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NEMESIS CLASS PURSUIT SHIP

TRAVELLER

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NEMESIS CLASS PURSUIT SHIP

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***NEMESIS* CLASS PURSUIT SHIP**

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SPICA
P U B L I S H I N G

INTRODUCTION

NEMESIS CLASS PURSUIT SHIP

This book describes the *Nemesis* class pursuit ship: a 100 ton starship for use with the current edition of the *Traveller* science fiction role-playing game.

This book contains a detailed deckplan of the ship and a room-by-room description of the interior, as well as three new vehicles. Also included are full details of three very different crews of *Nemesis* starships, each with unique backgrounds, relationships and methods of operating. The *Nemesis* class pursuit ship is an ideal "adventure class" starship for both Referees and players alike.

Page References and Abbreviations

A number of abbreviations and typical notations are used throughout this book.

Page references are given in the format of page number followed by book title. For example, 26 *CB1* means page 26 of *Career Book 1*, or 108 *TMB* means page 108 of the *Traveller Main Rulebook*.

Die Throw & Notation Conventions

The die throw and notation conventions used in this book are the same as those described on 3 *TMB*.

Tasks and Skills

The rules for tasks (and the use of skills in tasks) in this book are the same as those in the Tasks and Skills chapter on 48 *TMB*.

Starship Design

The *Nemesis* class pursuit ship was designed using the starship design rules (beginning on 105 *TMB*) without modification.

REQUIRED MATERIALS

This book requires the use of the following:

- The *Traveller Main Rulebook* (referred to as the *TMB* hereafter) byongoose Publishing.
- *Career Book 1 (CB1)* by Spica Publishing, if the ship is to be used with the *Bounty Hunter (18 CB1)* or *Space Patrol (28 CB1)* careers from that book.
- Pens/pencils, paper, at least two six-sided dice or a computer and the usual paraphernalia associated with your favourite table top role playing game!

FEEDBACK

Spica Publishing welcomes feedback. You can email us your feedback, ideas, suggestions and corrections at:

enquiries@spicapublishing.co.uk

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

MICHAEL THOMAS has been playing *Traveller* since 1983; it would have been 1982, but his friendly local game store didn't have it in stock in time for Christmas. Living a proper boy's life of Airfix models, Japanese anime and *Blakes 7*, he has been drawing spaceships for far longer than that. He is married and lives on an island in the Pacific, where he works hard to make the cities of the world more beautiful places to live in.

PAYING THE RENT

"This has to stop. This is the third crew that has been murdered by that scum in sixty days. Well, no more. Not in my subsector! I know I can rely on you, Lieutenant-Colonel."

"Always, General," replied Toi, flashing her best 'can-do' smile at the screen. "Those pirates will be cooling their heat sinks in the brig in no time at all."

Flicking off the recorder, she turned to her navigator. "Mall, take a break from writing love letters and get a message to Nebrox. I've got a job for her. This one ought to be worth a month's rent – but don't tell her that. Start by offering half!"

Lieutenant-Colonel Toi Molto, captain of the Space Patrol pursuit ship *Justice*, smiled in anticipation of taking another step up the ladder of power, influence and riches within the ranks of the service.

And if there was one thing losing half a leg in the service had taught her, these things were best attained through skilful delegation and people management. Particularly the superior-officer-type people management. Still, better to be on hand at, or at least shortly after, the capture.

"Captain to pilot: Trebin? Get up here. We're going to Kalkos V."

• • •

"Gotcha!"

Aboard the *Wanderer*, Piri Nebrox gave her console an affectionate pat. It had certainly taken her no time at all to deduce that this would be where her 'landlady' would find her pirates, which spoke volumes for both her investigative instinct and the lack of any such thing amongst the local law enforcement agencies.

Ten days of silent running, slipping through the asteroid belt in search of stray emissions or heat traces, anything which could be a clue to the location of the corsair's lair, and she had struck gold – metaphorically speaking. What the ship's highly tuned (and, in many systems, highly *illegal*) sensor suite had picked up was, in fact, a carelessly dumped load of refuse, still minutely warmer than its surroundings.

The *Black Freighter* – and Nebrox had no doubt that this was her quarry – was hiding on asteroid C-11 *Sardos*.

Piri turned to her left. "Tando, check the lasers. I'm gonna come at them from the blind side. They're way too big for us to take on in a stand-up fight, so you're going to have to blow their manoeuvre drives in one pass. Once they wake up, this region of space is not going to be a healthy place to be."

From the other side of the bridge, Hanna called up data on the asteroid. "Not much to go on, Cap'n. Looks like a rubble pile. We're going to make a mess coming in low, might give us some cover for the getaway."

Piri's answering grin was icy. This was how she liked it. Go unobserved, one fast, vicious strike, and then call in the glory brigade to make the arrest. She just wanted to get paid. And payday was just about...

"Wait!" cried Hanna, "There's another ship, closer in! They're firing!"

Piri hissed in frustration as her hands frantically swept the board, aborting the *Wanderer's* incipient charge. "Tando, power down the lasers! Hanna, passive sensors only! Find out who and what that is!"

• • •

NEMESIS CLASS PURSUIT SHIP

The bane of anyone on the run in interstellar space, the *Nemesis* class pursuit ship is a small, three person vessel designed for one purpose: to track, pursue, and capture its prey. Whether the targets are terrorists hunted by a planetary government, criminals wanted by an interstellar police force or deserters from an underground criminal organisation, the chances of successful evasion are severely diminished if a *Nemesis* manned by a competent crew is assigned to the pursuit.

OVERVIEW

The *Nemesis* is built at TL-12 on a streamlined 100-ton hull, fully capable of atmospheric flight. Fitted with two powerful Dammler-Roys manoeuvre drives rated for 6-G constant acceleration, there are few vessels which are able to evade a *Nemesis* once it gets within sensor range. Even with one of the engineering sections completely destroyed, a *Nemesis* can still manoeuvre at 2-G acceleration.

The power plant and jump drive, as well as fuel scoops and processors, are similarly self-contained within the two lateral drive pods to minimise the danger of a lucky hit leaving the ship without power. A remotely-operated dorsal turret, mounting triple beam lasers, provides both offensive punch and point-defence capability.

However, the *Nemesis* is not intended to be a fighting ship. Fitted with stealth capability and advanced electronics, carrying a suite of probe drones and running sophisticated database software, this vessel is ideally suited for tracking down its targets and striking when the time is right.

To this end, its small crew of three must by necessity be highly skilled operatives, able to both handle all of the normal ship functions as well as performing their main task as agents. If the target is too much for the crew of three to handle, the *Nemesis* will call in back-up, either from its parent organisation or local forces (if available).

Interior accommodations are somewhat cramped, crew quarters competing for space with the extensive sensor systems, the four low berths which serve as secure cells, a small cargo bay, and the hangar for the spinner (a pressurised grav vehicle). The largest volume on the ship is the bridge, and this is crammed with equipment leaving barely enough space for the three control consoles.

Nevertheless, many crews become quite attached to their vessels, because they are so well-suited to their task. Of course, it is quite likely that the thrill of accelerating through populated systems with a 6-G ship and a warrant in hand has something to do with the *Nemesis*' popularity.

OPERATIONS

The ship carries enough fuel in its self-sealing tanks for four weeks of normal operations, plus one Jump-2 (or two Jump-1s). Fuel scoops are fitted, and the on-board refinery can process a full load of 32 tons of fuel in 1.6 standard days, or 38 to 39 hours. However, the ship is not really intended to rely on wilderness refuelling, and refined fuel should be used where available to maintain smooth functioning of the drive systems.

The ship normally lands on planet (either grav-assisted VTOL or rolling take-off and landing), but is capable of mating with most standard docking assemblies via the ventral airlock. The airlock is the normal means of entry or egress from the ship, but both the spinner hangar and the cargo bay have telescopic ramp doors which provide access for any larger items of equipment or cargo.

Opening the doors or flying the spinner out of its hangar breaks the ship's stealth envelope, however, so all hatches are normally battened down tight when running silent. Other than cutting through the hull, the only other route in or out of the ship is by blowing the explosive connectors of the turret, revealing an emergency exit hatch which is accessed from the bridge.

Living accommodations consist of provision for a crew of up to three - normally a pilot, an engineer, and a navigator/gunner. Actual responsibilities vary considerably, of course, given that the crewmembers are normally agents (bounty hunters, space patrol, or whatever) first, and ship's crew second.

Similarly, the spinner is operated by whoever is most suitable at the time, and it is generally advisable that all crewmembers have some familiarity with grav vehicles should the need arise for them to take the controls.

The four low berths are almost exclusively used as secure holding cells for 'retrieved' persons, and it is normal to thaw the occupants under the supervision of a doctor from the destination starport. It is, of course, possible to carry passengers instead, and the three staterooms could quickly be converted for double occupancy should the need arise, for a maximum capacity of 10 people.

However, given the lack of space on board for even a three-person crew, six people would need to be on very good terms to survive a week or more of ship-board life on a *Nemesis* without friction.

THE SHIP'S LOCKER

On a ship as small as the *Nemesis*, there is no dedicated ship's locker as such. Every available nook and cranny is used for storage of vital, useful, or forgotten equipment. The bridge does contain a small safe which is usually reserved for secure storage of volatiles and valuables (or grenades and drugs).

There is a secure weapons locker in the lounge which can hold up to five rifle-sized weapons, but the crew of a *Nemesis* would normally carry their personal firearms around with them and keep ammunition and other personal equipment in their stateroom lockers. Vacc suits are stowed in the air lock, tool kits in the hangar, and any bulky items in the cargo bay.

INTERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS

The interior of the *Nemesis* is laid out on a single deck, giving it a low profile and a relatively small frontal silhouette. However, the resultant low ceilings can make it difficult to manoeuvre any large objects within the ship, except in the slightly taller cargo bay and hangar, with their 3-metre high ceilings. The live portion of the deck is fitted with grav plates and compensators providing a normal 1-G environment unless switched off, which requires a safety override by the crew. There are no particular internal security systems beyond those found on most civilian ships, as detainees are expected to be transported in low sleep.

The vessel is compartmentalised by interior bulkheads and pressure hatches. There are interior monitoring devices, and the bridge is an armoured unit that can be sealed off from the rest of the ship in case of hijack or other emergencies. Partition walls are thin and do little to dampen sound. Most interior doors are simple sliding panels, except for pressure hatches set in bulkheads. The latter are basic, manually-operated hinged models which close automatically. This is a feature that annoys some crews enough to make them violate space regulations and jam them open with furniture, fire extinguishers, or whatever comes to hand.

1. Bridge: The bridge is the operations centre, both for the ship itself and for the crew's mission of pursuit. There are three control consoles that handle all functions:

- The central command position is the master console; it is possible to operate all of the ship's systems from here alone if necessary. Normally it is configured as the pilot's position and handles all normal spaceflight functions.
- The port console is the navigator's position, which also normally controls the ship's turret. It is also the mission control centre, where all the various databases and search functions for the pursuit of targets are accessed.
- The starboard console is the engineering position but in practice it is primarily from here that the ship's electronic systems, such as sensors, the probe drones, and computer operations are monitored and controlled.

The rest of the bridge is filled with a variety of add-on equipment, which tends to multiply and diversify the longer any particular crew is assigned to a vessel. Emergency vacc suits are stowed in compartments within the control couches, and there are other life-saving items such as survival kits, emergency oxygen, and a back-up power supply which can maintain life support and essential functions on the bridge for up to 200 hours.

A tiny personal fresher is secreted on the bridge for when the crew cannot leave the bridge for long. The bridge is also the location of the ship's safe and a micro-autochef. The autochef is known for its facility with pastry products and stimulants, but anything more complex severely taxes its culinary programming.

2. Lounge: This is the most personalised space on any ship of the *Nemesis* class, and every ship's lounge reflects the lifestyle of its crew. Some may feature exercise equipment, others favour less physical forms of entertainment such as holo-displays or simulators.

Many crews find their work crowding into their leisure space in the form of additional electronics or computer consoles that can no longer be crammed into the bridge.

However, this being the usual space for crews to take their meals, the lounge always contains some form of food-preparation centre, whether it be a galley or an auto-chef (usually somewhat more capable than the one on the bridge). The weapons locker is fitted into the base of the sofa, the only standard fixture, providing secure storage for up to five rifle-sized weapons and their ammunition.

3. Captain's Stateroom: This is the largest stateroom on the ship, but most of the extra volume is taken up with the captain's 'office', where all the administrative details of running a pursuit ship are dealt with - from obtaining weapons permits, through finding new contracts, to finding ways around planetary surveillance nets.

Other than this, the accommodation is fairly standard: two fold-down bunks (one of which is normally stowed), a fresher, a chair, and as much built-in storage as can be crammed in. It is common to find retro-fitted weapons lockers or safes on most ships.

PAYING THE RENT (CONTINUED)

Saymon Largo sounded emotionless, almost bored, as the *Cancer* undocked from the corsair and drifted away from the asteroid.

"Take us out slow, Ms. Wallace. No need to stir up more dust than necessary."

The '*Freighter*'s captain would no doubt be breathing a sigh of relief, believing that Largo's employer had chosen to overlook his recent depredations with no worse punishment than exile from the subsector. He might even think that the loss of his right eye - another one for Dayner's collection - was remarkably lenient. The thought amused Largo, although no emotion animated his expression. The corsair was already dead, it just didn't know it, yet. Just a small bomb, but expertly placed. No-one left his employer's organisation of their own free will. Not in one piece.

Tara Wallace complied immediately, gently easing the *Cancer* away from the almost-buried corsair. How had she come to this, flying this cold killer and his equally frightening mate from star to star, 'making examples' of even more despicable rogues who had the bad luck or stupidity to fall foul of Largo's master. Then, a small pop-up winked at her from her console.

She knew better than to glance across the bridge at the navigator's station, but she allowed herself a secret smile. At least one good thing had come out of the purgatory that was her life. At least she had met Renor Artix.

Behind them, C-11 *Sardos* briefly expanded to twice its original size, before slowly collapsing inwards again. A few pieces of debris reached the miniscule escape velocity required to keep travelling outwards, joined by some decidedly non-Chondritic projectiles.

• • •

"Piri, you never cease to amaze me."

Toi Molto looked about her at the cluttered lounge of the *Wanderer*. "You actually took out a corsair in my ship. Minus the number three laser which you 'lost' last year."

Piri Nebrox had no intention of mentioning the unexpected help she had received.

"It was touch-and-go there, but this old girl has a lot of years left in her yet. Which should make you happy, because it's going to take you two more months to pay her off. This job was worth at least two month's lease, I think."

Toi's smile froze on her face. "Two months?!"

• • •

4. Crew Stateroom: This is nominally the navigator's room, but most crews make their own sleeping arrangements. The stateroom is very cramped, with room for little else other than the two fold-down bunks, a fresher, and a personal computer console and chair. Storage is built in wherever possible, but most people find that there is never enough and personal items eventually make their home in every available niche.

5. Crew Stateroom: Usually designated as the engineer's cabin, this stateroom is identical to the navigator's, above.

6. Low Berths: Two low berth 'coffins' are arrayed one above the other on each side of a narrow access space, and are normally used to transport of prisoners. The hatches are armoured and can be locked from the outside, although this is not really necessary as escape from low sleep is unheard of.

The berths can be lowered through hatches in the belly of the ship, and are usually disconnected and taken directly to a medical facility for 'defrosting'. The low berths run off ship power while plugged in, but have reserve power to operate for 100 hours before emergency revival kicks in.

As a *Nemesis* has no medical facilities other than a medical kit, it is not possible to safely revive anyone in a low berth without obtaining the services of a doctor.

7. Air Lock: The airlock is the ship's main entrance with a ventral hatch and telescopic ladder providing access to the world surface below. The standard docking ring allows the ship to dock with other similarly-equipped vessels. Although the airlock itself is fairly spacious, a lot of room is taken up by the three vacc suits that hang on wall racks. It is not recommended for all three crewmembers to attempt suit-up at the same time.

8. Cargo Bay: The cargo bay is essentially an empty box. The single cargo door at the rear folds down and extends to form a ramp, allowing larger items to be loaded onto the ship. The interior of the bay is studded with attachment points to allow cargo to be tied down in any position, in order to maximise the potential usage of this relatively small space.

Given the lack of storage facilities in the rest of the ship, the cargo bay tends to accumulate many of the essential but rarely used tools of the trade, especially the larger items such as heavy weapons. This is not exactly a security conscious system, but in such a small vessel it is almost inevitable.

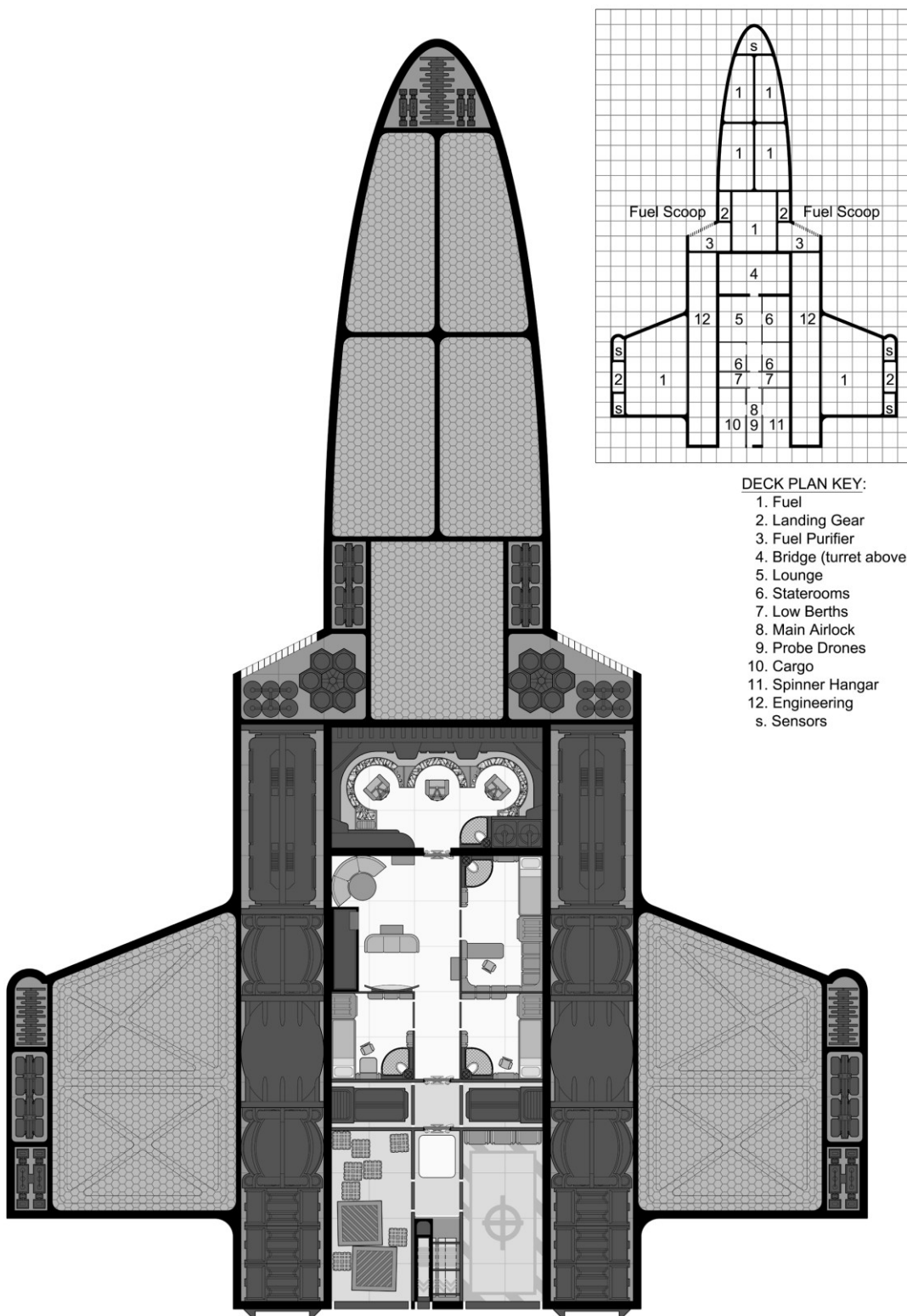
9. Probe Drones: This space houses the automated probe drone launch and recovery facility. The drones are launched and recovered through a hatch in the rear, while most of the bay is taken up with the storage chamber for the five drones. The only direct access is through a removable service panel connecting to the air lock.

10. Hangar: The hangar is physically very similar to the cargo bay, but it is specifically fitted out to accommodate the ship's vehicle, a spinner. It also has a telescopic ramp rear door, although the gravitic spinner does not need it. The ramp comes in handy because it is not uncommon for crews to swap their vehicle for a less assuming type such as a ground car, especially if they are involved in undercover investigations.

The forward bulkhead is fitted with tool lockers which can fold out to transform the hangar into a basic workshop. In this configuration, there isn't enough room for the spinner, which has to partly rest on the platform created by the extended rear door.

PURSUIT SHIP TECH LEVEL 12			Tons	Price (MCr)
Hull	100	Hull 2		2.000
	Streamlined	Structure 2		0.200
	Self-sealing			1.000
	Stealth			10.000
Armour	Crystaliron	4 points	5	0.400
Jump Drive A		Jump 2	10	10.000
Manoeuvre Drive C		Thrust 6	5	12.000
Power Plant C		Rating 6	10	24.000
Bridge			10	0.500
Computer	Model 4/fib	Rating 20 (hardened against EMP)		7.500
Electronics	Advanced	+1 DM	3	2.000
Weapons	Hardpoint #1	Triple Turret (3 x Beam Laser-12)	1	1.000
Fuel	32 tons	One Jump 2 and four weeks of operation	32	3.000
Cargo	4 tons		4	
3 Staterooms		Pilot, Engineer, Navigator/Gunner	12	1.500
4 Low Berths			2	0.200
Extras				
	Fuel Scoop			
	Fuel Processor	1.6 days to refine 32 tons of fuel	1	0.050
	Spinner		4	0.300
	Probe Drones		1	0.500
Software	Autorepair/1	Rating 10		5.000
	Evade/2	Rating 15		2.000
	Fire Control/3	Rating 15		6.000
	Intellect	Rating 10		1.000
	Jump Control/2	Rating 10		0.200
	Library/0			
	Manoeuvre/0			
Life Support Cost (monthly)				0.006
Total Tonnage & Cost			100	91.350

NEMESIS CLASS PURSUIT SHIP



THE LAW, THE LAWLESS & THE HUNTERS

Provided below are the details of three groups of people that make use of Nemesis class pursuit ships: members of a lawful interstellar police organisation, bounty hunters legally employed by a planetary government, or search agents whose employers are far less concerned with the finer points of interstellar law than they are with recovering their target.

The following section details three typical examples of such crews and their ships. The characters were created using the *Traveller Main Rulebook* by *Mongoose Publishing* and *Career Book 1* by *Spica Publishing*.

SPACE PATROL: JUSTICE

The *Justice* is a top-of-the-line pursuit ship, just refitted before its assignment to Lieutenant-Colonel Toi Molto and her crew. They have been working together for only one term, but already show the makings of a well-knit team. The *Justice* has not yet undergone 'personalisation' by its new crew, and thus is a perfectly standard example of its class. Even the spinner is just out of overhaul, and bits of plas-wrap continue to be found in odd places.

Lieutenant-Colonel Toi Molto (Captain/Engineer)

Str	9 (+1)	Dex	12 (+2)	End	6 (+0)
Int	12 (+2)	Edu	10 (+1)	Soc	7 (+0)

Female, Age 38, 5 Terms

Space Patrol (Trooper) Lieutenant-Colonel
Cr 60,000

Skills: Advocate 1, Comms 0, Engineer 0, Gun Combat (Energy Pistol) 1, Investigate 2, Leadership 1, Medic 0, Melee (Bludgeon) 2, Sensors 0, Survival 0, Tactics (Naval) 1, Vacc Suit 0, Zero G 0.

Equipment: Contact (Bounty Hunter), 5 Ship Shares.

Toi Molto is an honest, successful, ambitious, but not overly hard-working, Space Patrol officer. Early on in her career she was severely injured in the line of duty, but her life was saved by a brilliant young field medic named Maryatt (now a top cybersurgeon), who replaced her left leg from above the knee with a cybernetic prosthetic. Molto has adapted well, and has regained full mobility since then.

When the minimum is not enough, Molto often drops a hint to her 'old friend' (neither term is strictly accurate) Nebrox, a bounty hunter, who captains the pursuit ship *Wanderer* - which just happens to be part-owned by Molto. The policy has paid off, and Molto is well on her way to the top, although active duty has begun to affect her health in recent years.

Technician Mall Tain (Navigator)

Str	7 (+0)	Dex	7 (+0)	End	4 (-1)
Int	9 (+1)	Edu	8 (+0)	Soc	4 (-1)

Male, Age 30, 3 Terms

1 Term Agent (Law Enforcement)

2 Terms Space Patrol (Operations)

Cr 50,000

Skills: Astrogation 2, Comms 0, Computers 0, Drive 0, Gun Combat 0, Investigate 0, Medic 0, Melee (Bludgeon) 1, Recon 0, Sensors 2, Streetwise 0, Trade 0, Vacc Suit 1.

Equipment: Subdermal Armour, Ship Share.

Mall Tain began his career in law enforcement as an agent, but after an anti-gang operation went badly wrong and left him severely injured and scarred for life he decided to quit (and invest in some insurance in the form of a subdermal armour implant) and joined the Space Patrol. Unfortunately, his bad luck followed him, and he failed to receive a commission after officer training.

This led to his lover taking up with his former partner (who had been promoted) and leaving him, sans the contents of their joint credit account. However, since being assigned to the *Justice*, things have started to look up - he is now even a proud (part) owner of the *Wanderer*, together with Lieutenant-Colonel Molto.



Specialist Trebin Grist (Pilot)

Str	9 (+1)	Dex	12 (+2)	End	6 (+0)
Int	12 (+2)	Edu	10 (+1)	Soc	7 (+0)

Male, Age 30, 3 Terms
Space Patrol (Trooper)
Cr 20,000

Skills: Advocate 0, Animal 0, Comms 0, Computer 1, Deception 1, Diplomat 1, Flyer (Grav) 1, Gun Combat (Energy Pistol) 1, Investigate 1, Mechanic 1, Medic 0, Persuade 1, Pilot (Spacecraft) 1, Sensors 0, Social Science (Psychology) 1, Vacc Suit 1, Zero G 0.
Equipment: Contact (Socialite), TL-11 Laser Pistol.

Trebin Grist has only recently been assigned to the *Justice*. He joined the Space Patrol for the glamour, the excitement and, well, the uniform, really. Being a handsome, intelligent and urbane young man, his ambitions no longer lie within the force since being introduced into the world of well-known socialite and media darling, Miss Paxton-Levett.

ENFORCERS: CANCER

Saymon Largo and his crew work for a large criminal organisation, hunting down and making an example of former 'employees' who foolishly try to renege on their non-disclosure agreements. Although Largo is very effective, he is not well-known within the organisation - it is neither to his nor to his employer's advantage that his identity become widely known.

The gleaming black *Cancer* is a scrupulously maintained vessel, because Largo takes a personal interest in the ship - after all, he owns part of it and has an agreement with his boss to regularly acquire further shares.

The vessel is fairly standard, although the fact that it carries four instead of the usual three crew members (Largo and Par share the larger stateroom) means that it is even more cramped than most. However, the better-than-average cooking skills displayed by the new pilot (and engineer) have prompted Largo to re-install some galley facilities, so at least there is some compensation for the overcrowding.

The spinner was lost in an accident some time ago, and has been replaced with an air/raft, retrofitted with concealed armour, a fold-down RAM grenade launcher on a pintle mount, and more powerful drives to make up for the increased weight.

Saymon Largo (Commander)

Str	7 (+0)	Dex	13 (+2)	End	8 (+0)
Int	9 (+1)	Edu	8 (+0)	Soc	5 (-1)

Male, Age 38, 5 Terms
Rogue (Enforcer)
Cr 110,000

Skills: Advocate 0, Athletic 0, Carouse 0, Computer 1, Deception 1, Gambling 1, Gun Combat (Shotgun) 2, Medic 0, Melee Combat (Blade) 3, Persuade 2, Recon 0, Stealth 0, Streetwise 4.

Equipment: Combat Armour, Shotgun, Blade, 8 Ship Shares.

Largo is a ruthless, vicious, and cunning criminal, but he hides it well. To most people he seems polite, charming, and sophisticated - until they see him at work. He would have a formidable reputation in the underworld, were it not for the fact that no-one who has crossed him has ever lived to tell the tale.

He is a trusted, long-time employee of a shadowy crime lord, whose vast web of misdeeds spawns numerous would-be informers or deserters which provide plenty of work for Largo and his crew. Nevertheless, he is looking forward to the day when he can retire from the active pursuit of victims (although he knows he can never leave his career alive), to which end he has been taking much of his payment in the form of shares in his ship, the *Cancer*.

He plans to hand the chase to his long-time partner (and sometime lover) Par, while he stays behind and performs the 'chastisement' of any recaptured turncoats.



Dayner Par (Lieutenant)

Str	5 (-1)	Dex	9 (+1)	End	6 (+0)
Int	12 (+2)	Edu	5 (-1)	Soc	3 (-1)

Female, Age 34, 4 Terms
 3 Terms Army (Support)
 1 Terms Rogue (Enforcer)

Cr 40,000

Skills: Admin 0, Animals 0, Athletics 0, Drive 0, Flyer (Grav) 2, Gun Combat (Energy Rifle) 3, Heavy Weapons 0, Medic 1, Melee 0, Persuade 1, Recon 2, Streetwise 0.

Equipment: Ally, TL-11 Laser Rifle, Wafer Jack, Characteristic Augment (+1 Dex).

Dayner Par has been working with Largo for four years. Coming from a background of grinding poverty, she originally joined the army and excelled as a sniper and grav-vehicle pilot. Disaster struck, however, when her incompetent (but well-connected) commanding officer walked his unit into an ambush from which only a handful escaped alive.

Although she had saved her commanding officer's life, he made Par the scapegoat of the debacle and she was dismissed from the service. She drifted into a life of crime where her sense of loyalty and honour found an echo, however twisted, in Largo when she refused to betray him to a rival organisation. They trust one another implicitly, and both know well that they would not have come so far without watching each other's back.

Renor Artix (Navigator)

Str	6 (+0)	Dex	9 (+1)	End	6 (+0)
Int	6 (+0)	Edu	6 (+0)	Soc	2 (-2)

Male, Age 26, 2 Terms
 1 Term Rogue (Pirate)
 1 Term Rogue (Enforcer)

Cr 10,000

Skills: Astrogation 2, Athletics 0, Computer 0, Deception 0, Gun Combat 0, Melee (Blade) 1, Persuade 1, Recon 0, Seafarer 0, Space Science 0, Stealth 0, Streetwise 0.

Equipment: Cloth Armour, Dagger, Enemy.

Artix is an irresponsible, callow hoodlum who left his water world home for a life of adventure and space piracy. Unfortunately, his specialty turned out to be astrogation, so his swashbuckling dreams were unfulfilled.

Losing his nerve after a particularly brutal raid on a frontier starport, he jumped ship and hooked up with Largo. He is developing a romantic interest in the *Cancer's* pilot - fortunately, neither of them know that her ship was one of the ones which was destroyed by his former comrades.

Tara Wallace (Pilot/Engineer)

Str	3 (-1)	Dex	6 (+0)	End	5 (-1)
Int	10 (+1)	Edu	4 (+0)	Soc	2 (-2)

Female, Age 30, 3 Terms,
 2 Terms Merchant (Free Trader)
 1 Term Rogue (Enforcer)

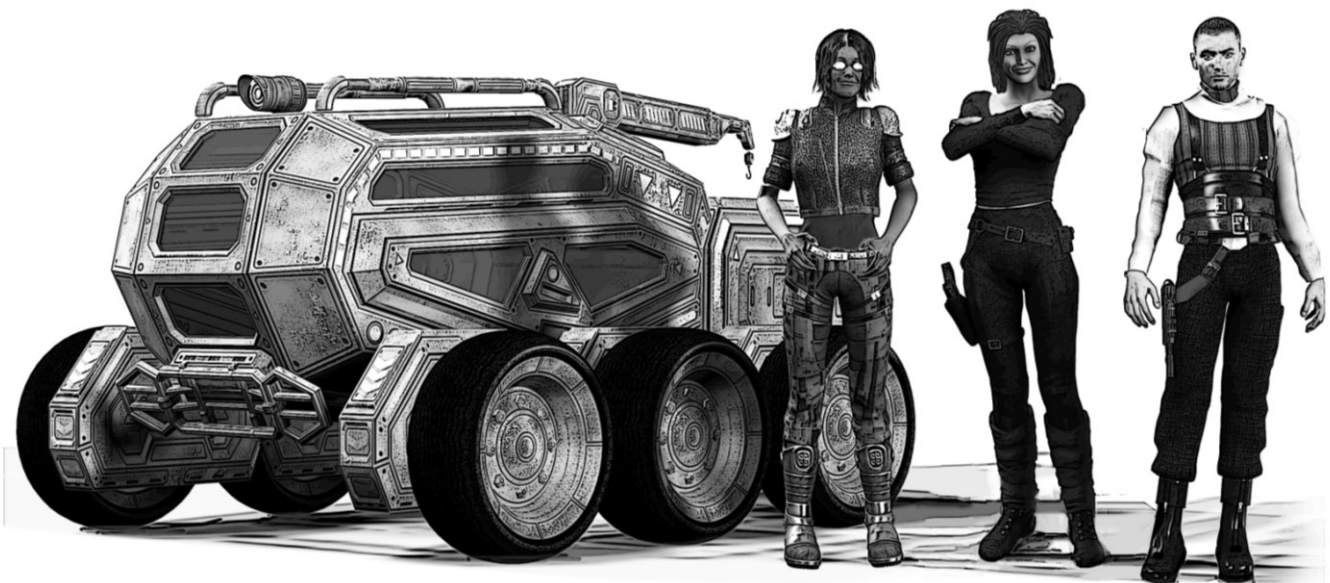
Cr 50,000

Skills: Broker 0, Comms 0, Computer 0, Deception 1, Drive 0, Engineer (J-Drive) 1, Gun Combat 0, Persuade 1, Pilot (Spacecraft) 2, Steward 1, Vacc Suit 0, Zero G 0.

Equipment: Enemy, TL-14 Vacc Suit.

Tara Wallace pilots the *Cancer* as well as looking after its drives. Unbeknownst to her crewmates, she has a young daughter to whose guardians she wires money when she can, but has no other contact with. An uneventful life as the pilot of a free trader was cut short by a pirate attack on the remote starport where her vessel was berthed. Left for dead with the rest of her murdered crew aboard the failing ship, she managed to escape with nothing but her vacc suit.

She was picked up by Largo, who was following the pirates in an effort to find an opportunity to teach them the error of their ways - they had recently stolen a shipment belonging to his masters. His erstwhile pilot was unceremoniously dumped when he learned of Tara's skills. She is out of place among these killers, but the handsome new young navigator offers the possibility of some compensation for her lot - provided neither of them finds out that he was one of the pirates who destroyed her ship that day.



BOUNTY HUNTERS: *WANDERER*

The *Wanderer* is a typical example of the type of pursuit ship operated by independent bounty hunters. It is owned by a Space Patrol officer, who uses the lease money to pay off the ship's mortgage. Rather like a detached-duty Scout ship, the *Wanderer* is the crew's to do with as they wish, provided they remain available to 'help out' the owner when called upon.

The ship is an ageing vessel, lovingly but inadequately maintained due to a lack of funds. Many systems have failed, some of which have been superseded by jury-rigged patches, while the crew have learned to live without the rest. One of the three beam lasers was sold long ago to finance repairs to the life support systems, and there has never been enough money since to buy a replacement.

When the auto-chef failed and almost poisoned the engineer, it was simply ripped out and dumped. With no culinary talent among the crew, they now subsist on a diet of instant noodles or cafcao and pastries from the bridge micro-galley.

Nebrox leased The *Wanderer* without the usual spinner. Initially the captain's off-road ground car was pressed into service as the ship's vehicle, but then Nebrox 'acquired' a 'beetle' - a six-wheeled all-terrain vehicle.

On the other hand, the database analysis system installed by a previous owner is one of the best, and has netted the crew more than one fat bounty. In spite of its deficiencies (and its less-than-hygienic living quarters), the *Wanderer* is as much part of the crew as its human counterparts.

Piri Nebrox (Captain)

Str	7 (+0)	Dex	11 (+1)	End	8 (+0)
Int	8 (+0)	Edu	7 (+0)	Soc	6 (+0)

Female, Age 34, 4 Terms

1 Term Bounty Hunter (Repossessor)
3 Terms Bounty Hunter (Skip Tracer)

Cr 60,000

Skills: Advocate 1, Carouse 0, Computers 0, Drive 0, Gun Combat (Energy Pistol) 1, Investigate 3, Mechanic 1, Persuade 1, Pilot (Spacecraft) 1, Seafarer (Motorboat) 1, Sensors 0, Streetwise 2.

Equipment: Contact (Star Patrol), Pursuit Ship, TL-12 Stunner.

Captain Nebrox has not been fortunate in her career, but persistence has kept her head above water. While she has no moral qualms or illusions about her profession, she will only accept legitimate bounties. As a result, she has come to the notice of a somewhat less-than-diligent Space Patrol officer with an ancient pursuit ship that needed to be paid off. The informal 'partnership' has been lucrative for both of them: her 'own' ship gives Nebrox far greater opportunities, while her formidable investigative skills have earned more than a few brownie points for her Space Patrol contact.

Hanna Quote (Navigator)

Str	3 (-1)	Dex	9 (+1)	End	6 (+0)
Int	9 (+1)	Edu	9 (+1)	Soc	7 (+0)

Female, Age 34, 4 Terms

Bounty Hunter (Repossessor)

Cr 1,000

Skills: Admin 0, Advocate 0, Astrogation 2, Carouse 1, Computers 2, Drive 0, Gun Combat 0, Investigate 0, Medic 1, Sensors 2, Streetwise 1.

Equipment: Cloth Armour, Connection (Galt), Gauss Pistol.

Quote has worked with Galt, the engineer, for many years. While they cannot really be considered friends, they have formed a competent professional partnership since working together on a complex capture operation in an asteroid belt. Quote is the temperamental opposite to her captain (and Galt) - she loves to socialise, meet new people and go shopping.

Tando Galt (Engineer)

Str	4 (-1)	Dex	5 (-1)	End	4 (-1)
Int	12 (+2)	Edu	8 (+0)	Soc	4 (-1)

Male, Age 30, 3 Terms

Bounty Hunter (Support)

Cr 200,000

Skills: Advocate 0, Art 0, Comms 1, Computer 0, Engineer (Electronics) 1, Engineer (J Drive) 1, Engineer (Life Support) 1, Engineer (M Drive) 1, Engineer (Power) 1, Gun Combat 0, Gunner (Turrets) 1, Investigate 0, Mechanic 1, Physical Science 0, Sensors 0, Social Science 0, Streetwise 1.

Equipment: Connection (Quote), Shotgun.

Galt is a voracious learner, but nothing holds his interest long enough for him to become truly expert. He is familiar with all of the *Wanderer's* systems, but his engineering ability only allows him to avert one breakdown after another without ever really fixing the underlying problems. Nebrox appreciates his ability to keep the ship running and would be loath to lose him, as Quote, the navigator, would probably follow him.

VEHICLES



THE GUN SLED

The vehicle used by the crew of the *Cancer* is colloquially known as a 'gun sled', although most of them are illegally modified air/rafts. The 'gun sled' is heavily armoured (armour 40), though open-topped, and has two concealed weapons: a fixed, forward-firing auto cannon and an automatic RAM grenade launcher on a retractable pintle mount in the rear.

The seats are fitted back-to-back, allowing one of the rear passengers to operate the grenade launcher with a 180-degree rearward arc of fire. There is space for 20 RAM grenades and 200 auto cannon rounds.

The gun sled has a maximum speed of 300 kilometres per hour, a cruising speed of 225 kilometres per hour, and a nap-of-the-earth speed of 75 kilometres per hour. Endurance is between 60 and 70 hours.

The gun sled is fitted with some unusual electronics and other equipment. All of these extras significantly reduce the cargo capacity, which amounts to little more than a luggage compartment.

- All-weather terrain-following radar;
- Basic ECM;
- Laser communicator;
- Life support;
- Map box;
- Medium-range radio;
- Searchlight;
- Smoke dischargers (10);
- Vision enhancement equipment.

The gun sled displaces 3.5 tons and costs Cr 350,000.

THE BEETLE

Captain Nebrox's 'beetle' is a 4-seat, 6-wheeled all-terrain vehicle fitted with crystaliron armour (armour 20) against small arms fire.

A small cargo bay doubles as a secure compartment to accommodate two (prone and immobile) prisoners. Additional prisoners have to be strapped to the roof rails. The beetle is fitted with a folding crane, which is used to hoist the *Wanderer's* low berth modules onto the roof rails.

The beetle is capable of 175 kilometers per hour on roads and 35 kilometers per hour cross-country, with an average endurance of 500 hours.

- Tactical computer;
- Extensive ECM;
- Laser communicator;
- Laser sensor;
- Long-range radio;
- Radio direction finder;
- Radio jammer;
- Short-range radar jammer;
- Vision enhancement equipment;
- Searchlights.

The beetle displaces 3.5 tons and costs Cr 40,000.



THE SPINNER

The usual ship's vehicle berthed in the rear hangar is a 'spinner', a high-speed pressurised grav vehicle capable of reaching orbit. There is one driver's position and seats for two passengers, with a separate cargo compartment which can also be used for transporting up to two secured prisoners in a prone position.

The spinner is capable of a maximum speed of 1,200 kilometers per hour, although avionics limit this to 140 kilometers per hour when flying nap-of-the-earth. Endurance is about 300 hours before refuelling is required.

There are no weapons fitted, nor are there provisions for such, but the spinner mounts an impressive array of electronics including:

- Long-range radio;
- Radio direction finder;
- Radio jammer;
- Laser communicator;
- Laser sensor;
- All-weather terrain-following radar;
- Short-range radar jammer;
- Extensive ECM;
- Vision enhancement equipment
- Searchlights.

The spinner displaces 3.5 tons and costs Cr 300,000.



THE NEMESIS IN YOUR TRAVELLER UNIVERSE

The ship and deckplan presented in this book will be useful in a wide variety of situations. The most obvious use for the ship is as a vessel belonging to or assigned to one of the player characters, becoming the gateway to interstellar adventure. It is an ideal ship for a small group, allowing great mobility and some fighting ability when that isn't enough to get them out of trouble. The ship can be obtained during character generation, through accumulated ship shares, or as an assigned vessel from an organisation, in a similar fashion to how Scout ships are acquired. Better yet, gaining possession of a *Nemesis* could be an adventure in itself.

The player characters may find themselves on the wrong end of a pursuit ship's attentions. Characters such as the Star Patrol, enforcers, or bounty hunters detailed earlier in this book are some of the professions that may be encountered aboard these vessels. They make excellent spy ships for agents, interstellar navies or scout services. Their great speed makes them superb customs or system defence vessels, able to get to trouble spots long before most other ships.

ADVENTURE POSSIBILITIES

To help you introduce the *Nemesis* into your game, the following section presents some adventure hooks and ideas which can be slotted into any campaign. The format is simple: a descriptive title followed by two sections of information, the first for the players and the second for the Referee's eyes only. Lastly, a series of possible plot twists are introduced, to allow the Referee maximum flexibility in how the adventure will turn out in his universe.

Although each adventure suggests possible player careers, the adventures can be easily adapted to any group of characters and the details are flexible enough to provide a multitude of options for the Referee - including reversing the plot so that the characters are the protagonists on the other side.

ROGUE MERCENARY

Players' Information: The players are Agents, Space Patrol or naval personnel who have been assigned to track down and apprehend a rogue mercenary commander named Beiban. Beiban committed a number of atrocities in a recent civil war before fleeing the scene in a stolen 800-ton mercenary cruiser. The cruiser is not believed to be fully armed, although there is a full complement of marines aboard.

Referee's Information: Beiban stumbled across rumours of a fabulous treasure while fighting rebels in the civil war. By torturing and killing every prisoner he took, he eventually uncovered the location of the supposed hoard - in an ancient planetoid habitat in the far reaches of the system's comet belt. He took the stolen ship and his trusted mercenaries and blasted off, leaving the city he was supposed to be defending to be razed by the vengeful rebels.

The planetoid is riddled with tunnels and huge chambers, excavated tens of thousands of years ago by the previous inhabitants of the system. The mercenary ship is low on fuel and out of missiles, but the full complement of marines is heavily armed and equipped to TL-12.

1. The planetoid is empty and lifeless. The mercenaries will not be happy to see bounty hunters on their trail.

2. As 1, but there are some interesting archaeological artefacts on the planetoid, and the mercenaries are in the process of gathering and loading them onto the cruiser.

3. As 2, but the artefacts are technological relics of around TL-13 to 14, and will fetch a high price from the right buyer.

4. 5,000 descendants of the original inhabitants still live in the fully functional habitat, although they have long forgotten the nature of their home or how its automated systems function. They have nothing of value, but the technology of their life support systems would be worth a great deal.

5. As 4, but the descendants are vicious and highly trained killers, whose entire society revolves around ritual duels involving lengthy stalking of one-another in the maze-like tunnels of the planetoid.

6. As 5, but the real treasure is a functioning hyperspace gate at the centre of the planetoid, protected by automated defences and the most deadly of the inhabitants, who view the site as a training ground for their duels.

PIRATE

Players' Information: A corsair ship has been making murderous attacks on civilian shipping in a frontier region. There are not enough military assets in the area to deal with the problem, so the players are hoping to use their pursuit ship to track down and collect the bounty on the pirate vessel.

Referee's Information: The players have to follow the trail of the corsair to its hiding place in an asteroid belt, from where it is planning an attack on an ore transport. The pirate ship is buried inside a loose 'rubble-pile' type of asteroid, making it hard to locate.

1. All is as presented. The players are faced with the task of disabling the corsair and/or calling in the authorities to make the arrest.

2. As 1, but the ore freighter arrives on the scene. The players must try to deal with the corsair before it kills the freighter crew and escapes.

3. As 2, but the freighter is carrying a cargo of valuable heavy metal ingots.

4. As 2, but the freighter is a Q-ship. The players may also be mistaken for pirates, and could come under fire themselves.

5. As 1 or 2, but a second *Nemesis* is hiding in the belt, crewed by an enforcer for the former master of the pirates who is less than happy with his ex-employees' high profile activities. The enforcer may make an attack on the corsair, or try to disable it by more subtle means.

6. As 5, but the 'pirates' are discontented belters who have taken the law into their own hands. They have an ore freighter and are armed with improvised weapons. The belters have been liberating slave workers and their ships by killing or imprisoning the mining company's security guards. The second *Nemesis* is a Space Patrol vessel which will shoot first and ask questions later.

ON THE RUN

Players' Information: The characters are just normal adventurers going about their business. There is nothing untoward going on.

Referee's Information: The characters have an enemy in their past, who has sent a *Nemesis* to track them down. Whether their actions were intentional or not, or even if they are unaware of them, they will be found eventually. Their pursuers will act intelligently and with skill, choosing the best moment to make their move.

1. The characters recovered a stolen medical shipment to a colony world, and returned it to the rightful recipients for a suitable reward. Unable to exact revenge against the world in question, the criminal organisation responsible for the theft has sent a gang of enforcers to find the characters and make a very visible example of them.
2. The characters are wanted by a minor world for crimes committed, imagined or trumped-up. The planet has no interstellar jurisdiction, but has hired a bounty hunter to track the characters down and return them for trial.
3. The characters are the crew of a scout or navy courier, and are being shadowed by a pursuit ship from an enemy power. The *Nemesis* will try to board the characters' vessel and capture them and the communications they carry.
4. The characters are caught in the crossfire of a pirate attack on a luxury liner. They make their escape, but not before being identified by the crew of the liner. Assuming them to be part of the pirate fleet, a Space Patrol ship is dispatched in pursuit.
5. While working for a criminal overlord, the characters are boarded and forced to jettison a cargo of smuggled goods. Their employer is less than pleased, and puts a price on their head, which has every bounty hunter in the civilised worlds on their trail.
6. The characters unknowingly stumble into an interdicted system. Whether they actually find out that the reason for the interdiction is not plague, but a secret experiment in mass drug-control of a world population is immaterial. The black ops *Nemesis* now following their ship will not give up until they are silenced.

SILENT RUNNING

Players' Information: Although they are not at war, the players' home government is deeply distrustful of their psionic neighbours and both sides are locked in an ongoing cold war of espionage and subversion.

The players are naval intelligence personnel, assigned to a *Nemesis* outfitted with the latest stealth and surveillance technology and armed with a triple particle beam turret.

They have been assigned to a secret mission deep inside the territory of a neighbouring power. Their task is to investigate a report of a massive construction project taking place in orbit around a gas giant in a system some 20 parsecs beyond the frontier.

Referee's Information: The players have to avoid detection on the way to their target system, possibly by avoiding populated worlds or, conversely, trying to mingle with the teeming traffic of a busy, high-tech system. Their target is, in fact, a prototype hyperspace portal. Although unfinished, it will have the potential to transport vessels of up to 2,000 tons and could provide a decisive advantage should war break out along the frontier.

To complete their mission, the characters must get close enough to the portal to gather sufficient data to determine its nature, which will prove difficult unless they find a way to actually get onboard the structure.

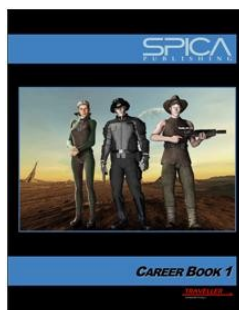
1. All is as presented. There is some in-system security in the form of system defence boats, but the character's TL-15 stealth technology should enable them to fulfil their mission if they are careful.
2. As 1, but there is a naval squadron engaged in exercises in the inner system. They are not specifically tasked with guarding the portal, nor do they even know the nature of this classified project. However, they will engage if the characters' ship is discovered.
3. As 1, but there is a psionic security squad aboard the portal, tasked with maintaining secrecy. They will work by subterfuge if possible, convincing the characters that the portal is an ordinary space station so that there will be no follow-up missions. However, they will use any means necessary to keep the nature of the portal secret.
4. As 2, but the portal is almost complete and a small scout equipped with an experimental hyperspace drive is standing by. However, there is a flaw in the system, and it will fail to function when the test 'flight' is initiated. The hyperspace ship will be destroyed, causing the naval squadron to send ships to investigate.
5. As 4, but the portal will suffer a catastrophic malfunction and begins to break up. The characters must escape and reach a safe distance before the entire structure implodes.
6. The portal is fully operational and exceeds expectations - the hyperspace drive aboard the scout vessel is not necessary, as is revealed by the fact that the characters' ship is drawn along with it on the first test flight. Unfortunately, navigation seems to be a problem - both the scout vessel and the *Nemesis* are transported to an unknown region of space, tens of parsecs from the intended goal. The characters and the crew of the scout are faced with a choice - fight, or work together to find a way back.

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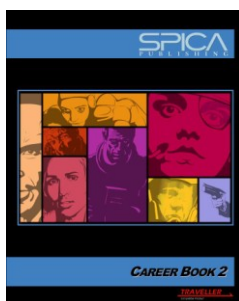
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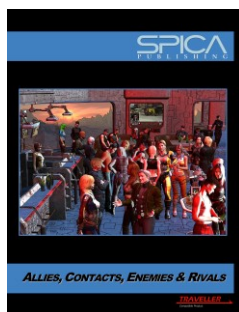
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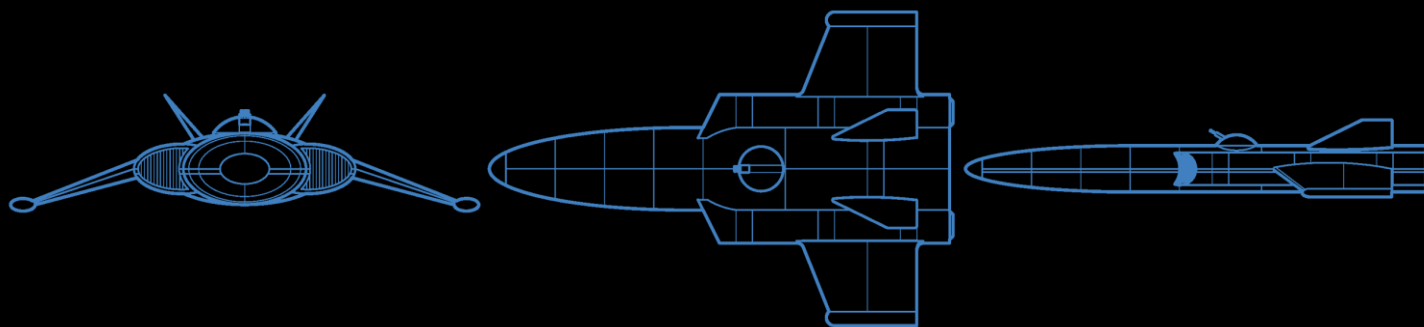
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This book requires the use of the *Traveller* main rulebook, which is available from Mongoose Publishing.

NEMESIS CLASS PURSUIT SHIP

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