise for them! Skip ahead to the AMBUSH IN THE SWAMPS section on page 12.

3 - 4: "Swamp Look!" – This speaker tells the Team that the assailants stole quite a bit of food in the moments after the explosion, and that they all had the "Swamp Look", a particular pallor that Debrockians get after spending a few weeks in the deep swamps. There is no doubt that these boys had been holed up out in the deeps for a while before coming into the market for the attack. (There are swamps to the north, east and south of the market.)

5 - 6: "Amateurs!" – This speaker explains that the attackers seemed to have some difficulty using the hi-tech equipment. Whoever they were, they weren't particularly well trained in the use of their toys.

OFFWORLDERS IN THE EASTERN MARKET

There are also a number of offworlders floating around in the Eastern Market. If the Team starts trying to track these individuals, then roll a D6 and consult the following description.

1 - 2: Gorn Merchants – The Team encounters a party of three Gorn merchants who are here on Debrock looking for exotic foodstuffs to import to the homeworld. A fourth Gorn, who has brought along his young son "to begin to learn the trade" joins them a few minutes later. None of the Gorns were in the market at the time of the explosion, but they have heard a great deal about it. After making a few conciliatory remarks about the impending difficulties the Team is likely to encounter, the fourth Gorn arrives with his son. After a quiet introduction, the young Gorn gets excited and starts announcing, quite loudly, that "You guys are a Prime Team! I have a data chip at home about Prime Teams! Are you here to help stop the war? My father says that if there IS a war that the Federation might just step in here and take over? Is that what you're here for? MMMRPFFF!!!" After the boy's father muzzles him, quiet apologies will be offered, but the damage has been done. Numerous individuals standing nearby will have stopped what they were doing and be staring, silently, at the Team. What occurs as a result of all this is up to you.



3 - 4: The Prellarians – The Team encounters a group of four Prellarian merchants and their bodyguard. (If they encounter the Prellarians, give them a copy of the Prellarian handout on page 24. The Prellarian NPC Templates are provided on page 22.) They are here to find a local firm sufficiently skilled to waterproof their company's underwater electronics gear. (The Debrockians are quite adept at this.) The Prellarians aren't having a lot of luck finding a Debrockian firm to meet their exacting specifications, so the whole crew is sort of in a bad mood. Even though they were in the central market area when the grenades went off, they aren't going to want to spend a lot of time answering questions about the incident. While most of the Prellarians are just technicians, one of them is from their warrior caste and is eager to flex his combat muscles a little bit after this long, boring trip to Debrock. The Prellarians *could* tell the Team that they were

approached by a Debrockian claiming to be a representative from a splinter group of the AARPF who asked for technical assistance in the use of certain hi-tech materials in their possession. This conversation took place here in the central market area, two days before the explosion. The Prellarians ignored the guy, thinking that he was some sort of a kook, but now they feel a little guilty for not having taken him more seriously and for having not reported the incident to the local authorities.

5 - 6: Orion Skimmers on Dope! A group (gang) of six Orion malcontents, who are on Debrock, "Cuz we hear that, like, they have, like, the most awesome 'shrooms in the galaxy here." (See the Orion Skimmer handout on page 24.) All of the thugs are in black pseudoleather jackets with obscene holographic images and phrases swirling randomly over their surfaces. They are all wearing gaudy, clunky jewelry in odd places and have dyed the remaining patches of their oddly sculptured hair in bright colors that are not found in nature. They all have names like "Photon" and "Slime Devil" and "Pulsar" and think that they are the six BAAAAAADEST things on the planet. The Team encounters them harassing a Debrockian fungus merchant, pushing him around and yelling at him that the stuff he sold them yesterday didn't DO anything! His astonished and frightened reply is that it wasn't supposed to do anything except taste good! Just as it looks like things are about to get ugly, the Team (one assumes) intercedes. Five of the Orions use the standard Orion NPC Template on page 143 of the Prime Directive Rulebook, while the sixth, the leader (Pulsar) has 4s in Strength, Accuracy, and Speed. They all have 3s in Melee and Martial Arts, except for Pulsar who has 4s. Their jackets count as Light Field Armor, and they all have Combat Knives. Once any of the Orions take half or more of their SDC, or ANY lethal damage at all, they will drop out of the fight and flee. The exception is Pulsar, who won't drop out of the fight until someone puts him down. If the Team is interested in looking, once the fight is over, each of the Orions has enough illegal stuff, along the lines of drugs, stolen credit chips, and other junk to put them away for a long, long time. If the Team starts questioning them about the attack, then one of them might get the bright idea that they could trade information for freedom. Of course, since they actually know nothing about the attack, they will just have to make stuff up and lie. It should become apparent to the Team in short order what is going on as these Skimmers are too stupid to keep track of their own lies. The Team might be able to get away with mind-probing these obvious hooligans, being offworlders and all.



CHECKING UP ON KNOWN AARPF MEMBERS

If the Team decides to roust the AARPF member that Gr'brp has had under surveillance, then Gr'brp will have a member of his Strike Frog Commando detachment escort the Team to his residence. Gr'brp will remind the Team politely, but firmly, that the individual, Gy'yp, is not believed to have actually committed any crimes, and as such the Team may question him, but may not threaten or attack him, and under no circumstances would a Mind Probe be allowed.

[Note to the GM: Either read the following out loud to your players or familiarize yourself with the information before the adventure starts and summarize it for the players.]

"Gr'brp packs you into one of the Debrockian's odd, seatless ground conveyances, a petrochem vehicle that doesn't seem to possess any gears above first! You think that you could probably get to the suspect's residence faster on foot. The capital rises up all around you. The local architecture is an odd mix of the familiar and the completely alien. Large, rectangular structures with fluted marble columns and greco dentils and friezes, and terraced, pagoda-like structures with an unmistakable oriental influence. These sit in stark contrast to oddly angular mud and straw structures, some of which seem to go on for hundreds of meters, comprised of smaller sections seemingly linked together at random. Then there are the low, broad domes, made of some sort of dark plaster. Your driver, Bk'rg, the equivalent of a Captain in Gr'brp's personal commando detachment, explains to you that the mud and thatch buildings are the traditional residential structures for the Debrockians, and that whole extended brood-clans, sometimes numbering in the hundreds, might be living in a single residence. They simply build new sections as their broods grow, or buy sections from other broods who have diminished in number. The low domes are the newer type of buildings, used for things that require a more controlled environment, like libraries, laboratories, and manufacturing facilities. They also house the numerous public baths in the capital. The more familiar structures are the newest ones of all, those built in response to the influx of new cultural influences that followed the arrival of the Federation, nineteen years ago. The pro- and anti-Federation factions of the locals often debate the 'appropriateness' of the outworld buildings. Not surprisingly then, he tells you, that Gy'yp lives in one of the traditional residences, which is just around the next corner. You get dropped off in front of what seems to be a mud and thatch structure identical to the other fifty that you've just driven by. Gy'yp lives in a small section that is rented out from the predominant clan that occupies the larger structure. Bk'rg points out the entrance and tells you that he'll be waiting when you come back out."

The GM should give the Team a lot of latitude in how they want to approach this encounter, but in no circumstances should they be allowed to get away with roughing up a poor defenseless frog. If they display the "badges" that Hr'grt provided for the Team, then Gy'yp will tend to be fairly open with the Team. He has heard about the attack at the Eastern Market and the raid on the President's Palace, and while he is still fairly opinionated about his anti-Federation position, he is even more eager to distance himself from the whole AARPF situation. The Team will still have to endure a bit of his bad-mouthing the Federation before being able to get any info out of him, though. The Team must remember that they are here to recover endangered Federation citizens and stop a potential revolution, not to debate political ideology. If the Team takes the bait and begins to engage Gy'yp in a spirited discussion of the relative merits of laissez-faire capitalism versus Marxian Socialism, then all they are going to do is waste a lot

of time and begin to annoy Gy'yp. The smart Team will just nod their heads understandingly until Gy'yp starts talking about something useful. Of course, if the Team tries to play "bad cops", by not identifying themselves and acting in a threatening and hostile manner, then Gy'yp will completely clam up and refuse to answer any questions at all. If the situation is borderline, then let the characters make a Persuasion or Leadership roll to loosen the ol' frog up. (Remember, though, that the Team's Professional Reps don't mean squat with Gy'yp.)

When, or if, the Team finally does get Gy'yp talking, they will find that he does not have a lot of hard info to spill. He quit the AARPF several months ago when they ceased to be a simple political organization and the violent nature of their intentions became apparent to him. He does know that there was some sort of outside agitation that stirred up the more violent feelings of some of the members, and that whoever he was, the agitator promised to supply weapons for the revolution and a secret base out in the swamps. But that's about it.

Now, if you think that things are getting too dull, and if you want to let the Team know that they're getting somewhere, there is an **optional** encounter you can add to the end of this scene. It seems that Bl'nt gets a little scared when the Team goes out to talk with Gy'yp. Bl'nt is afraid that Gy'yp might spill the beans on him (they met a few times at secret rallies, discussions meetings, etc.), so he has some of the lower ranks of splinter AARPF members try to ambush the Team as they emerge from Gy'yp's residence! (SEE: AARPF GRUNTS NPC Template on page 21.) Refer to Map #1, GY'YP'S RESIDENCE to conduct this fight. There are six AARPF members at locations 1-6 on the map, and a seventh frog with a Hydran Methane Discharger and Light Skirmish Armor at location 7. They will attack as soon as the Team has emerged from Gy'yp's residence, but they are too anxious to strike a blow against the Team and don't utilize their element of surprise to the utmost. Everyone on the Team makes a Perception Characteristic test vs. a 4/6/8 tricode as they head out to see if they spot the ambush. Allow anyone with the Evaluation skill to roll that skill normally instead of their Perception, if they wish.

Complete SL means that that character alerts the Team to the ambush, and they will all make their A/I rolls as normal for the first round of combat.

Moderate SL means that character knows what's going on, but doesn't have time to adequately warn the rest of the Team. That character makes his A/I roll as normal for the first round of combat and has no effect on the rest of the Team.

Minimal SL means that character becomes aware of the situation at the very last moment. He resolves his A/I roll with a flat +2 for the first round of combat and has no effect on the rest of the Team.

Failure means that character resolves his A/I roll for the first round of combat with a flat +4.

Botch means that character is bushwhacked! He automatically BOTCHES his A/I roll for the first round of combat.

Bk'rg is assumed to FAIL his Perception test for the first round of combat. Afterwards, he will join in the fight on the Team's side, of course. Take it from there.

If any of the AARPF frogs survive and are captured by the Team and interrogated, then they might be able to point the Team toward the camp out in the swamps. They know nothing of the Romulan involvement in the situation, however, nor do they know that Bl'nt is an inside man (frog?) in Hr'grt's household (although the Team may well suspect that something like this is the case as a result of the attack). Hmm, it seems that all roads lead to the northern swamps...

JUST HANGING AROUND AND CAUSING TROUBLE

Of course, if the Team MISSES all of the clues pointing them into the northern swamps, or decides to ignore them, and decides to just hang around the capital, asking a bunch of questions, then something that advances the plot must occur. Marcus decides that the Team needs to be mis-directed away from the capital, where his secret base is located, or removed altogether. He has some of his AARPF regulars detonate another cluster of grenades in an industrial section of the capital, across town from his base. There are numerous casualties and extensive property damage. This, he knows, will draw the Team out, giving him the opportunity to strike at them, or at least keep them busy and send them off in a direction away from him. He sends a Pro Team of frogs to ambush the Primes as they approach the site of the explosions. Unlike the amateurs the Team will encounter in the Swamp Ambush and Secret Swamp Base sections, these frogs are actually competent. (Use the AARPF REGULARS NPC Template on page 22 and Map #4 THE PRO AMBUSH.) Everyone makes a Perception Characteristic test with a flat +4 mod as they head out to see if they spot the ambush. Allow anyone with the Evaluation skill to roll that skill normally instead of their Perception, if they wish.

Complete SL means that character alerts the Team to the ambush, and they will all make their A/I rolls as normal for the first round of combat.

Moderate SL means that character knows what's going on, but doesn't have time to adequately warn the rest of the Team. That character makes his A/I roll with a flat +2 for the first round of combat and has no effect on the rest of the Team.

Minimal SL means that character becomes aware of the situation at the very last moment. He resolves his A/I roll with a flat +4 for the first round of combat and has no effect on the rest of the Team.

Failure means that character resolves his A/I roll for the first round of combat with a flat +6.

Botch means that character is bushwhacked! He automatically BOTCHES his A/I roll for the first round of combat.

The Team will have a major fire fight on their hands here! When all is said and done, the Team is going to get sent into the swamp anyway. Tal has arranged it so that even if the Team trumps his frogs there is sufficient evidence (in the form of data disks) to send them into the swamps after the splinter group. All Tal needs is another few days before he's ready to make his move, and sacrificing a few gung-ho revolutionaries is not a problem for him.

AMBUSH IN THE SWAMPS

Well, it seems that all roads lead to the northern swamps! If the Team has already been to the Eastern Market, then they may already know about the vague sensor readings from the north. If not, the Eastern Market might be suggested as a good place to begin a general search of the area. This gives the Team another chance to pick up on the mysterious power readings. In any event, from the Eastern Market or not, the Team should get a hold of some rafts and head out into the murky swamps! Bl'nt, of course, will volunteer to once again act as the Team's guide. If the Team doesn't want to take rafts, that's fine with Bl'nt. He says that he would enjoy a two or three day hike through the marshes. (The rafts will get the Team there in about two hours.) If the Team doesn't want to go with Bl'nt (You know how PCs can be sometimes!) and would rather go alone, then spend a few minutes impressing upon them how treacherous the swamps can be.

"OK, be sure to avoid the Fire Gorge. Where? Oh, just beyond the Mound of Lightning Vipers. Poisonous? Well, just one isn't too dangerous, but they travel in slithers of five or six hundred, usually. They say that a strong Terran can sometimes last almost a full minute after being bitten a few times. Of course, even if they DO get the anti-venom into you in time, there's usually not too much left of your mind..."

In the end, Bl'nt doesn't care if he (officially) goes or not. But the Team will need to deal with the fact that they DO need a guide out there. If they want to fly solo out in the muck, they will lose time, and time is not something that they will have in abundance at this point!

So, either with Bl'nt with them or not, they set out into the swamp, where Bl'nt has arranged for an ambush while the Team is floundering around. Hmm, more disruptor weapons? Things are starting to take shape here.

Use the AARPF GRUNTS Template on page 21 for the seven goons involved in this combat. There will be two attackers concealed in the overhanging vines of the various huge cypress-like trees that fill the area. Once these two open fire, attracting the Team's attention, the other five will spring up out of the murky water around the boat and attack the surprised Primes! It is possible, of course, that the Team might become alerted to their presence, either by use of the Tricorder or through the use of Psionic abilities, in which case the Team might be able to get the drop on the ambushers! (Unless Bl'nt is along — see below.)

The Team members are at a flat +2 to their A/I roll if they get out of their rafts and start slogging around on foot. Also, their Movement is reduced to one-third of its normal value while on foot, down to a minimum value of one meter per action. The water here is just over a meter deep, too shallow to really swim in (for humans, at least), but too deep to just ignore.



The Debrockians will continue to fight until they lose three of their people. At that point, they will break and hightail it back to the Secret Swamp Base (see below). Shamelessly fudge whatever rolls you need in order to get at least one of the froggies away from the fight and headed back to the Secret Base. (If at all possible, this should be Bl'nt at the very least.) Remember that, as discussed in the NPC TEMPLATES section, the Debrockians are at an expanded +2/+3/+4 to be hit by any attacks while submerged in the murky waters of the swamp, and move at a greatly increased rate to boot! It should be fairly easy to get one or two of the frogs away from the combat in this manner. This is because, while the Team hasn't a prayer of keeping up with the routed frog(s), they will have NO difficulty tracking them with their tricorders. Whatever frogs flee the fight will make a bee-line for their Secret Base and will lead the Team right to it.

If "Comrade Bl'nt" is along for the ride in the rafts, then he will have slipped out of the line of fire, and into the water, just seconds before the first shots ring out. Once the Team starts cleaning the Debrockian's clock, he will retreat back to the Secret Base as well. If Bl'nt is along when the Team tries to spring their own ambush, he will fall back a few meters as they approach and call out to his waiting comrades before diving into the water to get away. The ambush then turns into a meeting engagement and is conducted as described above.

If Bl'nt was left behind by the Team, then he will have made his way out to the Secret Base, taking a shorter route while the Team is out scouring the swamp. He expects to turn over the new Federation prisoners to Marcus Tal after the revolution has succeeded as an expression of his dedication to the Revolutionary Cause. Of course, as things go horribly wrong, Bl'nt will croak a different tune. If Bl'nt is captured here, instead of at the Secret Base, he will sing the same song as described in the Secret Base section, below. In the event that the Team is just too efficient and is able to eliminate ALL the frogs in the first seconds of combat, and capture Bl'nt besides (if he's along), then, gosh! The Team will either have to interrogate (or Mind Probe) one of their captives or find their way to the Base using the tricorder to track down its power emanations.

THE SECRET SWAMP BASE

One way or another, the Team should be able to track down the Secret Swamp Base in another hour or so. The base itself is a shielded prefab duralite dome, set up on a small rise of earth in the swamp. See Map #2: THE SECRET SWAMP BASE.

Outside the Base, at positions 1 and 2 and 3, are three AARPF sentries who use the AARPF GRUNTS NPC Template on page 21. Also out there, scattered around, are the remains of the Swamp Ambush force, if any. Inside are three more frogs, who also use the AARPF GRUNTS NPC Template, and probably Bl'nt, one way or another. Also inside are the three kidnapped members of the ambassadorial party!

The base itself has been signature masked, making it difficult to get solid readings on the interior. If a Prime tries to scan the internal contents of the Base, apply an expanded +4/6/8 mod to his Tricorder Analysis roll.

Complete SL will reveal that there is a Human, a Vulcan, and a Cygnan in the Base, as well as several Debrockians.

Moderate SL will reveal that there are non-Debrockians in there as well as frog-boys.

Minimal SL will definitely register life signs.

All in all, this shouldn't be too tough a fight, mainly because the AARPF frogs aren't bright enough to think to threaten the Hostages once the phasers start blasting!

Once inside, the Team will find the captured Federation personnel (use the Aide-de-camp NPC template on page 135 of the Prime Directive rulebook for the three characters, modified for each character's race), all securely bound but unharmed. (Unless someone chucked a grenade on a Lethal setting into the hut to clear it out.) They will also find a big pile of various weapons and armor (the splinter group took off with many more weapons than they had members, which is another reason that Marcus Tal's timetable has been pushed back.) And last but not least, they (probably) find a cowering Bl'nt! Bl'nt, of course, will have been hiding throughout the whole fight, and he probably won't be wounded unless the Team does something that would harm the hostages (grenades, indiscriminate phaser fire, etc.). In the event that Bl'nt does manage to get extinct, then it will be the hostages who reveal the information about the imminent beginning of the uprising (as described below). If the Team manages to kill all the hostages too, then they are in a whole lot of trouble!

After a bit of coaxing, Bl'nt spills the beans about the recent split in the AARPF ranks, his dual allegiance, and his roll in the raid on the Palace. Picking up steam as he goes, Bl'nt also tells the Team about the Romulan agent (your choice if he reveals Marcus' identity at this point) and his personal team and the REAL stockpile of weapons, and the large number of AARPF members ready to use them in the upcoming revolution against Hr'grt's government. Once he really gets going, Bl'nt even reveals the location of the Romulan's secret base in the capital. However, in classic villain fashion, he cackles with glee (a nasty sounding thing from a Debrockian) at the very end, saying that the Team is already too late! By the time that the Team can get back to the capital, Bl'nt exclaims, the revolution will have already begun!

RAID ON THE PRAETORIAN BASE

Well, Bl'nt was wrong. The last shipment of weapons that Marcus needed to ensure the success of the revolution never showed up. The Orion smuggler got nervous when he spotted the Team's ship parked just outside the system, and turned around. Marcus had to call in some favors with his closest friend, and greatest rival, in the Praetorian Preditrade, Senior Praetorian Crusia Malak. Crusia is bringing in the last shipment herself, in a cloaked ship, but it's not here yet, so Marcus has had to wait to send up the balloon.

When the Team contacts the capital (or when they show up there), there is no sign of an armed insurrection taking place. They still have some time! Just in case the Team wants to run straight off and immediately raid the Romulan's base, remind the Team that the rescued hostages still need some attention and just how vital it is to keep Hr'grt and Gr'brp informed about what's going on. You might also want to remind the Team about the "large number of AARPF members" that Bl'nt referred to.

Of course, once the Team reports in to Hr'grt and Gr'brp, the first thing the Debrockian leaders will do is suggest that Gr'brp's elite Strike Frog detachment be armed and armored with the captured materials (temporarily, of course), and that they accompany the Team on their raid on the Romulan's base! (Don't worry, this isn't going to be as bad as it sounds.)

Armed with the location of the real AARPF base, and reinforced by Gr'brp and his commandos, the Team hurries to face the Romulans, knowing that the touch-off time for the revolutionary uprising could be at any moment!

The Romulans' base is one of those big domes that the Team passed in their earlier travels. (See Map #3: THE SECRET ROMULAN BASE.) Ostensibly, Gr'brp tells you, the structure is supposed to be a storage facility for off-world trade goods owned by a local import/export clan. Well, he's right in a way!

Scans of the interior show that there are close to fifty Debrockians inside, almost half again the size of Gr'brp's force, but the Marshall informs you that his Strike Frogs are trained combatants, and now that they are equipped with comparable arms and armor, they are *more* than a match for that number of revolutionary amateurs. Gr'brp tells the Team what they are probably already thinking — to go after the Romulans and leave the frogs to the frogs!

Owing to the size of the dome storage area, and the vast clutter of piled crates and odd debris littering much of the area, detailed scans of the interior are once again difficult to obtain. Apply an expanded +4/5/6 mod to the Tricorder roll when attempting to scan the insides of the dome for any information past the above mentioned presence of a large number of Debrockians. If scanning for additional life signs:

Complete SL locates six Romulans toward the center of the area (Location R on Map #3).

Moderate SL locates an indeterminate number of Romulan life signs in the general middle areas of the dome.

Minimal SL determines that there are definitely non-Debrockian life signs in the dome, but without determining their exact nature or position.

Failure results in no additional information.

Botch results in the character locating approximately a dozen Slirdarians sleeping inside! (Actually he's just scanning some pike-lizards near a crate of frozen beef.)

If the players suggest that the Debrockians just mortar or air-strike the dome, Hr'grt and Gr'brp will quickly reply that an attack of that kind in the heart of the capital is out of the question. The surrounding buildings for several blocks are the fragile thatch and mud type and would most likely collapse. Besides, with the large number of weapons presumed to be inside the dome, there would be no way to ensure that there would not be devastating secondary explosions that might do even more damage than the initial attacks.

The dome is powered by an internal generator, so cutting the power is out of the question. Further, the Debrockian capital uses the large number of small naturally-occurring criss-crossed faults in its rocky foundation to provide drainage, so there are no sewers for the Team to exploit.

Of course, if the Team dithers, spending vital time trying to contact the ship or questioning Bl'nt or anything else that would take up a chunk of time, then it is possible that Marcus WILL be able to receive the last shipment of weapons and start the party without the Prime Team. If this occurs, then instead of having the Team and Gr'brp's commandos catch Marcus and his host of AARPF revolutionaries unawares in their secret base, (before they have reached their full strength and numbers, as described above), the Team will need to go into the base unsupported and take on Marcus and his crew without an audience while Gr'brp and his boys face down the revolutionary mob in the streets. This might sound like a good thing for the Team, but Gr'brp's forces will take a beating before putting down the insurrection, and there will be lots of collateral damage as the fight rages through the streets of the capital. While the end results will be about the same, the populace of Debrock will be mighty unhappy about the way that things were resolved, and public, and hence government, opinion will swing a bit away from pro-Fed sentiments. Hr'grt's

job in the government will become harder, and this will have an effect on the Team's Mission Review.

The Team, accompanied by Gr'brp and his commandos, sidle up to the building under the cover of darkness. There aren't usually many people on this part of the street anyway, and Gr'brp has sealed off the area. Let the players confer for a while. Then have everyone move in!

[Note to the GM: The timing involved in getting the Team here to make the Big Attack is **vital**ly important to their success in this adventure. As discussed in the next section (and in the Mission Review section), if the Team dithers too long before going to make the Attack, then it is very possible that the Revolution WILL be initiated before the Team can do anything to stop it! There is no hard and fast timetable involved here; it is entirely up to the GM to determine if the Team is "in time" or not. Don't slam the players too hard for taking a few extra minutes trying to decide what to do. But if they're really dragging their feet, ignoring Bl'nt's warnings, and generally going, "Aw, we got the hostages back; what else do they want from us?", then feel free to start the ball without the Primes, and let them suffer the Review consequences as a result.]



BATTLE OPTIONS

Okay, so you're saying to yourself, how am I going to run this nightmare of a battle, with dozens of Debrockians and a Prime Team and a Praetorian Team all thrown together in one huge melee? (Refer to the MARCUS TAL AND HIS PRAETORIAN TEAM NPC Templates on page 17, the AARPF REVOLUTIONARY ARMY NPC Templates on page 21, and the GR'BRP'S STRIKE FROG COMMANDOS NPC Template on page 20, for the stats of the various NPCs involved in the battle.)

You have several options.

The first option is the simplest. All you have to actually do is to run the fight between the Primes and the Praetorians. Do whatever it takes to get these groups together ASAP, and simply *describe* the fight going on between the Debrockians. In other words, use the combat between Gr'brp's commandos and the AARPF revolutionaries as the *background* to the main event of the fight between the Primes and Marcus' Team. You can really spice things up by having a few of the AARPF members come in to complicate the picture if the Primes do too well too fast, or you could have some of the Strike Frogs come in to bail the Team out if they get themselves into a tight spot. This should be a huge, cinematic spectacle, so just wing it and have a great time!

Your second option is to actually play out the whole combat. This, needless to say, will be a complex and time consuming endeavor. But if that's what you think your players want, then hey! Go for it! If you want to go this way, you would need to do a lot of prep work, readying a master control sheet to keep track of all the various combatants. It might also be a good idea to let each of the players run a few of Gr'brp's commandos, or to get a few extra people to run the AARPF revolutionaries. This option will undoubtedly produce a grand battle, something that you and your players (and the Debrockian townfolk) will be talking about for a long time. Be sure that you have the resources (time, space, *and* players) before you throw yourself into it!

The third option is to decide, before you actually sit down to run the adventure, that you don't want to deal with this sort of mass melee. This is no problem. If you think that the grand battle at the end is simply too much, either for yourself or your players, then simply change the scenario so that the whole weight of AARPF revolutionaries ARE NOT in the dome with Marcus, just a few senior members. Then the fight at the end is still just the Team versus the Praetorians, with a few AARPF members thrown in for flavor, minus the huge assault scene. It is easy to assume that Marshall Gr'brp will be able to round up the rest of the AARPF members later, once he's sure that they aren't armed with the Romulan's weapons.

There you go. Choose your option and roll the dice! It's a big, beautiful fire fight, with a Praetorian Team, elite commando frogs, lotsa grenades, the works! If you want to have some real fun, have someone start a fire somewhere in the dome and have it creep closer and closer to the location where the Team is fighting. If all goes as planned, the last the Team should see of Marcus, as he surveys the ruin that the Team has once again wrought upon his plans, is him being crushed under the burning wreckage of the collapsing building. But his body is never found, and Crusia's cloaked ship manages to escape! Was Marcus able to beam up at the last moment, along with any survivors from his Team? What do you think!

Well, the revolution is crushed, the illegal arms are confiscated by the Debrockians, and the surviving AARPF

members are brought to trial. When the truth comes out, the general public is overwhelming in its support for Federation membership, which passes almost unanimously in the General Council Of Clan Seniors. Hr'grt gives the Team his personal thanks, and they collect the usual kudos for a job well done upon their return to the ship. (This is what we hope, anyway.)

Of course, somewhere out in deep space, a grim and furious Marcus Tal, having been bested by the Team TWICE now, begins to plot his hideous revenge...

MISSION REVIEW

Okay, this was a tough one. The Team needed to get a lot done in a short period of time. Overall the Mission is assessed as a CODE 2 THREAT Mission. (Although, at first glance, this wouldn't seem to fit the parameters of a Code 2 Threat mission, the success or failure of the mission will ultimately be a deciding factor in determining whether or not Debrock (with its vast supplies of dilithium) will become an Associate Member of the Federation. Therefore, a higher-than-usual mission criticality has been assigned to this adventure.)

In order to be assigned a Mission Review SL of **COMPLETE**, the Team needs to have:

Recovered all three of the Federation hostages, alive.

AND to have discovered Tal's secret base, captured or destroyed the stockpile of weapons, and averted the Revolutionary Uprising altogether.

In order to be assigned an initial Mission Review SL of **MODERATE**, the Team needs to have:

Put down the Revolutionary Uprising shortly after it began. (This could occur if the Team dithers after getting the information about Tal's secret base in the capital from Bl'nt. In this case the final battle took place in the streets of the Debrockian capital.)

If the Team fails to locate the Swamp Base in time to arm and equip Gr'brp's forces before the Uprising, which forces them to storm the Palace *after* it has been occupied, the Team is assigned an initial Mission Review of **FAILURE**.

If the Team fails to locate the Swamp Base at all, before the uprising ends, then the AARPF's revolution succeeds. The Team is secreted off the planet, and Hr'grt's entire government is imprisoned and later executed. The Team receives a Mission Review of **BOTCH**.

For *each* hostage killed or left behind, the Team's Mission Review is lowered by one level.

If the Team called their ship back into the system FOR ANY REASON (as opposed to simply talking to it with the Palace subspace radio) before the end of the mission, lower their Initial Mission Review SL by one.

There isn't much room for Wheedling here, since the objectives are pretty cut and dry. It is pretty much a foregone conclusion that Marcus is going to get away, so the Team doesn't get in trouble for losing him. (Star Fleet knows how slippery he is.) However, if the Team does manage to capture him, alive, there is the *possibility* for as much as +2 SLs from Wheedling. If the Team manages to capture any other live Romulan, there is the *possibility* for as much as +1 SL from Wheedling. These bonuses are NOT cumulative, and the Team still only gets the +1 possibility regardless of how many non-Tal Romulans they capture.



THE NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS STARRING IN UPRISING!

MARCUS TAL AND HIS PRAETORIAN TEAM

TEAM LEADER TRIBUNE MARCUS TAL: Marcus is, as you can see, one bad puppy. He is one of the Praetor's top agents and is renowned for taking huge gambles — gambles that always seem to pay off. Tal has proved his worth a dozen times over; any **one** of his most spectacular missions would provide a career-ensuring name for any lesser agent of the Empire.

Tal has a great respect for the Federation Prime Teams. He doesn't consider them an equal to his own Praetorians, of course, but he feels that they are worthy of some respect. By the end of this adventure, though, there is a pretty good chance that the same Prime Team is going to have bested him twice, and Marcus doesn't like to lose. And losing *twice* to the same Team is pretty close to a declaration of war in his eyes. Even though rumors are circulating that his House is considering him as their new representative in the Senate, Marcus would rather be a warrior than a political leader. Would he throw it all away to gain a measure of revenge on a Team that showed him up? Just wait and see...



Strength: 5	Intuition: 5	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 12	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 6	Discipline: 6	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 3	Weight (optional):
Speed: 6	Technical: 3	AR Mods:	LDC: 10	Lift:
Leadership: 8	Gen.Knowledge: 5	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 11	Jump:
Logic: 4	Perception: 5	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 6	Range Type: M

Fire (All Weapons) 6/6
 Martial Arts 6/6
 Melee Combat 6/6
 Nerve Strike 4/5
 Pilot (Shuttle) 4/5
 Pilot (Starship Helm) 4/5

Sleight of Hand 4/5
 Throwing 6/6
 Stealth 6/6
 Zero Grav Maneuvering 4/5
 Quick Draw 6/6
 Fast Talk 5/5

Gambling 5/5
 Interrogation 5/6
 Persuasion 6/7
 Security Procedures 5/5
 Survival (All Types) 4/5
 Resist Interrogation 6/6

Comm. Systems 3/3
 Electronics 1/2
 Field Equipment 3/3
 Transporter Systems 3/3
 First Aid 3/3
 Languages (Major Races) 3/3

Equipment: Skirmish Armor, Helmet, Plasma Repeater, Plasma Pistol, 3 Plasma Grenades, Combat Knife, Stun Baton, Medkit (Basic), Communicator

ANTE-TRIBUNE ANDRIUS OVIDI – Andrius is all that remains of Tal's old Team that was destroyed by the Tholian Hunter Seeker on the extra-galactic Derelict. (See the scenario, *Web Of Darkness*, in the Prime Directive Rulebook.) Andrius was suffering through the ravages of an infectious illness at the time of that mission and did not accompany his teammates out to the Neutral Zone. Even though he knows that he too would have most likely perished if he had gone, Andrius is now consumed by the guilt of having not been there to aid his commander and save his team.

There is an odd bond between Andrius and Marcus now, one that speaks of the shared memories of a past and better time, when Marcus was invincible and Andrius knew that nothing bad would ever happen to him or any of his comrades as long as Marcus was there. Now, though, Andrius' confidence is shattered, both in himself and his commander, and even though Marcus has long considered Andrius as his best friend and relies upon him to act as his aide in control of the team, Marcus is worried that he may have to replace Andrius with a younger and more confident officer.

Strength: 5	Intuition: 4	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 6	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 5	Discipline: 6	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 1	Weight (optional):
Speed: 5	Technical: 4	AR Mods:	LDC: 10	Lift:
Leadership: 4	Gen.Knowledge: 4	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 11	Jump: 1
Logic: 3	Perception: 5	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 3	Range Type: N

Fire (Plasma) 5/5
 Fire (Phaser) 2/3
 Fire (Disruptor) 2/3
 Hvy Wpns Ops (Plasma) 2/3
 Martial Arts 5/5

Melee Combat 5/5
 Pilot (Shuttle) 4/4
 Throwing 2/3
 Stealth 5/5
 Zero Grav Maneuvering 4/4

Gambling 1/2
 Orator 4/4
 Security Procedures 3/3
 Survival (Mountain) 4/5
 Resist Interrogation 6/6

Comm Systems 3/3
 Field Equipment 4/4
 Transporter Systems 4/4
 First Aid 4/4

Equipment: Skirmish Armor, Helmet, Plasma Repeater, Plasma Pistol, Plasma Grenades x 2, Combat Knife, Stun Baton, Medkit, Communicator

PENTE-CENTURION FELLESA MALLIUS – Fellesia is the most senior newcomer on Marcus' team. She is a budding genius in the field of espionage, covert operations, and personal combat, and Marcus wasted no time in getting her on his Team once she came to his attention. Fellesia is a highly ambitious individual, however, who is more concerned with getting into and staying in Marcus' good graces than any particular notion of Service To The Empire, or even helping her Team. If anything goes wrong, it was someone else's fault, not hers. If anyone screws up, then she makes sure that Marcus knows about it in the most damaging light possible. Of late, Fellesia has noticed the tension between Marcus and Andrius, who she resents for his close relationship with Marcus, and has begun to exploit the rift, trying to widen the distance between the two. In this way Fellesia hopes to have Andrius banished from the team so that she can take his place at Marcus' side.

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

Fire (Plasma) 5/5
 Martial Arts 5/5
 Melee Combat 5/5
 Nerve Strike 3/4
 Pilot (Shuttle) 4/4

Throwing 3/4
 Stealth 5/5
 Zero Grav Maneuvering 5/5
 Quick Draw 3/4
 Interrogation 4/4

Persuasion 2/3
 Security Procedures 5/5
 Resist Interrogation 5/5
 Electronics 3/3
 Mechanics 3/3

Field Equipment 3/3
 Transporter Systems 3/3
 First Aid 3/3
 Tracking 4/4

Equipment: Skirmish Armor, Helmet, Plasma Pistol, Plasma Grenade x 1, Combat Knife, Stun Baton, Medkit, Communicator, Field Tools, Covert Ops Kit

CENTURION HECTOR AGRONTIO – Hector is a highly competent, superbly qualified Tech/Communications Officer, who knows little and cares less about the politics and emotional in-fighting going on around him on the Team. Hector is from a lower class family with no name or station to speak of, and as such has no ambitions or aspiration other than to serve the Praetor and keep the Empire strong.

Strength: 4	Intuition: 4	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 4	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 4	Discipline: 5	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 0	Weight (optional):
Speed: 4	Technical: 7	AR Mods:	LDC: 8	Lift:
Leadership: 3	Gen.Knowledge: 5	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 9	Jump:
Logic: 5	Perception: 4	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 1	Range Type: N

Fire (Plasma) 4/4
 Martial Arts 4/4
 Melee Combat 4/4
 Pilot (Shuttle) 4/4
 Throwing 2/3

Stealth 2/4
 Zero Grav Maneuvering 2/4
 Fine Work 4/4
 Security Procedures 4/4
 Resist Interrogation 3/4

Electronics 5/6
 Mechanics 5/6
 Field Equipment 7/7
 Communications Systems 5/6
 Transporter Systems 5/6

Jury Rig 7/7
 Life Support 5/6
 Power Gen. Systems 5/6
 Sensor Systems 5/6
 First Aid 3/4

Equipment: Skirmish Armor, Helmet, Plasma Pistol, Combat Knife, Stun Baton, Medkit, Communicator, Field Tools

MAJOR-DECURION MARRIO PLINNE – Marrio is a crack shot with big guns! Give him a pistol or a rifle, and Marrio is an okay shot, good enough to qualify for Praetorian service anyway, but nothing spectacular. But put one of those big Repeaters in his hands, let him feel the butt of the stock dig into his ribs and heft the weight of all those power packs, barely restrained beneath the cool metal of the bridge plate, and he's a man with a mission. A mission to shoot BIG GUNS. Marrio wasn't really considered Praetorian material for much of his career. He's a little on the slow and heavy side, and, frankly, he's not all that smart, but after he won his **ninth** Corp Sharpshooters Award in four years, with a *Plasma Repeater*, the Predtrate took some notice. Unfortunately, Fellesia has got him convinced that everyone else on the Team is against him. Especially Andrius, who doesn't really care about Marrio one way or the other. But Marrio really likes being on a Praetorian Team as it makes him feel smart and important, and he'll do almost anything to stay on board. So when push come to shove, Marrio is much more likely to respond to Fellesia's commands than Andrius', or even Marcus' for that matter. And the fact that Marrio is not very bright only makes him all the more dangerous.

Strength: 7	Intuition: 2	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 4	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 5	Discipline: 5	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 0	Lift:
Speed: 3	Technical: 2	AR Mods:	LDC: 14	Jump:
Leadership: 2	Gen.Knowledge: 2	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 12	Range Type: N*
Logic: 2	Perception: 4	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 2	* S for Heavy Weapons

Fire (Plasma) 3/4
 Hvy Wpns Ops (Plasma) 5/5
 Martial Arts 3/4

Melee Combat 3/4
 Throwing 2/3
 Stealth 2/3

Zero Grav Maneuvering 2/3
 Resist Interrogation 3/4
 Field Equipment 2/2

Transporter Systems 2/2
 First Aid 2/2

Equipment: Skirmish Armor, Helmet, Plasma Repeater, Plasma Pistol, Plasma Grenade x 1, Combat Knife, Stun Baton, Medkit, Communicator

CENTURION NHERA ABUDONNI – Nhera is Marcus' secret weapon. Only twenty-three years old, Nhera is one of the Romulan Empire's exceedingly rare telepaths. While the Romulans often publicly proclaim that in the Romulan/Vulcan split of many centuries ago, the Romulans got all the good stuff, in private they admit that the loss of Psionic abilities in that split was a bit unfortunate. In fact, the Romulans have produced only a few telepaths of any note whatsoever in the past several **decades**. So you can believe that when a young Romulan shows any talent at all in the telepathic arts, the government snatches them up and sends them off to be "educated" for service to the Praetor.

Nhera has been "in the service of the Praetor" since she was seven years old, and she hates it. She is a quiet, introspective young girl, who dislikes guns and knives and fighting in general. Whenever she has been called upon to do anything she finds distasteful, such as reading another person's mind, or compelling someone to perform an action against their will, she will usually claim that she is experiencing a "feedback backlash" that prevents her from continuing. This is so much hogwash, of course, but who's to tell? As a result, she had been passed from Commander to Commander, taken up because she was such a prize and then dismissed because they couldn't get her to do anything useful. Marcus has seen through some of her hard stance, though, and has begun to get her to warm to him. He treats her more like a young girl than a soldier, something that makes her less than popular with the rest of the Team, especially Fellesia, but she doesn't care as she finds herself opening up to Marcus more and more. Of course she still hates the guns and fighting part, but Marcus always tries to make her duties, even in the field, seem more like a game than the harsh business of soldiering.

Nhera knows about Fellesia's dark motives and secret plots, but she is still too timid to approach Marcus about it. Until she does something to threaten him, that is. Then, Nhera thinks, she might show the world what she is *really* capable of when she rises to the defense of the closest thing to a friend she has ever had.



Strength: 3	Intuition: 7	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 5	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 3	Discipline: 5	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 0	Weight (optional):
Speed: 4	Technical: 3	AR Mods:	LDC: 6	Lift:
Leadership: 2	Gen. Knowledge: 5	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 8	Jump:
Logic: 5	Perception: 5	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 1	Range Type: N

Fire (Plasma) 2/2
 Martial Arts 2/2
 Melee Combat 2/2
 Throwing 1/2

Stealth 3/3
 Zero Grav Maneuvering 2/2
 Evaluation 2/4
 Resist Interrogation 3/4

Field Equipment 3/3
 Transporter Systems 2/2
 Mind Scan 5/5
 Mind Touch 3/4

Command 5/5
 Amnesia 3/4
 First Aid 3/4

Equipment: Standard Field Armor, Helmet, Plasma Pistol, Combat Knife, Stun Baton, Medkit

NOTE: Marcus Tal has been forced to pull together a new Praetorian Team from available personnel, with the expected result. Most of the graduates of the Praetorian training establishment readily available are those rejected by other teams. This should not be considered a "typical" Romulan Praetorian Team. It is, perhaps, the Romulan equivalent of the Dirty Half Dozen.

DEBROCKIAN NATIVES

Bl'nt – This traitorous member of the President's staff is an oily, obsequious toad. Bl'nt is in many ways the crux of the Team's troubles in this adventure. Accustomed to using lies and deceit to advance his own position, Bl'nt is basically a coward when it comes to any sort of direct conflict.

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

Administration 4/4
Fast Talk 3/3

Persuasion 3/3
Drive (Raft) 2/2

Philosophy (Socialist Rhetoric) 4/4

Equipment: Determined by situation. Bl'nt has no skill with guns, for instance, but is not above bluffing when he can get his hands on one.

Gy'yp – Gy'yp is a lonely, idealistic Debrockian who has been shunned by most of his clan for vigorously supporting the ideology of the AARPF. However, when the AARPF became an obviously violent organization, rather than the simply political one that he first joined, Gy'yp did not hesitate to sever his ties with them. Now, Gy'yp is a lost soul, with neither a family nor an organization to call his own.

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

Equipment: Gy'yp has no equipment.

GR'BRP AND HIS STRIKE FROG COMMANDOS

Marshal Gr'brp – The Marshal is a competent, resourceful frog, who has a keen understanding of the nature of combat. (Warfare is not unknown on Debrock after all.)

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

Fire (Disruptor) 6/6*
Melee Combat 6/6

Martial Arts 6/6 (Frog - fu!)
Throwing 5/5

Quick Draw 3/4
Interrogation 4/5

Security Procedures 4/4
First Aid (Debrockian) 3/3

*(With a flat +1 for Unfamiliar Weapon)

Equipment: Standard Field Armor, Disruptor Rifle, Combat Knife, First Aid Kit, Night Vision Goggles, Walkie talkie

5 x Strike Frog Leaders – These are Gr'brp's senior Lieutenants, his right hand frogs if you will. They are cool, mean professionals, who do it by the numbers. Even though they may seem at a grave disadvantage, being both unfamiliar with their new weapons and outnumbered, remember – these guys are trained to fight and win. As trained soldiers, they will take the time to *aim their weapons* to offset some of those unfamiliar weapon mods, and *set up overlapping fields of fire* to pin the revolutionary rabble down, or drive them out of cover. And when all else fails, they are more than willing to go hand to hand with rabble. REMEMBER – Gr'brp and his team suffer only a flat +2 to make an attack versus the vulnerable Breathing Sack!

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

Fire Disruptor 5/5*
Melee Combat 5/5

Martial Arts 5/5 (Frog - fu!)
Throwing 4/4

Security Procedures 4/4

First Aid (Debrockian) 3/3

*(With a flat +2 for Unfamiliar Weapon)

Equipment: Standard Field Armor, Disruptor Pistol, Combat Knife, First Aid Kit, Night Vision Goggles, Walkie Talkie

25 x Strike Frog Troopers – These boys are **good**. They are cool under fire and always aim their shots. When led by one of their Strike Frog Leaders, they have an edge that's hard to beat.

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

Fire Disruptor 4/4*
Melee Combat 4/4

Martial Arts 4/4 (Frog - ful)
Throwing 4/4

Security Procedures 4/4

First Aid (Debrockian) 3/3

*(With a flat +2 for Unfamiliar Weapon)

Equipment: Standard Field Armor, Disruptor Pistol, Combat Knife, First Aid Kit, Night Vision Goggles, Walkie Talkie

AARPF REVOLUTIONARY ARMY

6 x Commissars – These are the best and brightest of the AARPF. Marcus has trained them reasonably well, and they will be competent, if uninspired, during the course of the battle. Each Commissar leads a troop of seven Comrades, described below.

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

Fire (Disruptor) 3/3
Melee Combat 3/3

Fire (Other Weapon as Appropriate) 3/3
Philosophy (Socialist Rhetoric) 3/3

Throwing 3/3
Stealth 3/3

Equipment: Standard Field Armor, Combat Knife, Disruptor Rifle, 1 x Disruptor Grenade

42 x Comrades – These are the above average AARPF members to whom Marcus has doled out his limited supply of smuggled weapons. As long as they are in contact with their Commissars, these troops will act in a clumsy, but brave manner during the course of the final battle. (Note that there are dozens of other AARPF members, not present for the final battle, who begged for the chance to be part of the "Revolutionary Vanguard", but who will settle for just being amongst the "People's Army" who will carry primitive ballistic weapons and clubs to the President's Palace when the uprising occurs.)

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

Fire (Disruptor) 2/2
Melee Combat 2/2

Fire (Other Weapon as Appropriate) 2/2
Philosophy (Socialist Rhetoric) 3/3

Throwing 2/2
Stealth 3/3

Equipment: Standard Field Armor, Combat Knife, Disruptor Pistol (Unless other weapon is specified)

AARPF GRUNTS – These are the rawest members of the AARPF splinter group. They are only barely competent with their weapons and, under normal circumstances, would pose more of threat to themselves than to others. They are generally unskilled in military operations and will fold at the first sign of determined resistance or retaliation.

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

Fire (Disruptor) 1/1
Fire (Other Weapon as Appropriate) 1/1

Melee Combat 1/1

Throwing 1/1
Stealth 2/2

Philosophy (Socialist Rhetoric) 2/2

Equipment: Standard Field Armor, Combat Knife, Disruptor Pistol (Unless other weapon is specified)

AARPF REGULARS – These are the middle echelon troops, some of whom split from Marcus' AARPF Revolutionary Army when they became dissatisfied when things weren't progressing as swiftly as they would have liked. These are brave and competent soldiers, but without any solid leadership, they are unlikely to produce much in the way of real effect in the field.

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

Fire (Disruptor) 2/2

Melee Combat 2/2

Fire (Other Weapon as Appropriate) 2/2

Philosophy (Socialist Rhetoric) 3/3

Throwing 2/2

Stealth 3/3

Equipment: Standard Field Armor, Combat Knife, Disruptor Pistol (Unless other weapon is specified)

THE PRELLARIANS

The standard Prellarian uses the following Template:

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

ADD +1 to ONE (1) of STR, ACC, TEC or GKN.

The Prellarian Team Leader uses the following Template:

Strength: 4	Intuition: 2	Movement:	Pro. Rep. Level: 3	Armor Rating:
Accuracy: 3	Discipline: 3	Base A/I Tricode: 4/6/8	Heroic Rep. Level: 0	Weight (optional):
Speed: 3	Technical: 5	AR Mods:	LDC: 8	Lift:
Leadership: 3	Gen.Knowledge: 3	Dmg. Mods:	SDC: 7	Jump:
Logic: 3	Perception: 2	Adj. A/I Tricode:	Background Rating: 3	Range Type: N

Negotiation 3/3

Mechanics 5/5

Melee 1/2

Martial Arts 2/2

Equipment: Combat Knife

The other Prellarian Merchants uses the following Template:

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

Electronics 3/3

Mechanics 3/3

Melee 1/1

Martial Arts 2/2

Equipment: Combat Knife

The Warrior Caste Prellarian (The Bodyguard) uses the following Template:

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

Electronics 1/2

Melee 4/4

Mechanics 1/2

Security Procedures 3/3

Fire (Phaser)

Martial Arts 4/4

Equipment: Light Field Armor, Combat Knife, Phaser Pistol

Initial Contact Report Summaries (ICRS)

Upon the first contact with an alien life form, civilization, or a previously unknown aspect of an alien civilization, Federation ships are required to file an Initial Contact Report (ICR) with the Federation Chief Directorate for Space Exploration, a branch of Star Fleet Command to which Prime Team Command is subordinate. (The Science Officer is responsible for the ICR, with the Briefing Officer participating in the writing of the report (often becoming a full co-author) if a Prime Team was involved.)

The Initial Contact Department of Prime Team Command will be the action addressee of the ICR and will assign a name to the new life form which will become an integral part of the ICR, e.g., **Initial Contact Report - PLACKARIAN GRABOID**. Subsequent contacts will be reported as follow-ups to the initial report in that series, e.g., **ICR PLACKARIAN GRABOID FOLLOW-UP #1**. In the event that a follow-up report is subsequently discovered to deal with yet another new life form, the Initial Contact Department will change it to an initial report and assign a new life form name (ICR Reporting Series), presumably based on what they call themselves. The Initial Contact Department will review the reports in a ICR Reporting Series and issue a monthly Summary. These ICR SUMMARIES (ICRS) are required reading for all Prime Teams and Science Officers.

As the players reach certain levels of the adventure, further information will be made known to them. When specified in the adventure, the following sections should be photocopied and handed to the players.

Debrockian ICR Follow-Up Report #31:
Further information on the Debrockians

Debrockians are highly susceptible to damage inflicted to their Breathing Sacks, the twin bulbous membranes just below their jaws on their necks. The rules governing attacks to this area are repeated here:

A character may make any (non-psionic) attack versus a Debrockian in an attempt to hit their vital Breathing Sacks by declaring their intention before the attack is rolled and by applying a Flat +4 mod to the attack roll. These effects apply to both Stun and Lethal attacks.

Complete SL (only) will DOUBLE the amount of damage that is done by the attack, after all Defensive Action and AR mods are applied.

Moderate SL will add +1 to the Damage inflicted by the attack, but before any Defensive Action and AR mods are applied.

NOTE! Gr'brp and his Strike Frog commandos are specially trained to strike for this vital area. As such, they suffer only a flat +2 mod when making the special attack.

As an amphibian race, Debrockians are excellent swimmers and are capable of holding their breath for up to 5 times their LDC in minutes, and often attack by popping up out of the water. (This can be real nasty if the guy gets a Complex action. He pops up and makes his attack, and then drops back down into the water!) There is an expanded +2/+3/+4 mod for any attacks directed at a submerged individual.

Debrockians have a SWIMMING MOVEMENT RATE of 5 times their SPEED characteristic. This is not a skill, for them, and need never be rolled for. Debrockians have a Land MOVEMENT RATE of only 2 times their SPEED characteristic. However, the distances that the Debrockians can LEAP are TRIPLE the distances listed by Strength in section 1.14 of the Prime Directive Rulebook.

ICRS -PRELLARIANS



Prellarians are Associate Members of the Federation, renowned for their mastery of High-Grav and Null-Grav technology. Prellarians are a squat humanoid race, rumored to be distant relatives of the taller Dunkars. Their powerful frames, and technological inclinations, are a direct result of their preference for high gravity habitats (some measuring as high as 3.4 standard gravities.) Rarely growing to a height of greater than 120 cm, the Prellarians are highly prized not only for their technological knowledge, but also for their ability to crawl through tight conduits and cramped access ports.

Owing to the grave danger of falling virtually any distance greater than a few cms on their high-grav homeworlds, the Prellarians have a deeply ingrained fear of heights that is difficult for them to overcome even in lower gravity environments. Technicians who insist upon excessive safety tethering when operating over an open area or at some height are often referred to as acting like "scared Prellarians".

Prellarians are hardly timid, however, when their feet are firmly planted on the ground. The Prellarian Warrior class, while shrinking in relative numbers now that the Prellarians are a peaceful spacefaring race, still form the core of what is thought to be one of the outstanding planetary based military forces in the galaxy. Prellarian Warriors are also highly prized as mercenaries, often being found in the employ of various Orion Cartels and Crime Teams.

Of equal stature in Prellarian society are the Stone Singers, master story tellers, who keep the ancient stories and traditions of Prellarian society alive with their days-long tales of ancient heros and the virtues they embodied. These Stone Singers keep the tempo of their lengthy tales by using specially crafted quartz drums and strikers, many of which are hundreds of years old, that have been passed down from Master to apprentice since the beginnings of their tradition.

Prellarian Characteristics: STR: 4, ACC: 2, SPD: 2, LDR: 2, LGC: 2, INT: 2, DIS: 2, TEC: 2, GKN: 2, PER: 2
[ADD +1 to ONE (1) of STR, ACC, TEC or GKN]

Orion Follow-Up Report #1296 - Skimmers



Orions with no allegiance to either an established Pirate Cartel or to the Federation. They refuse to practice "accepted normal" behavior, preferring to remain on the edges of society; hence the name "Skimmers".

They often engage in rapid, and often destructive, travels through the fringes of other civilized worlds. Unlike other gang-related social groups, Skimmers are virtually never interested in establishing a territory. Rather, they habitually wander from area to area, world to world, seeking out combative situations with local authorities, and generally entering into disruptive behavior patterns.

Frequently, the sons and daughters of wealthy ethnic Orion families, Skimmer Gangs (usually composed of 3 to 10 members) are easily recognizable by their outlandish appearance, running toward repulsive holographic displays projected upon their surcoats and their sculptured, highly stylized hair fashions. Some Skimmer groups also appear to work images of the prominent sights and locations to which they have previously traveled into their holo-displays, but inevitably depicting those locations in a mocking, distorted or obscene manner.

Skimmers are an enigmatic social phenomenon because, while they often appear to be genuinely excited and moved by various aspects of the cultures and environments through which they travel, they nonetheless feel the need to in some way damage those very same things. When subsequently questioned about these practices by local authorities, Skimmers invariably reply that they just want to leave some sort of mark before moving on and that they meant no harm. In any event, all Federation citizens are warned to approach suspected Skimmers, either singly or in groups, with extreme caution.

Captured Federation Personnel Holos



Vulcan Junior Ambassador Sieret



Human Cultural Attache Terry Ferrington



Cygnan Technical Consultant Kasrin'Jazal

UFP PERSONNEL DOSSIER #GGK-17/2834
ACC-SF/DIPATT RKL

NAME: SIERET
RACIAL AFFILIATION: VULCAN
POSITION: DIPLOMAT 5P(*)

(*) P RATED: 4 (CONTACT TELEPATH) SAYARA-MONKIAH (SANC/BANDED) (SEE -- VC-ADM:SA-MON/SIERET-SR [dkl A-7623/27])

SIERET - ENTERS FEDERATION DIPLOMATIC CORPS: Y160

FedDipCorps MAT: Y162

TENURE:

SERVES UNDER KORLORIAN COMMISSION, D-2T
Y165-7

PROMOTED TO D-3T, Y167

SERVES SB12, GORN TRANS COMMISSION Y167-69
PROMOTED TO D-4T, Y170

CURRENT ASSIGNMENT - DEBROCK AMB-PAT, Y170
to PRESENT

SIERET - JUNIOR DIPLOMATIC REP TO DEBROCK.
SUPERIOR - AMBASSADOR ISSABEL SHALLERT (UFP
PERSONNEL FILE #GGD-23/1183 ACC-SF/DIPATT RKL-
SN)

DUTIES - PROVIDE CONDITIONAL TELEPATHIC
MONITORING/INTER-REP FOR FED/LOCAL
TRANSACTIONS IN FED-ASSOC-CASE (Accession)
SEC73 - DEBROCK. [NOTE! OWING TO THE
DEBROCKIAN CULTURAL PROHIBITION AGAINST
MENTALISM, SIERET'S ROLE IN PERFORMING THIS
DUTY HAS NOT BEEN REVEALED TO THE LOCALS!
THIS IS LEVEL 2 INFO-SEAL!] ALSO, SENIOR CODE-KEY
MANAGER FOR SAME ASSIGNMENT.

FEATURES -

SIERET IS RATED - SECRET: RED/GOLD/RED 7

PROFICIENCIES -

VULCAN (fl), STE (fl), KLINGON (fl), ROMULAN (fl),
GORN (fl), KORLORIAN (fl), DEBROCKIAN (fl-con)

DEFENSE (MARTIAL/MELEE) GRADE 2

PILOT - (SHUTTLE) GRADE 2

CRYPTOGRAPHY - (STANDARD REDUCTION &
INFINITE REDUCTION)

BASIC SURVIVAL - GRADE 1

COMMENDATIONS -

PSYCH EVALUATION - SIERET IS A HIGHLY
MOTIVATED MEMBER OF THE FEDERATION
DIPLOMATIC CORPS. HIS DEVOTION TO THE ETHICAL
RIGORS OF HIS PSIONIC DISCIPLINE, THE SAYARA-
MONKIAH, IS EVIDENT IN EVERY ASPECT OF HIS
PROFESSIONAL AND PERSONAL LIFE.

SIERET'S DIPLOMATIC FORTE IS ANALOGY, WHICH
HE HAS USED TO GREAT EFFECT ON NUMEROUS
OCCASIONS TO INDUCE DISPARATE PARTIES TO GAIN
A COMMON VANTAGE POINT FROM WHICH TO VIEW A
POINT OF CONTENTION.

IN HIS PROFESSIONAL GUISE, SIERET IS A QUIET
FACILITATOR, SELDOM CHALLENGING A POSITION,
BUT SEEKING RATHER TO SUBTLY SHIFT THE
PARTY(S) STANCE BY GRADUAL PARADIGM SHIFTS.

UFP PERSONNEL DOSSIER #GHY-82/8250 ACC-SF/DIPATT AKL

NAME: FERRINGTON, TERRY
 RACIAL AFFILIATION: TERRAN
 POSITION: DIPLOMAT ATTACHE - 4C

FERRINGTON, TERRY - ENTERS FEDDIPCORPS: Y163
 FedDipCorps MAT: Y165
 TENURE:
 SERVES ON SF EXPEDITION GK-9749/11 - TO AKLION
 IV Y166-9
 PROMOTED TO D-3C, Y170

SERVES ON CULTURAL OUTREACH TO REED'S
 WORLD - Y170-172
 PROMOTED TO D-4C, Y172

CURRENT ASSIGNMENT - DEBROCK AMB-PAT, Y172
 to PRESENT

FERRINGTON, TERRY - SENIOR CULTURAL
 ATTACHE TO DEBROCK. SUPERIOR - AMBASSADOR
 ISSABEL SHALLERT (UFP PERSONNEL FILE #GGD-
 23/1183 ACC-SF/DIPATT RKL-SN)

DUTIES - PROVIDE FOR STRUCTURED CULTURAL
 INPUT AND MATERIAL TO SUPPLEMENT FOR
 FED/LOCAL TRANSACTIONS IN FED-ASSOC-CASE
 (Accession) SEC73 - DEBROCK

FEATURES -
 FERRINGTON, TERRY IS RATED - SECRET:
 YELLOW/SILVER/YELLOW 4

PROFICIENCIES -
 STE (fl), SPANISH (fl), GERMAN (fl), FRENCH (fl),
 FINNISH (fl), AFRICANS (fl), JAPANESE (fl), CANTONESE
 (fl), HOPI (fl), ARMENIAN (fl), RUSSIAN (fl), VULCAN (fl),
 CYGNAN (fl), ALPHA-CENTAURAN (fl), RIGELLIAN (fl),
 DEBROCKIAN (fl-con)
 DEFENSE (MARTIAL/MELEE) GRADE 2
 BASIC SURVIVAL - GRADE 1

COMMENDATIONS -
 OUTSTANDING SERVICE COMM - CULTURAL
 OUTREACH TO REED'S WORLD (SEE: COMMREP
 1221/003-542 - KANTOR, AMY - REED'S WORLD JTU-
 1723 - Y170)

PSYCH EVALUATION - TERRY IS A HIGHLY
 MOTIVATED MEMBER OF THE FEDERATION
 DIPLOMATIC CORPS. HER GENUINE ENTHUSIASM IN
 SHARING BOTH THE POSITIVE AND DARKER ASPECTS
 OF FEDERATION CULTURE, HISTORY AND LIFE
 PROVIDES PROSPECTIVE FEDERATION APPLICANTS
 WITH A COMPREHENSIVE AND UNBIASED VIEW OF
 SUCH. TERRY HAS A NATURAL GIFT FOR RELATING
 ASPECTS OF FEDERATION CULTURE AND HISTORY IN
 A CONVERSATIONAL AND ENTERTAINING MANNER,
 WHILE STILL CONVEYING VITAL, POSITIVE IMAGES
 AND ASPECTS OF THE FEDERATION'S POSITION ON
 EMERGING CULTURES. HER WILLINGNESS TO OPENLY
 DISCUSS THE DARKER ASPECTS OF THE FEDERATION
 MEMBER-RACES' WAR-TORN PAST CONVEYS A SENSE
 OF HONESTY AND OPENNESS THAT HAS GREATLY
 ENHANCED THE POSITION OF HER DIPLOMATIC
 SUPERIORS.

UFP PERSONNEL DOSSIER #VSA-33/2930 ACC-SF/DIPATT TCC

NAME: JAZAL, KASRIN
 RACIAL AFFILIATION: CYGNAN
 POSITION: DIPLOMATIC TECHNICAL SPEC - 5T

JAZAL, KASRIN - ENTERS FEDDIPCORPS: Y160
 FedDipCorps MAT: Y162
 TENURE:
 SERVES ON GSC MAGELLAN AS COMM-TECH TO
 FEDDIPCORPS OPERATIONS Y163-8
 PROMOTED TO D-3T, Y167

SERVES ON SB26 AS STATION COMM-TECH TO
 FEDDIPCORPS OPERATIONS Y169-172
 PROMOTED TO D-4T, Y172

CURRENT ASSIGNMENT - DEBROCK AMB-PAT, Y172
 to PRESENT

JAZAL, KASRIN - SENIOR DIPLOMATIC TECHNICAL
 SPEC TO DEBROCK. SUPERIOR - AMBASSADOR
 ISSABEL SHALLERT (UFP PERSONNEL FILE #GGD-
 23/1183 ACC-SF/DIPATT RKL-SN)

DUTIES - PROVIDE FOR ROUTINE/SECURE
 COMMUNICATIONS AND GENERAL TECHNICAL
 SUPPORT FOR FED/LOCAL TRANSACTIONS IN FED-
 ASSOC- CASE (Accession) SEC73 - DEBROCK. ALSO TO
 PROVIDE SELECTED TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE AND
 DEMONSTRATIONS TO LOCALS FOR SAME.

FEATURES -
 JAZAL, KASRIN IS RATED - SECRET:
 ORANGE/SILVER/ORANGE 5

PROFICIENCIES -
 STE (fl), VULCAN (fl), CYGNAN (fl), ALPHA-
 CENTAURAN (fl), RIGELLIAN (fl), DEBROCKIAN (fl-con)
 SFC ST-CODES: BLUE (ALL), GREEN (ALL), GOLD
 (ALPHA - GAMMA), RED (A1-EX)
 DEFENSE (MARTIAL/MELEE) GRADE 2
 BASIC SURVIVAL - GRADE 1
 COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS - GRADE 6
 GENERAL TECHNICAL - GRADE 5

COMMENDATIONS -
 SERVICE AWARD - GSC MAGELLAN TOUR, Y163-8

PSYCH EVALUATION - KASRIN IS A HIGHLY
 MOTIVATED MEMBER OF THE FEDERATION
 DIPLOMATIC CORPS. HIS EXCEPTIONAL TECHNICAL
 ABILITIES AND WORK HABITS ENSURE THAT THE
 TECHNICAL ASPECTS OF A DIPLOMATIC MISSION
 WITH WHICH HE IS INVOLVED WILL BE ENTIRELY
 PROVIDED FOR. KASRIN HAS ALSO SHOWN A
 REMARKABLE TALENT FOR DIVINING THE
 PROMINENT TECHNICAL NEEDS OF LOCAL CULTURES
 AND PROVIDING SIMPLE APPLICATIONS OF GENERAL
 FEDERATION TECHNICAL SYSTEMS TO PROVIDE FOR
 THOSE NEEDS. IN THESE ENDEAVORS KASRIN HAS
 DEVELOPED WHAT HAS BEEN REFERRED TO BY HIS
 SUPERIORS AS "CONSIDERABLE FLAIR AND
 SHOWMANSHIP", MAKING ELABORATE PREPARA-
 TIONS TO SHOW OFF THESE DEMONSTRATIONS IN AN
 ALMOST THEATRICAL MANNER.

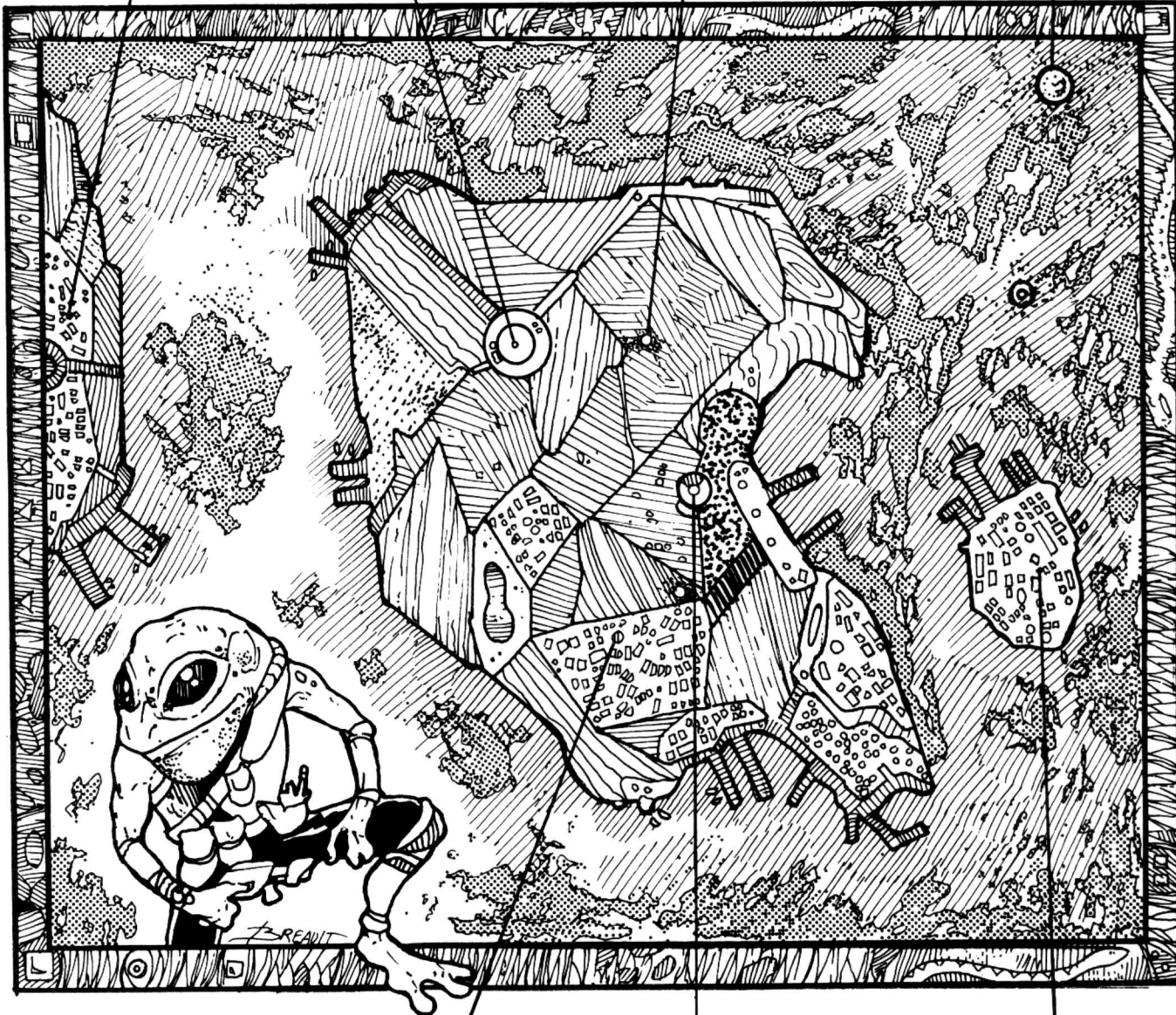
• THE DEBROCKIAN CAPITAL AND SURROUNDING AREAS •

THE NORTHWEST SHELF

HG'RT'S PALACE

MARCUS TAL'S SECRET BASE

SECRET SWAMP BASE



SCALE: 0.5 inch = 2.5 km

GY'YP'S RESIDENCE

AMBUSH LOCATION

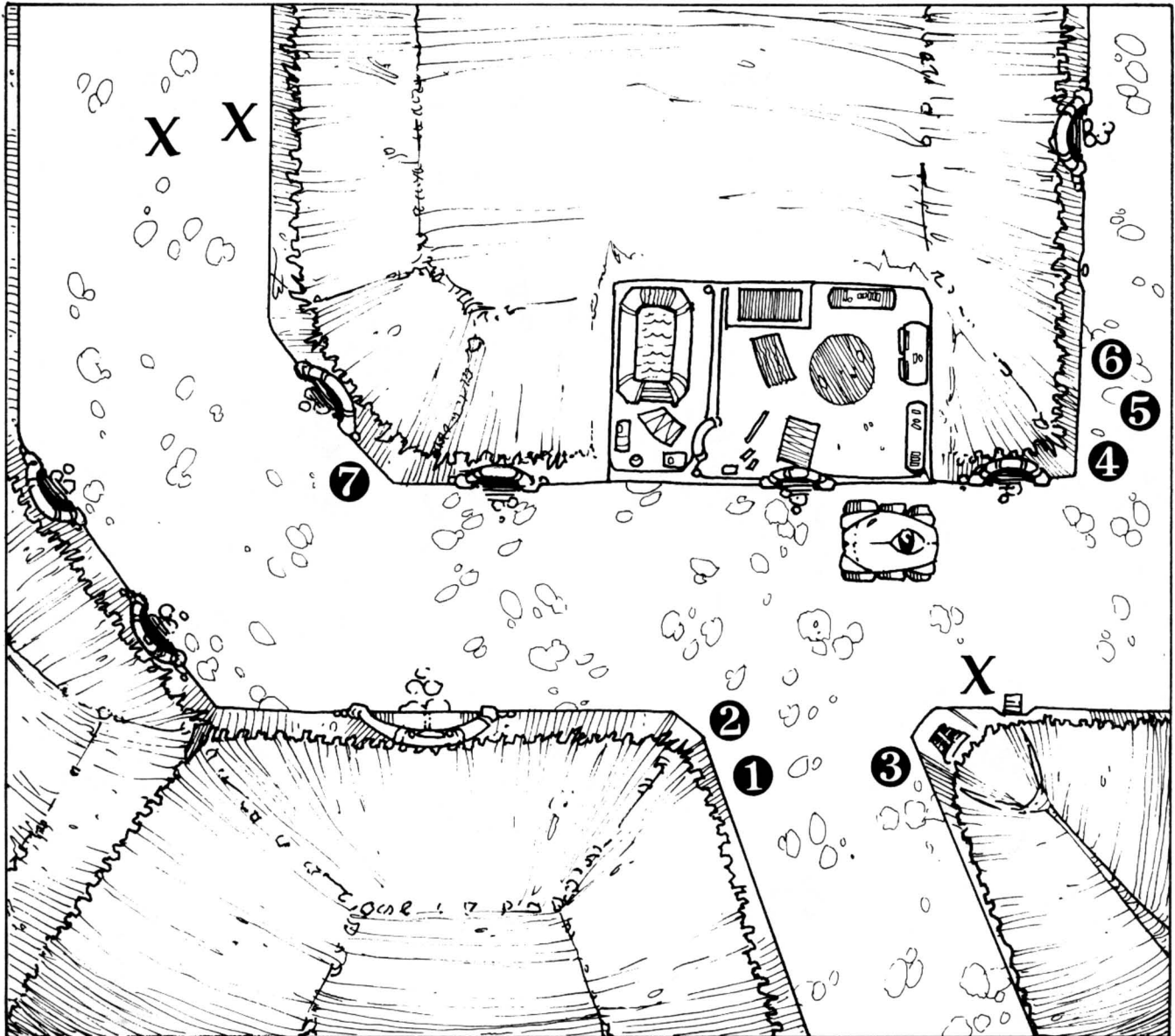
THE EASTERN MARKET

You will find swamps with occasional settlements south of the area shown on the map, all of which have no relevance to the adventure.

• GUIDE TO THE MAPS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES •

Map #1: Gy'yp's Residence	28
Map #2: The Secret Swamp Base	29
Map #3: The Secret Romulan Base	30
Map #4: The Pro Ambush	31

• MAP #1: GY'YP'S RESIDENCE



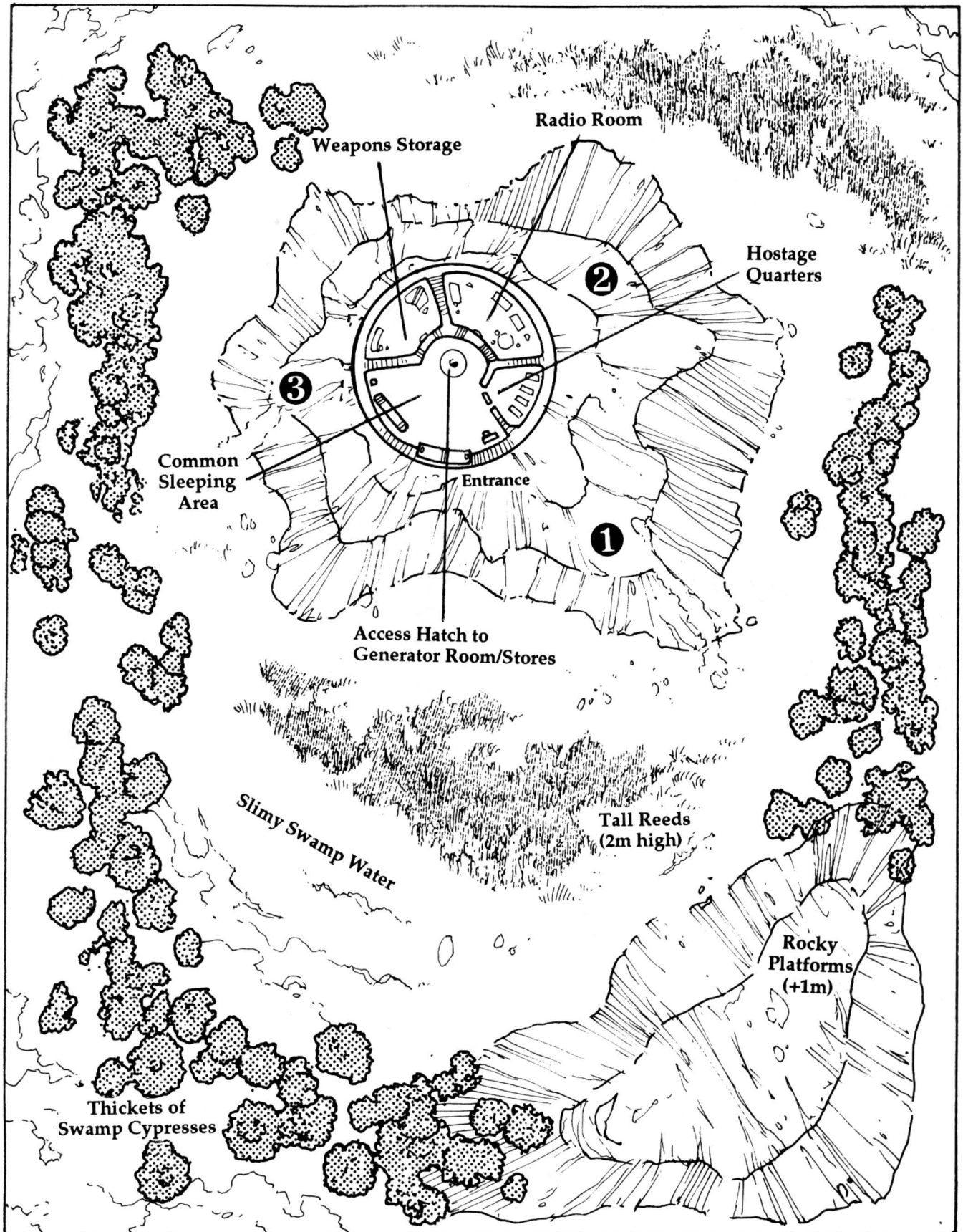
SCALE: 0.5 inch = 2 meters

The numbers on the map indicate Ambushers, while the X's indicate innocent Debrockian bystanders.

Bk'rg is seated in the vehicle situated in front of Gy'yp's residence.

Gy'yp's residence itself contains a soaking tub, a sleeping platform, dressers which contain clothes and personal effects, and a bookcase crammed full with socialist literature of all kinds.

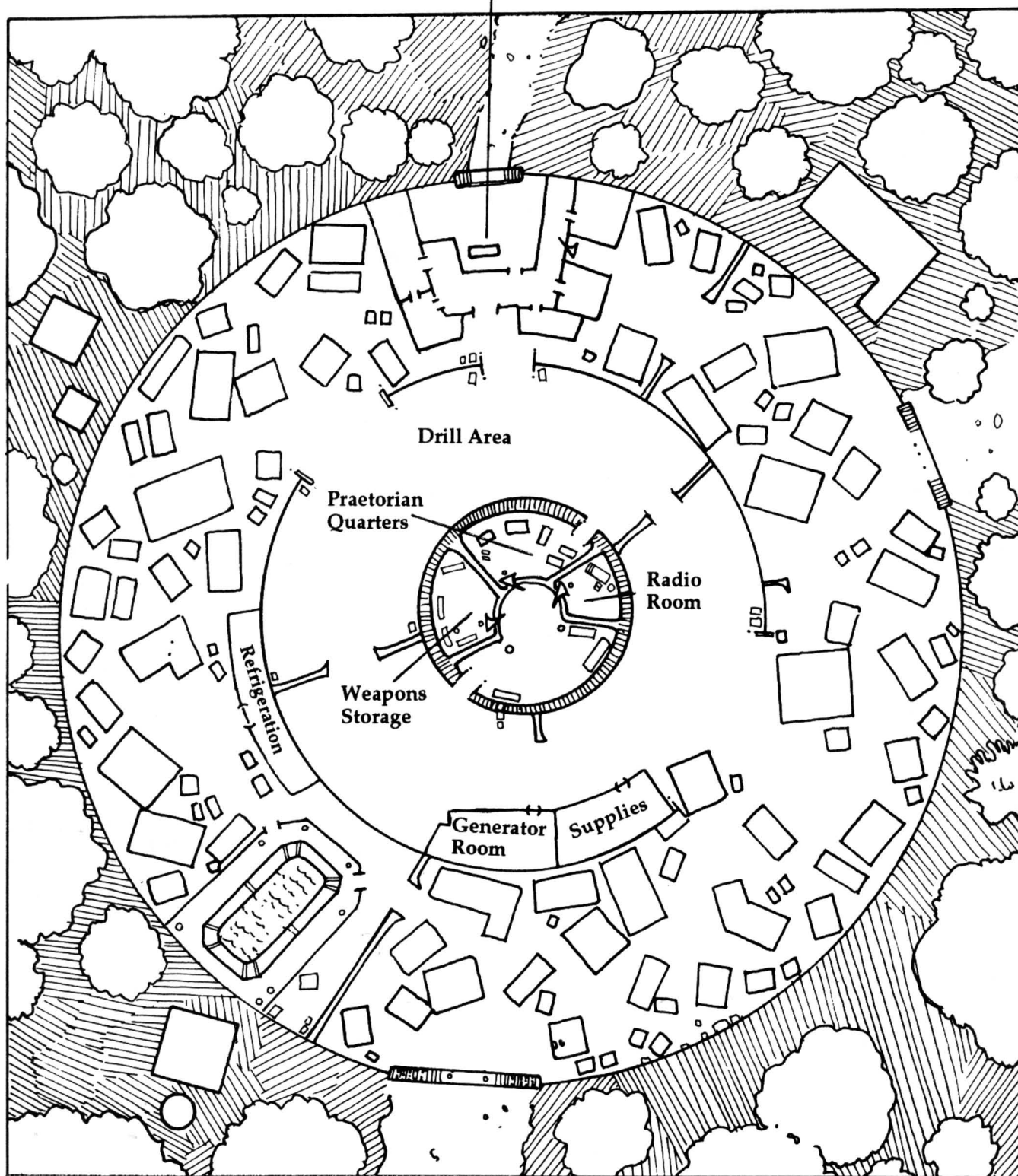
• MAP #2: THE SECRET SWAMP BASE



SCALE: 0.5 inch = 5 meters

• MAP #3: THE SECRET ROMULAN BASE

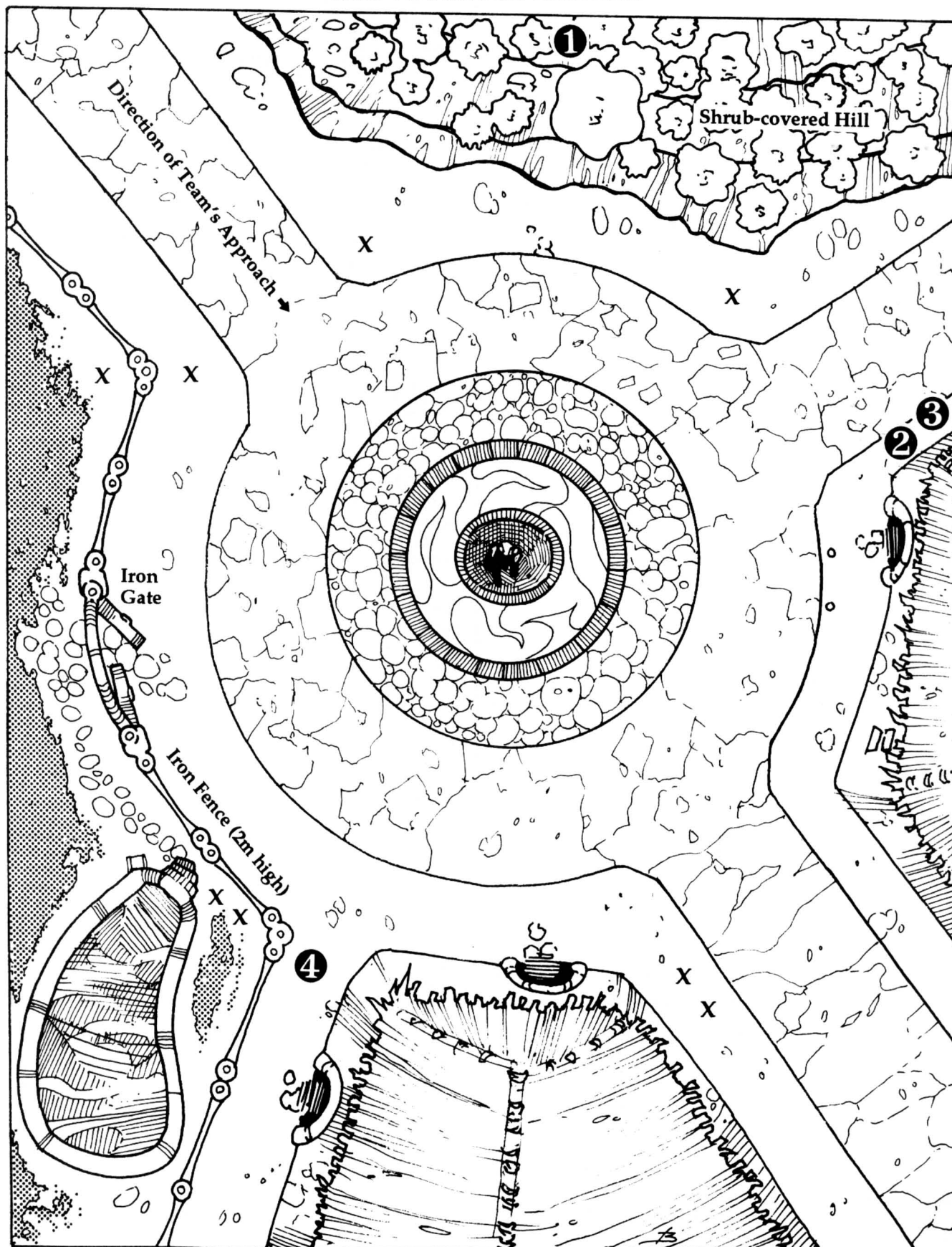
FRONT OFFICES AND ADMINISTRATION AREA



Much of the outer ring of the Secret Romulan Base is piled high with crates, shelves, and assorted junk – much of which is flammable. The three doors on the outside of the dome are standard overhead doors.

SCALE: 0.5 inch = 4 meters

• MAP #4: THE PRO AMBUSH



SCALE: 0.25 inch = 1 meter The numbers on the map indicate Ambushers, while the X's indicate innocent Debrockian bystanders. The fountain in the middle of the traffic circle features a statue of Yt'Lug.

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Task Force Games also publishes **Prime Time**, a bi-monthly Prime Directive newsletter. This four-page publication contains playtest rules, equipment, scenarios, etc., along with a regular letter column which endeavors to answer your more important questions.

Subscriptions to **Prime Time** cost \$5 for six issues (one year) in the US, Canada, and to APO and FPO addresses. All payments must be in US funds, made payable to Task Force Games, and checks must be drawn on US banks.

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Players can contact Task Force Games via the GENIE computer network at the GEmail address **TFGS** or via Internet at **TFGS@genie.geis.com**. The Star Fleet Universe has its own Category (#10) on GENIE, on Page 805 (Games Roundtable) with four topics (#30 & 34-36) reserved for Prime Directive. For more information about the GENIE network, call them direct at 1-800-638-9636 (Voice Only).

Send the following correspondence to Task Force Games: requests for a spare parts price list, orders for spare parts, requests for catalogs and product updates, replacement of defective or missing parts, submissions of art, rules questions, and inquiries into the release schedule of various products. The TFG mail order service accepts Visa, Mastercard, and Discover. All consumer correspondence (other than mail orders) requires a stamped self-addressed envelope. The TFG telephone number is 806-372-1266.

OFF THE RAILS — NOTES TO THE GM

Sometimes the players outsmart the GM (or the scenario designers), and things get "off the rails." Here is some advice to keep the scenario on-track and fun for everyone.

The main point, of course, is to get the Team to the Secret Swamp Base to rescue the hostages and then to Tal's secret stronghold in the city to prevent the actual revolt. If the players come up with some nifty way to do either (or both) of these things that isn't covered in the adventure, then you will have to wing it! Remember that you have several NPC "tools" that could help you out in these sorts of situations. Ambassador Shallert, Marshal Gr'brp, and even Bl'nt and Marcus Tal might be able to help you help the players through a hastily constructed scene or two. By and large, players won't notice that you're improvising if their characters are engaged in conversation with an NPC, and if things get rough, just throw a few AARPF grunts at them! Marcus Tal isn't going to let the Team get too close if he can help it, and the players won't have a lot of time to ask questions when they're being shot at! Remember what the NPC's motivations are, and their resources, and take it from there.

If the team just won't take the hint to go to the northern swamp, have the ship (during one of its visits) find the base on scanners and *order* the team to go there. For their own good, of course!

UPRISING!

"They called themselves the AARPF and I met them deep in the swamps that first night. They were wild-eyed and overflowing with their plans for Debrock when **they** took control. I sat and listened as Plinne and the others handed out the weapons. To be honest, I really didn't care about their revolution - I just wanted their dilithium!"

*Excerpt from Man of Vision!
(the unauthorized biography of Marcus Tal)*

Uprising! This exciting adventure for Prime Directive takes a Prime Team deep into the intrigues of an uprising on an amphibian world where things are not always as they seem!

Uprising! also includes the first look at:

- **Orion Skimmers** (punks on the edge)
- **Prellarians**, a brand new Associate Member race of the Federation!



Uprising! is an adventure for Prime Directive, suitable for three or more players, ages 12 and older.

Written by
Mark Costello

Please note: You
must have Prime
Directive to play
Uprising!

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