

IMPOSSIBLE SCENARIOS GROUP

Gen Con UK 1999 Millennium's End Tournament Round 2 of 3

Watchers In The Woods

An adventure for Millennium's End
Written by Roger Stenning

REFEREES ONLY
FINAL VERSION
Thursday, 12 August 1999

It was supposed to be a simple job.

Set up and maintain a Covert Observation Post.

But, deep in the Colombian tropical rain forest, the word
"simple"...

Does not exist...

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Last saved by Roger Stenning

Acknowledgements:

I would like to thank the playtesters at Gen Con UK 1998 for their sterling aid in preparing this adventure. It's not often that players of that quality appear, willing to both play the game (which, I'm glad to say, they enjoyed), and constructively critique in detail. They were (in order of the characters played):

- Jon Perry,
 - Martin Webb,
 - Paul Sowels,
 - Mark Steedman,
- and
- Mark Baker.

Thanks, lads. You helped make a promising adventure into a GREAT adventure!

NOTE: You'll notice there were only five. At the time, I thought five players would be enough. I was wrong....!

Preamble...

This adventure is can be used as a 'stand-alone' adventure in its' own right, or as part of an on-going plot.

Use your regular player-characters, or use the characters at the end of this adventure.

Setup...

You should have the following to hand, prior to running this adventure:

- Millennium's End v2.0 rules book (**required**) ("Rules").
- Millennium's End GM's Companion (**useful**) ("GMC").
- The Medellin Agent (**useful**) ("TMA").
- Ten-sided dice, at least two (**required**).
- Paper and pens/pencils. A straight rule might be a good idea too (**advised**).

Bullet-point summary of plot

- The PCs go to Columbia, and set up a Covert Observation Post, watching a Cartel narcotics supply staging post, reporting via encrypted satellite burst transceiver every twelve hours on all activities there (Point Tango).
- Five days into the COP operations, they receive a message from DEA HQ, Washington D.C., informing them that Point Sierra has been compromised, and that two members of that team (DEA employees, not B/E guys) are missing, presumed captured.
- The message further informs them that should the two missing DEA guys turn up, they are to effect a rescue...
- The next day, the DEA guys turn up – in the company of a FARC SpecFor squad...

Background...

The characters are all members of Miami Cell ten. Cell ten is a specialist tactical operations cell, part of an experiment that Raleigh Tykes, the Senior Cell leader of Miami, has been playing with for about six months. Because of this, the rest of the cells at Miami have nick-named them "SWAT" (not the usual abbreviation/acronym. In this case, some wag coined it to mean "Seriously Weird And Twisted"!)... it seems to fit, anyhow...

Currently, Miami have a couple of cells in Columbia, operating investigations and training operations. Now, the United States Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) wants B/E to help them out a little more. They want a covert observation post established, deep in FARC-held territory (see map, pp 8-9, "TMA").

The mission briefing, held in the briefing room of B/E Miami's office (room 5, see plan of the office, pp 143 "Rules"), starts at 09:00 promptly. The team in it's entirety (all six members) should be there.

The Client's representative, Special-Agent-In-Charge Carl J Porter, is present, with a few maps and photographs (see **handouts**, later).

He'll greet the cell with a solemn "Good morning", and cover the points in the list below:

- Four months ago, DEA became aware through its' sources, of a highly organised new route for the importation of narcotics, specifically, crack Cocaine, into the United States. It's a massive route, with a high volume of traffic.
- Most of this route had been traced by DEA up to a month or so ago, but the start of the route was difficult to find.
- Last week, however, satellite reconnaissance uncovered a spot on the River Atrato, in the Choco district of western Columbia, that it is believed with a high confidence level is the staging post for the route.

- DEA have no assets immediately available to deploy there, so would like B/E to undertake the first phase of the observation of this site.
- They want the cell to insert into the area, and establish a covert observation post (C.O.P.) to watch and report on all activities on the site, code-named 'Point Tango'.
- The first phase should last about four weeks, give or take a few days, including fourteen days of observation. By that time, DEA will be able to deploy a specialist team to take over the C.O.P. that the cell sets up for them.
- All necessary equipment will be supplied from 'sanitised' sources, including the satellite communications equipment that will be required to send reports back to the DEA in Washington D.C. (**PLAYER HANDOUT ONE**).
- It is advised that the team avoid all contact with people in the area, as the area is a stronghold of both FARC and cartel sympathisers. Capture should likewise be avoided – torture, even meaningless torture, is the rule of thumb down there. "It's a brutal place".
- Rules Of Engagement. Ideally, the C.O.P. should remain covert, i.e., outside the DEA and B/E, no-one should know it's there, let alone manned. However, since it's not an ideal world, there's the possibility that it could become compromised. Therefore, the cell may have to use combat to resolve any untoward situations it finds itself in. To that end, the use of firearms should be limited to the following:
 - Firearms are to be used as a last resort.
 - Should firearms combat become inevitable, the cell is authorised to fire only if fired upon, or to save the life of a BlackEagle/BlackEagle operative or DEA operative, if that is the only way to save that person from death or harm.
 - Under NO circumstances lethal force to be otherwise used.
- Insertion and extraction will be via US Marines Corps AV-22, with a ten kilometre (or so) tactical patrol to and from the area of Point Tango.
- Once in the area of Point tango, the cell is to reconnoitre the area, choose a site that offers a commanding view of Point Tango, and set up the Covert Observation Post (COP).
- There should be adequate space in the COP for the whole team to live in reasonable field conditions for two weeks.
- A four man team will relieve the cell at COP after two weeks on-site.
- The team will then exfiltrate to the extraction point, and return to Miami.
- A de-briefing session will be conducted immediately on their return to the Miami office, conducted by S-A-C Porter.

S-A-C Porter will then give the Cell Leader a list of the equipment that the DEA will supply, in order to make the mission possible to undertake (this is, of course, by DEA standards... see the list of group equipment at the end of this adventure).

Naturally, there's FAR too much equipment to be humped about in the tropical rainforest, so some judicious trimming is going to have to be undertaken...

The Real Scoop...

The two DEA guys that were missing suspected captured (see bullet points above), are in fact quite free, and still armed. And co-operating with their Cartel/FARC colleagues.

They are, in fact, working with another DEA agent to smuggle crack Cocaine into the USA. The other rogue DEA agent is none other than Carl Porter's superior, District-Agent-in-Charge (D-A-C) Bill Poyer. Poyer is not in regular contact with Porter, and is thus unaware that the BE/BE operatives are about to capture his co-conspirators... which should lead to some ... interesting ... times very shortly.

COLUMBIA – General map



Point Tango is located in the approximate area 75° west, by 7° South, about 75 Kilometres north of Ouibdo, along the Rio Atrato, which is roughly the central east of the country.

Travel times and distances through the rainforest...

Travel through these areas will be slow. Through Primary rain forest, where the vegetation on the ground isn't that thick, on level ground, along good quality tracks, two kilometres per hour is the average. Along steep sided hills, with the same paths, maybe a kilometre per hour. In places with no paths, anything from 250 metres to 500 metres per hour will be the rule.

In secondary rain forest, where the vegetation has been chopped down, and has then grown back with a vengeance, half the distances, at best. If the rain forest is particularly dense, say with bamboo (not likely in Columbia, I'll admit), it's all but impenetrable without chopping paths using golocks or machetes.

TASK ROLLS

Tactical patrolling (Covert Movement): Roll against Creeping (modifier -20).

Failure indicates that the character has either failed to move silently enough, or has moved in a highly visible manner. If an encounter with FARC/Carrel troops is not planned or expected, the net result is that the character has disturbed the local wildlife, the level of failure indicating just how much of a racket the wildlife will make...

Sound will tend to travel a LONG way, especially at night. You should figure that the sound of a chopping machete/golock will travel about 500 meters during the day, and about double that at night. If used near a sound source, such as a river, use a little common sense – a loud, fast moving river, or waterfall, will tend to deaden the sounds.

While there should only be ONE river crossing (see the main map of the area), there will be countless streams to cross. These streams should provide little trouble, but, if you think that the characters are having far too much ease, give them a wide one to cross...

River crossings will be tricky. While there aren't many piranha this far north, there are other hazards. River speed, depth, and what's on the bottom (rocks or sand?) can make a hell of a difference in distance covered.

Endurance is a factor. Heat exhaustion, coupled with the loads that the characters are carrying, coupled with the speed of advance, all culminate in a tired character.

TASK ROLLS

FATIGUE: Roll against constitution at -5 per hour travelled without at least a five minute break, and some water (at least a half litre) ingested at that time. Double the modifier for each successive rest break missed.

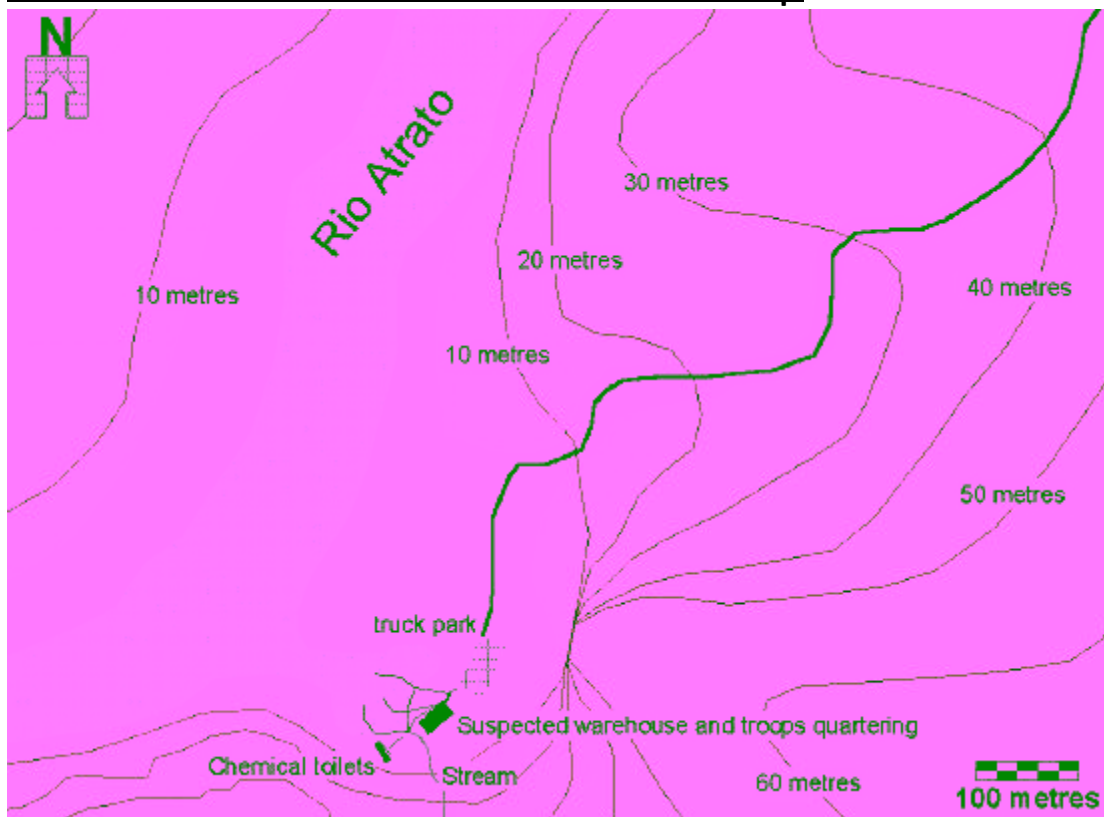
Failure indicates that the character has collapsed from heat exhaustion. Roll a stun roll (Constitution -40) to remain conscious. If the PC remains conscious, then he will be delirious for D10/2 hours...

Failure indicates a D10+2 hours period of unconsciousness, followed by a gradual return to fitness over the course of a couple of days, WITHOUT activity. If the PC engages in any form of walking activity (or other strenuous activity), then conduct the fatigue roll again, at DOUBLE the usual modifier to start with.

All physical activities during the recovery period are at -30 , and all mental activities are at -20 .

As you can see, travel on foot through the rainforest is difficult at best, lethal at worst if you foul it up! Once the player characters reach the area Point Tango, they'll find the area below:

POINT TANGO – General overview map



Area notes: The Rio Atrato is not particularly fast moving, but it is deep (about ten metres at the middle of the main course of the river).

The road from point tango inland is largely unmade, but has been worked on quite a lot; it now sports a shale and rock chipping surface, which has the double effect of retarding the growth of secondary rainforest (pp 114-117, TMA), as it's been treated with a strong broad-spectrum herbicide. In time, this will wash into the river, but for now, it's holding. It took the combined resources of both FARC and the Cartel to ship the materials required to make the road.

Intelligence note: Destroying the road could put a serious dent in the Cartel's ability to use this site as a staging post in the wet season.

The **unshaded area** on the map comprises slightly marshy ground, with grass appearing about half way from the river to the ten metre elevation point.

The **lighter shaded areas** are secondary rain forest, which, in the areas immediately around Point Tango, are slowly growing back from being cut down to provide a buffer zone between the staging post and the rest of the rain forest.

The **darker shaded areas** are primary rainforest (pp 114-117, TMA).

The only viable point of covert observation is from the cliff about 60-80 metres east of the truck park. It's damned difficult to get to, from any direction, and the most likely to remain un-patrolled by FARC.

Establishing the covert observation post silently will be tricky; it can only be done during daylight, due to the sound levels, and chopping vegetation out of the way is pretty-much out of the question, due to the sound it'd produce, even during the day.

Not only this, but in establishing the COP, the characters are going to have to establish themselves right at the edge of the cliff, in order to be able to look down on the staging post. A simple slip, and it's 'flat character time', following a fifty-five metre drop – straight down.

Just to make matters worse, the characters will have to ensure that they keep their movement down to a minimum, so as not to alert the FARC/Cartel sentries to their presence.

All in all, it's a difficult thing to do. The task rolls below can be used in all aspects of establishing the covert observation post.

TASK ROLLS

To dig in the COP: Roll against an average of Creeping and Hiding at -25 ($((\text{Creeping} + \text{Hiding})/2) - 25$).

Failure indicates that the character(s) concerned have either made some noise, or made themselves visible to the sentries below.

The seriousness of this failure depends on the level at which they fail the roll.

A low fail indicates a heart-stopping moment when they realise just what they've done, but the bad guys don't notice the foul up.

A middling fail indicates that the local wildlife were disturbed – it's up to you to decide if the bad guys noticed this, and decide to investigate or not.

A major failure shows that the characters **HAVE** been noticed, and that the bad guys are going to start to respond to their presence. Not Good.

Once the characters have successfully established the close observation post, and have managed to get into the 'swing' of the job (a long, boring, sweaty, uncomfortable life, fraught with the danger of discovery), let them figure out the usual day-to-day routine, from the timetable below.

TIME	ACTIVITY
0600	Daytime routine starts. Guard shift change. Daytime guards operate from the warehouse in six hour stints, conducting constant roving patrols in pairs. There are four external guards.
0700	FARC patrol boat in the harbour leaves.
0730	First truck of the day, give or take half an hour. Parks in the truck park, one man leaves four others to guard the truck, and walks to the warehouse with a clipboard. The truck appears to be loaded with a huge amount of large green leaves, wrapped in bundles.
0745	(i.e., fifteen minutes following the arrival of the truck), first man walks back to truck with man in very good quality casual civilian clothing, who checks the clipboard against the contents of the truck. He then blows a whistle, and a group of eight men leave the warehouse, go to the truck, and begin to unload it. This process takes about half an hour. In the mean time, the five men from the truck watch. After it's unloaded, everyone goes to the warehouse.

- 0830 Second truck of the day. Same process as the first truck.
0845 The first truck crew return to their truck, get in, and leave the site.
- REPETITION More trucks will arrive, about one per hour, the last one arriving at around 1600 hours. Each will follow the same process as the first truck of the day.
- 1200 Guard shift change.
1700 FARC Patrol boat docks in the harbour.
1800 Night shift, but NOT from the warehouse. The night shift are from the FARC boat in the harbour.
1930 FARC boat crew re-fuel the patrol boat, and take on fresh provisions (one day's stores).
1945 A cigarette boat crew leaves the warehouse, and walk to the harbour.
2000 The cigarette boat crew begins to fuel up a cigarette boat.
2012 Fuelling of the cigarette boat is completed.
2015 Another cigarette boat crew leaves the warehouse, and walks to their boat.
2015 Unloading crews from the day start to bring out bundles of oblong packages wrapped in black plastic bin-liner-like material, and carry the bundles to the cigarette boat. Each package seems heavy, as the two people carrying each package appear to be using a lot of effort. The packages are left beside the cigarette boat, to be finally loaded by that boat's crew, who appear to sign some paper from one of the loading crew. The loading crew man will then be seen to tear something from the paper the boat crew signed, and pass it to the boat crew (possibly a copy of the document the boat crew signed?).
2030 Second cigarette boat crew begins to fuel up their boat.
2045 The warehouse loading crews begin to bring out the second cigarette boats cargo of heavy oblong objects.
2100 Loading complete, the cigarette boat leaves.
2130 As previous entry.
REPETITION Boats leave every half hour or so, loaded with the large, heavy, oblong objects. Last boat leaves at 0200.
0130 First cigarette boat to leave returns, empty of cargo. The boat crew docks, ties up, shuts the boat down, and, carrying a clipboard bearing some papers, goes to the warehouse.
0200 Second cigarette boat returns, and repeats the actions of the first boat to return.
0215 Last cigarette boat leaves the harbour.
REPETITION The cigarette boats will return every half hour, until the last one returns.
0600 Daytime activities. Sequence repeats itself. No breaks in the routine, even on weekends.

The Warehouse...



As you can see in the diagram above, the warehouse is a rudimentary design, intended purely and simply for stock-piling material for onward shipping. It's not used in that manner, though. It is, in fact, a drugs factory. The office (top right) normally holds the warehouse commander, a member of FARC, and four of his on-duty guards. The crew room (mid right) is for the warehouse staff, when they take their meal breaks. The toilets are for everyone's use.

The warehouse floor is divided into five sections. The first section is the raw materials as delivered by truck. This is divided into lots by weight, and passed to the second section, which begins the process of turning the raw coca leaves into cocaine resin. The resulting resin is then passed to the third section, which extracts the purified cocaine from the resin, recycles the waste, and passes the pure cocaine through another process, designed to turn the pure cocaine into crack cocaine. It then passes the crack cocaine to the fourth and final section, for packaging.

The fourth section then packages the finished crack cocaine, stacking the resulting bundles in the fifth area, by the three large doors (at the top-left of the diagram). These are the packages that leave the warehouse, and get packed into the cigarette boats.

NOTE that because the warehouse is used to process the coca leaves into the crack cocaine, there are some very highly volatile and combustible liquids strewn all over the place. While the warehouse manager has made sure that the chemicals are not stored together, he lacks the HAZCHEM knowledge (as do all the rest of the warehouse staff) about safe storage of the unused chemicals. Consequently, one stray spark in the wrong place will ensure the detonation of the entire warehouse – the fumes inside are rather... thick... to say the very least...

While the office and crew-room has windows at their normal positions (i.e., you can look out of them), the warehouse has windows in the roof, formed by transparent plastic corrugated sheeting. The warehouse area is NOT lit at night. The office and crew room areas are, however, well lit.

Staff of the warehouse sleep in areas above the office and crew rooms, via stairs that run from the warehouse floor to the sleeping area above the Office and Crew Room (bottom right of diagram by toilets).



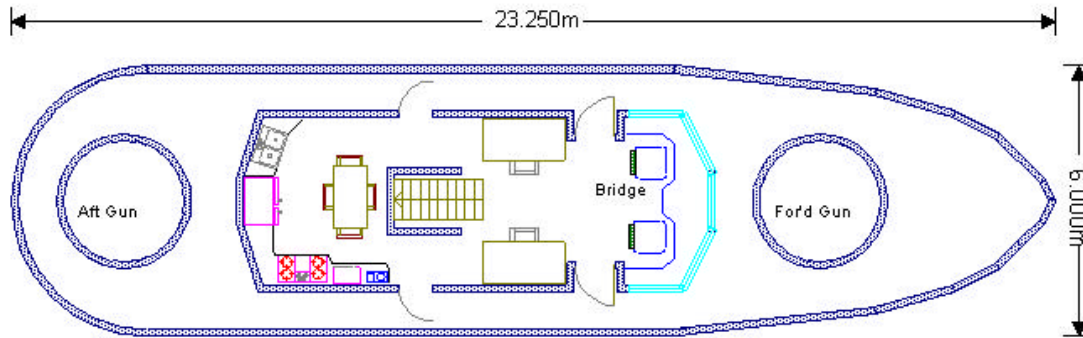
The diagram above shows the sleeping accommodations, which consist of seven double bunk beds (ex-US Army issue, bought through a military surplus supplier in Bogota), with a locker for each bunk, complete with a padlock. There's one table, and four chairs. There is NO television, although there are a couple of broadcast radio receivers in the possession of a couple of the workforce.

A dividing wall separates the sleeping area from the warehouse area. The sleeping area has no windows bar the strips of transparent plastic corrugated sheeting in the roof of the building.

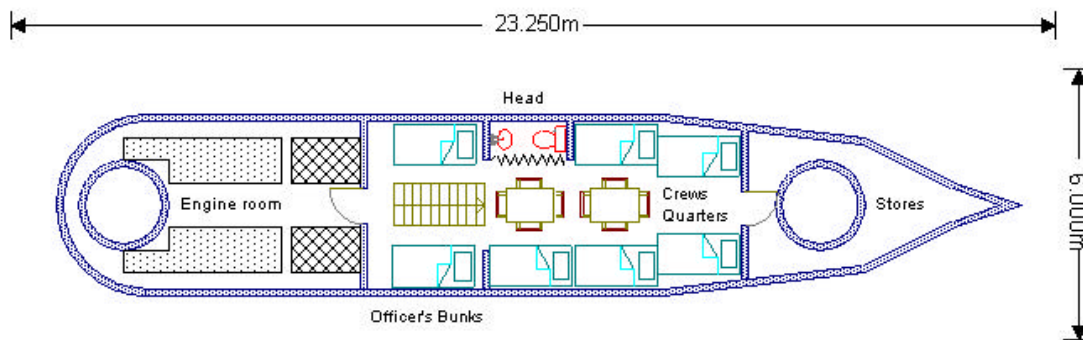
Food for all warehouse staff and guards is provided by the FARC gunboat, in the form of American MREs (American army field rations, called "Meal Ready to Eat"), sometimes added to by Sunday hunting trips by the off-duty Guards, who hunt the local version of the Wild Boar.

The FARC Patrol Boat...

The patrol boats used by FARC in this area are modified shallow-draught ocean-going tugs. They sports two single-mounted .50" calibre machine guns fore and aft, and little else besides. Intended to patrol the entire length of the river from the warehouse to the mouth of the River Atrato, there are eight of these boats patrolling at any one time, with the warehouse being their turning point. Observant characters will notice that the numbers on the wheelhouse (or 'bridge') of each tug are different, as are the crews... A layout diagram appears below.



Upper deck of FARC patrol boat



Lower deck of FARC patrol boat

UPPER DECK: The bridge is equipped with a satellite cell-telephone, and a conventional maritime two-way radio (un-encrypted). There are the usual maritime navigational aids, as fitted to most modern sea-going vessels, such as a satellite navigation display, a weather radar, gyro-compass, and foul-weather spinning porthole in front of the helm's position. Rear of the bridge, the stairwell to the lower deck divides the galley-cum-mess from the bridge.

LOWER DECK: The engines use diesel fuel, held in two separate bunkers, one per engine. The stores for the boats, held in the forward lower deck, are intended to supply the boats for one week of operations. The engines also run osmotic pumps, designed to produce fresh drinking water for the crew (remarkably, they do a good job at this). There's also an extensive tool-kit for the engineer.

There are accommodations for seven sleeping crew-members, however, there are ten crew-members. The Captain, his executive officer, the chief engineer, the two gunners, two helmsmen, two radio operators, and the cook. Only the captain and the executive officer have their own (cramped) bunks. Everyone else shares, in the time-honoured Naval tradition of 'hot-bunking'. There is only one 'head' (or toilet), and it's separated from the rest of the sleeping area by a mere curtain, the order of the day being to whistle – loudly – while engaged in the business of the day, no doubt...

Aside from the usual food and liquid supplies in the stores, at the forward area of the lower deck, there is also the grandiosely-named 'magazine'. There are 2000 rounds of .50" calibre ammunition per gun, and 300 rounds of 7.62x54mm ammunition per rifle (there are eight rifles), for the rest of the crew. Lastly, there are ten fragmentation grenades, and five assorted colours of smoke grenades.

And now for the fun...

Five days into the observation part of the mission, the team will receive a message over the satellite communications terminal (**PLAYER HANDOUT TWO**).

Two days later, the team will be about four hours into the daytime routine, when a land-rover-sized Mercedes-Benz military utility car will come roaring down the hillside road, coming to a skidding halt in the truck park, bearing five people, three, obviously Hispanic, in FARC uniforms, two, very obviously Caucasian, in American BDUs, and all of them armed.

The two in American BDUs will appear to be haranguing the driver after they (shakily) get out, and the other two in FARC uniforms will be laughing, patting the driver on his shoulders, who is (if viewed through binoculars) grinning his face off. It should be apparent on the success of a routine perception roll that the driver was attempting (successfully) to scare the two men in American BDUs.

Before long, the fun will be over, and the five of them will walk into the warehouse office...

This does NOT look like a pair of prisoners... so now what?

The characters have two choices:

1. They can call in what they've seen, in which case, they'll receive **PLAYER HANDOUT THREE**, about half an hour later, or
2. They can go with their established orders, on the assumption that the two caucasians are actually prisoners (so why'd they get to keep their weapons, then?)

Either way, they now have to figure out a way of getting into the camp, getting hold of the two caucasians, and getting out again...

The CARTEL thugs...

LEAD THUG: Use NPC High-End Grunt (185cm/80kg), pp 157, Rules.

This person is both the manager of the warehouse, and the liaison between the local FARC forces and the Cartel. He's a middle-rank enforcer, bored witless with the routine, but who always makes sure that he does his job properly – let's put it this way, he screws up a shipment in or out, or if something goes missing, he's gonna turn up extra crispy at the nearest morgue...

Due to the boredom, he's become something of a martinet. Everything, from walking the roving patrols, to the size of the check-marks in the lists everyone HAS to use, has to be 'just so'....

If the smelly stuff hits the fan (and believe me, it will), he'll be stunned for about a second, and will then panic: His well-ordered empire will have come crashing down about his head. At this point, he'll become VERY dangerous, seeking the person or persons responsible for the mess. Should he survive the mess, he'll be obsessive in his hunt for the person or persons who made the mess (He'll require bodies to give to his boss, so as to avoid becoming the aforementioned extra crispy)...

WAREHOUSE THUGS: Use NPC Cheap thugs, males only, pp 156, Rules.

These people are a mixture of locals, both urbanites and local villagers. **There are fourteen of them.** They don't want to die either, but will fight as best they are able, if someone gives them a good enough reason to do so (like the lead thug saying "Fight or your family dies"...).

FARC PERSONNEL: Use NPC High-End Grunts, males only, pp 157, Rules.

These folks are the boat crews, **ten per boat.** They are both soldiers and revolutionaries, but more to the former, than the latter. Make the Captain and his executive officer the most able of the crew on board. These guys are a mixture of a couple of revolutionaries (the Captain and XO), a few formally trained military, and the rest conscripts. Never the less, they're well motivated, work as a team, and are bad news if they get you on the water: They know their stuff.

PLAYER HANDOUT ONE

Group Equipment...

Team members will be issued the following weaponry:

Firearms	Assault Rifles	RSA AKM, or
	Sniping rifle	RSA Druganov SVD (one only).
	Machine Gun	RSA PKM (one only).
	Pistols	Beretta 92F (all team members).
Ammunition	7.62x39mm Russian	6x boxes Ball (50/box) per rifle.
	7.62x54mm Russian	2 x boxes Ball (50/box) for SVD.
	7.62x39mm Russian	3000 rounds disintegrating link.
	9mm Parabellum	1x box Ball (50/box) per pistol.
Explosives	Grenades	2x Coloured smoke (Red, Green).
		4x Fragmentation.

One member of the team will also be issued with:

Mines	4x Booby trap kit
	4x Claymore mines plus accessories.

Equipment

All team members will be issued the following, which is in alphabetical order, rather than in order of importance...

- 12mm screw-on mini-flare launcher, with three colours of flares - ten of each - in Red, Green, and White.
- 28 days rations (British GP or German EPA)
- 3 x wire saws.
- 50 metres of 250kg abseiling line.
- 84 x water powered chemical ration heaters (3 per day).
- A 2-season sleeping bag.
- A bivvy-bag (one-man tent).
- A spare pair of boots.
- A steel shaving mirror.
- Asp 36-inch collapsing metal baton.
- Assortment of industrial grade quick-ties. Useful for a variety of jobs, including handcuffing suspects, fastening weapons to the undersides of vehicles, etc.
- Balaclava.
- Binoculars with Kill-Flash anti-reflection shields.
- Boot cleaning gear.
- British Northern Ireland pattern leather gloves.
- Camouflaged uniforms in British jungle DPM camouflage.
- Chemlights (IR and assorted colours).
- Climbing harness and snap link.
- Encrypted two-way 10 km VHF milspec radios (European manufacture), with complete accessory packs, so that each can be assembled to the team's own SOP.
- Extra batteries for everything.
- Extra socks and sock liners.
- Field knife (Cold Steel SRK).
- Folding entrenching tool (a folding shovel with a serrated edge).
- Gas mask with anti-fog lenses.
- "Magellan" GPS receiver in soft padded case with stiffeners for squaddie-proofing).
- Individual first aid kit (jungle), US Army issue surplus, Sanitised, including 5-grain morphine styrette (individual use, British, Sanitised).
- Industrial size/grade "zip-lock" bags. Great for keeping those guns in that are strapped under vehicles.
- IR Firefly strobe (for recognition through night vision).
- Jungle boots, steel sole lining strip, steel toe-caps, U.S. Army surplus (sanitised).
- Leather shot-filled sap.

- Leatherman or multiplier combination multi-purpose folding pocket tool (team member's choice).
- Load bearing gear (webbing, British, third party look-alike, sanitised).
- Machete or Golock.
- Maps in waterproof case.
- Micro-Torch (small welding device).
- Mini Mag-lite with red filter.
- Night vision goggles, NV38 (see UMF).
- Odourless insect repellent, stick form, four weeks heavy use supply.
- Personal hygiene (wash) kit, using non-foaming/odourless soap/shampoo and toothpaste, plus odourless/non-foaming shaving soap. Razors plus four weeks worth of blades (one per three days) supplied.
- Rucksack (British DPM PLCE Bergen).
- Soft hat (British DPM jungle hat) with a piece of fluorescent fabric sewn inside (for signalling aircraft or as an emergency recognition method).
- Tranquilliser auto-injectors.
- Water filter & purification tabs.
- Waterproof notepad and pencil (lead won't run in the rain).
- Weapon-specific cleaning kits.

Additionally, one member of the team will be issued with:

- US Army Platoon issue First Aid Kit (sanitised), with pack, including:
 - ◆ Ace bandages x 5.
 - ◆ Adhesive tape x 4 rolls.
 - ◆ Alcohol pads x 20.
 - ◆ Antibiotic cream x 3 tubes.
 - ◆ Antibiotic tablets x 40.
 - ◆ Band-Aids x 100 assorted sizes.
 - ◆ Codeine cough drops x 100.
 - ◆ Cravat x 5.
 - ◆ Extra strength Tylenol x 100 tablets.
 - ◆ Field dressings x 10.
 - ◆ Gauze pads x 20.
 - ◆ Individual pill kit x 2.
 - ◆ IV catheter x 10.
 - ◆ IV tubing x 10 sets.
 - ◆ Molefoam x 3 canisters.
 - ◆ Morphine syrettes x 10.
 - ◆ Pepto-Bismo tablets x 100 tablets.
 - ◆ Roller gauze x 4 rolls.
 - ◆ Serum albumin x 2 packs.
 - ◆ SPF 15 sunblock x 10 tubes.
 - ◆ Tincture of benzoin x 3 packs.
 - ◆ Vaseline x 4 bottles.
 - ◆ Vaseline gauze pads x 4 packs

Finally, there is the satellite communications equipment, supplied by the DEA. This is the size of a small attaché case, and includes a cross-type folding antenna dish, and a laptop PC-style communications terminal, with manual. There are five spare batteries within the case, and all the gear inside, including the case, bears European manufacturing marks, apart from a small box, about 2 cm x 5 cm x 4 cm, which is plugged into the rear of the terminal, which is unmarked. The only comment about that comes from Special Agent Porter, who merely says "Don't even *think* about removing that, OK? Remove it, and you can't talk to us. It's an encryption box. By the way, if you're about to get captured, press the re button on the top of the box – it'll destroy it".

PLAYER HANDOUT TWO

MESSAGE FROM HQ Drug Enforcement Agency, Miami.

+ FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH

TOP SECRET NOFORN- ALPHA LIMDIS SPIDER

FROM: CARL J. PORTER, SPIDER OPERATIONS
TO: SPIDER TANGO
SUBJECT: SPIDER SIERRA COMPROMISED
TEXT:

1. SPIDER SIERRA COMPROMISED.
2. TWO MEMBERS OF SIERRA MISSING PRESUMED CAPTURED. REST OF TEAM SAFE AT SPIDER OPERATIONS, MIAMI.
3. IF MISSING MEMBERS SIGHTED TANGO OPEN PARENTHESIS BOTH CAUCASIAN AMERICANS CLOSE PARENTHESIS, SUSPEND SPIDER TANGO OPERATIONS, EFFECT RESCUE. SPIDER TANGO IS NOT SAY AGAIN NOT TO BE COMPROMISED.
4. CLIFTON BLACKEAGLE CONCURS POINT THREE. RIGHT TO EXTEND CONFIRMED. NEW CONTRACT SIGNED AND IN THE VAULT AT YOUR OFFICE.
5. ISSUED ROE REVOKED IF POINT THREE ACTIVATED. NORMAL HOSTAGE RESCUE ROE. NOTE LAWS OF WAR DO NOT APPLY. ANTI TERRORIST LAW ROE.
6. ON RESCUING HOSTAGES MOVE TO DESIGNATED EXTRACTION POINT. SEND SIGNAL QUOTE FLYCASTING UNQUOTE ON COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTAGE RESCUE. SIGNAL QUOTE TROUT UNQUOTE ON SUCCESSFUL RESCUE. SIGNAL QUOTE SHARK UNQUOTE IF ATTEMPT FAILS. EXTRACTION WILL BE WAITING FROM THIRD DAY OPEN PARENTHESIS SIXTY HOURS CLOSE PARENTHESIS FOLLOWING TROUT.
7. CONFIRM RECEIPT OF THIS SIGNAL IMMEDIATELY USING CODE WORD QUOTE FUBARBUNDY UNQUOTE.
8. GOOD LUCK AND GOOD HUNTING.

TOP SECRET NOFORN- ALPHA LIMDIS SPIDER

+ FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH

PLAYER HANDOUT THREE

SECOND MESSAGE FROM HQ Drug Enforcement Agency, Miami.

+ **FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH +**

TOP SECRET NOFORN- ALPHA LIMDIS SPIDER

FROM: CARL J. PORTER, SPIDER OPERATIONS
TO: SPIDER TANGO
SUBJECT: FUBARBUNDY - SIERRA PERSONNEL SIGHTING
TEXT:

1. **YOUR LAST MESSAGE RECEIVED.**
2. **UNDERSTAND THAT THE TWO MEMBERS OF SIERRA MISSING PRESUMED CAPTURED NOW APPEAR TO BE ACTING IN COOPERATION WITH THE TARGETS.**
3. **MISSION NOW AMENDED TO CAPTURE THESE TWO INDIVIDUALS, AND RETURN THEM UNDER ARREST TO DEA SPIDER OPERATIONS HQ IN MIAMI. OTHER TARGETS ARE NOT SAY AGAIN NOT OF INTEREST TO DEA. YOU ARE TO SUSPEND SPIDER TANGO OPERATIONS AS PREVIOUSLY INSTRUCTED, AND EFFECT ARRESTS. SPIDER TANGO IS NOT SAY AGAIN NOT TO BE COMPROMISED.**
4. **CLIFTON BLACKEAGLE CONCURS POINT THREE. RIGHT TO EXTEND CONFIRMED. NEW CONTRACT SIGNED AND IN THE VAULT AT YOUR OFFICE.**
5. **ISSUED ROE REVOKED. HOSTILE OPPOSED ARREST ROE. NOTE LAWS OF WAR DO NOT APPLY. ANTI TERRORIST LAW ROE.**
6. **ON ARRESTING THE TWO CAUCASIAN TARGETS, MOVE TO DESIGNATED EXTRACTION POINT. SEND SIGNAL QUOTE FLYCASTING UNQUOTE ON COMMENCEMENT OF OPERATION. SIGNAL QUOTE TROUT UNQUOTE ON SUCCESSFUL ARRESTS. SIGNAL QUOTE SHARK UNQUOTE IF ATTEMPT FAILS. EXTRACTION WILL BE WAITING FROM THIRD DAY OPEN PARENTHESIS SIXTY HOURS CLOSE PARENTHESIS FOLLOWING TROUT.**
7. **CONFIRM RECEIPT OF THIS SIGNAL IMMEDIATELY USING CODEWORD QUOTE FUBARBUNDY UNQUOTE.**
8. **GOOD LUCK AND GOOD HUNTING.**

TOP SECRET NOFORN- ALPHA LIMDIS SPIDER

+ **FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH + FLASH +**

Player Characters...

Character #1 Name: Henry Clarkenwell, (Cell Leader)

Gender	Male	Hair Colour	Brown
Height	170 cm	Skin Colour	Tanned
Weight	60 kg	Handed	Right
Age	39	Basic Education	High (Secondary) School
Date of Birth	Sunday February 8, 1959	Further Edu.	Degree (4 year)
Race	Caucasian		Masters Degree (1 year)
Nationality	American	Dist'g Features	Scar, lower left leg (bullet wound)
Eye Colour	Grey-Green		

Attributes

Intelligence	(2)	46 / 46	Perception	38
Sensibility	(4)	50 / 50	Base Speed	12
Agility	(3)	31 / 29	Endurance	10
Co-ordination	(1)	36 / 36	Recovery	08
Constitution	(3)	46 / 41	Dam. Rating	06
Strength	(3)	68 / 73	Mass Factor	01.1
Personality	(2)	52 / 52		
Appearance	(2)	40 / 40		
Bravado	(2)	39 / 39		
Willpower	(3)	60 / 60		

Remaining cash balance \$879

Combat reference

Weapon	Damage	Speed	Skill	IA	Roll	Rate	Range
Punch	1.0	12	58	0	58	1	-
RSA AKM		3	69	23	92	4	300
RSA AKM (auto)		3	64	23	87	10	300
Ball	22/17						
Beretta 92F		11	49	14	63	4	75
Ball	17/16						

Skill Packages

Advanced Education
 Army Basic Training
 Demolitions Training
 BlackEagle Entry Training

Skills

Academic Skills	- 5 -	Physical Skills	- 5 -
Anthropology	30 / 35 (35)	Armed Hand-to-Hand	20 / 25 (20)
Geography	20 / 25 (20)	Swing	10 / 35 (10)
History	20 / 25 (20)	Thrust	10 / 35 (10)
Journalism	20 / 25 (20)	Athletics	30 / 35 (35)
Research	10 / 35 (10)	Bodybuilding	15 / 50 (15)
Romance Languages	50 / 55 (85)	Gymnastics	10 / 45 (10)
Spanish	25 / 80 (25)	Swim	20 / 25 (20)
Literature	20 / 25 (20)	Unarmed Hand-to-Hand	43 / 48 (64)
		Punch	10 / 58 (10)
Creative Skills	- 4 -	Reflexive Skills	- 4 -
Music	30 / 34 (35)	Aim	45 / 49 (70)
		Autofire	15 / 64 (15)
Technical Skills	- 4 -	Longarm	20 / 69 (20)
Electrics	30 / 34 (35)	Drive	30 / 34 (35)
Electronics	10 / 44 (10)	Automobile	15 / 49 (15)
General Mechanics	15 / 19 (15)		
Medical Skills	- 4 -	Scientific Skills	- 5 -
Medicine	20 / 24 (20)	Engineering	40 / 45 (55)
Emerg'cy Med	10 / 34 (10)	Chemical	20 / 65 (20)
Natural Skills	- 5 -	Scientific Skills	- 5 -
Survival	40 / 45 (55)	Civil	10 / 55 (10)
Equatorial	20 / 65 (20)	Math	45 / 50 (70)
Tracking	35 / 40 (45)	Military Science	35 / 40 (45)
		Tactics	10 / 50 (10)
		Social Skills	- 5 -
		Diplomacy	20 / 25 (20)

Brief Biography...

Henry Clarkenwell is the son of a career soldier. Born in Germany, he grew up with the military. At age twelve, Henry was sent to a military college in the United States. A year later, his mother divorced his father, citing 'irreconcilable differences' in the court complaint.

After graduation from the college, he enlisted in the United States Army, specifically, the newly-formed Light Infantry, and went to Westpoint as an officer cadet. Passing out third in his class, he went straight to Light Fighter Central (as it's called), at Fort Ord, California, home of the 7th Infantry Division (Light). Here, he rose from Lieutenant to Major in record time, switching post to the 6th Infantry Division (Light), at Fort Wainwright, Alaska, as the Executive Officer, a post holding the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

And, following a successful career to that point, he was kicked out of the Army. From what others have said, it seems that he returned home, to find his wife in bed with the OC (Officer Commanding), the Colonel. A fight ensued, and the Colonel wound up in the fort infirmary, suffering about fifteen broken bones, and would never walk again. Clarkenwell wound up there too, under arrest, with two sets of broken bones, in his fists.

The court martial that followed exonerated him of blame in the matter of the assault – it was proven that the colonel had instigated the fight, but found Clarkenwell guilty of gross misconduct in allowing the fight to happen in the first place. He was dishonourably discharged from the Army. Just to put the icing on the cake, his wife divorced him, and married the colonel. Not surprisingly bitter about this, he eventually met an old friend, who suggested joining BlackEagle/BlackEagle, if only to give himself something to do.

Following on from several successfully completing the induction training, he completed a series of highly successful tactical operations for BE/BE, and got an idea. Since he was primarily a tactical specialist, he thought it might be an idea to form a cell, that would operate out of the normal areas that the Miami Office (where he was posted) traditionally worked from. Such as South America (for example). And thus, the SWAT cell was formed. It's not formally called that, of course, it is, on the organisational charts, Cell Ten, Miami. It's called SWAT by other cells. Something about being "Seriously Weird And Twisted"...?!

In character, Clarkenwell is a very focussed, single minded person. He's exceptionally fit for a man of his age, and carries his own weight at all times (In his own language, he's "Not a passenger"). He's very cold, in appearance, and apparently his social life – what's know about in the office – is equally cold. He hardly ever goes out, and tends to stay in at night, listening to orchestral music (the more rousing, military-like, the better), and reading military history. His study wall at home still bears all his military certificates and honours, but the photos of his former wife are missing. Likewise, the photographs from Army functions where the Colonel responsible for his failed career and marriage all bear the same marks: The Colonel's face is blotted out with thick black marker pen.

What is not so well known about Clarkenwell, is that he is actually seeing someone. Just after joining the Miami Office, one of his Coral Gables neighbours made so much noise (the sounds of a very intense domestic fight), that it interrupted Clarkenwell's music. Since he was rather tired and – to put it mildly - irritable that night (he'd just arrived back in the USA from a sneak-and-peek operation in Honduras), he decided to ask the neighbour in question to quieten down a bit. The neighbour opened the door, and without even asking what Clarkenwell wanted, told him to "f*** Off!", beginning to slam the door. It never got that far. Clarkenwell's fuse, not, really, one of his strongest points, had just hit zero.

Following a brief explanation of manners, involving a couple of arm locks and the neighbour's face in the floor, Clarkenwell discovered the cause of the noise: The man's girlfriend, in desperate need of medical attention.

Following the arrival of the Police, called by Clarkenwell, the male neighbour was taken away, and the woman taken to hospital. Somehow, Clarkenwell felt responsible for her, as, in his mind, being a good neighbour meant looking out for them as well, and he hadn't been there on the previous occasions that she'd been beaten up (it mattered little that he's been out of the country on many occasions). His visits to the woman in hospital became frequent, and regular. Eventually, she was released from hospital, still bearing a small scar on her left lower jaw. Her name is Gale Kettridge, age 35, and VERY attractive, even with the scar.

After the court appearance, the former boyfriend wound up in the County lock-up, with a two year jail term to serve for serious assault and battery, and the woman moved apartments – to next door from Clarkenwell. They've been seeing each other ever since, and Clarkenwell, seeing the sense in it, has seen to it that the remaining neighbours on all sides know that he's always got an ear for trouble, and will help if possible... It's his weak link, which, if a bad guy ever cottons onto, could prove to be his epitaph. Which is why he's keeping it VERY quiet. He was betrayed by a close colleague before. It won't happen again. Not if he can help it.

A year on, and Henry is about to pop the question to Gale... tonight is a special night: He's made bookings at al the right places: A good restaurant, a theatre booking, and, of course, the flowers, due to be delivered shortly before he's due to get home this evening... and the Ring is in his pocket, ready for him to pose THE question...

Character #2 Name: Mike Hammond (Sniper)

Gender	Male	Eye Colour	Blue
Height	175 cm	Hair Colour	Brown
Weight	68 kg	Skin Colour	Fair
Age	24	Handed	Right
Date of Birth	Wednesday February 27, 1974	Basic Education	High (Secondary) School
Race	Caucasian	Further Edu.	Degree (4 year)
Nationality	British	Dist'g Features	None

Attributes

Intelligence	(2)	52 / 52	Perception	57
Sensibility	(4)	64 / 64	Base Speed	15
Agility	(4)	51 / 51	Endurance	10
Co-ordination	(3)	38 / 38	Recovery	08
Constitution	(3)	50 / 50	Dam. Rating	05
Strength	(2)	48 / 48	Mass Factor	01.0
Personality	(2)	38 / 38		
Appearance	(2)	26 / 26		
Bravado	(1)	35 / 35		
Willpower	(2)	34 / 34		

Combat Reference

Weapon	Damage	Speed	Skill	IA	Roll	Rate	Range
Punch	1.0	15	68	0	68	1	-
Beretta 92F		14	88	14	102	4	75
Ball	17/16						
RSA Draganov SVD		5	92	32	124	4	800
Ball	22/17						

Skill Packages

Army Basic Training
 Basic Education
 Surveillance Training
 BlackEagle Entry Training

Skills

Academic Skills	- 4 -	Physical Skills	- 5 -
Geography	20 / 24	Armed hand-to-hand	20 / 25
History	20 / 24	Swing	10 / 35
Romance Languages	50 / 54	Thrust	10 / 35
Spanish	25 / 79	Climb	40 / 45
Literature	10 / 14	Swim	20 / 25
		Unarmed hand-to-hand	43 / 48
Creative Skills	- 5 -	Punch	20 / 68
Photography	40 / 45		
		Reflexive Skills	- 6 -
Technical Skills	- 5 -	Aim	55 / 61
Electrics	40 / 45	Autofire	20 / 81
Electronics	20 / 65	Longarm	31 / 92
General Mechanics	15 / 20	Smallarm	27 / 88
		Drive	30 / 36
Medical Skills	- 5 -	Automobile	15 / 51
Medicine	40 / 45		
Emerg'y Med	20 / 65	Scientific Skills	- 5 -
		Computer Operations	20 / 25
Natural Skills	- 6 -	Civil Systems	10 / 35
Hiding	55 / 61	Math	30 / 35
Concealment	10 / 71		
Creeping	25 / 86	Scientific Skills	- 5 -
Shadowing	15 / 76	Military Science	32 / 37
Perception	20 / 26	Tactics	10 / 47
Tracking	30 / 36		
		Social Skills	- 4 -
		Diplomacy	20 / 24

Brief Biography...

Mike Hammond is a former British Army soldier, and served with the Royal Green Jackets for four years. He originally joined the Army to get out of the unemployment trap, before realising that as a mere 'grunt', he wasn't going to be able to do much anything after leaving the Army. Never the less, he served his four year term with distinction. In basic training, he attained his Marksman's qualification, which immediately led to his being selected for sniper training, which he excelled at. Four years later, and many rather "dodgy" detachments later, he has managed to gain contacts in both the British and American intelligence agencies, and has several very low-profile events to his name. In the Intelligence Community, he's known informally as "The Undertaker", as he'd never been known to botch an assignment whilst in the Army.

On leaving the army, one of his American contacts suggested that he apply to join a relatively new, but well recommended, firm called BlackEagle/BlackEagle. He did as suggested, and hasn't looked back. He gets paid – very well – to do the jobs that the British Army paid very little for him to do.

Following his graduation from the BE/BE induction course (which he found "interesting"), his special talents with rifles was recognised, and he was assigned to the newly-formed Cell Ten, of the Miami Office. In character, he's a cheerful man, prone to seeing the best in any situation, and exploiting it for the good of the mission. Respected by all his Cell members, on several assignments, he has been a key man in ensuring that the team got back home safely, by acting in the overwatch position, and stopping opposing forces from getting to close to his cell-mates.

Following from a massive clusterfuck in the UK, he asked for reassignment from the UK. He's now a member of Miami Cell Ten, and lives on his own in Coral Gables.



Character #3 Name: Andrew Bates (ex-Spook)

Gender	Male	Hair Colour	Brown
Height	185 cm	Skin Colour	Tanned
Weight	70 kg	Handed	Ambidextrous
Age	30	Basic Education	High (Secondary) School
Date of Birth	Monday January 29, 1968	Further Edu.	Degree (4 year) Masters Degree (2 year)
Race	Caucasian	Dist'g Features	None
Nationality	American		
Eye Colour	Blue		

Attributes

Intelligence	(2)	34 / 34	Perception	47
Sensibility	(3)	62 / 62	Base Speed	15
Agility	(2)	51 / 51	Endurance	06
Co-ordination	(2)	38 / 38	Recovery	04
Constitution	(2)	30 / 30	Dam. Rating	04
Strength	(2)	40 / 40	Mass Factor	01.0
Personality	(3)	34 / 34		
Appearance	(3)	54 / 54		
Bravado	(4)	63 / 63		
Willpower	(2)	56 / 56		

Combat Reference

Weapon	Damage	Speed	Skill	IA	Roll	Rate	Range
Punch	1.0	15	73	0	73	1	-
RSA AKM		6	69	23	92	4	300
RSA AKM (auto)		6	69	23	92	10	300
Ball	22/17						
Beretta 92F		14	70	14	84	4	75
Ball	17/16						

Skill Packages

Advanced Education
 BlackEagle Entry Training
 Flight School
 Surveillance Training

Skills

Academic Skills	- 5 -	Physical Skills	- 4 -
Anthropology	30 / 35	Swim	20 / 24
Geography	20 / 25	Unarmed hand-to-hand	46 / 50
History	20 / 25	Punch	23 / 73
Journalism	20 / 25		
Research	10 / 35	Reflexive Skills	- 6 -
Anglo Languages	50 / 55	Aim	43 / 49
English	25 / 80	Autofire	20 / 69
Romance Languages	50 / 55	Longarm	20 / 69
Spanish	25 / 80	Smallarm	21 / 70
Literature	20 / 25	Drive	30 / 36
		Automobile	15 / 51
Creative Skills	- 5 -	Pilot	50 / 56
Music	30 / 35	IFR	10 / 66
Photography	40 / 45	Single-Prop	25 / 81
Technical Skills	- 4 -	Scientific Skills	- 3 -
Electrics	40 / 44	Computer Operations	35 / 38
Electronics	20 / 64	Civil Systems	10 / 48
General Mechanics	15 / 19	Security	05 / 43
		Math	45 / 48
Medical Skills	- 4 -	Military Science	32 / 35
Medicine	10 / 14	Tactics	16 / 51
Natural Skills	- 6 -	Social Skills	- 5 -
Hiding	35 / 41	Diplomacy	45 / 50
Shadowing	15 / 56	Lying	20 / 70
Navigation	30 / 36	Prying	20 / 70
Air	15 / 51		

Brief Biography...

Andrew Bates is an ex-NSA Special Agent, who specialised in counter-espionage from Cuba, hence his language skills. Following the collapse of the Soviet Union, and the downgrading of the perceived levels of threat from 'Hostile Intelligence Agencies' ("HIS"), he was made redundant from the NSA, and turned his hand to Private Investigation work, which, frankly, bored him witless, as he was dealing with the run-of-the-mill skip tracing, bail background investigations, marital investigations, and bugger all besides.

He needed a new challenge, which, luckily, wasn't too far in coming. His last independent job was interesting. A family believed that their son was dealing drugs from school, and wanted proof, before they packed him off to a 'special school'. While in a good place to watch the boy's activities, Bates accidentally spotted what he thought was another surveillance team operating nearby. Since the boy was, for once, actually in class, and not up to his dealing activities (he'd already proved it that morning), he kept on watching. And saw a group of four men sneak into the back of an old house. Ten seconds later, all hell broke loose: Four more cars pulled up outside, and a bunch of something like sixteen black men, Yardies, by the look of them, leapt out, and started to spray the building with automatic weapons fire. A few short bursts of fire from inside the house settled their hash, permanently. Getting his camera out, Bates snapped the four men as they left, and made a note of their vehicle registration.

Following up the registration number led him to the Miami Office of BlackEagle/BlackEagle. Deciding that a frontal approach was best, he asked to see the 'guy in charge'. The rest is history. Impressed with Bates' ability to track down a clued-up cell, Ranulph Tykes, the Senior Cell Leader at the Miami Office offered Bates a job there and then. Deciding, after being told about BE/BE, that he wanted 'in', Bates accepted. His skills have come in useful, and it was natural that Henry Clarkenwell wanted him in his new tactical Cell. He's not looked back, naturally.

Character #4 Name: Steve Fenwick (Special Ops)

Gender	Male	Hair Colour	Brown
Height	170 cm	Skin Colour	Tanned
Weight	60 kg	Handed	Right
Age	35	Basic Education	High (Secondary) School
Date of Birth	Friday April 12, 1963	Further Edu.	Degree (4 year)
Race	Caucasian		Masters Degree (1 year)
Nationality	British	Dist'g Features	None
Eye Colour	Grey		

Attributes

Intelligence	(2)	44 / 44	Perception	47
Sensibility	(4)	62 / 62	Base Speed	11
Agility	(3)	29 / 29	Endurance	09
Co-ordination	(1)	26 / 26	Recovery	06
Constitution	(3)	44 / 41	Dam. Rating	05
Strength	(3)	44 / 49	Mass Factor	01.1
Personality	(2)	38 / 38		
Appearance	(2)	36 / 36		
Bravado	(2)	43 / 43		
Willpower	(3)	50 / 50		

Combat Reference

Weapon	Damage	Speed	Skill	IA	Roll	Rate	Range
Punch	1.0	11	57	0	57	1	-
RSA AKM		2	70	23	93	4	300
RSA AKM (auto)		2	65	23	88	10	300
Ball	22/17						
Beretta 92F		10	50	14	64	4	75
Ball	17/16						

Skill Packages

Advanced Education
 Army Basic Training
 Demolitions Training
 BlackEagle Entry Training

Skills

Academic Skills	- 5 -	Physical Skills	- 4 -
Anthropology	30 / 35	Armed hand-to-hand	20 / 24
Geography	20 / 25	Swing	10 / 34
History	20 / 25	Thrust	10 / 34
Journalism	20 / 25	Athletics	30 / 34
Research	10 / 35	Bodybuilding	15 / 49
Romance Languages	32 / 37	Gymnastics	10 / 44
Spanish	16 / 53	Swim	20 / 24
Literature	20 / 25	Unarmed hand-to-hand	43 / 47
		Punch	10 / 57
Creative Skills	- 4 -	Reflexive Skills	- 5 -
Music	30 / 34	Aim	45 / 50
		Autofire	15 / 65
Technical Skills	- 4 -	Longarm	20 / 70
Electrics	30 / 34	Drive	30 / 35
Electronics	10 / 44	Automobile	15 / 50
General Mechanics	15 / 19		
Medical Skills	- 4 -	Scientific Skills	- 4 -
Medicine	20 / 24	Engineering	40 / 44
Emerg'y Med.	10 / 34	Chemical	20 / 64
		Civil	10 / 54
Natural Skills	- 6 -	Math	45 / 49
Survival	40 / 46	Military Science	35 / 39
Equatorial	20 / 66	Tactics	10 / 49
Tracking	35 / 41		
		Social Skills	- 4 -
		Diplomacy	20 / 24

Brief Biography...

Steve Fenwick is a graduate of 'The Farm', the CIA training facility in Virginia. While he's done the equivalent of basic military training there, he's never served in 'the green machine' as he calls it. He's a purely 'black ops' animal. Or was, until the CIA budget was cut in the mid 1990s.

Finding himself without a job, and with a rather small gratuity as a payoff, he found, like others of his trade, unemployment not only confusing, bewildering, and demeaning (for one of his talents and skills), but also repugnant. So he his the classified advertisements sections of his local newspapers with a vengeance – totally ignoring the fact that the local Police Department (Chicago) were crying out for recruits (he's not one for rules. He prefers a longer leash than the Police normally get). Before long, he discovered BlackEagle/BlackEagle, and sent off for an information pack. Which arrived by return.

Within two weeks, he had not only passed the paper sift screening, and the background checks, but had passed an interview as well. Six months later, on graduation from the BE/BE academy, he was assigned to the new tactical cell at Miami, from which he has most definitely not looked back...

He lives in Coral Gables (as do a good percentage of his cell).

Character #5 Name: Frederico Terronez (Medic)

Gender	Male	Eye Colour	Brown
Height	175 cm	Hair Colour	Black
Weight	67 kg	Skin Colour	Olive
Age	24	Handed	Right
Date of Birth	Thursday January 3, 1974	Basic Education	High (Secondary) School
Race	Hispanic	Further Edu.	Degree (4 year)
Nationality	Mexican (Naturalised American)		Masters Degree (2 year)
		Dist'g Features	None

Attributes

Intelligence	(3)	72 / 72	Perception	38
Sensibility	(2)	46 / 46	Base Speed	18
Agility	(4)	71 / 71	Endurance	10
Co-ordination	(4)	78 / 78	Recovery	08
Constitution	(2)	50 / 50	Dam. Rating	05
Strength	(3)	50 / 50	Mass Factor	01.0
Personality	(1)	38 / 38		
Appearance	(2)	38 / 38		
Bravado	(1)	27 / 27		
Willpower	(3)	58 / 58		

Combat Reference

Weapon	Damage	Speed	Skill	IA	Roll	Rate	Range
Punch	1.0	18	59	0	59	1	-
RSA AKM		9	46	23	69	4	300
RSA AKM (auto)		9	41	23	64	10	300
Ball	22/17						
Beretta 92F		17	36	14	50	4	75
Ball	17/16						

Skill Packages

Advanced Education
 Army Basic Training
 Field Medic Training
 BlackEagle Entry Training

Skills

Academic Skills	- 7 -	Reflexive Skills	- 6 -
Geography	20 / 27	Aim	43 / 49
History	20 / 27	Autofire	15 / 64
Journalism	20 / 27	Longarm	20 / 69
Research	10 / 37	Smallarm	15 / 64
Korean Languages	50 / 57	Drive	30 / 36
Vietnamese	25 / 82	Automobile	15 / 51
Literature	20 / 27	Scientific Skills	- 7 -
Philosophy	30 / 37	Biology	30 / 37
Technical Skills	- 6 -	Computer Operations	25 / 32
General Mechanics	15 / 21	Civil Systems	10 / 42
Medical Skills	- 7 -	Math	45 / 52
Medicine	54 / 61	Military Science	32 / 39
Emerg'y Med.	17 / 78	Tactics	10 / 49
Gen'l Practice	8 / 69	Social Skills	- 3 -
Pharmacy	30 / 37	Diplomacy	20 / 23
Surgery	40 / 47		
Physical Skills	- 6 -		
Armed hand-to-hand	20 / 26		
Swing	10 / 36		
Thrust	10 / 36		
Swim	20 / 26		
Unarmed hand-to-hand	43 / 49		
Punch	10 / 59		

Brief Biography...

Frederico is a former Mexican Army Medical Corps Sergeant, who, disillusioned with the corruption in his area of the Mexican Army, resigned, and, after clearing up his affairs, emigrated to the USA, where he worked as a civilian paramedic for one of the Miami Hospitals.

Through a long and rather convoluted series of reasons involving drug , colleagues, doctors, and the police, he wound up unemployed (there might have been something to do with the press as well).

Since he wanted to make a new life in the USA, he found that unemployment could be a threat to his Green Card (emigration permit to live and work in the USA), so he set about looking for a new job as a medic. It was a long and tortuous road, leading nowhere, until, out of desperation, he began to read the small adverts in just about every mercenary magazine on the new-seller stands. After several interviews, he found that someone had 'black-balled' him. No agency or organisation wanted him.

Then, after a serious car accident happened right in front of him, he found that the medical attention that he'd provided to the victim had opened up a possibility of a new job. The victim had been a member of the admin staff at BE/BE Miami. A week after the accident, still none the wiser about his impending change for the better, someone knocked at his apartment's front door.

Thinking it was the landlord, asking for the overdue rent, and resigned to being homeless, he opened the door, to find a well built man, in a suit, asking politely if he could come in. Suspecting that this person was a debt collector, he told the man that he hadn't got the back rent, so he'd save everyone a lot of trouble by vacating there and then.



The man, rather embarrassed by the misunderstanding, managed to explain that he was Ranulph Tykes, here to personally thank Frederico for saving the life of one of his employees, and, that, by the way Frederico had answered the door, maybe they could help one another...

The rest is history.

Frederico was assigned to Miami Cell ten, and has, on more than one occasion, proven his worth to the team. He's now know in the office as 'Doc', a nick-name that suits his caring personality.

APPEARANCE NOTE: Frederico looks a LOT like Cheech Martin (the movie Tin Cup), and has a similar sense of humour.

Character #6 Name: Neil Hackett (Ex-Terrorist)

Gender	Male	Hair Colour	Bald (shaven)
Height	175 cm	Skin Colour	Tanned
Weight	68 kg	Handed	Right
Age	22	Basic Education	High (Secondary) School
Date of Birth	Tuesday December 21, 1976	Further Edu.	None
Race	Caucasian	Dist'g Features	Tattoo, snake (Cobra), left arm, wrapped around upper arm.
Nationality	Canadian		
Eye Colour	Piercing Blue		

Attributes

Intelligence	(3)	54 / 54	Perception	32
Sensibility	(2)	40 / 40	Base Speed	14
Agility	(2)	45 / 45	Endurance	12
Co-ordination	(3)	58 / 58	Recovery	10
Constitution	(2)	56 / 56	Dam. Rating	03
Strength	(2)	28 / 28	Mass Factor	01.0
Personality	(2)	42 / 42		
Appearance	(2)	44 / 44		
Bravado	(4)	75 / 75		
Willpower	(3)	48 / 48		

Combat Reference

Weapon	Damage	Speed	Skill	IA	Roll	Rate	Range
Punch	1.0	14	44	0	44	1	-
RSA AKM		5	79	23	102	4	300
RSA AKM (auto)		5	79	23	102	10	300
Ball	22/17						
Beretta 92F		13	74	14	88	4	75
Ball	17/16						

Skill Packages

Basic Education
 BlackEagle Entry Training
 Covert Entry Training
 Demolitions Training

Skills

Academic Skills	- 5 -	Physical Skills	- 4 -
Geography	20 / 25	Swim	20 / 24
History	25 / 30	Unarmed hand-to-hand	30 / 34
Anglo Languages	50 / 55	Punch	10 / 44
English	25 / 80		
Literature	10 / 15	Reflexive Skills	- 4 -
Technical Skills	- 5 -	Aim	50 / 54
Electrics	43 / 48	Autofire	25 / 79
Electronics	25 / 73	Longarm	25 / 79
General Mechanics	25 / 30	Smallarm	20 / 74
Miniature Mech	40 / 45	Drive	35 / 39
Locksmithing	20 / 65	Automobile	15 / 54
Medical Skills	- 5 -	Scientific Skills	- 5 -
Medicine	20 / 25	Computer Operations	20 / 25
		Civil Systems	10 / 35
Natural Skills	- 4 -	Engineering	40 / 45
Hiding	40 / 44	Chemical	20 / 65
Concealment	20 / 64	Civil	10 / 55
Creeping	10 / 54	Math	30 / 35
Shadowing	15 / 59	Military Science	20 / 25
		Tactics	10 / 35
		Social Skills	- 6 -
		Diplomacy	20 / 26

Brief Biography...

Neil Hackett is a former Eco-terrorist. Following his arrest for almost succeeding in demolishing an oil-fired power station, he was released after five years in a maximum security Canadian Prison. And found that all his former comrades had either lost the faith, been locked up, or had vanished without a trace.

After discovering that no-one wanted his affiliation, he was bound to find that employment was a lost cause as well.

Still, he tried, to give him his due, eventually winding up as a cook in a fried chicken outlet, in Vancouver, British Columbia (West coast of Canada), where he grew more and more frustrated with the way things were going for him.

A regular of the joint, a Mountie (Royal Canadian Mounted Police Officer), seeing, somewhere in Neil, a spark of something half-decent, began to talk to him one slow night. With nothing better to do, Neil listened. After the first half hour, Neil had realised that this particular cop wasn't the run of the mill twit. In fact, the Mountie wasn't a hide-bound twit at all – what was said made sense. Essentially, the Mountie was telling him to either get what he wanted, or he'd be stuck in this rut forever.

Over the next few weeks, Neil made sure that he was working when the Mountie – a woman – called in. Two months later, the Mountie called in with something in her hand. A prospectus/application form. From a firm he'd never heard of, called BlackEagle/BlackEagle. Sounded ecological. Wrong. The Mountie – Beryl – told him that this bunch did good things, not always within the strict letter of the law, but, being who they were, that didn't always matter too much.

That night, after he left work, to go back to his dingy little one-room apartment, he read the paperwork. And filled it in. The rest is (to use a much abused cliché,) history. Following successful graduation – Beryl was there, oddly enough – he was assigned to the London Office. He's now been temporarily assigned to Miami Cell ten, following a holiday that turned into a bloody nightmare of a hostage situation – with him and his cell as some of the hostages.

He and Beryl see each other off and on. It seems she's an irregular recruited for BE/BE, but that hasn't stopped their friendship. He knows he's got a debt of thanks owing to her, and regularly travels up to Vancouver, to help her with some other charity work she does.

Although an ex-terrorist, he meshes well with the cell, and, although affectionately known as 'tree-hugger', or just "HEY, TREE!", he's a damn useful all-round member of the team.