



# ADRIFT

**STARFINDER**  
COMPATIBLE

BY CHRISTOPHER STURTS



# ADRIFT

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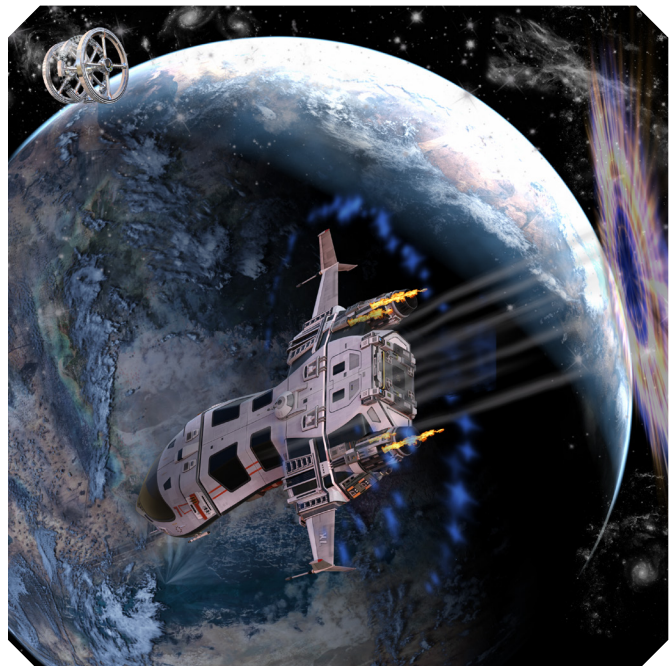
## INTRODUCTION

This adventure is an opening scenario designed to get players and GMs used to the style, flavor and mechanics used in Space Opera and Science Fiction style games. Feel free to use all, some or none of the skill checks found within this module. Like my Fantasy setting subscription box, this module will allow for a single one-shot style game, or can tie together to a yearlong story arc taking the PCs from being stranded and alone to defeating the enemy and returning to the known worlds as heroes.

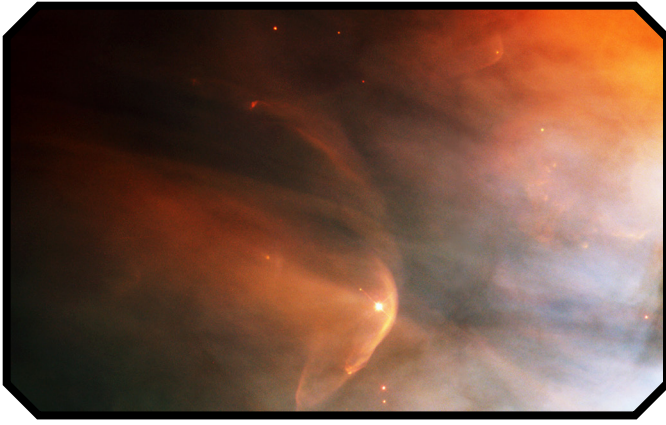
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## ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The Sanguine Raptor is an Explorer style vessel; used to protect freighters when travelling the unknown outside of the hyperspace. She is one of many that do their part in keeping the interstellar trade lanes open and free from pirates and other undesirables. Since signing on to her crew a few months ago, Captain Daniels and the rest of the company aboard the Raptor have done their best to make the PC's transition to the team smooth and welcome.

It was a typical run to the outer reaches of the known worlds. There was no sign of piracy or other predatory vessels. The ship docked, cleared the freighter for inspection and headed out once more – this time taking the hyperspace. The Raptor was behind schedule already. Suddenly, a rogue ship breached hyperspace and discharged a massive electromagnetic pulse. It wreaked havoc on the ship's navigation, propulsion and hyperspace engine. Without the hyperspace engine functioning, the ship was sucked violently through a reality rift back to regular space. The damage to it was catastrophic.

The crew awakens to smoke and sensors going off in rapid succession. Sparks fly from torn cabling and it stinks of burnt electronics. Somewhere in the background is the steady discharge of a fire extinguisher.

The captain and much of the crew are dead. Only a few survived the dangerous re-entry back to regular space. Stumbling, the survivors make their way through the debris and bodies to the main console and open the blast window. An unfamiliar space station hovers in the distance and a planet that has never been seen looms. The Sanguine Raptor has no power. There is no way of getting home. They are – *adrift*.

## ADVENTURE SUMMARY

After an electromagnetic burst renders the Hyperspace engine useless, The ship is ripped from the Hyperspace through a tear in reality; leaving the survivors of the attack stranded in a strange solar system with no way of returning home. Through good roleplaying, careful negotiation, combat encounters and more, your players will uncover why this unprovoked aggression occurred to them, and look for potential solutions that will render their Hyperspace engine operable and able to return back to the known worlds. This is the opening adventure for a yearlong campaign that can also be run as a single one-off session.

### Introduction

You stow your gear in your quarters and head for the coffee machine. It's only been three months since you signed up, but the Sanguine Raptor is beginning to really feel like home. Your fellow crew mates wave to you as you pass them in the hall. As you begin brewing your single cup of joe, you enjoy the fond memories of the two weeks of shore leave that you have just returned from.

Before long, the Captain gives the orders and the Sanguine Raptor undocks from Pendrell Station and the course is set for the interior of the known worlds. "Looks like we got another job lined up for us once we hit the Station," The captain warmly states as the Hyperspace engine begins to prime. "*We might be in for a decent payday after all.*"

"*Captain, the Hyperspace Engine is primed. Awaiting your command to enter Hyperspace.*" The pilot comments as he eyes the captain for confirmation. With a nod, a tear is opened in reality and the long road home is underway.

You aren't sure what time it is when you are awoken to shrill sirens and alarms blaring. Your bunkmate looks to have already left your quarters and you hurry out to find out what is wrong. "Life Support at 50%", The computer's analog voice comes over the speakers. There's smoke everywhere and you think you hear a fire extinguisher somewhere in the din of chaos that surrounds you. The ship shudders again, throwing you to the floor hard. Your ears are ringing now.

You go to wipe the sweat away from your forehead and you come back with a streak of crimson. You must have hit your head when the ship shook. You arrive at the bridge to find that the captain and most of the crew are dead. From the looks of them it seems as if the violent event that woke

you from sleep threw them against the bulkhead. You choke and cough as the smoke from burning electronics gags you. *"Life Support at 45%".*

Out of the main deck's field of vision you spot a small spacecraft with an evil clown's face grinning wickedly upon the side. You are no longer in hyperspace and stars that you do not recognize dot the empty blackness of space. It fires what looks to be an electromagnetic field at your ship again, throwing you to the ground once more before disappearing into hyperspace. You hear more alarms going off due to the damage.

A crackling transmission comes through the communications dashboard. It is a male voice – *"Attention, ship in distress. This is the Jyurani spaceport Bindathah. Do you need assistance? Once again, this is the Jyurani spaceport Bindathah. Is there anyone alive on board to respond? You are leaking atmosphere."*

<Allow a response>

*"Acknowledged. We are sending tugs to guide you into the docking bay. Your transponder seems to be out as well. We will greet you with an armed party just to be safe. Do you acknowledge?"*

<Allow actions to be taken then continue>

Through the hazy atmosphere, you see what seems to be rocket propelled pods, the size of a small car shoot out of the spaceport and towards your ship. There appear to be about 15 of them. As they near the Raptor, they slow and take position around the vessel. The fronts of the ships open up, revealing something like a four pronged cross. The cross-esque bars flash a bluish white glow and attach to your ship with a magnetic 'THUNK'. The ship begins to move. Again, the male voice comes over your communications array, *"Ahoy stranded vessel. We now have control over your navigation. Sit back and relax. We will guide you in."*

The small 'tugs' as they were called begin to propel your ship; guiding it smoothly. You approach the huge space station; it is several long narrow tubes with a massive ring at each end. The tugs place you in sync with the rotating station and lead you smoothly into a bay within the massive complex. The transmission from the station comes through once more. *"Attention, stranded vessel. We are connecting an airlock to your vessel. Do not be alarmed. Please disengage your lock and prepare to be met."*

<Allow for actions>

The Sanguine Raptor's door opens with a guttural protest, allowing the airlock to be sealed. You disembark to see a group of eight humans in combat gear with weapons drawn but barrels lowered; a sign of preparedness – nothing more. Behind them, a human female holds out a hand in salutation. She looks to be about 60 years of age. Her hair is jet black and done up in a large braid. Her brown eyes are fiery, yet she holds a pleasant smile across her face. She is dressed in what you assume to be a diplomat's garb. *"Greetings. We mean you no harm. If you will please relieve yourselves of sny weapons, you may enter Bindathah as welcome guests. It looks as if your ship is in dire need of repairs. I can direct you to Harbormaster Jordan Falk if you like."*

Here are a series of questions that the PCs might ask right off the bat. If I have missed some, please feel free to improvise based on the responses below.

Where are we? *"You are in the Goorning system – specifically Jyurah."*

How far is a known space station? *"I am sorry; I do not know of other space stations. Is it near Perth?"*

Can you fix our ship? *"That would be up to the discretion of the Harbormaster."*

Do you know what happened to us? *I am afraid not. Our scanners picked you up suddenly. It was as if you were not there one moment and there the next. Do you have some sort of cloaking technology?"*

Do you know of the known worlds? *"No. We have traveled outside our system, but so far have not made much contact with other planets or species. Perth is the closest planet with intelligent life, and we are at an uneasy truce with them."*

<Once all questions have been answered, proceed>

You are escorted into a beautiful and mesmerizing new place. People move about on daily business all around you. You see everything from food and drink vendors to tourist shops. Scintillating smells of unique cuisine tempts your nostrils. Gardens of bright emerald drape some of the walls.

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The armed escort takes their leave and the woman turns to address you all. "My name is Diplomat Anja Wesk. You will find housing on the 3rd floor, food and drink on the first. Entertainment is on the 6th floor. Harbormaster Falk can be found near my office, here on the first floor. There are kiosks that can answer most questions that you have regarding Bindathah station." She pauses, as if listening to something. "Yes sir," she says to no one. "My supervisor requests to meet you after you have settled in. His name is Henry William Thorpe. He says it is important. You can find him on the 8th floor." The woman pauses for a moment as if considering something.

"Did you have any other questions that I might answer for you?"

<Allow for Q and A.>

"Very well then. Moon's blessing upon you all." With a bow, she makes her way down the walkway and out of sight.

<At this point, the PCs might want to explore. All shops take credits. Only Humans and a very small minority of Dwarves live on Bindathah. There are no magic shops of any kind in Bindathah, or on Jyurah for that matter. Anyone performing magic will be assumed they are using technology to produce those effects. When they are ready to proceed to meeting the commander of the Bindathah station, continue below.>

## Meeting Thorpe

You make your way to the elevators and press the button corresponding with the 8th floor. Once the level is reached, the doors open silently. Around you are very large offices with titles such as Minister of Technology, Chief Counselor of Aggression, High Priest of Planetary Defenses and so on. Each of these doors is guarded by three armed personnel. You spy the last door on the right with the name 'Henry William Thorpe' in gold lettering underneath the title 'Commander of Bindathah Station'. You knock and a deep gravelly voice announces "Enter."

A man of nearly forty sits at a long wooden desk, typing into a data pad. His hair is blonde with a few flecks of gray in between. He has a well combed moustache and small beard and he is dressed in military attire. He looks up through his bushy eyebrows momentarily, giving each of you the once-over glance before he says anything. "Sit down." He motions to the chairs across from him.

He wastes no time. "You know my name. My title is Commander of this station. I have some very important questions to ask you and I need answers. Do not waste my time with political correctness either. Do we understand each other?"

<Allow for response>

"Good. I'll get straight to it then. Are you affiliated with the Perthian Empire?"

<Allow answer>

Thorpe keeps his attention locked on his datapad – analyzing your responses. "It appears to my algorithm that you are telling the truth. We can move forward then." His hands touch the pad again; this time a holographic projection appears above his desk. It shows an asteroid. "This is the location of one of our communications and listening outposts between our space and the Perthian Empire. Its location was only known to a few – myself included. Earlier today, a distress signal came through on a secured channel. They claimed they were being raided by an unknown force."

He pauses and looks directly at you. "I think it's the Perthians. They've been looking to push territorial boundaries for the last 200 years. We've almost come to thermonuclear blows at least a dozen times already. If this is their handiwork, then we need to fire the first round to ensure our survival. We don't want to do this unless we are absolutely certain. So, I think we can come to a deal."

Thorpe stands, placing his meaty paws on the desk in front of him. "You got a ship that is in need of repair. I got a mission that needs no ties to Jyurah. Let's say that we provide you with a ship to go take a look at the outpost and report back what you find. In return, we use our resources to patch up your vessel. Sound good?"

## Who are the Perthians?

"The Perthian Empire is located on the 5th planet from our two suns. It's run by the High Perthian Council – a group of blue bloods that take everything from their people so they can feel more entitled. They have no concept of honor, no idea of what it means to have freedom and ultimately are savages. They even eschew technology as they see it as 'unclean'. A bunch of backward-ass cat-people that need to learn the meaning of respect."

<Allow responses>

*"Great. I'll download the coordinates and docking codes to The Laughing Ox. Report to Harbormaster Falk when you are ready to depart. He'll make sure she's all charged up and ready to roll out. Good luck out there."*

<Allow the PCs some roleplay at this point before moving on. They will likely get their weapons from the ship and transfer their basic needs to the Laughing Ox before departing. When they are ready to do so, continue>

The Laughing Ox is an impressive sight. Although smaller than the Raptor, she has at least as much firepower and she looks to have a much higher quality of maneuverability. The ship has seen better days, but the patches seem solid and, more importantly, there are no identifiable markings that associate it with Jyurah or the Bindathah station. Harbormaster Falk sees you off as you undock from the station and make your way out to space.

<Allow for minor roleplay such as who is taking flanks, who is taking point, etc>

### **Asteroid 66S-0076J**

After a few days, your navigation panel lights up indicating you are at your destination. The asteroid is a big one and it looks to have multiple places for docking.

<If the PCs look around the asteroid first>

You see a ship docked at one of the landing pads. It looks to have taken similar damage as the Raptor did. Its engines are guttering off and on, and much of the vessel is smoldering. You immediately recall the evil clown's smile that is painted on the side. This is the ship that ignited the electromagnetic field that ripped you out of hyperspace!

<If the PCs try hailing the asteroid>



### **THE TRIP TO THE ASTEROID**

The ship's controls are a little weird, but with the help of the crash course you received from Falk, you are able to manage average maneuverability. The asteroid's coordinates are three days out according to the navigation path, allowing you plenty of time to rest and recharge before going into this unknown situation.

You attempt to make contact with the asteroid, requesting permission to dock. You get only static in return. Either the comms are down or there's no one to take the call.

You choose a location that best benefits your ship's docking capabilities, unfortunately it is the landing pad at the flattest portion of the asteroid where the other ship has already landed. You make sure to keep as far away from the enemy vessel as possible, then engage the landing gear.

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## KASTRA STATION

### D1 – Landing Pad

<Pilot skill check, DC 12> You land smoothly onto the surface of the asteroid. It looks as if there used to be heavy laser turrets that encircled the landing zone. What's left of them still crackle and spark as you disembark in your suits. Scorch marks hint at an intense battle between the enemy ship and the asteroid, with the ship finally becoming the victor.

### D2 – Transfer/Cargo Area

This location is where freighters would drop off precious supplies like food, water condensers and other necessary equipment. The well-worn yellow caution lines look cracked and faded.

### D3 – CO2 Scrubbers/Water Condensers

The Air scrubbers and water purifiers look to be unharmed. The atmosphere within the station should still be breathable and without contamination.

### D4 – Airlock and Security check

The sign on the airlock door plainly reads 'Kastra Station. Restricted Access Only.' Red and yellow diagonals mark the place as potentially hazardous. You try the downloaded access codes you were given, but it seems as if they have either been changed, or are not working for other reasons.

### D5 – Satellite Dish Array

<Perception DC 13> It looks like there has been a great deal of effort invested in disabling this listening array. The center antennas look to be snapped off. The dishes themselves exhibit many of the same large scorch marks that the turrets as well as the landing pad shows as well. Cracks in the various listening devices have rendered them inoperable.

<Engineering/Computer Repair DC 17> They could be salvaged to make one good antennae...maybe.

## Upper Deck

### C1 – Entrance/R&R

As you enter the station proper, you immediately encounter a small quiet room. A couple of well-worn chairs and a small couch sit against the walls. A deck of cards, almost faceless from being over-played sit on a round table. Small bookshelves and lockers take up the rest of the wall space here.

<Perception Check DC 14>

The lockers have been ransacked for anything valuable, only old clothes remain within. One locker still has half a bottle of moisturizing cream and some lip balm in it. The books are nothing valuable; mostly science fiction and fantasy books - likely to help the assigned personnel cope with being isolated for such long times.

### C2 – Access Hallway

This is an access hallway, granting admittance to the more sensitive areas and equipment that are within the station proper. It looks like the access panels have all been rigged to open without the entry key. The wires are exposed and connected to one another via gator clips and copper wiring.

### C3 – Overwatch

Allowing only a single person to be within, this small room is the overwatch facility, monitoring the external and internal of the entire station as a whole. The connections to the cameras have been severed as well as the internal and external communication network. In the center chair, a congealed pool of blood and a bullet hole through the back of the chair. There is no body present. A bloody handprint smears the closest flat screen monitor.

### C4 – Mess Hall

The smell of burning chicken assaults your nostrils as you walk into the mess hall. Bullet holes puncture a few chairs with blood smears to match. Behind the counter, a laser scorch mark infers that the cook was likely killed as well. The stove is still going, though, which is where the burnt smell is coming from.

<Perception Check DC 15> You look behind the galley counter just to make sure and you see that the Cook is still clinging to life. His eyes go wide in panic at first, but once he realizes you are not a threat he manages to say "Five of them...killing everyone. Try to save..." He expires before finishing his sentence.



<If the PCs check the body, Perception DC 13> He has a holotag around his neck. The name listed is "Marcus Burnard". He shows to have been Special Ops.

### C5 – Research/Decryption Area

No one is in here, so the area was bypassed completely. Monitors are running through terabytes of encrypted material all around the room. Several chairs are tipped over and a coffee cup lays in shattered pieces on the floor. Perhaps people were leaving in a hurry.

<If the PCs try to decrypt the data> This material looks to have a 16-bit hexadecimal decryption code. It is far outside your current range of expertise.

### C6 – Station Defense

A Large holoscreen is displaying static as you enter the room. A bright red alert is going off silently as a monitor to your right reads 'Shields – 0%'. The rest of the monitors show glaring red 'System Offline' – these were likely the heavy gun turrets you saw above on the landing pad.

<Perception check for useful material, DC 15> You find a squeeze stress ball laying on the floor, and a copy of 'Tales to Astonish' on one of the stations. You also find two credsticks (75 credits and 150 credits, respectively) laying on one of the consoles along with a deck of playing cards that have been scattered.

## Mid Deck

### B1 – Entry to the B Deck

Another check-in station and another bloody trail with no body. The monitor shows 'Perimeter Breach' in large letters. The door here looks secure and intact, though somewhat bloody. It is locked in place.

<Perception DC 13> You find two Azimuth Laser Pistols, though both have been cleared of energy cells.

<Perception/Prof. Mercenary/Engineering DC 14> The attackers must have killed the guard on duty and are now using his key card to enter B Deck. You will need to manually override the locking mechanism.

<Engineering/Computer DC 16> You manage to hotwire your datapad into the mechanical lock, and, after much manipulation, manage to get the door to green light and open. It does so by sliding smoothly to the side.

### B2 – Personnel Quarters

Small utilitarian bunks line each wall with foot lockers at the head and foot of each. There's a common shower/sink/toilet area that the entire crew utilizes to save both water and space.

<Perception DC 14> Each footlocker is locked and must be opened separately.

<Engineering/Survival DC 13 for each footlocker>

Footlocker 1 Credstick containing 50 creds, two navy jumpsuits, 1 paperback book, 1 towel, three pair of socks

Footlocker 2 Credstick containing 30 creds, two navy jumpsuits, 4 chocolate bars, 1 towel, three pair of socks

Footlocker 3 Credstick containing 100 creds, two navy jumpsuits, 2 decks of new cards, 1 towel, three pair of socks

Footlocker 4 Credstick containing 63 creds, two navy jumpsuits, 1 set of dominoes, 1 towel, three pair of socks

Footlocker 5 Credstick containing 44 creds, two navy jumpsuits, 1 towel, three pair of socks

Footlocker 6 Credstick containing 90 creds, two navy jumpsuits, a family album, 1 towel, three pair of socks

Footlocker 7 Credstick containing 71 creds, two navy jumpsuits, 1 paperback book, 1 towel, three pair of socks

Footlocker 8 Credstick containing 10 creds, two navy jumpsuits, 1 survival knife, 1 towel, three pair of socks

### B3 – Conference Room

A large rectangle table sits opposite from the door with 8 chairs around it. The wall it butts up against houses a massive flat paneled monitor. This is where daily briefings are held and reports are given. This location looks untouched by the brigands.

### B4 – Secure Transmission Post

The double reinforced door is still locked. There have been several attempts to disable the door to allow entrance judging from the scratch marks on the panel.

<Engineering/Computer DC 18> You manage to hotwire your datapad into the mechanical lock, and, after much

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manipulation, manage to get the door to green light and open. It does so by sliding smoothly to either side.

A single chair dominates the center of the room, facing an enormous flat panel screen. Stacks of documents marked 'Classified' are piled on each station. The door shuts immediately behind you and a series of white noise engines can be heard firing up. You think this area is used for relaying the decrypted messages from the area on Deck C. It looks like whoever designed this room wanted no one listening in on private conversations. No damage is present in this room.

## B5 – Commander's Quarters

Although the room can easily fit more than a single person, it looks as if only one person regularly uses it. A single toothbrush sits on the sink and only one bed looks as if it is regularly used. Secure lockers dot the room and a large monitor, likely for reading top secret mission commands, aligns itself along one wall. The rest of the monitors are displaying a tropical scene with the ocean rolling calmly in and out while palm trees wave cheerfully back and forth.

<Engineering/Survival DC 16 for the footlocker>

Only a single footlocker looks regularly used. You open it with that satisfying 'click' sound. Inside you find three credsticks (70, 200 and 115 respectively), 3 navy jumpsuits, 30 chocolate bars, two bottles of hard alcohol, 1 towel, and three pairs of socks.

## B6 – Main Power Housing

This is where the fusion reactor core is located to power the base's many operational needs. A pool of blood, still slightly warm, is in the entry way. The quiet hum of the fusion reactor is the only real sound to be heard in here. Various tools lie around the room and a datapad with a checklist of things to accomplish lies broken near the blood pool.

## Low Deck

### A1 – Guard station

A single guard was stationed here, the blood surrounding his desk indicates that he is no longer with the living. Again, the door to the rest of the Low Deck has been secured from the other side. This likely happened the same as last time; by eliminating the guard and using his keyed access to enter and close the door behind him.

<Engineering/Computer DC 16> You manage to hotwire

your datapad into the mechanical lock, and, after much manipulation, manage to get the door to green light and open. It does so by sliding smoothly to the side.

### A2 – Entry Hall/Scanning Station

Smoke still fills the hallway. What looks to have been laser turrets descending from the ceiling have been blown off their rotating pivot points. Brief intermittent flashes of blue attempt to scan your biological readings, but due to the damage, all you get is the flat tone stating 'ERROR'. All the doors are open.

<Perception check, DC 14>

You hear murmuring from a room, some laughing and the banging of metal on metal coming from the room just down the hall from you.

### A3 – Drone Storage

This room looks to be a storage facility for robotic drones capable of fighting either indoors or in space. You peer inside to find three humanoids laughing and trying to break open storage pods. Blood spatter covers their armor and a grinning clown adorn each shoulder guard. (This is where the combat begins. The three humanoids will try and take cover and firing positions while the two Vesks approach from A4. See the back of the module for the stats of the five brigands. Once the combat is completed, jump immediately to Epilogue 1.)

### A4 – Weapons Lockers

This room has been ransacked by the Vesks. Locker doors have been ripped off their hinges and weapons removed. The radar positioning controls have been savagely ripped out. The whole room smells like burned electronics.

### A5 – Tool Storage

This is where the large tools used to repair the outside of the Listening Post are stored. Maneuvering spacepacks that allow untethered spacewalks hang on metal rungs. Magboots that allow similar travel, only on metallic surfaces sit on a low shelf. Also stored here are huge welding kits, thermite cutting torches and more all used for industrial needs.

### A6 – Dignitary Quarters

When Admirals or other such military royalty are visiting for disclosures that cannot be transmitted manually, this is where they stay. A pull-out king size bed, a desk and two leather chairs are the only furniture here. On the desk, a decanter of hard alcohol is out along with a box of cigars.

### A7 – Logistics

This room hasn't been used in a long time. It was likely built for another purpose when the station was initially founded. The current incarnation of the station simply has no need for this room. As a result, a thin layer of dust blankets all the dials and controls.

### A8 – Stairs

This is the lowest part of the station as the stairs terminate here. The door has been rigged to stay open and the whole place reeks of the dead.

### A9 – Secure Servers

This room was designed to house servers for on-site access only. These data cores hold the decrypted information as it is translated in real time. Now, bodies stacked like cordwood lay over the tops of these machines. The blank faces and expressionless eyes look out upon you as they lay side by side. Blood drizzles down into the electronics, causing it to smoke and produce a pungent burning copper smell in the air.

## EPILOGUE 1

Blue black fluid spills from the android's mouth as he tries to say something. You lean over to make out what it is trying to communicate with you. Through coughing fits, you piece together his words. *"You don't even...know why you are out here. In...nowhere..."* More gobbets of dark viscous material drizzles down the androids' cheeks. *"Your captain, Captain Daniels...was a...spy."* The creature's eyes dart back and forth as darkness starts to descend upon him. *"If you ever manage to get home...you will be hunted. Not for what HE did, but for who you are..."* The android's frame is wracked by coughing spasms and he finally breathes his last; his eyes looking through you to the infinite beyond only the dead can see.

## EPILOGUE 2

The voyage back to Bindathah station is filled with more questions than answers. What did the android mean? Who are you? You are certain you do not suffer from missing memories. You can recall back to your childhood with ease. But, maybe that is the problem. Perhaps what you consider to be your life is nothing more than a clever biography written by someone else. By the time you arrive in port, your head is reeling from the possibilities. You make your way to the promenade, but before you get much more than a single step, you see the grim faces of both Diplomat Anja and Commander Thorpe. *"We need to talk. There has been another incident."* Behind the two, what looks to be medical staff are transporting gurneys with cloths draped over them. The smell of blood is everywhere.

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## APPENDIX I: CREW OF THE SMOKIN' JOKER

Vesk Soldiers	CR 1
XP 400 NE Med. Vesk Soldier Init +5; Perception +5	
<b>DEFENSE</b>	
EAC: 12 KAC: 14 hp 20 Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +3	
<b>OFFENSE</b>	
Speed 30 ft., <b>Melee</b> Assault Hammer +8 (1d6+5) <b>Ranged</b> Azimuth artillery laser +6 (1d10+1 F; crit burn 1d6) <b>Offensive Abilities</b> Awesome Blow, Fighting style (blitz), Rapid Response	
<b>STATISTICS</b>	
Str +4, Dex +1, Con +2, Int -1, Wis +0, Cha +0 Base Atk +5 Feats Combat Reflexes Skills Acrobatics +5, Athletics +5, Intimidate +10 Gear Smokin Joker (troop ceremonial) Plate, Azimuth artillery laser with four batteries (20 shots each), credstick (200 credits)	

Android Operative	CR 2
XP 700 NE Android Operative 1 Init +5; Perception +8 Darkvision 60 ft, lowlight vision	
<b>DEFENSE</b>	
EAC: 13 KAC: 14 hp 26 Fort +1, Ref +6, Will +5 (+2 vs sleep, mind affecting, poison, and disease) <b>Defensive abilities</b> Evasion, Operative Exploit (holographic clone 1/day), Upgrade slot (Jump Jets)	
<b>OFFENSE</b>	
Speed 30 ft., <b>Melee</b> Survival knife +6 (1d4 +2 S) <b>Ranged</b> Azimuth laser pistol +8 (1d4+2 F, critical burn 1d4) <b>Special Attack</b> Precise Shot, Trick attack +1d8	
<b>STATISTICS</b>	
Str +1, Dex +4, Con +0, Int +2, Wis +1, Cha +1 Base Atk +3; CMB +3; CMD 14 Skills Acrobatics +13, Computers +8, Engineering +8, Piloting +13, Stealth +13 Gear Freebooter armor I, Azimuth laser pistol with 2 batteries (20 shots each), Survival knife, credstick (300 credits)	

Human Soldiers	CR 1
XP 400 NE Med. Human Soldier Init +4; Perception +5	
<b>DEFENSE</b>	
EAC: 12 KAC: 14 hp 18 Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +3	
<b>OFFENSE</b>	
Speed 30 ft., <b>Melee</b> Assault Hammer +8 (1d6+5) <b>Ranged</b> Azimuth laser pistol +8 (1d4+2 F, critical burn 1d4) <b>Offensive Abilities</b> Awesome Blow, Fighting style (blitz), Rapid Response	
<b>STATISTICS</b>	
Str +4, Dex +1, Con +2, Int -1, Wis +0, Cha +0 Base Atk +5 <b>Feats</b> Combat Reflexes <b>Skills</b> Acrobatics +5, Athletics +5, Intimidate +10 <b>Gear</b> Smokin Joker (troop ceremonial) Plate, Azimuth laser pistol with two batteries (20 shots each), credstick (200 credits)	

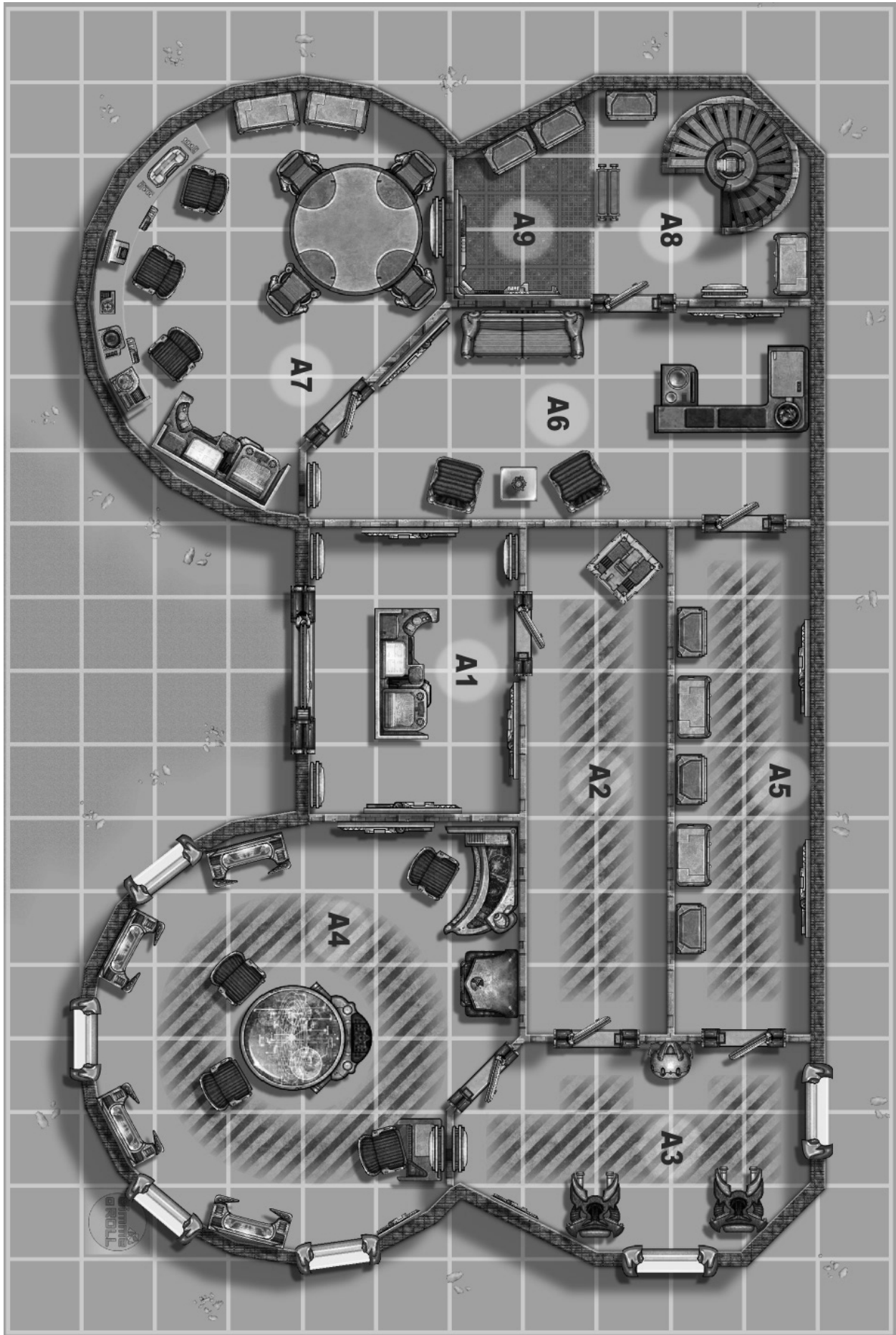
## TACTICS

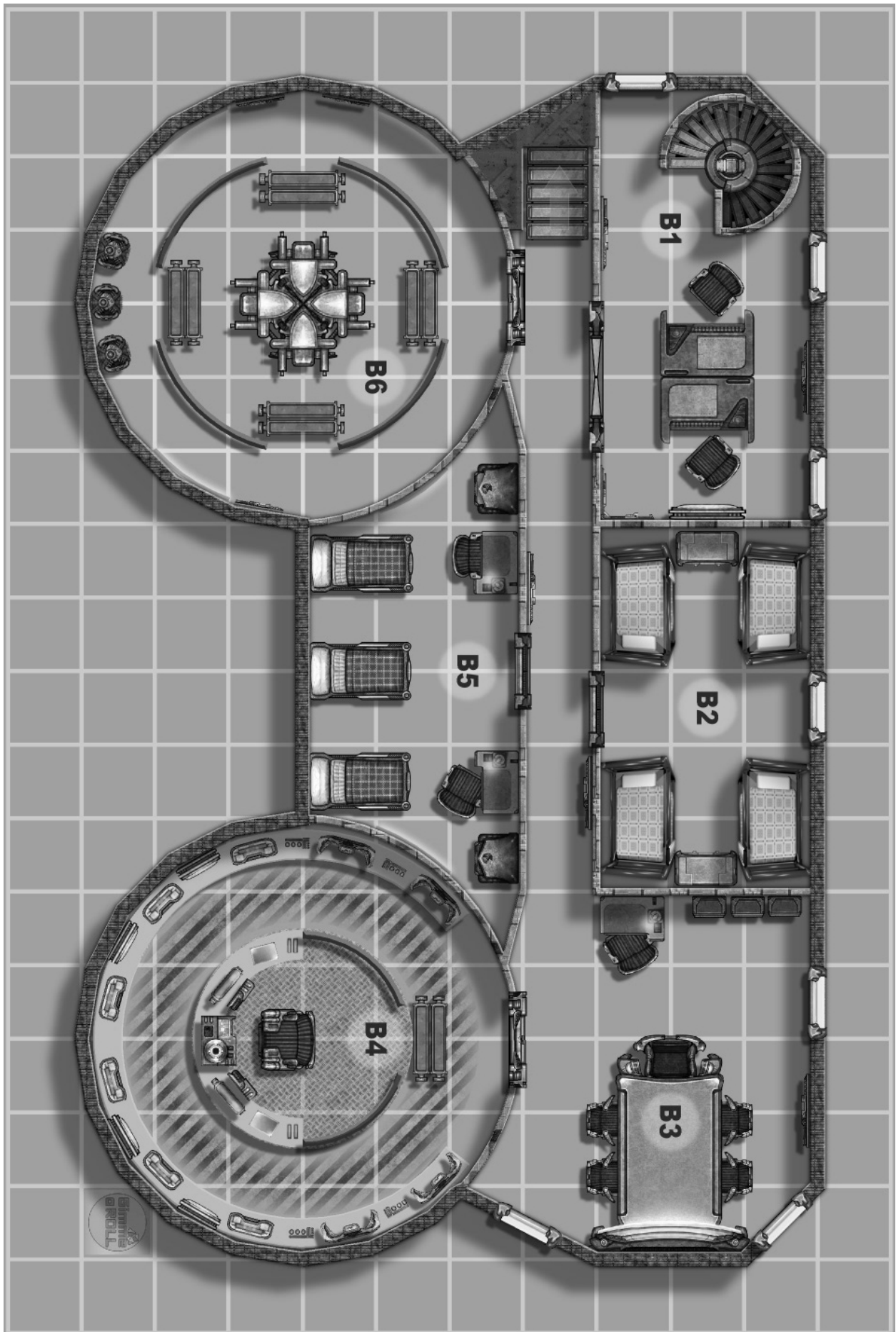
During Combat the mercenaries will fight as a unit, utilizing flanking maneuvers and watching each other's backs. They will continue to fight until death.

## MERCENARY COMPANY

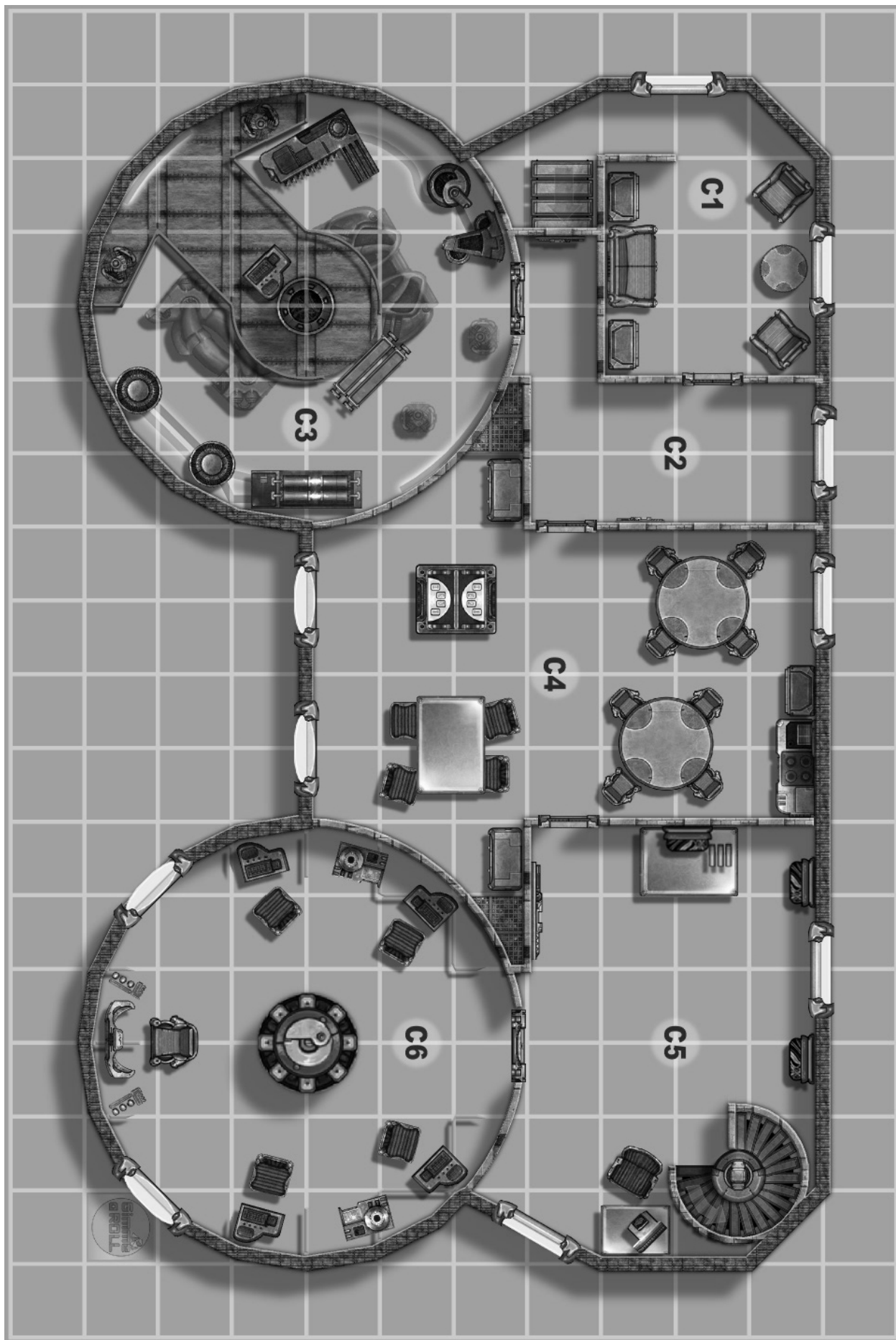
The recommended mercenary company make up is 2 Vesk Soldiers, 2 Human Soldiers and an Android Operative. If your player group is larger then 4 or of higher level, you can add additional mercenaries to the mix, or increase the CR of the operatives using the rules from the Starfinder Role Playing Game Core Rulebook for each class listed.

# ADRIFT

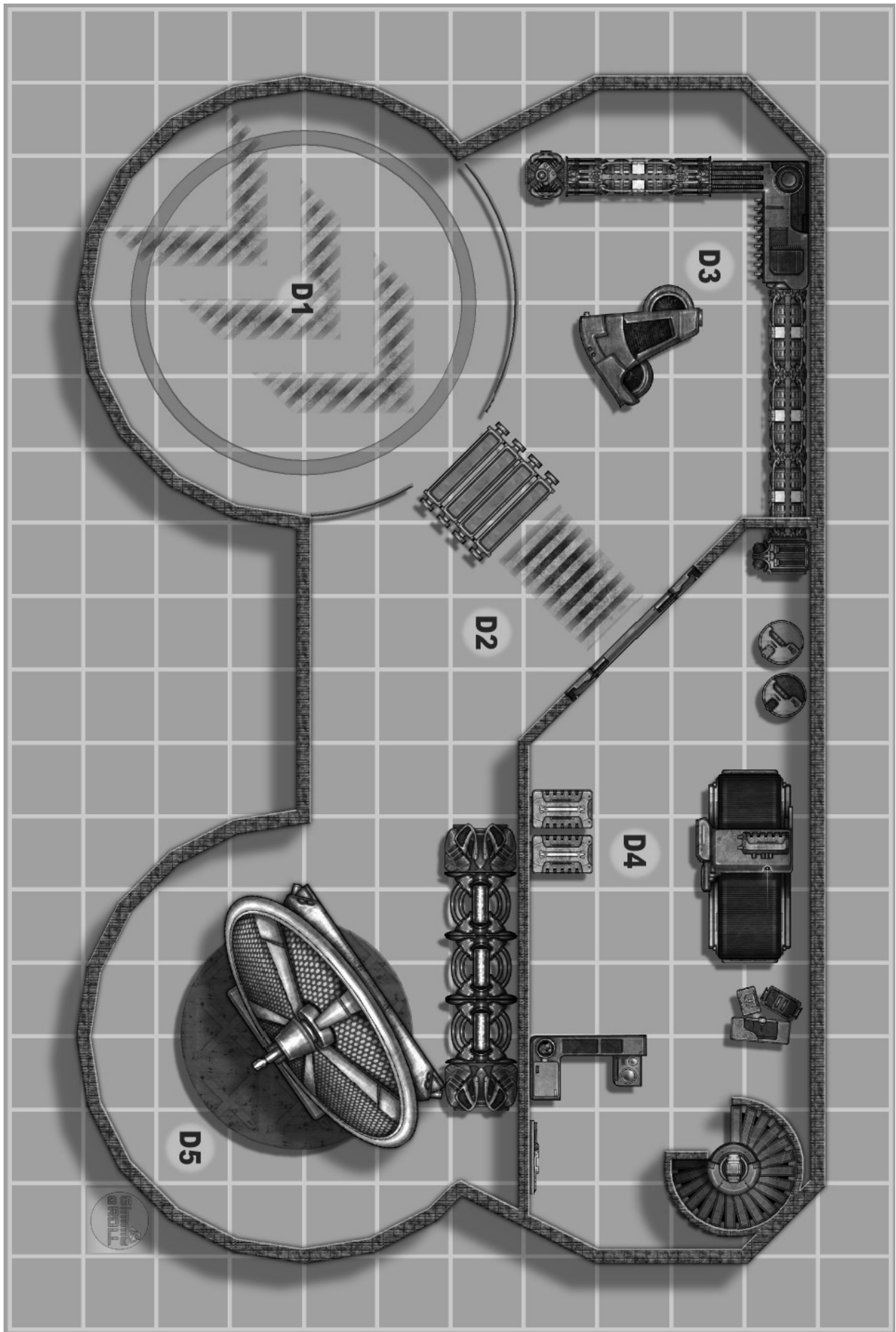




# ADRIFT







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When the crew of the Sanguine Raptor's Hyperspace Engine blows in the middle of travelling, they find themselves thrown out somewhere into deep space.

The damage to the ship and crew are catastrophic - causing the death of the Captain as well as dozens of fellow crew members. With only a few survivors remaining, important questions must be addressed.

How badly damaged is the ship? Where are they? Is there hyperspace tech this far out in the Vast? As the Raptor's engines give their last, the remaining crew find themselves...adrift.

