

CEPHEUS JOURNAL

Issue #016



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How Spaceships Work

MicroGravatics

Into The Night Part 2

The Raider's Lament Part 10

Science Fiction in Rider

And More...

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From The Editors

Welcome to issue sixteen.

We have a good assortment of mainly sci-fi articles in this issue, so let's dig in.

Once again Jo Jaquinta has given us a few articles, which we are always thankful for. First up is an article looking at micro gravatics and how to use it in your game. He also has an article on a criminal organisation called the Silver Panthers and how you can work with them, and instalment ten of The Raider's Lament.

From the pen of Ricardo Emilio we get an article on how space ships work in his universe, an article on some tech called Solid Air Generator and the Atomic joiner for use in your games.

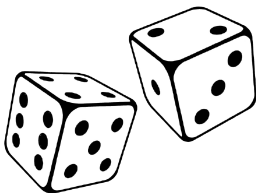
Steve Attwood from Alegis Downport has given us an interesting take on how to use science fiction themes in conjunction with Independence Games Rider. A wonderful example of just how flexible Cepheus Engine compatible products really are.

Finally, from yours truly, is a couple of articles, part two of my Into The Night fiction created from a game I ran a few years back, and an article on an aggressive creature called Scale-back Dragons, perfect for slotting into your Cepheus or Hostile game. Just hope you don't run into a pack of them!

As always, we aim to keep Cepheus Journal coming out regularly but, sometimes like this and the last issue, real life events collide and make things difficult. Hopefully the next issue won't be so delayed.

Please enjoy issue sixteen and keep those dice rolling!

Brett Kruger.



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Letter to the Editors

Letters to the Editor is not something the team at Cepheus Journal have ever really considered, but when this email came in from one of our regular contributors, Jo Jaquinta, it was considered too good not to share. Thanks Jo for making our day!

I had a fun encounter the other day I meant to mention to the editorial team.

My day job is with IBM and although my current job isn't in AI, I follow what IBM is doing in the AI field a lot and participate in the internal forums and betas. I was on the slack channel for an internal release of "Watson Code Assistant". The conversation turned to how it compared with various public AIs, and what different AIs were good and bad at. One of my points was I felt that Google's Bard/Gemini was a notch better at creative output and, eventually explained I had used it for character background generation for RPGs.

There were the usual laughs about "glad AI is being used for something important". But then one participant said "Oh, I knew you were into games. You are somewhat famous there." I was, like O_O. And they said they had seen my work in Cepheus Journal!

Never, in a million years, did I expect an intersection between my profession and my hobby like this. You guys leave much bigger footprints than I thought, and I thank you for letting me be a part of it!

Cheers,

Jo





How spaceships work

By Ricardo Emilio

Starships are spaceships that are equipped with a Jump drive allowing travel between different star systems. The term ship will be used in this manual unless addressing only a spaceship or a starship's characteristics.

The Maneuver Drive

There is one type of maneuver drive in modern ships. That is the Gravitic drive (Grav Drive), hereinafter referred to as the M-drive. A maneuver drive is system enables a spaceship to move in normal space. Before modern times reaction maneuver drives were used.

These included rockets, ion drives and some other reaction drive types. The problem with reaction drives is that they have to carry the reaction matter that is ejected in order to make the spaceship move. They utilize the law of motion that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

Even the best reaction drives are insufficient for viable interplanetary travel because only a finite amount of reaction mass can be carried in the ship. Eventually some civilizations discover how to create gravitons and manipulate them in order to propel them using small gravity wells that the ship is pulled towards.

The Grav drive focuses the graviton beam on a spot in space outside the ship and that is where the gravity well is created. The ship is pulled towards the spot and as the ship moves the focus of the graviton beam moves likewise. Making for a continuous free fall into the gravity well.

Description:

An M-drive consists of a cylindrical base where the gravitons are created and three flexible metallic arms coming out of the top of this. At the end of each arm is a

conical emitter. These arms can point the emitters in any direction within a 270 spherical arc.

The M-drive is placed at the front of the ship. Front meaning the direction in which the ship travels in space. This is the opposite end of a ship where one normally places a reaction maneuver drive.

Although it is possible to put the M-drive at the rear of a ship and use it to create a "push" rather than a pull by creating a gravity "hill" rather than a well effect. This configuration makes it more difficult to land something large like a ship on the ground.

When all three emitters focus their gravitons on the same spot in space a gravity well is formed that creates the same G force as the maneuver drive rating. Pointing in different directions they can produce different "thrust" vectors. M-drives are powered by the ship's powerplant.

Pitch, Yaw & Roll Control:

For precise axis control a ship uses what is called, thrusters. These are EM based and only require power from the ship's powerplant.

During real space travel thrusters are used to change the orientation of the ship while making course changes along with the Grav drive.

They are also used for the final stages of docking and fine positioning on a landing pad.

On a ship 200 tons and smaller they are about 30 cm high and shaped like a frustum of a cone.

Being enclosed in gimbaled cages that allow for rotation in any direction and are placed near the hull so that they can spin the spaceship on all three axes.





Landing on and takeoff from a planetary surface:

Ships with either Standard or Streamlined hulls may land and take off again from a planet. The procedures can differ depending upon planetary size and the atmosphere type. Ships with a Standard hull are held aloft and moved only by their M-drive.

Therefore, they cannot land on a planet that exerts the same or more G's than their M-drive produces. A ship with an M-drive rating of 1 produces 1G of acceleration. That means that a spaceship with a standard hull and an M-drive rating of 1 can only land and then takeoff from a planet of size 7 or less.

A ship with a streamlined hull is a lifting body with aeronautic control surfaces. Such a ship can land and takeoff from a planet with a gravity up to one higher than its M-drive rating if the planet also has an atmosphere of Very Thin or greater.

If the atmosphere is less than Very Thin the streamlined ship is limited as if it had a Standard hull.

Ships with a standard hull generally land on their "tail" and have decks that are oriented perpendicular to their length. Ships with Streamlined hulls have their decks running parallel with their length and land and takeoff like an airplane.

Both types of ships start their landing sequence by coming to a hover over the landing area on the planet's surface while just outside the atmosphere. Zero velocity relative to the ground below. Standard hulled ships then slowly lower themselves in a tail down orientation to the landing pad.

Streamlined ships drop nose down into the atmosphere and glide to a touchdown on the runway using their M-drive to increase speed as needed or just to fly in the air like an aircraft to wherever they want to go on the planet.

If the planet's atmosphere is less than Very Thin the Streamlined ship lands like a ship

with a Standard hull. Gently setting down on its "tail" and then pitching forward to settle in the horizontal position on its landing gear.

Ships with a Distributed hull cannot land on a planet nor skim gas giants for Jump Fuel. While traveling in space, crew and passengers do not feel any acceleration as they and the ship are free falling into a gravity well created by the M-drive.

Artificial gravity is maintained inside the ship so there is a constant down direction. Turbulence might be experienced while landing and taking off from planets with an atmosphere.

During these procedures passengers are required to use seatbelts supplied with the fixed seating in a stateroom or lounge.

It is important that no persons or loose items are within 30 meters of a ship landing or lifting off that is using a Gravity based drive as they can be flung about.

Skimming Jump fuel from a gas giant:

Some ships are built with fuel scoops. These are used when a ship is skimming unrefined fuel from a Gas Giant. The procedure is as follows.

The pilot will make at least one low orbit around the gas giant scanning for any upper atmosphere conditions that might make it dangerous for the ship to skim.

Anything appearing is mapped and noted so that they can be avoided. The pilot then calculates what speed and route to skim at that will take the ship into the upper atmosphere and out again safely.

The course is made so that even if the ship loses its maneuver drive while skimming it has enough momentum to exit and go into a stable orbit that is high enough to not be dangerous to ship or crew.

In this way help could be called for if the system has a populated planet or there are other ships in system. Skimming itself takes about 1D6 hours regardless of the size of the ship as tanks as fuel scoops are sized proportionality.





Piloting in normal space

The ship's pilot controls the ship while traveling in normal space. The pilot is responsible for both the navigation and piloting.

Ships in normal space operate under the rules of Newtonian motion. This motion is very predictable if one knows of all the bodies in the local space that are exerting significant gravitational influence and their individual orbits or trajectories.

The navigation computer contains this information for known star systems and calculate flight paths very quickly. The main visual component of the pilot's controls is a 3D sphere, known as the Fish Bowl, apparently floating over the control panel in front of the pilot.

(Some pilots prefer to use the VR headsets) The ship is represented in the center of this 3D display as the default. The pilot can zoom in so the sphere represents a volume no bigger than 10 meters larger than the ship and out so that it shows the entire star system.

While traveling through space the sphere will show a color coded volume around the ship of where it could be piloted to in pilot defined time increments. Thus the pilot could choose to see where the ship could be taken to in 5 hours of full thrust based on its current position and vector.

And then choose to see where it could be using full thrust for 2 ½ hours and deceleration for 2 ½ hours, etc. To travel to another body in the same star system the pilot designates the destination in the Nav computer and receives a flight plan that is then run through a Fish Bowl simulation to double check accuracy.

If the pilot is satisfied the flight plan is executed by the Nav computer. Such a flight plan delivers the ship to an approach to the target body short of an orbit. But on a safe trajectory in case of M-drive failure.

The pilot then chooses the next flight action. The control for using the thrusters are automated but there is manual controls available. Also for the M-drive. Using

manual controls is very tedious and not as fast not accurate as via Nav computer control.

Fighter spaceships of small size have different controls systems often using a neural helmet that receives commands directly from the mind of the pilot. Pilots must always use their full array of ship sensors to scan for and avoid known and unknown hazards in space.

This includes asteroids, comets, debris, derelict wrecks, solar flairs to mention just a few.

Jump space & the Jump Drive

Travel to other star systems is not really possible by using the M-drive. The maximum speed obtainable by such a drive is but a small fraction of the speed of light. Systems are light years apart.

The discovery of Jump space marks the beginning of a new epoch for a civilization. Jump space is a dimension that is related to but not part of normal space. It has different physical laws.

A Jump drive enables a ship to enter jump space and travel great distances in a short time when viewed from normal space.

No one knows if distance in jump space even exists.

All we know is that we can plot a "jump" in jump space from an area in normal space near a large gravity well to another such area in normal space. Jumps of almost 20 light years are possible.

It may be possible to jump to an area with a rogue Brown dwarf. Starships differ from spaceships construction wise in the following ways. A starship has a Jump drive (part of which is integrated into the ship's hull), tankage for jump fuel, a computer system sufficient for the size of the jump drive and a special set of sensors.

The size of this special set of sensors scales with the ship. A 100 ton ship's special sensors volume is 5 tons. That is listed as the extra bridge tonnage required over a 100 ton spaceship.





These special sensors have 2 main components. A gravitic sensor that locates the star system the ship is going to jump into and an aether sensor that maps and monitors the condition of the aether around the ship.

Data from both these sensors is fed into the ship's computer running the Jump program to assist when creating the jump plot and the jump drive when it creates an opening in jump space.

If for whatever reason a jump goes poorly (a 1 is rolled) the ship exists jump far from its intended location. (Roll 3D6 and divide by the M-drive rating to see how many days travel in real space it takes to reach the intended destination in the star system.)

Accommodations & Life Support

The air that is breathed has two main elements. Nitrogen makes up about 78% and oxygen 21% with the remaining 1% being a mix of various gases.

We exhale CO₂ and this builds up in the ship and must be dealt with before illness occurs. CO₂ scrubbers are part of the ventilation system. They remove the CO₂ from the air and the oxygen is cracked and the carbon disposed of.

This and reserve oxygen stored in the form of liquid oxygen ensures that there is always a breathable atmosphere onboard the ship. A ship can go up to a year with no external source of oxygen.

Water is available for drinking, washing and cooking. Waste water is recycled and stored. The ventilation system removes water from the air to maintain a comfortable humidity level.

The water thus removed is purified and stored. Water is also removed from all waste, purified and stored. The now desiccated waste is compacted and packaged for eventual disposal at the destination system.

Meals are prepared by a living steward or an automated kitchen. Often a combination of both. Those traveling on a high passage ticket more often get meals prepared by a steward.

Ship that are built on TL 15 worlds have the option of installing a Food Synthesizer (see Cepheus Journal issue 013) that can make food out of only carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and a few other trace elements.

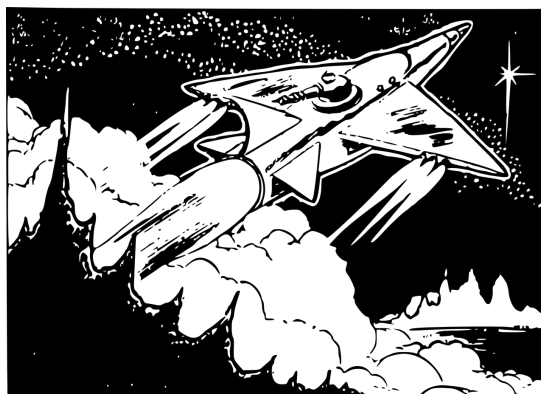
The variety of food items that can be made with this machine is a thousand times greater than can otherwise be carried by a ship. Raw materials for the synthesizer take up only 10% of the volume of normal food stores.

In addition the ship can save up to 50% on the usual life support costs by using one. Gravity is maintained by grav units in the floor of each deck. Engineering sets the level of gravity in each part of the ship.

In some ships engineering will adjust the gravity to change to that of the destination world gradually as the days go by in Jump. A passenger can request to have the gravity level changed in their stateroom for comfort reasons.

Such a request is made to the Steward who will work with engineering to make any such change.

The end





Solid Air Generator

By Ricardo Emilio

TL 15

**Five hundred cubic centimeters and larger
1Kg (not including frame), and larger.
Cr250 and up**

The Solid Air Generator comes from a further development of the technology that produced bonded superdense armor. The generator connects to a continuous frame about 3 cm in diameter.

It can operate in atmospheres containing at least 20% oxygen or nitrogen and a pressure of Very Thin and above. When activated it causes the air between the emitter frame to compress into a solid ionic lattice, 2cm thick.

The frame can be any shape but must have no gaps. After about 1 minute the air has become solid yet retains its transparency. It is about as hard as steel and if shaped as a flat plane can bear 1,000 kg per square meter of surface area.

If the frame is curved to make an arch shape the weight borne increases. The power required is 1Kw per square meter of surface area. Creating an enclosed hemisphere requires a circular frame the size of the circumference on the ground.

The power cost is 1.5Kw for this type of configuration. A "door" may be incorporated by tying more frame into the ground frame and creating the shape desired. One can then "open" and "close" the door using a controller that comes with the unit.

Portable enclosures can be instantly created using this. Most often powered by a portable fusion generator. The frame becomes embedded within the solid air and cannot be touched.

Suspended walkways can be made with this device. Often rare paintings in museums will be protected by such a powered frame. Allowing viewing but not the stealing or damaging of the work.

The solid air is impervious to gas, water, etc. Solid air is almost frictionless. If one were to throw paint on it, the paint would immediately run off leaving nothing behind.

Price ranges from Cr250 for a device that can create a surface up to ten square meters to one costing Cr5,000 that can create a 10-meter diameter hemisphere. The size of the latter generator being ½ meter on a side and massing 10kg. Larger generators are available at a correspondingly higher price and size.





The Raiders Lament - Part 10

By Jo Jaquinta

Chapter 13

"So that's the update," said Heleni to Ritva in the galley. "If our pilot's second cousin heard right we should be able to track them down at Narita."

"What sort of port is that?" she asked, slowly eating her food.

"It's top class. With a Naval Base to boot in the system. Very civilized. We're legitimate and they aren't so it should be to our advantage."

"Then why do you think he is going there?"

Heleni shrugged. "There are lots of people there. He probably has got contacts there with his underworld faction. The Naritans are nice people but they would prefer to look the other way than to get involved in something."

Ritva finished her food and filled her glass from the spigot. "You sound like you've been there."

"O'ya" she said, breaking into dialect. "Eight months air breathing home to me Narita base." She laughed.

"How do you speak so many languages?" Ritva shook her head. "It was hard enough for me to learn Imperial."

"No, no," said Heleni. "Dialects, not languages. You speak a language on your world. Trade, Naritan, and so on are just dialects." Ritva seemed lost.

"Sorry, I'm getting technical." She composed herself for a moment. "Back in the old Empire there was just one language: Standard. Well, there were

probably more, but the official language was Standard, and that's what most records we have are in.

"As the Empire collapsed there was a lot less movement and with no officiating government, languages started to drift. Actually, we can date how far back a world was isolated based on how far its speech has drifted. If it has drifted so much that fundamental grammar has changed, or vowels have shifted we call it a language. If it's just some simple word order changes, emphasis or contraction, it's a dialect.

"So that's why Kwok tends to say 'pip pip' instead of 'yes', why Seldon has a tendency to address people by titles and why Juanita avoids articles when she is drunk. They're reverting back to dialect."

"Aren't they from the new Empire?"

"The 40 Worlds isn't a direct link to the old Empire. They were all once separated too. To a greater or lesser extent. You get clusters of worlds like that. There just happened to be a political movement a hundred and fifty years ago in this cluster that launched some greater cooperation between the worlds. It worked and the economy started expanding."

"So did the number of worlds," said Ritva.

"I'll admit," said Heleni, "there are those who believe in expansion by force. But it usually isn't worth it. If you can't support your new conquests, then you will collapse. And if you can, integration is the better approach anyway. There are usually too many benefits for both sides. If



"You make it sound almost civilized."

there?"

"Warfare is never civilized. But if it has to happen, it is best to happen quickly. Better to get it over with fast."

"What do you mean?" Heleni asked. "Everyone wins."

"And how do you decide who wins? You are pulling all the strings. You must be in control."

"If I use my world's wealth to buy troops, they'll just be Imperial troops reinforcing an Imperialist agenda."

"Less than you think. The Mercs take great pride in their victories. And for the code it doesn't really matter. As long as one strong government is the result, the objective has been achieved."

"You know, when you call us Imperials it's kind of like us calling you Barbarians."

"And it doesn't matter who since you are going to have them deposed anyway."

"But your actions are imperialistic," Ritva protested.

"It's like war. We don't want it to happen, but it's hard to get everyone to work together. The best thing would be for the leader of the state government to remain in place, but rarely does a good warlord make a good industrial leader."

Heleni looked at her long enough and steady enough not to have to make the obvious reply.

* * *

"And that's what kicks things off. When the world is working as a unit it can export raw materials while building up the infrastructure for a manufacturing base. Once it can export base manufactured goods, it can build up an advanced production base. And at that point they are on par with the rest of the 40 Worlds." Heleni concluded with a note of triumph.

"Transition complete," announced Elise. Several screens around the bridge began to light up as normal space asserted its presence and data began to flow in. A few others went dark as the limited sensing possible in transitional space ceased to have meaning.

"So, you completely change these worlds so they can be just like the rest? I really don't see the point."

"Picking up Narita beacon," said Heleni. When Elise finished the post transition checklist, Seldon reoriented and started a slow burn to the port.

"The same quality of life as the rest. People who live longer, eat better, good health, clean water. All that. If we were trying to make everyone the same, we wouldn't have all these dialects. Which is where this conversation started."

"Ops: please reserve us a landing spot," said Seldon. "And while you are on station comm. see if you can find that cutter. I doubt we beat them, but it's worth checking."

Ritva sighed and drank her glass from top to bottom. "There's no way to win, is

"Have you ever jumped over someone in transition?" asked Heleni.

"Only twice," said Seldon. "And neither in exactly optimal circumstances."

The mathematics describing transitional space is furiously complex. Their discovery was lost in the history of the Old Empire, or even before, some thought. Few alive at





any one time even claim to understand them in their entirety.

Theoretically any two points in the universe can be connected by a transitional gateway that allows passage of any mass in any time. There are even said to be solutions that cross time in reverse. Unfortunately solving the equations exactly for any particular two points requires an exacting amount of information on gravitational gradients and the computing resources of a planet.

Fortunately, there are several known approximations that are much easier to solve. But the simplification comes at a price. The complexities of gravitational gradients are removed by assuming the ship's mass is the only relevant factor. This requires the transitioning ship to be as far away as practical from any star or planet.

In a similar way, frames of reference can be factored away by assuming the ship is at rest in both its originating and terminating frame. Since neither of these conditions can be absolutely achieved, there is always some error. This is most often manifested through an imperfect estimate of time, the average being six and a half days. But unusual orientations, residual velocities and locations may also result. Exceedingly rarely the ship quite simply does not reappear in normal space. Needless to say, there are many tales of these 'ghost ships' being seen in transitional space and many dockside superstitions proliferate for preventing such calamities.

"Berth 212," announced Elise. "The Bounding Fortune. It matches rough arrival time and configuration. Its record looks vanilla enough to be an alias."

"Let's play nice till we get to port," said Seldon. "Then see what we can shake up."

* * *

Captain Seldon walked down the cargo ramp with a look of slight irritation. The Chief and Juanita waited for him there with much less disguised looks. A very unhappy Narita dockworker awaited them with a clipboard.

"What seems to be the problem?" he asked.

"This little red tape wielding patsy..." began the Chief.

"These are just randomly assigned..." started the dockworker.

"Yeah, random. Like five aces..." interrupted Juanita.

Seldon held up a hand and they all wound down. He spoke to the dockworker. "How may the Captain of the Raider's Lament help this tireless civil servant of the grand Port of Narita?"

The dock worker held up the clipboard. "I'm afraid your ship has been randomly selected for a safety and standards audit."

Seldon glanced over the electronic form. "I see. I see. Indeed, our enlightened government has the wisdom to not burden honest traders with repetitive checks to see they are following regulations, and favors a random audit system. I am familiar with this. I'm sure, Chief, the ship is up to scratch and will pass without delay."

"Sure," said the Chief. "But that's not all." He pointed back at the dockworker.

He shifted uncomfortably and paged through the clipboard. "You've also been selected for a crew and passenger identity audit."

"Randomly?" asked Seldon.





"Randomly," said Juanita, with heavy sarcasm.

"And," said the Chief pointedly.

"Um," said the dockworker. "It appears you've also been selected for a cargo and equipment regulation audit."

Seldon looked at him very skeptically. The dockworker looked acutely embarrassed. "This seems most unusual," said Seldon levelly.

"I've never seen anything like it," said the dockworker.

"I don't need Elise to tell me the odds of this happening by chance," said the Chief.

"I don't suppose there is a way we could make this go away," hinted Seldon.

"Sire! I hope you aren't suggesting a bribe," said the dockworker. "I could not possibly!"

"Well someone sure has," said Juanita.

"Probably in the back office," said Seldon. "Not this esteemed gentleman." He turned to the dockworker. "I'm afraid these multiple coincidental audits will have rather a large impact on any profit we might make at Narita port. We need some time to consider whether it is still expedient to do business here."

"Very well sir," said the dockworker. "The berth is yours. But access to the port will be sealed to you until this matter is settled." Seldon nodded and the dockworker left the berth.

"Of all the scumbag tricks," swore Juanita.

Seldon waved her protests away. "Seems our friend knows people in the right places. Really, it's a far cleverer stunt than sending his goons around. I think I begin to see why

the underworld appreciates him."

The Chief spat. "I'd rather a rough and tumble than bureaucratic wrestling."

"Bureaucratic wrestling is all about the loopholes," said Seldon.

"You have an idea?" asked the Chief.

"It occurs to me that we are under a certain obligation". He waved at the ship. "The Navy has been kind enough to outfit me with a decommissioned ship of the line. A powerful ship in her time, but with its major systems unmounted it is safe to leave in civilian hands. We have, however, just had an extensive refit. If we were unscrupulous we could have remounted military grade systems and be in violation of our own charter. I think it is best, for all concerned, to check into the nearest Naval base and request a formal inspection to be entered into the official record."

"And there just happens to be one right here," said the Chief.

"With an hourly shuttle service to the main port," added Juanita. "The audits only apply to the Lament, not base to base port transfers."

"I believe you are correct," said Seldon. "How convenient!"





Chapter 14

Elise stood up slowly adjusting her bandoliers and dignity around her. "That's better," said Heleni. "Keep trying." She handed her back a small flat board, twice the width of her hand and several times as long.

"Does it have a data port?" asked Elise. "It would be so much easier."

"They aren't that complicated. They're even simpler than a grav stick. They just react against the ambient gravitational field on the station and maintain a level." She stood on her one and pushed off. "Leaning side to side starts a turn." She did a figure 8. "Front to back elevates and lowers. You can vary the pressure to increase and decrease speed."

"There are also overrides to fix the controls," said Vikhagen, hanging by her knees from hers.

Elise rolled her eyes and got on her board again. "OK. Can we just take it slowly?" She floated tenuously forward. "I still say walking would be easier."

"There are a lot of berths to cover," said Heleni. "And this is how the locals get around."

Once they left the shuttleport there were, in fact, throngs of people moving about on the floaters. Most were quite adept at it and Elise quickly learned it was easier to let them get out of her way than for her to try to get out of theirs. Slowly her confidence built, and she could follow reasonably well in Heleni's wake.

Vikhagen zoomed ahead and behind, enjoying scattering the crowd and racing with the children and copying their stunts. Heleni pointed out different shops and monuments in the arcade and described

how they had changed since she lived there.

"It's a huge port," she said. "Normally you wouldn't get this much extraterritorial space. But Narita is a big transfer hub. Lots of stuff going in and out."

"Plenty of scope for skimming and relabeling," said Elise.

"The only way to have no crime is to have no people," said Heleni.

"Two hundreds, up ahead," said Vikhagen, sailing past. They had moved from bustling arcades to secured warehousing. Large beeping floaters moved about carrying stacked regulation cargo containers. Handlers floated around them guiding them with sticks like vast iron beasts.

From there they moved to the dockside proper. The wide dock was demarcated into a multitude of berths. This was the mid-size area and large air locked compartments contained entire ships. Umbilicals ran to and from them and many of them gaped open, cargo discharged out of their berths and onto the dockside for repacking or sorting.

"And there she is," said Heleni as they did a slow nonchalant cruise past berth 212. The familiar looking cutter resided there with a minimal number of lines attached. The complementary forklift and palettes remained idle; no cargo was on the dockside. Only a few uniformed dockworkers moved about tending the lines.

They collected a trio of drinks from a nearby vendor and sat against a cargo container on the next dock over, indirectly watching.

"The berth is wide open," said Vikhagen. "It's going to be hard to get close subtly."





"Since when were you ever subtle," laughed Elise. She drew both hands inside her parka. Typing could be heard. "I'm picking up a few data points," she said while staring into the middle distance. "The protocols are standard. Hard to crack but not impossible. It would be easier with a physical connection."

"I could try to sneak around from this berth," offered Vikhagen. "They have their crates piled pretty close to the line. There's no cover on the other side though. They'd be sure to notice."

"I can distract them," said Heleni.

"Are you sure," said Elise. "New crew don't have to pull hazard duty."

"I'm good," she said, and kicked off. She circled widely in lazy round arcs. Her board picked up speed in the empty berth space and she started doing pirouettes and jumps. Not all were successful, and she fell a few times.

One of the dockworkers came out to shoo her off. She replied in dialect, which got his interest. Pretty soon she was talking away with all three of them animatedly.

Vikhagen laughed. "She's quite the social chameleon."

"Yes," said Elise. "She's good with people."

"So you think she'll work out?"

"I'm not sure," Elise hesitated. "Certainly, her skills complement us well. It's just that..." she paused again. "We're a business. And our business concerns must come first. I'm not sure she sees it that way all the time."

"Hmm," said Vikhagen. "Could be. But for now, I'd better get on those business concerns and get your physical

connection." She grabbed a splice kit from Elise and dodged and weaved between crates until she was as close as she could get to berth 212. She gave the high sign to Heleni who launched into a long and involved joke. Vikhagen slipped around the corner and into the bay.

Once there it was a pretty simple matter to unplug the data line to the ship, slip the splice plug in, and then reattach the line. Within moments she got a green light from Elise indicating that all was working. She planted a kiss on the splicer and then sneaked back out of the bay.

Once Heleni saw all was clear she wrapped up her chatting and floated off to meet up with the other two.

"Good job, both of you," said Elise, checking the connection.

"Piece of cake," said Vikhagen. "Getting anything?"

"I've got full control over anything going in or out. It's going to take some effort to crack into their internal systems. I'll see if I can attach a Trojan to the next incoming message. Hopefully they haven't set things up yet."

"They have," said Heleni. Elise returned her focus to reality and directed it at Heleni. "They've got an appointment an hour before nadir tonight in Ginza 357." She grinned. "One of the dockhands arranged a taxi for them."

"I don't suppose they mentioned if they offloaded any freight?" asked Elise.

"Nope. They've been locked down tight."

"Looks like we're in time," said Vikhagen.





Seldon poured drinks around the table. They were in a private room rented quickly in the Ginza district. "So, we have our quarry and we know when they have an appointment. What is the best we can do with that information?"

"Set up a sniper," said Kwok. "As soon as he breaks airlock, we ping him. Pow! Pow!" he mimed.

"Although great for stress relief, I'm not sure that moves our enterprise forward," said Seldon.

"He's got what we want," said Juanita. "If we get him, we have the leverage to trade."

"Kidnapping?"

"Sort of. We know he's ordered a taxi. If we intercept, or waylay and substitute, we pick him up, all nice and innocent and then make off with him. If he's got the loot, we're done. If not, we trade."

"Not bad," said Seldon. "I'm not sure I'd want to corner him. Other options people?"

"If we can get a quarter ton of demolition charges..." started Vikhagen.

"Why do all your plans start out like that?" asked the Chief.

"If we're looking to avoid personal confrontation," said Heleni, "knowing where he's going to be at a certain time means we also know where he isn't. While he's at his meeting, we could break into the ship."

"It depends on how many of his goons he takes with him," said the Chief.

"Misdirection," said Elise. "Why kidnap him when we can tell him to go somewhere

else? I've got his incoming line cracked. We can fake a message changing the time and place to anywhere we want."

"That has advantages over the kidnap scenario," said Seldon. "So where do we send him and why?"

"Presumably he's trying to convert my wealth into cash," said Ritva. "Why don't we pretend to be his contact and cut a deal with him?"

"That's pretty devious," said the Chief, clinking her glass with his beer tube. "I like it."

"It is complicated and convoluted," said Seldon. "Just our style. Problems anyone?"

"So, what does his contact do when he's a no show?" asked Juanita. "If he pings him on the comm while in conference with us, the gig is up."

"We could split it in two. One half pretending to be his contact and the other pretending to be him," said Heleni. "We can keep in radio contact and take cues from each other."

Seldon rubbed his head. "That might be a little too complicated and convoluted. Do we have a simplification?"

"Odds are that his contact isn't anyone savory," said Elise. "We can send an anonymous tip to the station authorities that someone they want will be in Ginza 357."

"It has a certain poetic justice to it," said Seldon.

"He's seen us," said Heleni. "He'll recognize us if we pull the deal."

"He hasn't seen all of us," said Juanita. "Viki and Kwok were back on the ship."



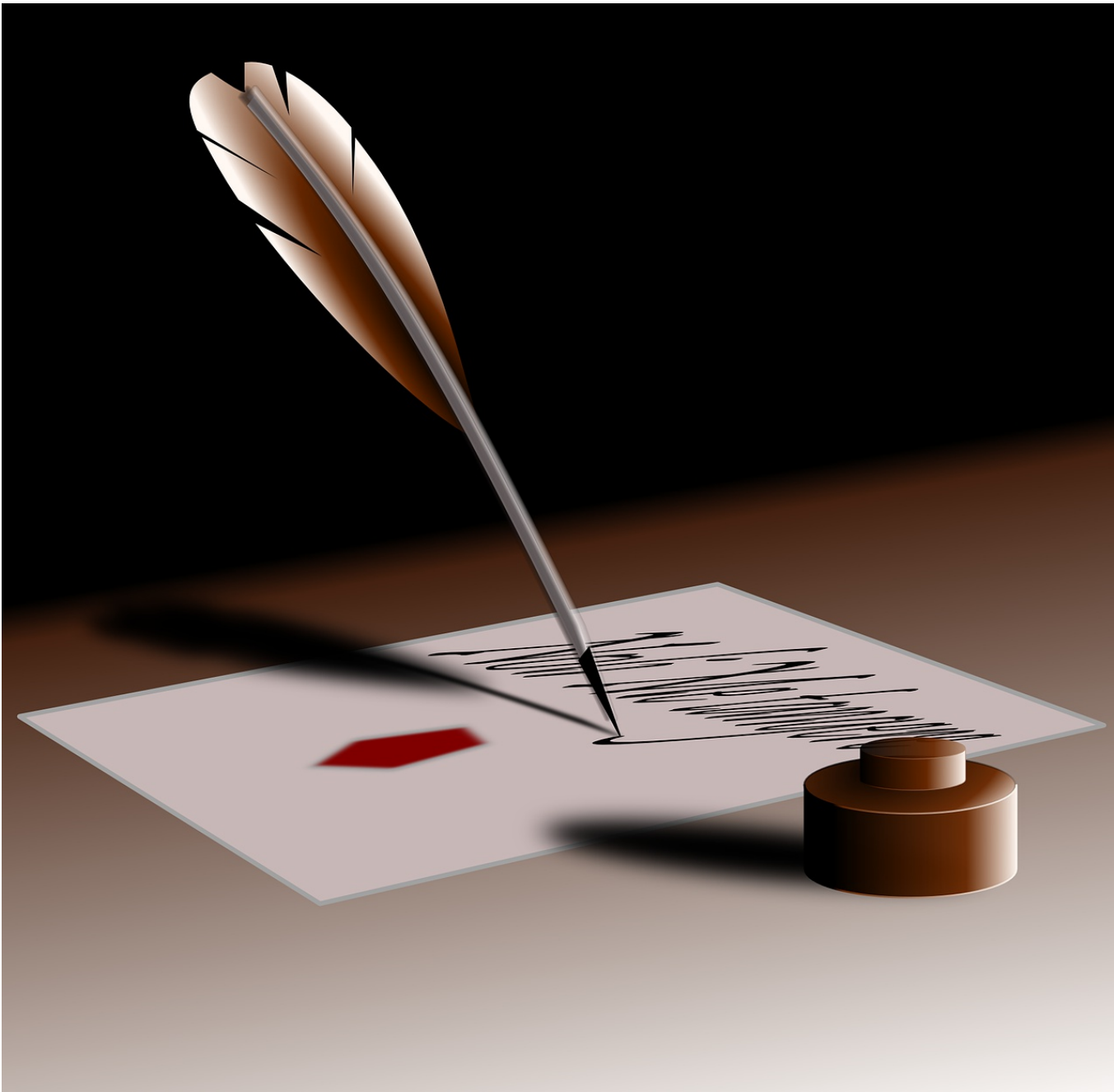


"I can do it," said Vikhagen enthusiastically.

"Like, totally," added Kwok. They punched fists together.

"I have this feeling I'm going to deeply regret this," said Seldon. "Elise: book us into a room in the disreputable part of town."

"Yes sir," she said. "I'll search the local directory under the keyword 'sleazy'".





Science-Fiction in Rider

By **Steve Attwood**
/ **Alegis Downport**

Though separated by typically hundreds of years, the themes of the Old American West and Science Fiction do crossover many times in written works, television and movies. During a re-watch of Star Trek: The Next Generation, I noticed that many of the episodes featured the Old West in holodeck escapades or by accident of time-travel. Independence Games publish a Cepheus Engine-compatible rules set called 'Rider', allowing you to play out adventures in the Old West. Thinking along the lines of the ST:TNG episodes, this article looks at some possible ways to combine adventures in Rider with the default science-fiction setting of Cepheus Engine.

The Old West and many of its themes have formed the basis for a number of science-fiction television series and movies; When Gene Roddenberry was developing his ideas for the original 1960's Star Trek series (ST:TOS), 'Wagon Train' (a fictional adventure series following a large westbound wagon train heading from Missouri to California) is cited as one of his inspirations. Though the format (different encounters each episode, sometimes with guest stars) could be considered similar in the way that ST:TOS and to much of an extent, the later Star Trek: The Next Generation (ST:TNG) ran each week, some episodes were set in the Old West.

Indeed, science-fiction and the frontier environment of the Old West have also been the basis of many TV series and movies in varying ways, including 'Firefly' (2002) / 'Serenity' (2005), Edgar Rice Burroughs 'John Carter ...of Mars' novels and 2012 film, 'Westworld' (1973 film and TV series), 'Cowboys and Aliens' (2011), 'Back to the Future Part III' (1990), 'The

Beast of Hollow Mountain' (1956), 'The Valley of Gwangi' (1969) and 'Wild Wild West' (1999) to name but a few over the years.

Independence Games 'Rider' game being compatible with the Cepheus Engine rule set, provides a convenient basis with which to integrate science-fiction elements from other Cepheus Engine products. The setting can be historically accurate, ie. The players are transported to the American Wild West in the 19th century via some means; their ship's interstellar drive fails and they are transported through time and crash land.

Another alternative during an exploration mission, the players step through a mysterious gateway that happens to be a link to the past. How easily available the portal can be one aspect of the adventure. Certain conditions could have to be recreated to reopen, or it is simply a matter of stepping through one doorway and back again. This latter point could suggest to more nefarious players that they could transport goods from the future to the past for a quick buck, however this opens up all sorts of time paradoxes and could make the players worse off.

Or, the adventure can be based around Old West elements but still set in the future; frontier worlds with infrequent access to high technology are forced to rely on local resources more. Law and order becomes more remote and self-managing as town sheriffs used to in the 19th century United States.

Once in the Old West, restrictions on technology and materials will have an



impact on how the players will need to deal with their predicament. In the Star Trek:TNG episode 'Time's Arrow', Data is forced to use his skills as a poker player in order to earn some of the local currency. He pretends to be a French inventor, so as to (try) not to draw attention to himself. Player characters may have to take a similar approach themselves if they are to blend into the local environment. If the players will need materials to repair their ship, the quality of resources such as metals and alloys will affect their ability to fix equipment. In the game itself, this could be reflected in more difficult-than-usual skill rolls. Electronics will be non-existent so repairs will be extremely difficult without some sort of on-board manufacturing facility to refine raw materials and make spare parts. This may force the players into more drastic measures to obtain precious metals such as gold or silver, so robbing a bank or holding up a stagecoach could provide an adventure hook.

Moving a game into an Old West background could provide a change of scene and pace from the usual travelling between the stars type-of-adventures and help to keep an ongoing campaign fresh and exciting for players.

A variation of the setting is the 'simulated' Old West, where players can leave their high-tech gadgets and tools behind and spend time in an artificially created environment. This is the premise of 'Westworld' and Star Trek:TNG 'A Fistful of Datas', where such artificial environments (Westworld's robots and ST:TNG's holodeck) develop catastrophic faults and the main characters have to try and escape.

In the movie 'The Valley of Gwangi' (1969) (and the earlier 1956 film 'The Beast of Hollow Mountain' which has a similar pretence) a more 'fantastic' element is introduced to the Old West setting through the discovery of a hidden valley

containing dinosaurs. It doesn't have to be science fiction; mix fantasy elements in to create a challenging and distinct adventure for players.

Characters who may be from different cultural backgrounds in the future setting were historically treated much differently in the Old West and referees should be sensitive to this. We live in more enlightened times and there is no need to treat characters (and hence the player themselves) in a manner that could be considered as racist, sexist or any other manner which makes them feel uncomfortable simply for historical accuracy. A game should be fun, but respectful of individuals heritage and background at the same time.

From a game statistics point of view, you can quite easily transfer a characters Cepheus Engine characteristics to Rider format; the usual STR, END, etc are the same and Cepheus Engine 'Social Standing' becomes Rider 'Charisma'. REP (Reputation) is an additional attribute to add, but characteristic modifiers can be moved back and forth. There are some similarities in skills, for example 'Animals' (the training of / veterinary medicine / farming / survival) will hold the same basic principles across the Old West and future settings. However, the players should bear in mind that tools or medicines used to treat animals are going to be a lot more primitive so adjustments in skill checks should be considered to make them tougher. Engineering or mechanical skills are still useful in an emerging industrial world as basic principles are still applicable, but there are limitations based on the available resources and technology of the day.

If the players have been dropped into the Old West by design or accident, they are going to need a backstory that is believable and accurate. Available



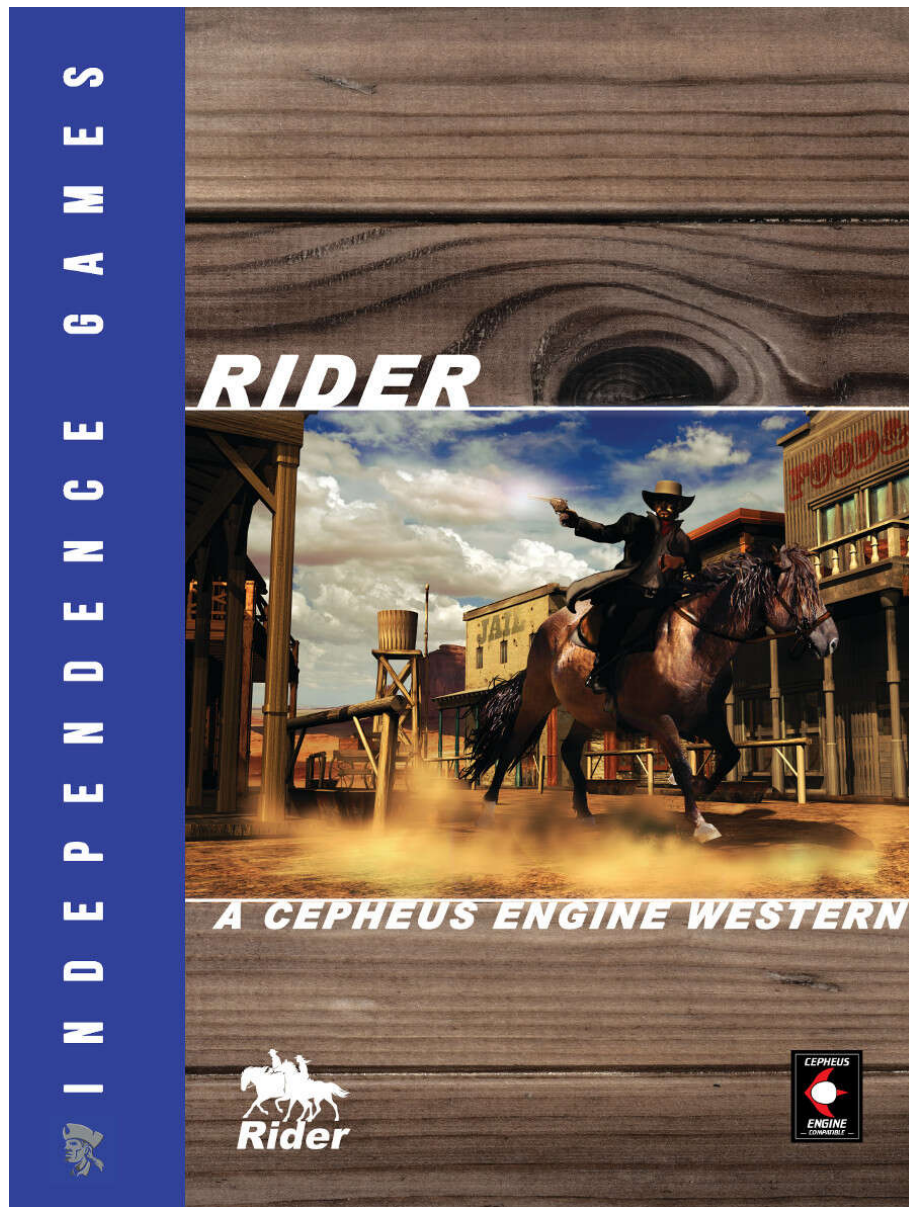
information aboard a ship's computer will be limited without some form of Worldnet access to historical information, so players may need to recce for information and think fast on their feet if challenged by the locals. Players will also need to be mindful of inadvertently revealing information which could raise suspicion, for example of well-known events or the wider environment. Though there were no longer witch-hunts like in the 17th century, there is nothing to stop superstitious townsfolk organising a hanging if they think they are justified.

I would recommend checking out Rider; it can certainly offer a lot of scope for expanding the background to your science-fiction Cepheus Engine adventures and travelling between different worlds. By drawing on some of the inspiration mentioned above, hopefully you'll have some interesting and thought-provoking ideas to challenge your players.

Rider is available from the Independence Games website or Drivethru RPG.

A review of Rider is available on the Alegis Downport blog:

<https://alegisdownport.wordpress.com/2021/02/27/rider-review/>





MicroGravatics

By Jo Jaquinta

Gravitics is a branch of physics frequently found in SciFi settings. It involves mechanisms that can change the effect of gravity. It is used to explain reactionless drives, artificial gravity, and inertial dampening. It's a common setting mechanic that avoids the narrative complication of having to play out complicated mathematics for reaction mass, spinning everything for gravity, and seat belts.

The scale of gravitic components is usually quite large. Engines are large clumps of machinery occupying a notable portion of the ship. "Deck plates" are installed upon construction for environmental controls. Even in the far future we still don't have "hover boards", because the engine unit and power supply would just be too large to be balanced with the other grav vehicles flying around the place.

But we all want hoverboards, don't we?

Introducing Grav Foils

The ubiquitous grav plates on starships, space stations, and low gravity planets work by bending space and time in some hand waving way to create an artificial gravity field. Objects within this field are affected as if they were subject to the level of gravity the plates are set to generate. Because of their heavy engineering requirements, they are generally static, or form the main propulsion system of a vessel.

Grav Plates do not generate true gravity (as that would break too many laws of physics). Rather they create a field that gives the sensation of gravity to most compounds. Much like a microwave oven does not heat everything you put into it. Rather, it is tuned to heat water molecules specifically. But, because most things you want to put into a microwave oven

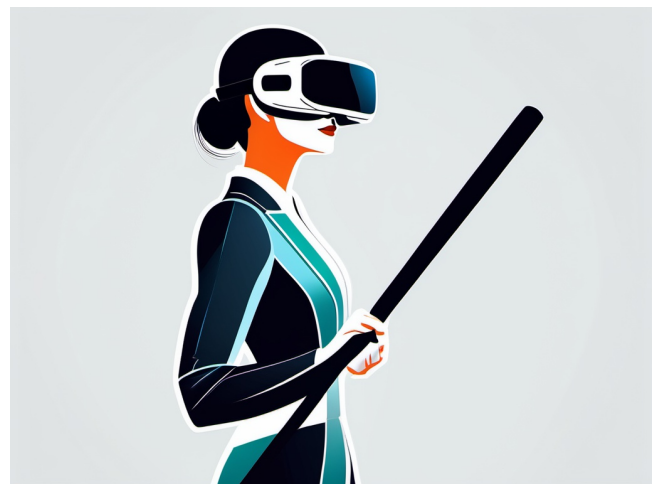
contain water, it has the desired effect in most circumstances.

Grav Foils are small electromechanical components designed to react to the specific nuances of a gravitic field. They can be dynamically tuned to react more strongly, more weakly, or in a different direction than the ambient intent of the field. To use another analogy, like a sailboat, they can interact with the unidirectional field to produce an impelling force in a different direction; even against the intended flow.

Since Grav Foils are only reacting to an artificial gravity field, and not generating one, they can be smaller, lighter, and require less energy than a traditional grav plate or thruster. So it's possible to put them in smaller devices. They essentially act like miniature thrusters, with the obvious disadvantage that they only work in artificial gravity environments.

Constructing Grav Foil Devices

It's beyond the scope of this article to give complete design sequences for creating electronic devices smaller than robots or vehicles. But some general guidelines can be given to allow a referee to work out what would and would not be plausible. In order to provide such rule-of-thumb estimates, a basic Grav Foil Unit is given:





Volume:	1cc
Weight	2g
Price	5Cr
Power	50w
Thrust	1kg

So, to make a coffee mug float, a 1cc Grav Foil is probably sufficient. To make a hoverboard lift a 100kg individual, you would need 100cc's of Grav Foil. Of course you would also need a guidance and control system, energy storage, and more thrust for maneuvering if you wanted more than a dead lift. Commercial systems would have extra allowances, sensors, and security features for safety. If you want a gross approximation, you can double the specs for the support components for a simple system triple them for a reasonable system, and quadruple them for a consumer system that meets general use safety standards.

Example Items

Grav Stick

What RealVision™ virtual reality system is completely without the latest controls? The WonderBar 2000 is the answer to all your gaming needs! Although it appears as a simple, pliable bar, it has an unbelievable number of functions.

Bend up the two ends, grav lock the middle to your frame of reference, and you have a steering wheel you can use for racing, flying, or piloting your steamboat. Loop the end into a hook for an animated cane for your best performance in any of our vaudeville line games. A single one can be a sword, golf club, cue stick, or anything. Grab a pair of them and you are ready for skiing.

Your WonderBar interfaces with our entire line of games. Dynamic response allows the heft and feel from a cricket bat to a butterfly net, and anything in between. Feel your polearm thud into your virtual enemy with our supreme feedback. You'll

never need another peripheral again! 600Cr a piece at all good virtual reality merchants.

Grav Crampons

The Midair 360 crampons, boasting "gravitics technology" and the ability to adhere to any surface, mid-air included, promise a revolutionary experience for climbers, thrill-seekers, and even maintenance engineers. Imagine scaling sheer rock faces or performing mid-air operations with complete confidence.

The standard hip pack contains 10 palm sized ruggedized disks coated in non-stick polymer. In the simplest operation format they can be placed and activated with a single press. After that they remain locked in place, supporting up to 300kg in weight. A double press unlocks them for retrieval. They can also be keyed to your data pad for remote unlocking and activating a special return-to-home function. Each possesses a central insert that can be removed. They can then serve as an anchor for winches, pulleys or rope. If a higher weight is required to be hoisted, multiple disks can be deployed together.

The Midair 360's versatile features, from mid-air adhesion to remote control and anchor points, offer exciting possibilities for climbers, adventurers, and professionals alike. If defying gravity is your next mission, these innovative crampons might just be your launchpad.

2000Cr for a pack of 10.



Grav Corsets

Is surface gravity getting you down? Does your anatomy slump in all the places you would rather it perked? Goldberg's new line of Cosmic Curves is for you!

Combining the finest in microthin reactive gravitic technology in a silky smooth sheathe, our elegantly tailored undergarment fits snugly to the body you have. With a few minor tweaks from our companion software, you can select from among many suggested silhouettes and activate. With gentle pressure and guidance, your body will assume the shape you want.

You can sign up with Goldberg for expert personalization and free consultancy about which fabulous garments from our extensive collection are best suited to the new you.

Why wait? Be all you want to be today! It will be the best Cr800 you have ever spent.

Grav Skates

If you are looking for the top of the line in superior skateware, you can do no better than a pair of Ebisawa Electrics elite "Frictionless" line of grav skates. Precision engineered to exacting specifications, our perfect footwear has a response time like no other model. They are consistently rated highest by independent testers for acceleration, deceleration, climbing and descent.

We do not only outshine our competitors for power, though. The same skill goes into making our avionics, sensors and control. No matter the slope or roughness of terrain, our shock absorbers ensure even gliding at all speeds. Turns are powerful and safe as our compensators ensure accurate banking with minimal loss of momentum.

And all that control would be a complete waste without a superlative user interface. Sensors in the shoes survey not only the entire environment, but also the user. With minimal training you can learn how to telegraph to the shoes your desired vectors and settings through natural body gestures.

At Ebisawa Electric we focus on the entire experience. We put quality into every aspect so that you will never regret a purchase.

Cr1200

Ioun Drones

Are you in a profession where it's important to see what's around that corner up ahead, without being seen? Is your perimeter security important to you? Perhaps you are a plumber interested in inspecting the interior of pipes, or a supervisor keeping your workers in order. We have the answers, and we don't ask questions!

Small, light, and discrete, our micro drones are the size of a single credit piece, and can fly at tens of meters per second. Each possesses a high quality multi-wavelength camera and exceptional telemetry with full industry rated encryption. They are silent, have a control range of a hundred meters, and a fly time of over an hour.

Our base unit fits easily into a pocket, and can interface with any standard handheld computer or neural implant. When not tasked to some other duty, they hover around the operator, awaiting their command. As needed, they may be controlled individually and "flown" to pre-programmed locations, or piloted ad-hoc by the operator. When they are done, they return into their normal holding pattern.

You wanted eyes in the back of your head? We've got you covered!





The Silver Panthers

By Jo Jaquinta

The Silver Panthers are a criminal organization active in whatever region of your campaign you require. They are presented here as spanning multiple star systems but could easily be multiple arcologies on a high population world, or whatever suits you. You can drop them into your campaign to run one of the plot ideas, use them as a convenient bad guy for another scenario, or let rumors of them spread as a red herring to keep the characters on their toes.

Origin

It is believed that the original organizers of the Silver Panthers had met while serving long prison sentences. Building up rapport and trust, they emerged together, determined to set up an import/export business in specialized goods. And that they did. However, they also leveraged their other talents to use this as cover for smuggling and other high revenue transport.

Not being the active sort anymore, they gravitated towards criminal activity that did not require much "wet work". So, this mostly revolved around embezzlement, money laundering, insider trading, and social engineering operations. Circumstances occasionally required them to deal in other activities. Partnering with other criminal organizations was never terribly successful, as their more subtle skills were not well respected. To correct this, they decided to grow their own.

Later biographers say that it was random chance that led to the observation that high quality makeup had a very favorable size to value ratio, and that there was a steady supply of young women driven into perfecting their shoplifting skills in pursuit of

it. As a philanthropic outreach from their legitimate business they founded a legal aid charity, specializing in wayward girls, that doubled as recruitment.

The original generation of Silver Panthers has either passed away or retired. It has diversified much since their origin, but they are still largely, but not exclusively, a female organization known for being tight knit, and loyal to each other.

Contact

The Silver Panthers are well known as an institution, but their members are less identifiable. Every young, affluent, media figure desiring upward mobility, but wishing to appear "edgy" drops many hints about being associated with the Silver Panthers. Wearing semi-hidden logos or other paraphernalia reflecting them as a fashion statement. When questioned by law enforcement they universally admit that it is merely homage to them, and they are not members. To anyone else, they deny it with a wink or nudge.

Anyone in the know (or with some skill in Streetwise) knows that contacting the organization is pretty straightforward, although unconventional. There is an AI known as "Silver Auntie" that has been widely distributed, and, according to rumor, was crafted based on the founding members of the organization. It isn't terribly advanced and is more an expert system than a true AI, so it can run on most computer hardware. It presents as a silver haired old lady chat bot and will happily converse with people in the role of a governess of the Silver Panthers. It will deflect direct questions, responding with further questions. Such as asking, "How do I contact the Silver Panthers"



might elicit a reply of “Just why do you want to contact them?” The AI model has been around for years and has no information on recent events. It will not give any direct contacts, but instead advise the character to post obscurely worded notes in unusual forums, or leave messages scrawled in particular shades of make-up in specific high-end restrooms. Law Enforcement is aware of the AI chat-bot. Unfortunately, it is extremely well trained at recognizing when being interrogated by authorities and nothing ever comes of attempts to follow what it says by them. Players who are trying to entrap the Silver Panthers will need to make some pretty good Deception rolls to get a legitimate contact. But if they do well at Streetwise, they will manage to receive an obscure set of instructions that does pan out.

Hiring the Silver Panthers

Once contact is established, the players can negotiate, directly, for the services they want. Initial prices for first time customers are steep. Much higher than other sources. The Silver Panthers present themselves as providing a quality service. They pride themselves on their operational security and guarantee anonymity. They also prize loyalty and strongly hint that the high price of the first contract is an investment, and that subsequent contracts come at increasingly lower costs.

The Silver Panthers consider themselves the foremost service with access to high society. They have excellent contacts amongst the upper echelons of Society, Military, Business, and Government. They are impartial to sides, and whether they are being asked for services to the benefit or detriment of those contacts.

Although they are still reluctant to engage in “wet work”, they do delight in “character assassinations”. They have incredibly detailed rate sheets for spreading rumors, planting evidence, promoting certain information on social media, changing the public narrative on

certain subjects, finding hidden secrets from someone’s past, creating fake testimonials, conducting psychological operations against someone, creating or leveraging personal relationships, or planting false stories.

And, of course, smuggling is a bread-and-butter operation for them. In this they do not compete with other criminal organizations but collaborate with them. Many such operations are contracted through third parties, to perturb law enforcement monitoring and increasing the chances of success.

Working for the Silver Panthers

The Silver Panthers are very initiative-taking in contacting people for work. This is usually not for recruitment, but as a way of broadening their enterprise, and indemnifying themselves for certain types of work. They like having lots of contacts with established reputations at their disposal so that they have the exact right person to do the exact right job at the exact right time. They often take chances hiring untested agents for low priority work just to see how they turn out. If they have a weakness, it is giving chances to down and out people, for generous rates. (They passionately hate loan sharks and protection rackets.)





On their own, they have many agendas they pursue beyond the direct execution or protection of their operations. They treat the social contacts they have like investments and will conduct operations to advance them, often without the subject even knowing it. A very typical operation would be to engineer a “fifteen minutes of fame” incident for someone they consider a good candidate and catapult them onto a public stage they are unprepared for, but indirectly help them navigate the process successfully, resulting in another influencer that they have influence over.

Going back to their roots, they still have a large finger in the makeup and fashion industry, and strong opinions about what are good brands, and which are not. They are not above boosting those they favor (like making sure certain shipments arrive expressly for propitious events) or sabotaging those they do not (like glutting the market with off brand fakes).

Adventure Ideas

Nothing to See Here

A good entry scenario is for the players to be contacted by a patron requesting the shipment of a certain lot of cargo. (If the players do not own a ship, it will be up to them to secure passage for the cargo on

another ship.) The terms offered will be good, but not generous.

The patron will be up front saying that the papers for the cargo are forged and that the container is being tracked by the authorities. They may very well have trouble with customs or law enforcement while underway. However, what they are, in fact, shipping, is an empty container. It is locked with tamper proof devices, and shielded from screening, as much to protect the players as to confound law enforcement.

It will be explained that the patron does conduct many smuggling operations that it wishes to keep hidden from the authorities. And to protect those, it sometimes runs dummy shipments such as this one. The more convincing the players make it, the more impressed the patron will be. But they certainly should not lay down their life for an empty container. If it comes to it, they should let the authorities confiscate and impound the cargo. Since it is truly empty, the players cannot be charged with anything other than bad paperwork or resisting authorities, and the payment given should well cover that.

Viral Flash Mob

While visiting a world the players are not native to, they will be approached by a member of the Silver Panthers with a job. It would be handy, but not necessary, if they had worked with them before. Otherwise, a Streetwise roll might be conducted to get some background material on the Silver Panthers.

The job is to pick a fight with someone in a space bar, and to lose it. They will be given a time and a place, and a modest tab to cover expenses. They should arrive early, and be rowdy, but not enough to get prematurely thrown out. They can give a general description of the person who is the victim, a young woman who will seem out of place. She will be accompanied by a young man, who they can describe in detail, who is in on the operation.



A-Joiner

By Ricardo Emilio

Atomic Joiner

TL 15

500 grams

20 cm long

4 cm diameter

Cr.250

This tool is commonly found in a ship engineer's tool box. Called an A-Joiner for short, the Atomic Joiner allows one to connect two pieces of metal together at the atomic level so that they are as a single piece. Providing that the two pieces are of the same metal.

This hand tool is a much smaller version of the TL 12 Atomic Joiner that is used to assemble large structures like buildings or space craft.

An example of usage: If a metal wall had a 1 meter diameter hole and you wanted to permanently close it you would take a

metal plate that was larger and place it over the hole. Taking the A-joiner and placing it where the two pieces touch you slowly run it around the the piece until you traced the entire thing. It creates and atomic level join up to 8 centimeters away from the tip of the tool. In this example the ideal patch size would be 116 centimeters in diameter. Giving 8 centimeters of overlap that would be joined.

This tool is rechargeable and stores enough power to create 100 meters of join before needing recharging.



Scale-back Dragons

By Brett Kruger

Natives of Firaious Prime, Scale-back Dragons grow to between five and six meters long from nose to tail, weigh about 500 kilograms, have deadly claws that will rip through light steel and razor-sharp teeth lined mouths that can easily bite through unprotected creatures. These creatures are fearsome predators that stalk their prey with keen senses, even at night.

They resemble large, muscular felines with mottled grey scales that match the Shroom trees, long thick tails that end in a barb, and a pair of gliding membranes which extend from its forelegs to its hindlegs.

The Dragons live mainly in the Shroom forests of the planet, venturing out only onto the plains when they detect easy prey. They are solitary hunters and, once they detect prey, prefer an ambush attack rather than engaging in a direct confrontation.

They can leap up to 10 meters in a single bound, run as fast as a horse, and will climb a Shroom tree, waiting for the prey to pass and then attack from above with teeth and claws, driving the prey into the ground.

Not only are they adept at climbing, but they can also swim, making them a versatile and dangerous foe.

The Dragons will attack anything that moves, but they have a special taste for



humanoid flesh. They will often drag their victims back to their lair, where it will feast on them for days.

The Dragons are not very intelligent, but they are cunning and ruthless. They will avoid fighting creatures that are clearly stronger than they are, unless cornered or starving. They will also flee if they suffer significant injuries, unless they are enraged or protecting their territory.

While the Dragons usually live a solitary life, they seem to be drawn together on occasion to hunt in packs. This is especially the case when they're drawn out onto the plains to hunt.

Scale-back Dragons can be tamed by a skilled and brave handler, but it will never be truly loyal or obedient. It will always retain its savage instincts and hunger for blood.

Scale-back Dragons

Pouncer, 500kg
Siz9, AV3, Move2 (fast runner, can semi-glide)
Str22, Dex10, End15, Int1, Ins6, Pack 1D6+3
Claws – 4D6, Teeth – 3D6, Tail – 1D6





Into The Night - Part 2

By Brett Kruger

Chapter Two: Siloria

Over the course of a couple of weeks the crew, unknown to each until this point, began to gather at the naval base on Hersoom Prime. Once the last of the crew members reported in, all seventy personal seemingly from all branches of the military, everyone is bundled aboard a non-descript transport ship for the last four weeks to Siloria.

The Silorian base is not much to look at as the transport approaches. Just a large rock in amongst a lot of rocks in the asteroid belt. A few large metal hanger doors dot the surface of the rock but not much else gives away the fact that a scout base is there.

Once on Siloria it doesn't take long for everyone to be assigned bunks, each in quarters that house eight crew, five quarters in total, each crew assigned to the same quarters. From the hangar where the transport lands a corridor runs off into the complex. The first right off this corridor runs into the complex proper while the corridor continues on, five corridors to the left, until it stops at a wall. Each of these corridors run to your quarters. The quarters are standard military fare, a single bunk room for each crew member, kitchen/eating area and lounge/common area. At the far end of the common room, furthest away from the main corridor, is a locked blast door.

The duty officer sticks his head in the door of your quarters, just a short hour after your arrival.

"Briefing in 0800 local time," he smiles, "that's in ten minutes. Level two, conference room two."

He leaves the doorway, moving on to the next quarters.

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On arrival to the conference room the crew find a large lecture hall, with sitting for 300. Standing patiently next to a holo projector at the front is Captain Teanna Yhoul.

"Everyone, take a seat so we can begin." she says.

"I'll be blunt," begins Teanna, "you have all be selected because of your skills and your psych evals. You now form the core company of the Alliance's first expeditionary force to leave the main in over twenty years."

Teanna pauses for effect.

"On the data pads in front of you are the crew assignments for each of the five new exploration ships, the first built by the Alliance. These ships have been constructed in secret here in this system."

Teanna brings up the ship schematics on the holo projector.

"Each ship has a crew of eight, with enough provisions for a six-month tour of duty. Each ship has a specific route that has been selected by command, each with specific targets. Each ship crew will learn their route once the ships leave this system."

The ship's schematics are replaced by a star map of Alliance space.





"From the Crestor main one ship will head coreward for the Travaal cluster. Two ships will head to trailing towards the Ashden cluster and the final two ships will head spinward towards the Muntar cluster."

A tall, thin man with a grey mustache and bald head comes from the side to stand next to the holo projector. The insignia of Naval Intelligence stands out on his shoulder.

"The data on the systems beyond the Alliance is roughly 70 years old. We have some data from tramp traders that have made it to Alliance worlds over the years, but this data cannot be verified and is of dubious value. However, it has been tagged and uploaded into the ship's data banks."

"You will have one week to familiarize yourselves with the ship's functions, as well as requisition any extra equipment you feel you need from the Quartermaster."

"The ships are armed and armoured for defence. Beyond updating system data, you are also tasked with acquiring any tech you can."

"Questions?" Teanna asks.

Sterlkar raises his paw and asks, "What are we instructed to do if we come across AI infections?"

"Standard Alliance protocols are still in place. If it's tech, isolate and neutralize, destroy if that is not possible. Each ship will have at least one engineer trained in computer warfare."

The bald man pauses briefly.

"Crew structure will be as follows." Teanna flicks her data pad.

"The flight crews will consist of the captain

and navigator. The flight crew will be in command and responsible for all ship-board actions. As the ships will be out of Alliance space the flight crew will have full judicial powers. The flight crew will also have ultimate responsibility for all actions taken by themselves and the crew." She pauses.

"The Engineering team, when not on ship's duty, will be responsible for the recovery of tech and the acquiring of Intel and hard data on all mission targets. While the Chief Engineer has the authority to recover tech and Intel they deem high value, the captain has final say on what can be returned to Alliance space."

"The gunnery fireteam are tasked with protection, not only of the ship, but of the away teams as well."

"Finally," Teanna places her data pad down, "the Legionnaires are to be the first in team. No-one is to move on a mission unless the Legionnaires give the all-clear to proceed. The Legionnaires will be tasked with threat assessment and, on advisement from the Engineering team, if necessary, threat neutralization to recover high value targets. Those of you with incorrect ranks will be given temporary commissions during the term of the mission. The captains will have the authority to change those commissions."

Teanna stops long enough to sweep her gaze across those seated before her.

"Make sure you get all the equipment you think you will need for any situation you can imagine. After you leave there will be no second chances. The ships have Repros on-board but the resources for making parts will be managed tightly."

"Final questions?"

Nigel raising a hand.





"Yes, how intensively are we to survey the various systems we pass through? Simple updated to navigational chart or full-on socio/economic survey? Anything in particular we need to pay attention for?"

"That depends on the value of the target. High value targets will get a more thorough sweep than low value targets. Tech is the primary target of this mission, with the captain of each ship having a list of targets for each world."

Teanna's gaze sweeps the audience.

"Remember however that the data is 70 years old. These missions are fluid, with the Command crew having to make decisions on the fly."

"Not to sound like an ass but what happens if the flight crew are taken out?" Nigel asks.

The bald man steps up.

He taps a few keys on the holo-projector. A listing of the ship's roster comes into display.

"The captain is of course the Commanding Officer on board, while the navigator will be designated Executive Officer. The Chief Engineer has command of all away missions as the flight crew are not to leave ship unless there is no other recourse."

A few taps on the hologram greys out the CO and XO positions.

"Should something happen to take out the CO and XO or they can no longer give commands, or the flight crew deem the mission has failed due to crew losses, then the remaining crew are to return to Alliance space with a much risk minimization as possible."

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After the mission briefing completes the bald man pulls Nigel to the side.

"Mr Strawn, this is not going to be an issue, is it? I know the Imperials liked their routines, but this is another time and another place. You have skills the Alliance needs now, but any issues need to be sorted before leaving this system."

He continues, "Look, I know this transition hasn't been the easiest for us Remnants, but as Chief Engineer you'll have one of the toughest and possibly most dangerous jobs on board. However, you also have the most experience to locate the tech the Alliance wants."

He slaps Nigel on the shoulder.

"What do you say son?"

"Just wanted to make sure all our ducks are in a row beforehand" replies Nigel. "Talking from experience, better to clarify things now then out in the fields when the shit hits the fan and this becomes relevant. Don't you agree?"

"Ducks in a row. You still go for those old Earth sayings, even after all these years." chuckles the bald man.

"As for the routine bit," continues Nigel, missing the statement, "were I ex-navy or marines I'd agree with you, but the ISS wasn't a military service. The nature of our work and the conditions under which we performed it required flexibility, that's what set us apart."

By this time the bald man had a wide grin on his face.

"I suggest you don't say this in front of the other former scouts, it won't win you any friends."

"Oh, and don't call me son," Nigel says with a smirk, looking in the man's eyes, "it sounds patronizing and I don't need to be 'Handled'."





At this the bald man bursts out laughing, catching the room's attention. Then it dawns on Nigel, something familiar about the man. The laugh, the blue eyes.

"Scout Leader Vincent De Bough!" Nigel said, almost not believing his own words.

"Seriously, I almost got a stitch stringing you along." De Bough returned to grinning. "Been a long time son since Intel School at the scout academy. Never expected to find you here."

"I didn't recognize you without that long black mane of yours" responded Nigel.

"Yeah, well when you're 140 you got to lose something."

The pair are approached by Teanna. "Everything in order here Commander?"

"Sure, just catching up with an old, and I mean old, student."

Teanna looked slightly puzzled but didn't ask further.

Nigel broke the awkward silence that was starting to develop. "Captain, might I suggest we carry some precious metals, in small strips and ingots, along with a bit of high tech trade goods to barter with along the way?"

"Not a bad idea Yhoul, I'm sure the base has some level nine tech they can spare." replies De Bough.

"Fair enough, see what you can arrange Commander." Teanna nods to the pair and leaves.

De Bough slaps Nigel hard on the shoulder. "Good to see you again kid. Come and see me later when you've settled in. I might have some extra gear for you."

The Quartermaster gave each crew member the same tired look as they each arrived.

"Requisition forms for required equipment. Sign here. Equipment will be delivered to your ship tomorrow."

Amalric pats the plastic cases sitting on top of a wheeled cart that arrived with him. One large, one medium and one small case, all neatly stencilled with his name, ID number and the words "WARNING! IT IS A CLASS ONE FELONY TO OPEN THIS CRATE WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION".

"I could use some toothpaste and another blanket, but other than that, I came with everything I'm going to need."

"Sure" replies the Quartermaster. He taps his screen. "Six months of toothpaste and a blanket on its way."

Sterlkar walks up next to the Quartermaster. He pats his trusty long blade and rifle while thinking of what other gear he needs, especially for a fight.

"I'll need a vacc suit with appropriate comms, if the vacc suit doesn't come with a thruster pack I'll need one of those too. Oh, and magnetic boots if they aren't standard."

The Quartermaster looks at Sterlkar and then at his datapad.

"One set of Legionnaire Heavy Combat Zero-G suit with standard thruster pack and mag boots with optional long range comms kit do?"

Sterlkar nods. "Also, a grapnel gun suitable for space, an iris valve opener would be good too, and an electronic lockpick set, assuming electrical skill isn't required to use it."





"Right." replies the Quartermaster. "How about a Forced Entry Kit. Includes a grapnel gun, iris valve opener, electronic and mechanical lockpick kits, various shaped charges and a mini hydraulic pry bar?"

"Sounds perfect."

Sterlkar bows his head to the Quartermaster. "Thank you, sir. Your knowledge of a warrior's needs knows no bounds."

The Quartermaster looks up from his datapad. "Just doing my job. Do you need anything else?"

He pauses for a moment, then leans in close. "I think I might have a bottle or two of Midwell Honey Liqueur in storage somewhere."

Sterlkar's eyebrows arch in surprise. In a conspiratorial tone, he says, "You honour me with that offering, sir." In his regular tone of voice, he adds, "Yes, perhaps a case of ammunition for my long blade and rifle. And a short blade. It is generally unwise to extend one's claws through a vacc suit or environmental suit."

"Sure" responds the Quartermaster. "Actually, I think I might have something for you."

The Quartermaster disappears into the store for several minutes before returning to the counter with a pair of gloves.

"Try these on for size." He hands the gloves to Sterlkar.

Once Sterlkar takes them he continues.

"Just come in, new stock." The Quartermaster points a nodule on the side of the glove, right where Sterlkar's main claw is. "Try extending your claws."

As soon Sterlkar does the nodule springs out into a wicked short blade.

The Quartermaster smiles. "The Legion designed them so their troops could still use their claws in combat suits. We found the design and modified them for our suits. When your claws retracts a sensor retracts the blade as well."

Sterlkar's eyes go wide with amazement. He holds the glove up to examine it. "These are fantastic! Thank you, sir! These are truly a gift! I am in your debt."

Nigel walks up next. "I'd like my carbine retrofitted with a RAM grenade adapter."

"Sure," the Quartermaster replies, "it'll take 2 days."

"The ship's troops are outfitted to TL-10?"

"Tech level 11." replies the Quartermaster.

"I'm assuming ACRs and Lasers for Zero-G work," Nigel says "make sure there's a few extras to go around if need be. Same for Combat environment suits."

"I can add up to half a dozen ACRs, laser rifles and snub pistols per ship. Even a few Accelerator rifles. Combat environment suits are available to all crew, I can throw in a few extra common sizes, but ship's troops are only allocated one set of combat armour. Those things are too expensive to hand out seconds."

Nigel pauses to think. His every day carry consists of a blade, multi-tool, small flash light, lighter, rad detection badge, bandana and short range comm.

"What's in the survival kits?"

"A blade, small trenching tool, heat wrap, weather cover, multi-purpose army knife, cold light lantern, high protein rations, lighter, compass, and short-range com."





replies the Quartermaster.

"I'll have a few extra of each of these to account for attrition in the field." replies Nigel.

"Done." replies the Quartermaster.

"Could you throw in a few lower tech weapons, maybe some pistols, SMG, and carbines for occasions we don't want to stand out. Also, a crate or two of 5mm for my carbine."

"I'll check in storage and see what I can rustle up."

Legionnaire Master Sergeant TK Salazar-Wei patiently waited his turn with the Quartermaster. As the last of his new companions moved off with their carry-all's of equipment he stepped forward and presented his ID and orders to the bored official.

"My needs are simple," he said and flashed a quick smile. "I understand that we ground pounders will be issued with Combat Armour, yes?"

"That's right." responded the Quartermaster.

"If that is the case, then I really only require some minor accessories. A Gauss Rifle or Advanced Combat Rifle, and ammunition; a selection of RAM grenades; an Accelerator Rifle and ammunition; an Auto pistol for formal wear, and a Snub Pistol for hold-out, plus ammunition. I would also like some sort of radio-controlled ATV or mule for carrying bulky equipment, and for fitting down narrow hallways, with a pintal-mounted autocannon or VRF Gauss gun for that little bit of extra fire support. A couple of hundred meters of rope with grapnels and assailing rigs would be handy, as would demolition shaped charges for unlocking doors."

"I got everything except the Gauss rifles and Gauss gun. We got some anti-grav cargo haulers but I doubt you could mount an autocannon on them and still be stable."

TK rubbed the close-cropped hair on his head thoughtfully. "Navigation beacons would be helpful, for laying trails of breadcrumbs. As well as an electro-riot batten for putting the zap on any 'droids." He tapped his teeth with a fingernail, gazing off into the distance.

"OK. Got nav beacons, both camo and anti-grav with homing function. We got the Hazmat suits to suit. and some stun batons as well."

"Water-proof paper and grease pens," he added and glanced at the Quartermaster. "You need to take notes and you can never be sure if your handcomp isn't suddenly going to crawl up your arm and try and bite your throat out."

"That should do for starters," he added brightly, stepping into 'at ease'.

"Paper and pens eh," says the Quartermaster scratching his head, "not much call but I'll check storage."

Suddenly TK felt a presence behind him. Turning he sees the captain.

"TK," begins the captain, "Our doctor has not arrived in system and official reports has the transport ship she was on as missing. We don't have time to get another doctor here, so you are being promoted to Combat Medic."

Teanna turns from TK to the Quartermaster.

"I want 100 doses of every drug you have in stock. Plus, a couple of bone knitters,





skin grafters for each race type, a dozen field med kits and the best portable med scanner you have in stock. And a patient grav stretcher, actually make that two."

The Quartermaster looks at Teanna for only a second.

"I'll see what I can rustle up."

Turning back to TK Teanna says "Familiarize yourself with whatever we get" then turns and leaves.

•

The next day Kirth, Nigel, Sterlkar and Heather are called into Captain Teanna's office.

When they get there they find the Captain and De Bough already sitting and chatting.

"Come," says Teanna waving her upper hand at them to enter, "sit."

"Hi Nigel." De Bough greets Nigel with a nod of his head. "We managed to scrap up some trade goods."

"Yes," Teanna continues the conversation "we managed to find a few kilos of gold and silver, as well as some gems."

"We also received some basic antibiotics, a few old computer tables, satellite comms and some old micro satellites. We also have some spare chemical fuel power plants and freeze-dried food stuffs the base staff won't eat."

"I also have a little surprise for the troops." adds De Bough. "I've managed to bring along half a dozen Gauss Rifles that were found in the Knights' Legion stockpile. There is a crate of ammo but it's experimental stuff we had to construct as none was found in the cache, so make

sure you have a backup weapon on hand."

"This is a special allowance given the nature of our mission." Teanna says. "Make sure it is stowed safely and all your sections are in order."

De Bough continues "We also have some new intel that we want confirmed."

"Recently we've made contact with a group of traders calling themselves the 'Callieon Free Trade League'. They are aggressive and are claiming all the worlds for two quadrants to trailing of the Alliance. That data chip contains all the current intel we have on them."

De Bough turns to Teanna. "As I was explaining to your captain yours is one of the two ships heading into the Reavers' Deep. We want you to be on the lookout for the CFTL, but don't engage them. Strictly passive intel gathering on this one. This group may turn out to be a bigger threat than we can imagine."

De Bough hands Nigel a memory stick.

He accepts the memory stick "I'll look over the data as soon as I get the chance."

"Also, I've looked over the ship's locker manifest, I notice the lower tech weapons I requested, there's a carbine and case of ammo listed. I would still like an extra case of 5mm ammunition added. While I'm at it a case each of tear gas and thermite grenades just to widen our options in dealing with any interventions. A few more easily concealed pistols would be nice too."

Heather nods and thumps his tail slightly. "The gauss rifles will be appreciated. When we come out of warp I will personally exercise each of the weapons and the ammunition. As well all the troops and back-up security crew will be familiarized





with them. Meanwhile, yes we will rely on our more reliable weapons."

He looked to Nigel. "I would be honoured to understand your evaluation of these Free Traders after you have processed the data Nigel."

"Good," Teanna stands up. "Dismissed."

Warp to Erin's World

The Trailblazer comes out of warp almost 8 hours and 30,000 kilometers in-system of the other ship that warped with them, the Dawn Chaser.

Teanna congratulates Kirth on his navigation. "I was indeed assured you are the best navigator in the Alliance, and I believe you have proved yourself to the task."

Teanna takes over and pilots the ship down to Erin's World. The ship lands at the D Class starport outside the largest island city and begins to refuel, later to be joined by the Dawn Chaser.

Teanna gives the crew leave to explore the rundown starport but reminds them they are all on active duty and must stay within the boundary of the starport.

"In 24 hours we leave Alliance space." Teanna again reminds them.

Nigel decides to head to the bar and listen to the chatter, especially from any merchant crews, so company from the ship would be nice in case of trouble.

Saihe nods to Nigel. "I wish to join you off ship."

"Glad to have the company."

Saihe waves to Amalric. "You wish to join us?"

The ship is stationed only 500 meters from the old perimeter fence of the starport, with the bar a short distance beyond that. To one side of the bar is a shop that looks as if it sells foodstuffs, the other side a shop that sells camping equipment and guns. The buildings are old, single story and patched up with pieces from the starport. A dented metal sign hanging over the doorway states 'Halfway Home'.

Inside a rough old bartender and younger waitress stand behind the bar, chatting to an older human in a beat-up leather coat with brightly coloured patches on the shoulders. The rest of the bar has seating for 40 or 50 people but is currently empty. Behind them is a wall full of various drinks, with a door at either end of the bar. One door says, 'staff only', the other says 'facilities'.

The waitress walks up as they enter and says "How can I serve you today?"

"Any local wines?" asks Nigel.

The waitress nods to sit and they sit at the bar a few stools away from the other customer and staff, trying to listen to what they are talking about.

"Sure," replies the waitress, "red, white or blue?"

"Ahhh what the hell, bring me the blue stuff." replies Nigel. The others agree to try it and the waitress heads to the back of the bar.

Listening in to the old man turns out not to be that difficult after all, as he is quite loud. He is currently complaining to the barman about being run out of a system several parsecs to trailing by an unknown armed trade ship.





The waitress returns 5 minutes later with their order.

"That will be 5 credits." she says, waiting.

"Here's 15cr, give the fellow at the bar a refill and keep the change." says Nigel.

"Thanks" the waitress replies with a smile. She heads back behind the bar, gives the old man a new glass and points as she indicates Nigel as the source of the drink. Nigel calls the man over and ask him about his travels.

The old man shuffles his stool over and offers his hand.

"That's mighty kind of you. The name's Henry Olsent, but folks just call me 'Buckets'. Long story, don't ask." he says with a wink.

"I'm about to head out myself, would like to hear about that run in you had, which system was that in? What kind of ship was it, any distinct markings or EM signature? What's the system like? Any safe ports in the area?"

"You sure have a lot of questions," Buckets replies, "not surprised if it's your first time out." He takes a sip of his drink.

"Four parsecs trailing of here in the Therad system. I was doing some trade with the locals when a far trader landed close by. They pulled weapons on me, claiming the planet was part of the Callieon Free Trade League. I ignored them, they started shooting."

This time Buckets took a slug of his drink, emptying it.

"I got out of there since they out gunned me. Didn't see any distinct makings and the EM sig was standard for that model." Buckets paused to think. "I've come from rimward, out of the old sectors looking for trade in whatever's left of the Empire. Never come across this group before."

Buckets orders another drink.

"Therad seemed OK, locals were friendly. Not a lot of ports between here the old sectors, safe or otherwise." Buckets points his finger at them. "Keep your guns close and your wits about you otherwise you won't last a warp."

Buckets downs his drink, sets it on the bar and stands.

"Thanks Josie. I'll see you folks later, I gotta get me some bunk time." He flicks some coins on the bar and heads for the door.

After buckets leaves Saihe nudges Nigel "Chief, wasn't the Callieon Free Trade League in the Captain's brief? Pity we're headed trailing and not rimward, we could have gotten some intel from the fellow."

The wine is good, so Nigel enquires about getting a few bottles. The colour should be a novelty in itself, the bottle can provide a little administrative grease once out system Nigel thinks to himself. The wine is 10 credits a bottle so Nigel purchases four bottles. Saihe and Amalric pass and head back to the ship while Nigel shops.





By Brett Kruger

What's New

The following products were released during the months of January through May 2024. A big couple of months for Old School Role Playing and Michael Brown, as well as lots of goodness from other publishers as well.

By: Old School Role Playing

Adrift
Sole Survivor
Clean up
Milk Run
The Prophecy
Star Mart
Redemption
Sanctuary
Androids of the Frontiers of Space
Robots of the Frontiers of Space
Escape From Usranob Station
Portal
Captain's Log
Fill Up
Mirrors
Infected
The Next Frontier

By: Michael Brown

To Whom Murder Was Familiar
2D6 SF Adventures, Vol. 16
[BUNDLE]
Arbor Day
Startown Encounters 3
Startown Encounters 2
Startown Encounters
The Nth Degree
The Cepheus Engine
Sociocultural Generator
The Achlys Pursuit
The Healer's Tale
Unto the Least of These
Ambrosia
Undertow

By: Zozer Games

Cepheus Universal: Player's Book
War of the Worlds
Cepheus Universal
Hostile Ultra-Lite Rules
Dirty Wars
Price of Freedom
Colony Wars

By: Independence Games

Alcyone-class Interstellar Freighter
Careers of the Old West
Subsector Sourcebook:
Adroanzi
The Dark Lonesome: The Ariel
Sector Sourcebook

By: Stormy Creations

Welcome to Greensboro - Map
Seasons of the Dead - 2d6 - Pre
Generated Characters
Seasons of the Dead (2D6) -
Welcome to Greensboro
Seasons of the Dead (2D6)

By: Frank Mikes

Pursuit to Iston
Deadly Cargo

By: Felbrigg Herriot

Psi Hunters
Sensors: The New Spaceman

By: Cubatory

Zaibatsu - Оружейный шкаф

By: Divergentibus Cerebri

Publishing
Xeno-Petshop

By: Arbuz publishing

Cepheus Atom - Russian

By: Monachus Press

Digging Up The Past

By: Moon Toad Publishing

Ship File: Kasaragod Class
Liner

By: Sleeping Griffin

Productions
Cepheus Engine Character
Dossier Pages

By: SpaceRoadie

Smoke and Aces: Cepheus
Edition





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