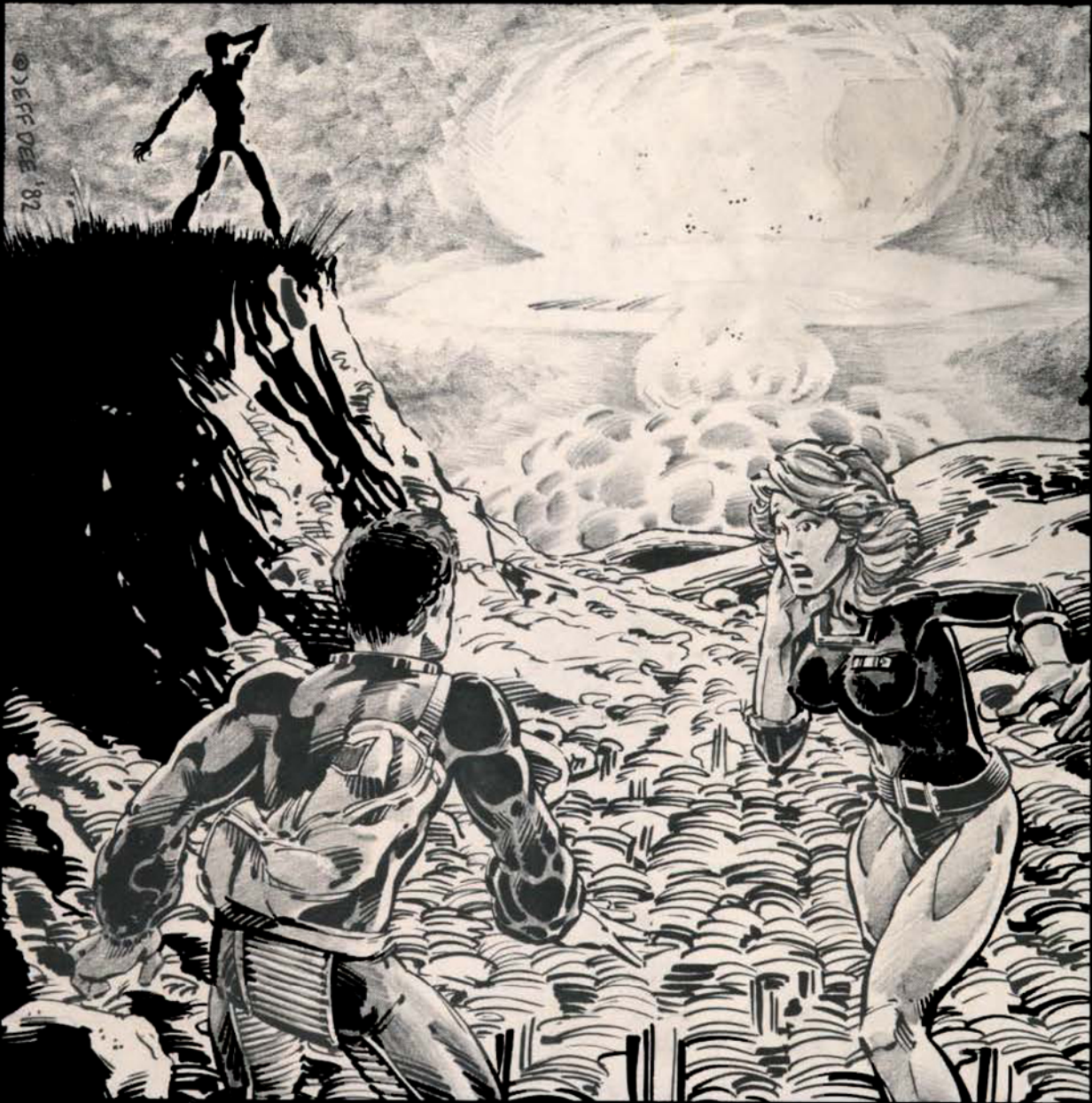


SPACE OPERA

ROWSION II



A MERCHANT SERVICE ADVENTURE

Kenneth C. Campbell



Fantasy Games Unlimited, Inc.

Scanned By:



ROWSION II

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DEDICATED

to

S.M.I². L.E.

(Thank you Paula and Lowell)

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THE ROWSION STARSYSTEM:

Located in the Terra Nova Sector, it is 104.65 LY from the capital Terra Nova III. Six planets revolve about a trinary star.

	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
Diameter	18000	7000	14000	60000	30000	50000
Gravity	1.126	0.684	0.485	1.632	1.903	1.0
Satellites	3	10	5	9	14	10

Distances Between The Planets & Planets To Primaries:

	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	PRIMARIES
I	—	530	5,120	12,650	20,590	27,280	220 LS
II	530	—	4,590	12,120	20,060	26,750	750 LS
III	5,120	4,590	—	7,530	15,470	22,160	5,340 LS
IV	12,650	12,120	7,530	—	7,940	14,630	12,870 LS
V	20,590	20,060	15,470	7,940	—	6,690	20,810 LS
VI	27,280	26,750	22,160	14,630	6,690	—	27,500 LS

The asteroid belt falls between Rowsion II & III.

RIISI HUMANOIDS

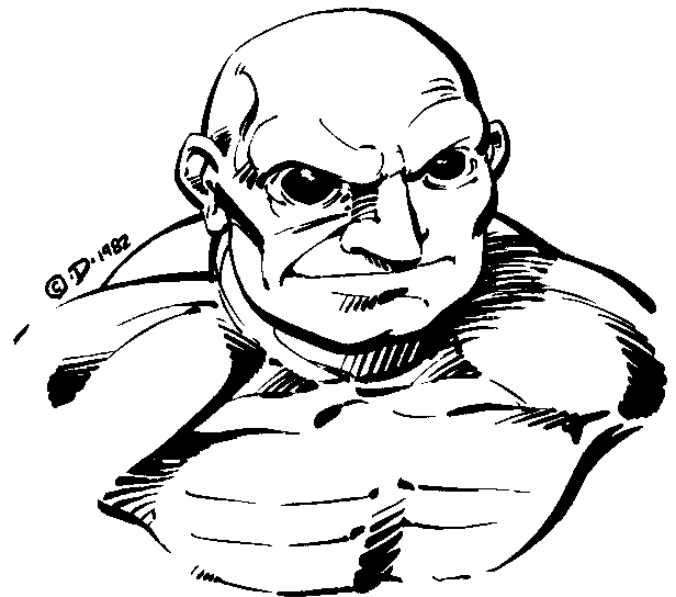
Although we do not recommend playing Riisi in this adventure, it is possible to have such a character with connections to Serpent, other local groups, and after the assimilation of Rowsion II into the Empire, the inherent religious nature as the Riisi humanoids will allow them to go far. The latter types will be 'ground-breakers', having to face the bigots and ignorants, but, receiving special aid from FOUNDATION and incentive bonuses from the Imperial Government (which, of course, favors swift and smooth assimilation of other species).

APPEARANCE

The first thing that will strike a human upon first meeting a Riisi would be their almost total absence of a neck. Their shoulder and arm muscles (they are here heavily muscled relative to normal humans) connect up behind the head-neck in a powerful upper back. This lack of flexibility is made up for by a very flexible waist and lower back (as flexible as a vertebrate can be), which almost allows them to swivel around. Their large and longish arms taper down to a reasonably dexterous, five-fingered hand. All in all, they are quite hunched looking, with a V-shaped torso atop sinewy, but strong legs.

Their skin color is a sun-burnt red to a rich copper-red. It's texture is soft and moist, and hair is non-existent.

They are not physically well-adapted to running, and anything faster than a march will be at double fatigue costs.



	Mass	Carry Cap.	Damage Factor		SF	Shock	Hand-to-Hand	
			Arms	Other			Arms	Other
Inadequate	72kg	30kg	24	22	27	1-7	23-25	20-23
Below Average	84kg	40kg	28	25	40	1-8	25-30	22-25
Average	92kg	60kg	32	28	55	1-10	29-32	24-28
Above Average	102kg	75kg	34	30	60	1-11	32-35	27-31
Competent	110kg	85kg	38	33	70	1-13	36-41	30-35
Superior	120kg	100kg	42	36	80	1-15	41-52	33-38
Exceptional	130kg	120kg	48	39	90	1-17	48-58	35-40

(NOTE: if a player rolls up a Riisi character, use the Feline/Pitheciine table for Physique, and use the Feline entry for Carrying Capacity and Damage Factor. All other characteristics are worked out with the humanoid entries).

Riisi Movement Table:

	1 hour	6 minutes	1 minute	6 seconds	Speed in km/hr
Walk	3600 m	360 m	60 m	6 m	3.6 kmh
Fast Walk	5400 m	540 m	90 m	9 m	5.4 kmh
Trot	9000 m	900 m	150 m	15 m	9.0 kmh
Run	15000 m	1500 m	250 m	25 m	15.0 kmh
Sprint	—	3000 m	500 m	50 m	30.0 kmh
Slow Crawl	—	90 m	15 m	1.5 m	0.9 kmh
Fast Crawl	—	420 m	70 m	7 m	4.2 kmh

Radiation Tolerance

This is about 50% higher than human norms.

Atmospheric Adaptions

These oxygen-breathers find terran atmospheres most comfortable (i.e. 175 mm lpp oxygen in the lungs). They do, however, exhibit a

much lower tolerance to variety. Their range is 100 mm to 130 mm lpp. Atmospheres approaching these levels are definitely uncomfortable, and over-stepping them assuredly causes hypoxia or oxygen toxicity.

Vision

Rowsion II circles 3 stars, but none are overly bright. As such, the hum-



**UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS
CONTACTS SERVICE**

Form 550/CS.6MV

SENTIENT RACE REPORT, PLANET Currih Rii (Rowision II) TECHNOLOGICAL LEVEL 6-7
 SENTIENT RACE TYPE Humanoid SOCIAL ORGANIZATION Communist
 POPULATION LEVEL 50,000,000 SOCIETAL STRENGTH 6
 POPULATION DENSITY _____ XENO ACCEPTANCE INDEX 5%

MAJOR CITIES	POPULATION	STARPORT FACILITIES	DOCKING CHARGES
1 <u>Rogan (Cap.)</u>	1 <u>5,000,000</u>	1 <u>A (HCE rating)</u>	1 <u>Cr 80</u>
2 <u>Injir</u>	2 <u>4,500,000</u>	2 _____	2 _____
3 <u>Verrtu</u>	3 <u>4,200,000</u>	3 _____	3 _____
4 <u>Nevuen</u>	4 <u>3,750,000</u>	4 _____	4 _____
5 <u>Rosavin</u>	5 <u>2,500,000</u>	5 _____	5 _____

GOVERNMENT:

TYPE OF GOVERNMENT Personal Dictatorship BUREAUCRACY LEVEL High, extensive
 SUPPORT INDEX 48% REPRESSION INDEX 10 LAW LEVEL 19
 LOYALTY INDEX 48% CORRUPTION INDEX 17% TAX RATE 40%
 TOTAL TAX MCR 105,000

POLITICAL PARTIES & SIGNIFICANT POLICIES

1 Communist (the only legal party)

- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

CURRENT POLITICAL SITUATION:

PARTY IN GOVERNMENT Communists STABILITY _____ VOTE 81 %
 PARTY/PARTIES OPPOSING _____ VOTE _____ %

CURRENT FOREIGN ALLIANCES:

TRADE ALLIANCES: Loose arrangement with Terra Nova. The government is secretly attempting to purchase starcraft for expansion.

MILITARY ALLIANCES:

OTHER ALLIANCES:

PLANETARY TRADE & COMMERCE:

INDUSTRIALIZATION INDEX Average Industrial AVERAGE INCOME CR 5250
 TECHNOLOGY & ANOMALIES _____

MAJOR IMPORTS

- 1 Textiles
- 2 _____
- 3 _____
- 4 _____
- 5 _____

MAJOR EXPORTS

- 1 Industrial Metals (Asteroids)
- 2 Electronics
- 3 Misc. Equipment
- 4 Tourism
- 5 _____

IMPORT/EXPORT RESTRICTIONS & DUTIES 5% on all imports

TRADE ACCEPTANCE INDEX 98%

GENERAL COMMENTS: The societal strength had been 10 until the growing realization that 'one of their stars is very sick' began eating away at the society.



**UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS
DEPARTMENT OF INTERSTELLAR SURVEY**

Form 217/DIS.8JE

SURVEY EVALUATION, PLANET Currih Rii (Rowsion II)

STAR SYSTEM DESIGNATION Rowsion Trinary BEARING FROM MARKER STAR _____
 STELLAR PRIMARY TYPE K8v M6v wd DISTANCE FROM MARKER STAR 98.85 LY
 PLANETS IN STAR SYSTEM 6 VERTICAL COORDINATE +38

PLANETARY TYPE Terran Ocean w/10 moons and varying moonlets

ORBITAL DISTANCE 1.4 AU - 700 LS PLANETARY DIAMETER 7000 km
 LENGTH OF YEAR 544 days SURFACE GRAVITY FIELD 0.68 G
 LENGTH OF DAY 31 hours HYDROSPHERIC RATING 82 %
 TEMPERATURE RANGE Moderate/Temperate, even in polar latitudes
-10°C to 60°C

ATMOSPHERIC TYPE Terran Standard at standard pressure

COMMENTS ON ATMOSPHERE: Constant sunspot activity (20% per month, for 1d6 days at a time)

COMMENTS: Meteor storms are common (20% per month), most are harmless 'lightshows' - there is a 1% chance of a major shower. (Rowsion III is an asteroid belt). Meteor storms help tourist trade.

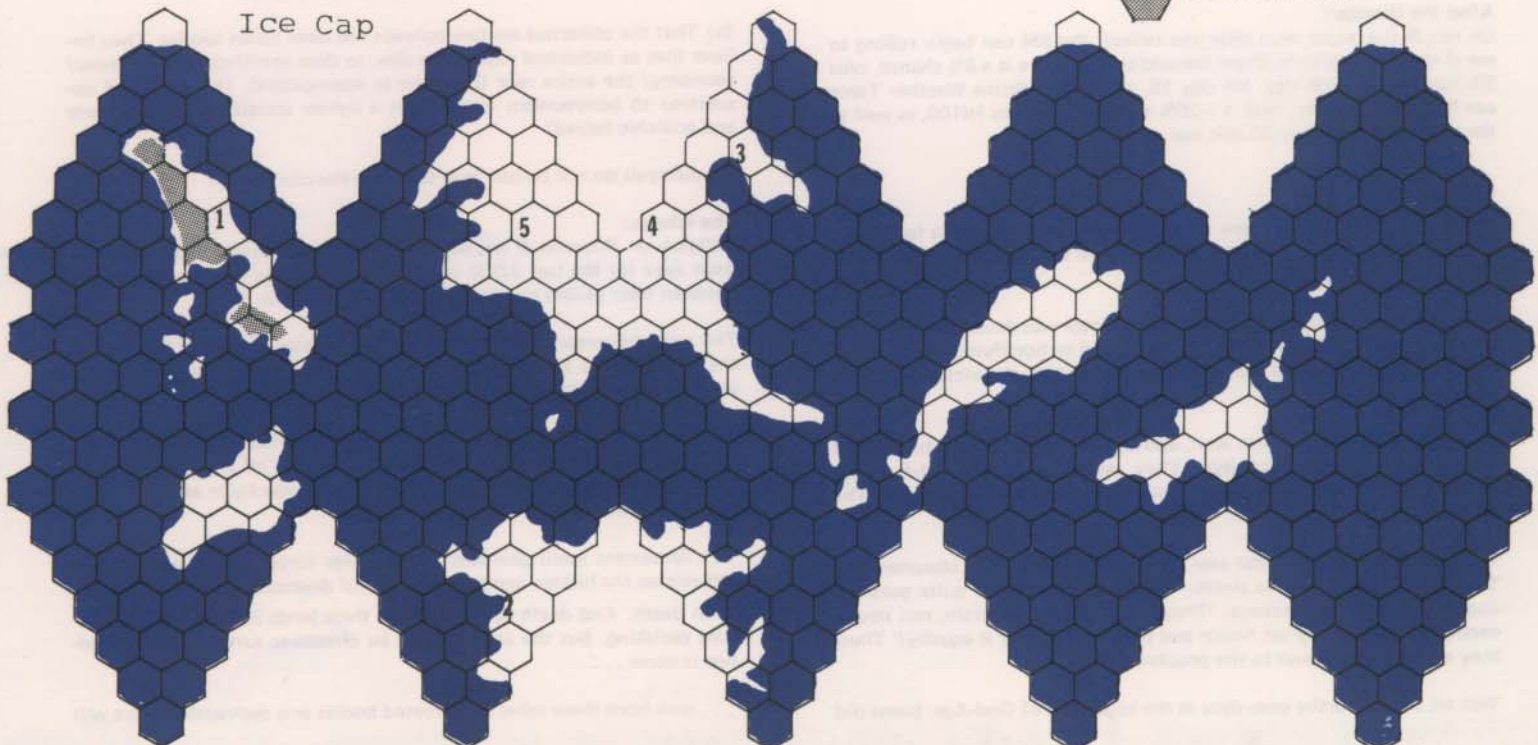
The planet was not always an ocean planet. The ice caps have been continually melting for 2000 years, so that only one continent and five large islands remain. The K star is expanding to become a sub-giant. This has led to heavy precipitation.

Each hex is 647 km across

Rotation >



Ice Cap



anoids have developed excellent night vision, and still have good tolerance to bright lights. The eyes are distinctly wider set than humans, giving a wider visual range (another adaptation to make up for the lack of neck). They have excellent color-appreciation, but are somewhat near-sighted. Eyes are deep black, with no whites seen.

Hearing

Human equivalents.

Smell

The olfactory senses are surprisingly well developed, compared to normal human standards. Treat as Feline equivalent.

General Comments

Riis have iron-based metabolisms, are omnivorous, and enjoy a diet as expansive and varied as any human, if not more so. They have developed quite a taste for exotic (imported) foodstuffs since interstellar contact began 117 years ago.

The average life expectancy is 70–90 years (subject to improvement), with the female average being 75–100. They cannot interbreed with humans.

They are currently at Sociological stage B12L: socio-sexual collectivity. The common weal is important to most, at least in ideals.

WEATHER CONDITIONS

General (PlanetWide): Summer

Before the Disaster:

–29	Extremely violent tropical storm. These are rare, maybe one per year, with a devastating one every 5 years or so.
–28 to –6	Electrical storm, loud, violent.
–5 to 10	Heavy rains.
11 to 35	Rains.
36 to 45	Showers, on and off.
46 to 70	Overcast, hot and humid.
71 to 80	Hot, humid, clear.
81 to 90	Overcast, warm, still quite humid.
91 to 00	Clear, warm, comfortable.

Check at each time grouping, and use modifier:

Morning	–10
Noon	+10
Afternoon	–30
Eve	+5
Night	+15
Late Night	–5

After the Disaster:

On day 8 (i.e. eight days after the strike), the SM can begin rolling to see if the sky begins to show the odd break. There is a 5% chance, plus 5% cumulative each day. On day 18, the Before Strike Weather Table can be used regularly, with a –20% always applied to 1d100, as well as the usual modifier. Day 30 this can stop.

THE STATE

The Great Rebellion of some 150 years past, overthrew the feudalistic lords. It was a bloody process stemming from the cities and moving outward to the rural areas.

The devastation was staggering before a victor was determined (nuclear weapons were used in a limited fashion), and so horrifying was this civil war that many believed that God-Age had begun, the victor being the Chosen.

Obviously, the Communists won, and at their disposal was the greatest propaganda campaign possible. They were the 'angels' who would touch the souls of the survivors, making them a greater race (see The Sibelsu).

The religious leaders at first saw the claim of God-Age as blasphemous. They were quickly put to death— 'Some minds are not quite pure enough!' cried the government. 'They crack under the strain, not strong enough to take this great honor and bear it equally!' Thus, they added a new clause to the prophecy:

'Not all the unworthy ones died in the beginning of God-Age. Some did

manage to hide. Now it is the duty of every loyal citizen of the government of God-Age to eliminate these demons (rebels vs the state)'.

The government has been unsuccessful in eliminating the rebels, and popular support has been slowly declining.

The State is an enormous, bloated bureaucracy, with almost every conceivable fact about anybody meticulously recorded. Reactions are slow, to say the least. This does make phony ID, etc., hard to pass.

Loyalists

The 48% on the support index is impressive for a dictatorship, particularly when one realizes that only 48% is registered on the Loyalty Index. Either a citizen is all-out supportive or not at all. The loyal citizenry has been well-educated with an intense and dogmatic moralism, that moralism is also the state policy. Thus, there is created an almost fanatically supportive communist citizen. Inbred wrath boils up and out upon the flippant hooligans who would dare brandish individualism and deride the great State of the God-Age.

It is to be noted that the total submission to the State provides an assurance during the later years, and often a spiritual security in the knowledge that service in this life provides for the next. This next-life obsession is viewed favorably by the Imperials, and FOUNDATION has met with great success in its minor social experiments. Even before the disaster, the consensus was to slowly assimilate Rowsion II. However, opportunity has knocked. (It is agreed that the Riisi humanoids have souls, and are a race very akin to humanity in creation).

Disloyals

Deemed insane, demons, hopelessly self-centered, these rebels are of two major opinions, and from all three classes of society.

Upper Class: Usually with (b) motives, these types come from once rich feudal families, and have been told of the enormous wealth, land and luxury that was once theirs, only to be taken away by the 'comrades'.

Middle Class: Bred as good citizens, they are usually idealists who have been disillusioned by the government.

Lower Class: Largely a quiet and fearful group, some have had their families or lives unjustly destroyed by the Secret Police, or government policy. These will then react, usually violently and chaotically (riots, strikes, etc.), and are then given a swift and painful retribution.

The above can be of two general opinions:

(a) The great State formed of the Great Rebellion has not lived up to its promises, and the original dream is still unfulfilled. The current government is merely another set of indulgent over-lords.

(b) That the collective welfare concept has been taken too far. They believe that as individual expression dies, so does spirit/science/creativity/economy/ the entire race (pick one as appropriate). The degree of opposition to communism varies from a lighter socialist state, to a pure and anarchic hatred!

All disloyals do not believe that God-Age has come.

The Sibelsu:

Religion on Rowsion II has evolved to the monotheistic stage, and has been here for the last 3,000 years. There are some striking similarities between their beliefs and those developed on Terra.

The most important religious work is the Sibelsu, written at the start of the monotheistic age. It is full of prophecies, stories of old, and moral codes. The most important section to this adventure is given:

'... and then the God-Age shall be heralded. First the heavenly light shall fade into the darkness, and I saw the world all wet and dark and warm and it was as if creation had gone back, was again as blind as the babe in the womb ...'

'... firmament (will) give way to the lower forces, and it will well up and release the hidden and buried spirits of destruction and it will belch forth death. And death will roll across these lands like a plague, multitudes perishing. But the worthy shall be chosen to survive, for the God-Age is come ...'

'... and from these ashes and bloated bodies and destruction there will

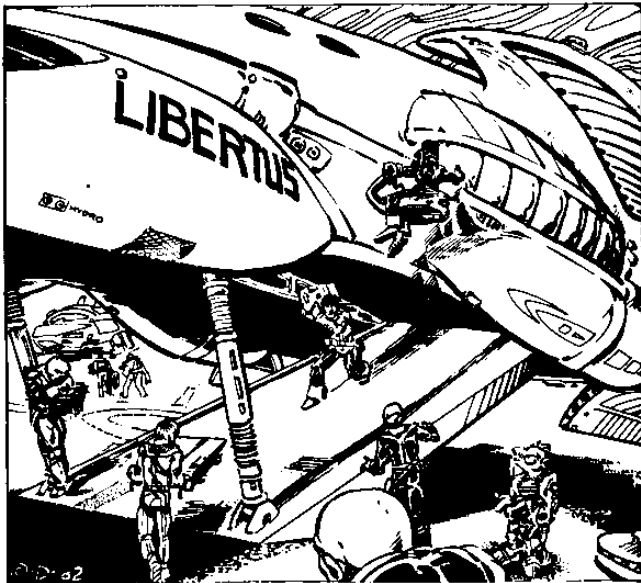
come the angels down from their clouds above, and they shall touch the survivor's soul, and a greater race be born, a race forever unified in one attitude, one goal. That day, the beginning of God-Age, shall see the elimination of the lacking of will. The willful shall have the lives of gods . . .'

The Sibelsu

The current communist-dictatorial government has claimed that the Great Rebellion, that gave them birth, was the beginning of this God-Age. Almost half the populace also believes this. However, that leaves half who are either undecided, or believe the government to be sacreligious.

ENTRANCE:

The imperial Merchantman 'Libertus' slowly put down at Rogan starport. Rogan is the capital of Rowsion II.



Captain Elias Taborian Nocosia, 40 year veteran in the Merchants, is here to deliver some low-grade textiles from Valador II— regardless of quality, textiles are an assured sale here. One could even take an extra week and capture some stunning deal to impress the Imperial bureaucrats.

However, Captain Nocosia hadnt put away some 0.5 million credits by following Imperial regulations and standards. He is here, this time, for more than the regular assignment laid out by the Economic Directions Committee's monthly-assignment-standards. Rowsion II was always a favored romp of his, since days long distant.

Rowsion II, or 'Curriih Rii' (ker-rye'-ee rye) in the native tongue is only an Imperial associate, nothing more than a trading partner (albeit a friendly one— rumors of secret deals between the charismatic dictator and Imperial diplomats abound). And as such, it being a meeting ground for numerous alien cultures (unlike most Imperial worlds), the opportunities for less-than-legal transactions are profuse.

Captain Nocosia, a veteran and fine example of the trained Imperial Merchant, is here to make another less-than-legal transaction. The Department of Sanctity and Security never seems to catch up with him— his luck is consistent; maybe eternal?

His crew includes the player characters.

THE MISSION

It is clear that the thrust of this adventure is to be a smuggling operation, right? Wrong.

Initially, that was to be the plot, and the PCs will merrily go about their way until disaster strikes. Rowsion II is practically a thoroughway for numerous asteroids, which is the origin of 8 of its 10 moons. It always has an ever-changing number of moonlets, some being thrown out, after a period, and some crashing inward. The atmosphere usually takes care of any difficulties. The Riisi history can recall a number of strikes, but

nothing in memory can compare to what is going to happen.

The government has always been rather complacent about the meteor infall, never wishing to worry tourists, and the Curriih Rii night sky is a major attraction, numerous falling stars, procession of moons, three suns— it is truly a sight. Meteor storms do not even rate a news story any more, so no one will be knowledgeable about this one.

If the crew does get a touch nervous about the meteor infall, EVERY-ONE on planet will flippantly wave it off, 'We always get great light shows, tourist trap'.

A group from the Imperial Merchantman 'Libertus' will be going in to take care of some business for the Captain, while he tends to other matters. Thus, it is likely that one of the PCs is a cargo officer of some stature.

The lead cargo officer will be heading this operation. He is to be told, by the Captain, that he will receive CR 50,000 upon completion. That CR 50,000 is the source of payment that the cargo officer will give to others he wishes to bring along.

Here is a set by set breakdown of the assignment:

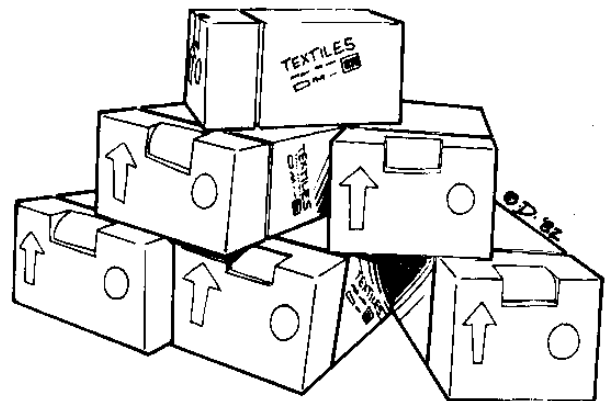
1) Libertus will put in for one standard week at the Rowsion Orbital Station. The crew will shuttle down, cargo be unloaded. (see Equipping The Players next).

2) Rent a truck of some sort, and kick around till 0005 exactly (assume that the players arrived portside at 1100 hours the previous day). At this time, they must be at 7693 Milbrod Rd, SMIRSU INDUSTRIAL & JANITORIAL SUPPLIES— a warehouse. They take the truck (single-body is fine), and back it up to loading dock 6, and rap hard thrice, having truck doors open and ready to load. Give a Riisi humanoid (Bovisohms) and envelope (hermaseal), and he should load 6 crates (the crates are normal looking, and have textiles stamped on them, with proper papers and all, being part of the shipment that the Libertus just brought down). The lead cargo officer has been instructed not to look inside any crate or the envelope, and he knows that the less he knows, the safer he is. Also, he is not to mention that the Captain is involved in this.

3) These crates are to be taken to Seeva Ranch Commune, in the Diiz River Valley. A comrade Edarsu (female) is to receive the goods late any night. She will give a hermaseal envelope, which is to be returned to the Captain, at which point the lead cargo officer will receive CR 50,000.

The Shipment

The six crates mass about 3 tons. They contain about 2000 7 mm BodyPistols, 1,100 boxes (100 rounds) of 7 mm ammo, and, because the Captain has done considerable business with Comrade Edarsu, he has thrown in (for free), 100kg of fine sacramental wine from Tarichea I (St. Alexis monast-colony). He is selling the pistols and ammo for CR 700,000. The envelope that Edarsu will give the cargo officer contains an account number, in which this sum is deposited.



EQUIPPING THE PLAYERS

Law level 19 is going to be difficult to handle. The party cannot take anything but easily concealed weapons, for they will be stopped by police, and the whole mission jeopardized. The captain will strongly suggest to the leader, his choice of the following to distribute:

- MiniNeedler (100mm, 0.25kg): two extra chips provided
- 3 x 7mm BodyPistol (100mm, 0.25kg): 3 clips (0.4 kg each)
- 2 x CX2 sluggers, as pens: just one load.

Also available is a Stunner pistol, but this is not a holdout weapon. If the SM likes, PCs with long service records in the Imperial Merchants could have a chance of having some sort of customs connection, or, failing that, use their administration or bribery CRs to get through with the stunner. If a connection is had, or a CR successful, it is not overly difficult to get something small (like a stunner pistol) through. The Rogians treat all Imperial servicemen with a fair amount of respect, and custom checks are usually only cursory.

—1 Stunner Pistol (175mm, o. 75kg): 2 powercells available, but they can be recharged. It's five settings are: A= d2, B= d4, C= d6, D= d10, E= d12. (Setting E is a legal standard, for Bug attacks are the most unexpected, while D is a leftover from the Tristie Wars).

All these items belong to the Captain. All but the Stunner is illegal in civilian hands, thus quite expensive. Any weapons not returned will be deducted from PCs payment (at inflated blackmarket prices, of course). The ammo is free.

Armor is a different matter. Anything beyond light body armor is clearly out of the question. Some the Merchants will likely wear shipboard uniforms (LBA/6 for Officers, and LBA/5 for others— the Insular is being introduced). They should be discouraged from wearing the uniforms openly, as this attracts attention over distances. A simple wind-breaker will do.

HAPPY TOWN

Rogan's Uptown is a very nice neighborhood. The Plateau Districts are even more so, but it is unlikely the PCs will have much business up there. Uptown is populated by strong party members, while the Waterfront, or Lower Districts house industry and poor workers.

Rogan is the seat of support for Dictator Iruy, and he has lavished dividends upon them. The town evidences the highest standard of living anywhere on Curriih Rii.

The society may be communist, but the party elite do live it up. Rogan is a very happy, 'hip' city— neon lights flash, people (drunk or not) rejoice in an obviously friendly revelry. Even the police, when called in, are distinctly gentler. Cars of all shapes and colors zip in and out of lanes, music blaring from every direction from the superb quadrophonic equipment produced (major exports). The odd hovercar is seen, trying to avoid the more rambunctious night-lifers. It is Friday night, so to speak.

And enter the Imperial PCs. As Imperials go, Merchants are about as liberal as they come. Yet, this will be a virtual Satyricon after servicing

the Imperial worlds; the religious PCs had best be on guard for temptation.

Enroute to wherever, pushing through the crowds, passing buzzing outdoor cafes (tonight the sky is crystal-clear, some 7 moons and the odd falling star in all their glory), the revelry will stop dead. In front of a small shop (with flat above), an inconspicuous van's backdoors burst open, and combat armored men roll out, stopping traffic, and surrounding that shop. The silence travels like a wave down the long street.

The State Elite Troopers proceed to demolish the shop-flat through a sequence of charges, staccato MG bursts, pistol shots; all culminating in an enormous explosion. Three bodies are carried out, thrown into the van, the Troopers roll back in and are gone. The revelry begins again, as if nothing happened. No one is at all perturbed. As a matter of fact, the citizens had stood very calmly during the battle, almost robotically.

LOWER DISTRICTS

At 0005 military time, the PCs are supposed to be at the Smiirsu. Industrial and Janitorial Supplies Warehouse, down on the waterfront. They leave the bright lights behind, heading downhill.

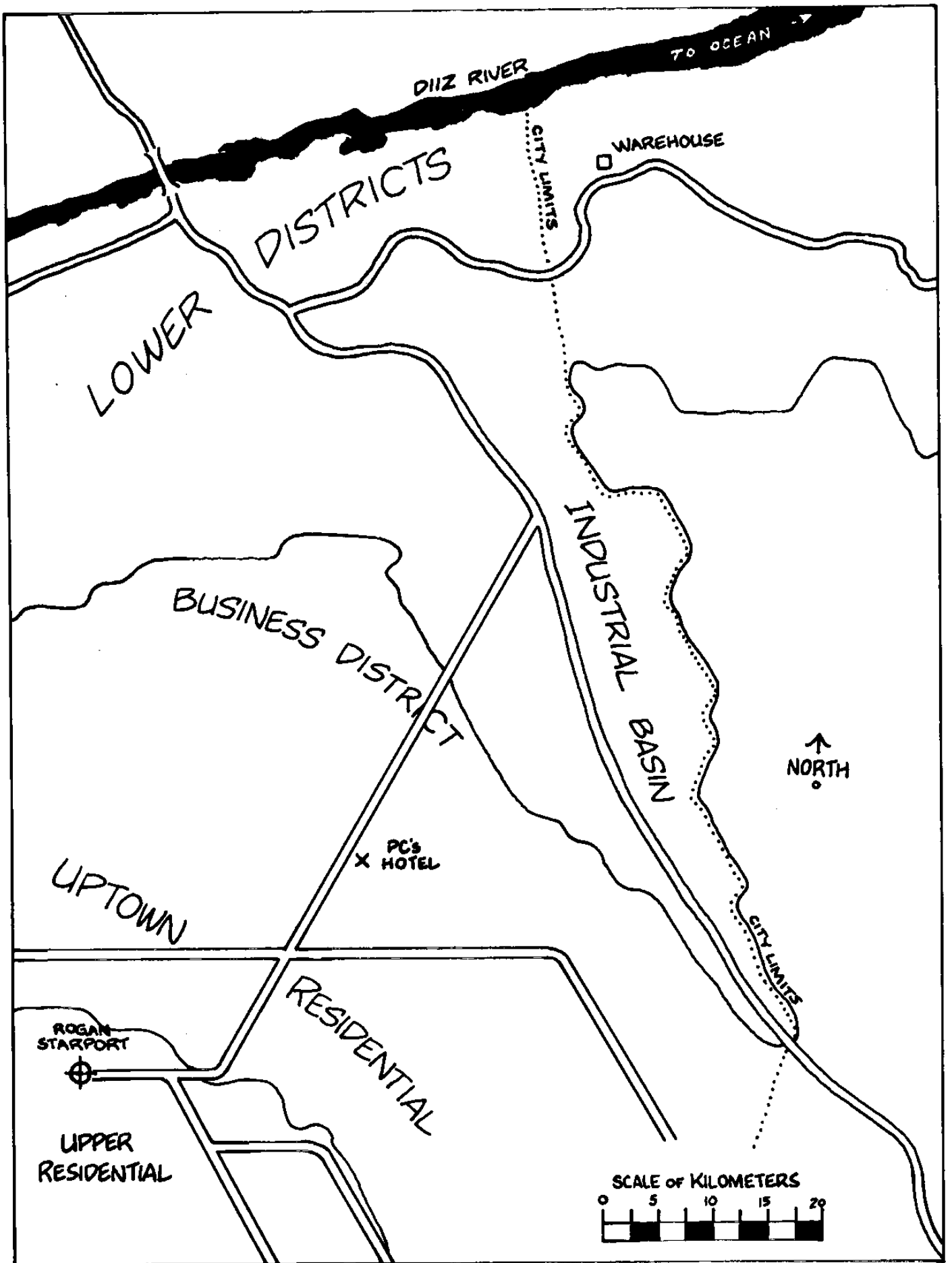
Once the Uptown is left, a contrast will be experienced. Down here the streets are bleak, grey-black, cold. Industrial factories, warehouses, industrial transportation facilities, these are the sights. Occasionally one passes through small residential areas, on the edges of squalor. Some street lights are broken, only the odd, silent figure is seen, usually on the shadowy side of the street.

Patrol cars seem plentiful, always cruising about (50% chance each half-hour). The odd car goes by (usually IC powered), but the night is basically quiet here.

The workers here are definitely paralyzed by fear, the oppressive enforcement of security being thick here, and few would dare upset things. But, there are those who have already done so (inadvertently or not), and their families subjected to the state's wrath (i.e., secret police). They have nothing to lose, and are wanted for questioning (for those who have lost their families to state security are usually main sources of dissent).

And tonight, Argosh (and his homosexual lover Truskii), and ex-steel worker, is on the run. He knows he is guilty of conspiracy against the state, and his associates have all been rounded up. Desperately he has been creeping through the alleys, already having killed three. Every noise frightens him, every distant siren sends his heart racing; hungry and dirty and doomed . . . where can he go? They always find you . . . ALWAYS! But he cannot just lay down and die . . . there was a chance, had to be . . . that elusive chance . . . maybe if he could get to the mountains . . . then what? . . . hé d'figure that out when he got there . . . first, some transport, other than this beat up old IC car, which would





attract police attention . . .

Just then a HoverLorry turned down his street . . . perfect! he screamed inside his head, perfect!

The team cruises down a very dark and dingy road, with numerous alleys between the tightly packed manufacturing buildings. Pale light spills out from the blinded windows.

Up ahead, the headlights show a man (Truskii), bent over a crumpled body. Truskii is crying (he really is— it's all too much) and raving and waving his hands at the Lorry. He appears unarmed. Crying, he pleads for help, claiming he just hit the man.

He is supposed to delay the craft long enough for Argosh to come up. But, Truskii will not be expecting aliens. Upon sight of them he will stop dead, and a bravery check must be made— Truskii is an Inadequate physical specimen, so bravery is 6. If he fails, he will turn and flee.

When the Lorry stops, Argosh will fast crawl up behind from an alley, his .38 'special' in hand, five bullets left.

If a PC follows Truskii to the body, it will be found dead (from a bullet in chest though this is not apparent). Also, the car has no visible damage. The keys are not in the car, and Truskii does not have them (Argosh forgot this and has them).

Remember: Argosh does not want Truskii dead, and he doesn't necessarily want to kill the PCs— though he won't hesitate. Having them drive him and Truskii up to the mountains is fine, but he does not expect this (hover-craft are driven by pro-government types). Also, the parties being aliens will confuse him.

Argosh

Average/Average— DF 28, SF 55, Shock 10, HH 24, Brv 14, Dx 12, IQ 6. Handguns/2.

Truskii

Below Average/Inadequate— DF 22, SF 27, Shock 3, HH 15, Brv 06, Dx 14, IQ 8. No wps skill, but he has a .22 revolver with 3 shots left.

The PCs should be able to avoid being forced to do the bidding of Argosh, but the episode will demonstrate to them the desperation of many of the lower class.

THE WAREHOUSE

Make them late by a few minutes.

Late-night foreman, Comrade Bovisohms, will be annoyed!

Where were you? he will scream. The midnight break is almost over, the crew slowly drifting in. 'Bovisohms ain't gonna have no one see some strangers (aliens at that) loading up with goods while hes in charge! Get lost!!'

He turns to walk away. Now, hopefully the players will not need goading into doing something about this, but, is he implying that he is going to keep at least a CR 100,000 shipment to himself?

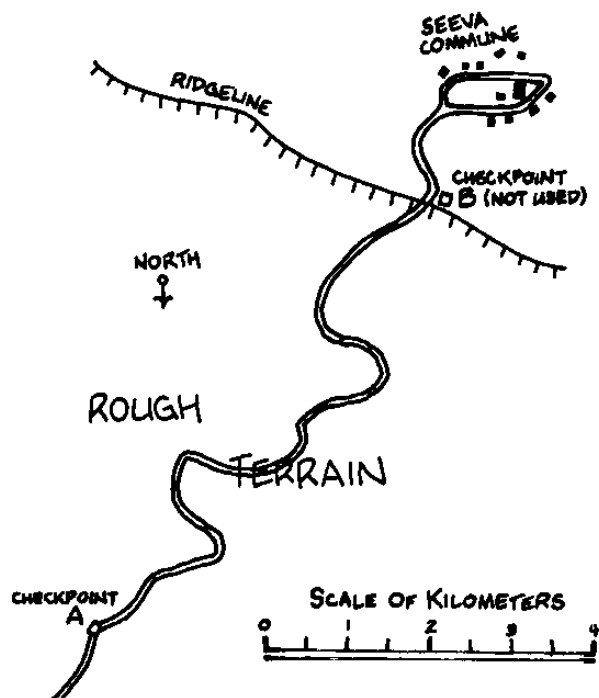
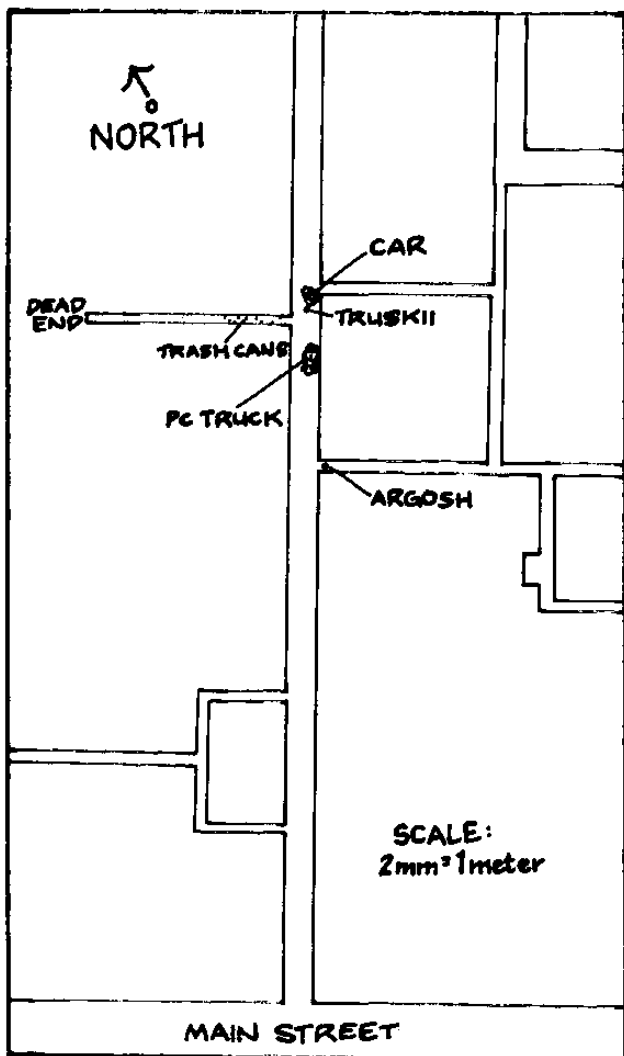
If pressured, he will relent. 'Okay, okay. I was just angry'. Come back at 0420 exactly. That is the last break, and the last chance for the players.

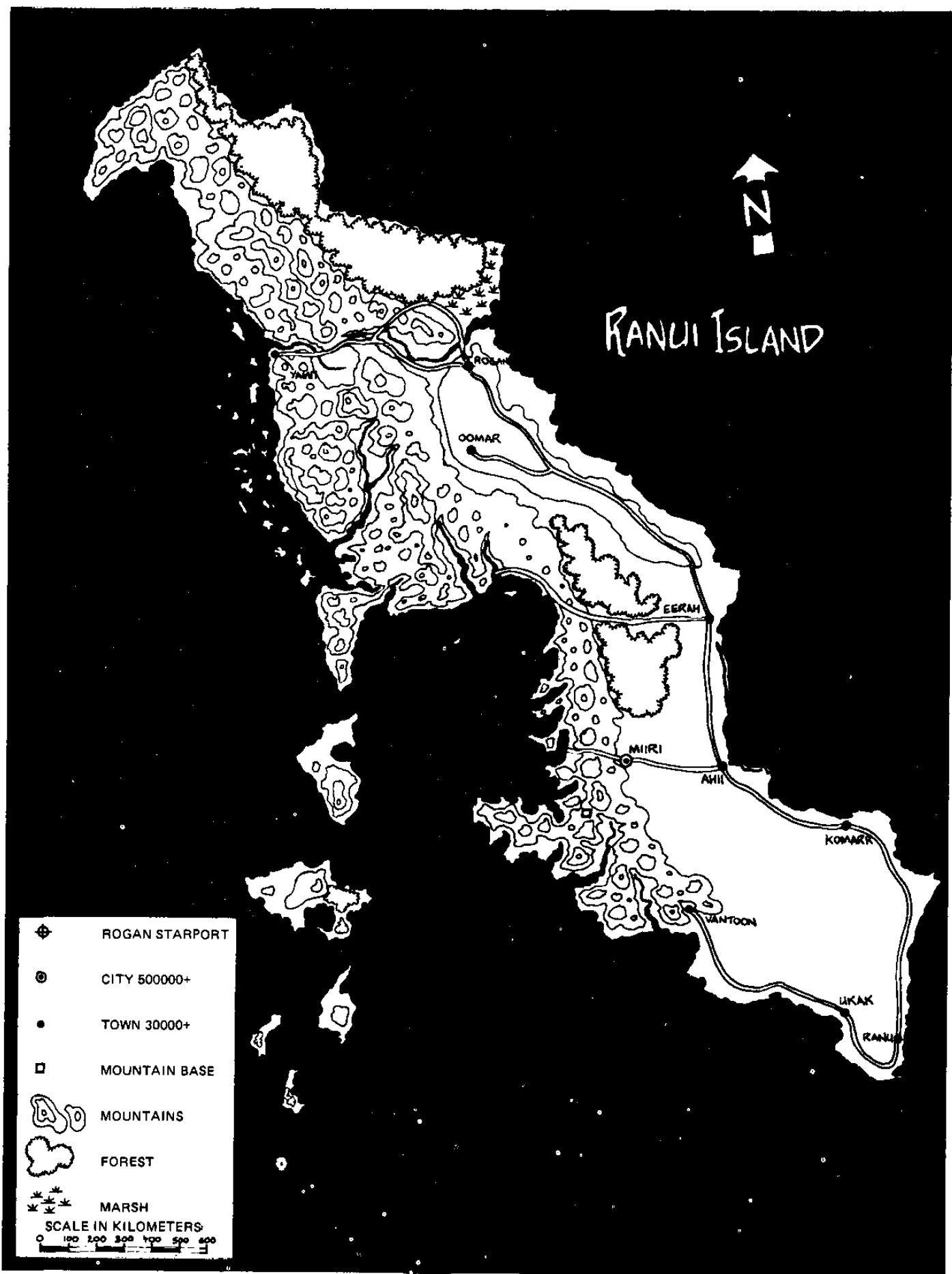
What the PCs do in the intervening 4 hours is their business, and the domain of the individual SM. This whole incident is only to make the PC's lives a little more complicated and stressful.

If they are back at said time, the crates (six, stamped textiles) will be promptly loaded. The party will now be off for Seeva Commune.

THE DELIVERY

Having travelled far up the Diiz Valley, the Seeva Commune will be reached. The map indicates the party will follow a twisting road up into the hills. The first sign they will register of the commune is checkpoint A. Here is a rather ridiculous looking guardpost and roadblock (not down), out in the middle of a rocky nowhere. The guards are two in number, and they carry M1s with .45 service revolvers. They will check a clipboard, and not seeing the party name, will go into the guardhouse and ask for clearance— it will be received after a few minutes. On the party goes.





The road is treacherous, especially in the dark (and possibly rain; check weather). Finally, up ahead, the lights of a communal farm can be seen.

The team will likely pull up to the large house, with spotlights on the lawn flooding it. This is the HQ. A group of men (twice the number of PCs) carrying M4s and .44 Magnum Revolvers will surround the truck. Comrade Cario will approach. He will ask if the party carries any weapons, and if so to give them NOW . . . he will not search them.

The party will be lead into the house, and told to sit in a barren room. Two armed guards will stand outside the doorway.

Eventually Comrade Cario will again come in, pull out Magnum and tell a guard to frisk them. If the party has not given up a weapon earlier, it will be found. This will not make a good impression.

After some 15 minutes, Edarsu will come in, apologize for the guards' actions, but she has to keep up the impression that she is still loyal. She will give the PCs the envelope, and let the party stay the night.

Early the next morning they will leave, after a meager breakfast.

Comrade Cario will make sure that any weapons willingly handed over are returned, but those that had to be frisked to be found will not. If the party wishes to complain, Cario and Edarsu are both asleep (true), for they have late shifts. They rise at noon— now, get lost!

THE METEOR STORM

At 1157 hours, perhaps 3 hours after leaving the Seeva Ranch Commune, the worst meteor storm in recorded Curriih Ril history shall hit. Enormous chunks of nickel-ore asteroids shall thrust through the atmosphere but not burn up, only superheat. The planets rotation and gravity will spread them out across the skies, and they could fall anywhere (see the map in Suggested Hits). Land strikes actually vaporize the soil they strike, sending it rocketing up into the stratosphere, millions of tons of dirt and hot air. Of course, winds rush into the column, and eddies break off, creating violent windstorms.

But, that is nothing compared to ocean strikes, and this is a MS-1 Terran Ocean world. These ocean strikes glow as hot as the land strikes, but they will cool more quickly. However, in the meantime, miles high walls of water stand about the crater on the ocean floor, boiling away, the steam pressure actually keeping them back! The strike vaporized tons of water, which carried salt and slug up with it. An enormous column of steam forms, but as the planet spins, it begins to spread out, and begins to condense again into heavy clouds. The condensation will, of course, start with the dirt particles, which join and become big mud pellets (see On Our Way Home).

From the ocean strikes, gigantic tidal waves will come rushing from every direction (at 472 kmh). When one reaches land, it will push forward, especially in the directions given by low land, river valleys, etc. What the initial earthquakes did not knock down, the waves will.

After the initial mud storm, then the rains begin . . . and never stop . . . As these rains fall, more steam rises from the strikes, creating more rain clouds. The rain will fill the basins and valleys, flood rivers, and possibly break dams (which experienced some structural damage after the quakes).

The continental flatlands are no better off, for as the ocean strikes give off hot air and live steam, the colder arctic winds come rushing down, creating massive front after front. Hurricanes spin off over land, as well as ocean. On land, these powerful storms spew out hundreds of tornadoes that will rip across the face of the continent.

The clouds that travel north and south will come to the poles, and the rain will eventually fall as snow. The increased reflectivity will keep the caps cooler, the clouds block the suns— a miniature ice age may have begun . . .

ON OUR WAY HOME:

Merrily zivving along, the PCs may be thinking 'That was a little too easy'. Heading back down the Diiz Valley to Rogan, the sky is clear and the day beautiful. However, out over the ocean, they see a brilliant white flash . . . what was that . . . they see a small little cloud rise . . . no, that could't . . . not a nuclear explosion . . . a PC may recall hearing that the Great Rebellion had used nuclear weapons, and they aren't in the midst of a civil war, are they? . . . and the little cloud is rising high.

Undoubtedly, the team will begin gunning it towards the StarPort. Then the quake comes, perhaps somewhat less than a minute long, boulders begin rolling down from the surrounding hills, it is impossible to drive any-further. The truck should get smashed . . . equipment is all salvagable.

Walking further south, they come to a group of trucks, apparently abandoned. And now the clouds seem to be rolling out from that spot. They may notice something peculiar— the column is almost fully transparent. The clouds are so thick, they approach like a curtain of night— kiss the sun goodbye for a few weeks . . . the mud drops begin to fall, and this should be a real puzzler. Geography and physics talents may be given hints and clues. The reason the trucks have stopped is that the road has an enormous chasm spanning it. The trucks are army IC single-bodies, and the keys have been left in at least one. A good engine tech could easily take numerous parts from the unwanted trucks, and throw them in the back of the chosen truck, making repairs considerably easier. After siphoning, there should be a full tank of gas, plus an extra 1/2 tank.

The road map shows an alternate route about 70 km back, going through the mountains, and into the flatlands. Getting there and through the mountains will be no easy ride . . . and what do they find when the mountain exit is reached? Ocean, of course, ocean— tidal waves and heavy rains.

Undoubtedly, the major goal in the PCs minds will be reaching the city of Rogan. We know it was wiped out, but the players should have their doubts. It was built on a plateau, because of the floods that have happened in the past. Maybe . . . maybe it made it . . .

They will spend many days searching for an approach to Rogan, complete with crazy mudslides, tumbling rocks, mechanical failures, and the ever-present shortage of food and ammo (trying and keep them somewhat lean). And finally, when they get to the higher ground that should over-look Rogan, it is gone . . . *blink* . . . now what? . . .

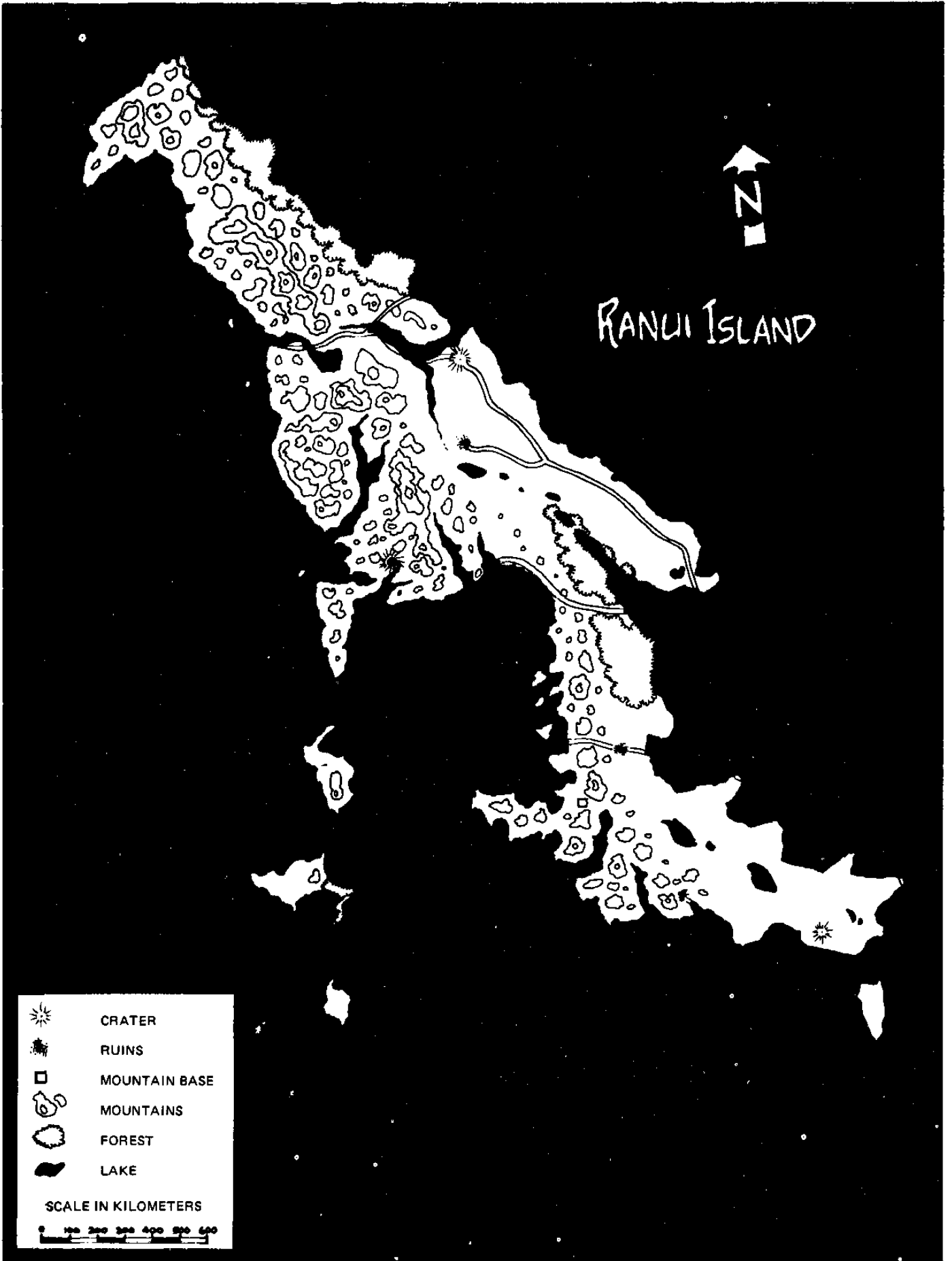
NPC ENCOUNTERS AFTER THE DISASTER

The SM should largely determine when and where encounters occur. This general guide can be used:

Moving On Road:	check each half-hour at 30%. If a vehicle is encountered, 50% chance it is dead, and always a 30% chance that NPCs are dead. Thus, working vehicles could be found, the owners dead, possible murdered.
Stopped On Road Or Moving Off Road:	check each hour at 30%: apply the above, unless the PCs are stopped. Then the NPCs have to be alive.
Stopped Off Road:	check each hour at 10%.

If an encounter is called for, use 1d100: (IM = Intention Modifier)

01-10	FLEEING URBANITES (IM = 0): 2d10, 80% chance is a vehicle.
11-20	REBELS (IM = +5): 2d6 encountered. They will be loyal to Comrade Edarsu 75% of the time (see Seeva Commune).
21-25	RELIGIOUS FANATICS (IM = +5): 1d10 encountered. 50% they have joined with Edarsu, 25% still pro-government and preaching peace, 25% are pure lunies preaching anything you like . . .
26-30	COMMUNALS (IM = 0): 2d10. These are all the communes that did not join with Comrade Edarsu. 80% are pro-government, and 20% are straight independents. The commune must be nearby if they are encountered.
31-40	POLICE (IM = 0/+10): 2-6, reroll 1. Alas, these poor fellows are trying to maintain order in an impossible situation. 70% are still working within a larger unit (though their Intentions may be suspect, to say the least), and use the first Intention Modifier. 30% are unattached wanderers, often only using the uniform and vehicle to gain trust—they use the second IM.



- 41-50 **SCATTERED ARMY TROOPS** (IM = +15): 2d10 + 2. Most of the regular army that survived are green troops, and they were on training moves in hill and mountain country. The experienced troops tended to be based in low-lying areas, or quickly called there when the initial blast went off. 70% of all troops have given up any military discipline. Those that keep it are dangerous enemies, regardless of green rating.
- 51-55 **ESCAPED LUNATICS** (IM = +20): d6 + 1, but a full 80% are loner and have no partners; if they do, use the afore mentioned. The chance of having a weapon is equivalent to Rurals. They always seem to have a knife or dagger, etc. The bands are really dangerous, typically having some grandiose notions as to their purpose.
- 56-75 **RURALS** (IM = 0): 2d6, if lone farm houses (70%), and 100-600 if a community. Lone farmers have little inhibitions about killing, and will do so easily. Communities vary greatly, and one can assume that their attitudes have been formed by previous encounters.
- 76-80 **SOUTHERN GOVERNMENT** (IM = -5): 3d10. From patrols to full squads and even platoons, the Southern Troopers are trying to reunite Renui Island as is Comrade Edarsu. They are well informed and well equipped, coming from the government bases in the southern mountains.
- 81-86 **ESCAPED PRISONERS** (IM = 0): 1/2d6. Some may actually be helpful, SM must remember that many people were wrongfully imprisoned. These still have serial numbers tattooed on, and this will make loyal-citizen-types nervous, to say the least.
- 87-89 **RANGERS** (IM = -10): 1/2d6. Doing fine, they are usually rather benign. They have an excellent abode somewhere, and probably a good radio, and lots of supplies.
- 90-91 **OUTDOORSMEN** (IM = +10): 1/2d6. Hunters, loners, amateur rangers, etc. They, being out of touch with civilization, will be totally bewildered by everything. They are always armed, use Rural table.
- 92-00 **BEASTIES**: see Animal Encounters.

StarMasters should feel free to experiment. New encounters can be added or the existing ones made into combinations. For example, SCATTERED TROOPERS may have taken over a RURAL community, or disraught POLICE may join up with RELIGIOUS FANATICS, etc . . .

NPC General Intentions Table

Roll 1d100 and add the Intention Modifier for NPC type:

01-10	Calm, helpful, community minded.
11-20	Calm, somewhat willing to help, though not off guard.
21-45	Controlled, trying to keep self together. Stressful situations beyond the normal now, will require a bravery heck. Failure will mean flight, resignation, breakdown, etc.
45-55	Neutral, scared, non-threatening. However, if an opportunity to successfully steal arose, they would likely do it. They will not be cold-hearted about it, however. Simply in a moral crisis.
56-65	Scared, paranoid, self or family interested.
66-80	Self (family) interested. Dangerous, easily triggered.
81-90	Hostile, but wary.
91-00	Hostile, not wary. Fear, panic, confusion have all sent the person(s) out of a bloodlet.

The SM should remember that a good 70% of the population will be talking about God-Age. Exactly how they interpret the prophecies is determined by their attitude/intention.

Civilian Weaponry

What weapons the average citizen owns is important. The high law level only permits weapons to be carried hunting, or in the home. But, they do exist, and in numbers sufficient to make the PCs nervous.

City Dwellers: rely predominantly on police. Perhaps 10-15% are armed. If so, first roll for the number:

01-40	1 handgun
41-50	2 handguns
51-60	1 handgun, 1 rifle
61-80	1 rifle
81-00	2 handguns, 2 rifles

Rural Dwellers: much more self-sufficient. A full 90% will have at least one weapon in the house.

01-25	1 rifle
26-75	2 rifles
76-00	3 rifles

A flat 20% chance exists that one handgun is also owned.

After the numbers are determined, roll below to determine specifics:

Handguns		Rifles	
01-35	.38 Service Revolver	01-30	.22 lt. rifle
36-50	.45 Service Revolver	31-50	.30 mdm rifle
51-70	.38 Special	51-70	.30 mdm carbine
71-90	.32 AutoPistol	71-80	.30 H.P. rifle
91-99	.22 revolver	81-90	.40 H.P. rifle
00	5mm BodyPistol	91-94	.50 H.P. rifle
		95-96	M1 rifle
		97-98	M4 carbine
		99	.45 SMG
		00	you name it

Ammo: weapon will be loaded, and an extra 1d10 loads will be available (a 1 or 2 meaning a full box of 100).

MOUNTAIN AND HILL COMMUNITIES

These will range in population from 100-600. If they have survived the deluge, their positioning was such that it is on hill top, or some similarly well defined spot.

The communities will invariably be organized about a central figure(s), likely an authoritarian symbol (police, comrade-elect, churchman, etc.), or, failing that, some strong-willed local. Locals are less likely (as leaders) to attempt to contact and unify with other survivors, so these communities should add 10 to their General Intention roll (IM = +10).

Some communities will exhibit a very communal attitude (obviously not yet encountering the evil of intent), and others will be little fortresses, well-guarded, perhaps with roving recon forces to stop or harass intruders.

One thing is certain: if a 01-10 is not rolled for General Intention, the community will not accept PCs or NPCs as members, though they might feed them, and let them stay one night, which is a rather nominal term currently.

POLICE:

Average Patrolman: They wear light grey uniforms, with a heavy, dark grey, leather jacket (as Archaic Armor, Jacket 1). Since it is summer, there is only a 30% chance that an individual would be wearing this (lots of heat and humidity) on duty. They always wear it in rain.

Each is armed with a .44 Magnum revolver (with 2 + d6 extra reloads in car), and carries a 'billy club', and one set of cuffs.

They cruise about in two-man teams in tech/7 ground cars, which are equipped with radios class VC/2 (top of the line, electronics is big business).

Carried about in the car may also be:

Binoculars:	01-10	none
	11-80	binocular/3
	81-00	electrobinoculars/1

Magnesium Flares:	01-30	none
	31-85	one
	86-00	two

MiniComputer: straight 75% chance they have one, which usually connects through a radio to a main computer. The Mini C/2 has a number of data chips, just reference on various police related things (i.e. stolen cars, descriptions, etc.).

Special Forces: As SWAT teams, if you will. They wear LBA/1 bullet-proof vest, use a wide variety of weapons ranging from Tanglerifles, to .50 high power sniping rifles (scoped, of course), to 9mm SMG. All carry PC/2.

Note: Due to the ocean nature of Curriih Rii, every precinct will have some hovercraft assigned to it. These will patrol or stay stationed at coastal areas.

REGULAR ARMY

Standard issues:

- SAR 7.62, with bayonet
- .45 AutoPistol
- dagger
- uniform is Jacket 1 or Coat 2, depending on the season

There is a 50% chance that the group will have vehicles. Green trainies use old IC trucks. Elite troops get hovercrafts, while the Hydrox-Turbo truck is standard.

There is a 10% chance that 1d6 AFVs may be with a group. These would be tech 6-7 light tanks (Ground & Air Equipment, pg. 4).

There is also a 25% chance that some heavier piece of equipment is with the group, such as a mortar, rocket launcher, MG, etc.

THE SOUTHERN GOVERNMENT

The military bases and radar tracking station in the southern mountains of Ranui Island survived the disaster intact. It wasn't long before they figured out what had happened, learned that the Dictator Iruy was dead, and declared themselves the rightful rulers. They have excellent equipment (in all areas), but lack manpower. They do attract the professionals, but Comrade Edarsu attracts the masses-in-general.

General Grunidur is the leader, and will quickly organize the southern Island.

Eventually, Grunidur's forces will have it out with Edarsu's, for the control of Ranui. Whether and how this happens is dependent on the SM. Certainly skirmishes could happen, with PCs caught right in the middle.

General Grunidur uses the airways a little excessively. His constant announcement of rightful rulership attracted the attention of naval officers aboard the H.H.M.S. Purification (light cruiser), which had been sent in (see Phase Two). On day 20 after the disaster, or thereabouts, the Imperial Guards will be sent in to silence the General and his forces.

NPCs should be determined randomly (as per S.O. vol 2, pg 84). However, treat all these forces as elite.

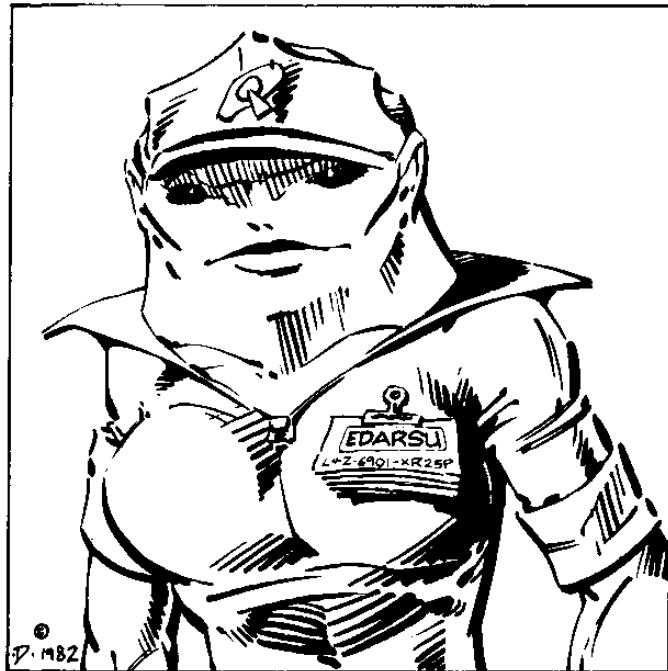
Due to manpower shortages, four man patrols are common. Standard weapons are the SAR 7.62, AR 7.62, .45 service, leaders might have 9mm machine pistols, heavy troops (on trucks, etc) will have mounted HMG. The base itself has 10 laser carbine armed troops in exo-skeletal armor.

THE SEEVA COMMUNE

After the PCs departed, Comrade Edarsu set back to work.

Edarsu, a well-respected communal-elect supervisor, achiever of the highest awards attainable, daughter of a great army general (himself the grandson of one of the founding fathers of the Great Rebellion), was a rebel—legally an insane person. She took great delight in outmaneuvering the secret police with her covert game. And now, with the delivery of a few thousand weapons, not a difficulty experienced, she was elated.

Lita Enirosu Edarsu is a rebel against the established communists. She



believes strongly in the communist philosophy, but Iruy, that dictator, plans to continue the dictatorship in his family, making it an inherited office. He could well do it. He is beloved by his people, has friends in all the right offices, and has strong army support, plus Church backing (at least amongst his hand-picked cronies). And most of all, he had the words of the prophet to back him up. She turned out the lights in her little room, and settled to sleep. What else was there to do but be a rebel? Life is so dull . . .

She awoke before the alarm went off, the house collapsing about her. She quickly dressed as screams from commune personnel rang in her foggy brain. This is it, she thought, the Secret Police have come.

But no . . . dear Comrade Edarsu found no Secret Police vehicles, no gun fire, no ugly, over-bearing agent lustily cuffing her or kicking her around . . . no, it was meteors, they hit hard, like ignored scientists had always predicted. Some guards had seen the glowing balls cross the sky.

Her brain reeled . . . This Was IT!!! The beginning of the real God-Age. No need to rebel anymore. The government shall perish, the blasphemers!

She began to organize . . .

The players will not likely encounter Edarsu's army until a few days, unless they quickly headed back after the strikes, in which case they were probably enlisted and in high ranks—she respects Imperials with their superior knowledge and technologies.

After day 4, this will be a controllable force, and it will grow as more and more people are recruited.

Patrols will be constantly out, sizing up situations, eliminating light resistance (and calling in heavier groups for others), and recruiting where possible. It is probable that the first radio chatter the PCs will hear will be these patrols.

There are two types of patrols— 20% Superior and 80% are Inferior.

Superior Patrols: Used only in areas of considerable importance, such as guarding entry roads, in very hostile territory, important assignment, etc. These patrols contain 4 + 1d6 elite men. The leader will never be below an 'AVERAGE' in knowledge or characteristics. The top men should have fairly potent weapons (.40 H.P. rifles, etc.), and the rest will be armed with the 7mm body pistols brought in, interspersed with a hodge-podge of private arms. These patrols always have a full load ready, plus an extra 1/2 load on hand. The leaders will have a PC/1, and are under strict orders not to sacrifice the patrol. 50% will have vehicles.

Inferior Patrols: These are almost suicides, and expendables are given

this duty, to pull their own weight. The leader will have a sports rifle, but the rest are given garbage (.22 revolvers, .32 Derringers, machettes, kitchen knives). If the leader is up against what seem like insurmountable odds, he is to launch the one flare he carries, supposedly calling in assistance in the area. Even if it could be seen, it is debatable that anyone would come.

Being expendables, there only given one load of ammo.

These patrols are on foot 80% of the time, having an old, beat-up IC truck if any vehicle. Consider them to be overdue on their maintenance check, the SM deciding how long.

ANIMAL ENCOUNTERS

Presented is a brief look at some of the more notable wildlife of Rowision II. More species do, of course, exist.

The staggering alterations to the environment will produce some peculiar actions from the animals, and PCs could be in for some surprises. Most will be somewhat desperate.

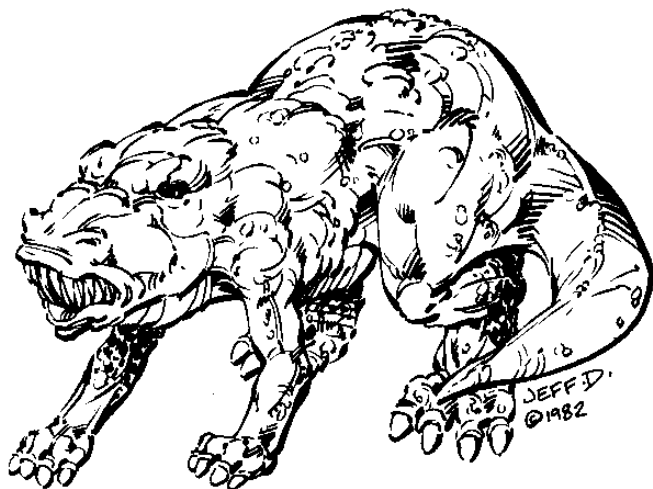
1d100	Land	1d100	Coastal Land
01-30	Grazers	01-35	Grazers, birds
31-45	Classic Omnivore	36-50	Classic Omnivore
46-55	Orfor	51-58	Videloosis
56-70	Nunaroep	59-63	Lurse
71-78	Lillii	64-73	Okiiiko
79-83	Juni-Jats	74-78	Ifumoras
84-93	Ergedesh	79-83	Soviir
94-98	Panta	84-88	Erbeal
99-00	Erbeal	89-90	Panta
		91-00	Ergedesh

The tables may seem a little weighted toward predators, but remember that grazers and their ilk will be the first to die, the incessant rains washing away the earth and growths, and then a vicious war will be waged between remaining carnivorous types for food. The predators are going to be nasty.

The sea animals are not here listed. We suggest the SM make a planned encounter out of Acerii. It is simply too devastating to let wander randomly. The SM will have to add some balancing factor. But, do use it. Most players will not have a clue, and the presence of a salt water killer far inland will be a horrifying surprise.

Acerii

Killer. This cold-blooded murderer needs warm water, and tends to hang around shallow ponds and beaches. The land people fear it and fishing communities have bred Pexas to keep them out.



class C; size 800kg; carry 1600kg (underwater); DF 78; SF 110; shock 14 (only on criticals); HH 39; weapon: B teeth; armor B; speed FAST;

These stats are for the average Acerii. They do come in enormously large sizes. All the dead bodies are going to attract these killers further inland.

Erbeal

Intimidator. An enormous and bad-tempered beast, it is very lethargic and will rarely continue a chase very long.

class E; size 650kg; carry 200kg; DF 70; SF 60; shock 15; HH 70; weapon C teeth; D claws; armor D; speed SLOW;

Ergedesh

Scavenger/Stalker. Largish land birds (second entry is the water branch, lighter, swifter). The sea Ergedesh are 'dive bombers'.

class K/L; size 50/25; carry 25/10; DF 22/18; SF 60/70; shock 13/11; HH 18/28; weapon J beak, I claws/G beak, G claws; armor K/skin; speed SLOW/FAST.

Ifumoras

Solitary Stalker. Rather leopard-like, this loner inhabits coastal forests. It has a beautiful pelt, making it well hunted (it avoids Riisis Of course one needs a license to hunt them).

class I; size 200kg; carry 40kg; DF 54; SF 62; shock 11; HH 37; weapon E jaws, F claws; armor K; speed VERY FAST.

Juni-Jats

Hunting pack. The most successful of the planet's pack animals, the Juni-Jats are superior tacticians, and the sudden surprise of an unexpected member is a major ploy. They are remarkably proficient at psychological warfare. 2d6 will appear, with small numbers being detachment/scouts. They will resort to intimidation when necessary.

class J; size 100kg; carry 80kg; DF 45; SF 55; shock 9; HH 44; weapon E teeth, J claws; armor K; speed FAST.

Orfor

Intermittent Grazer. Snuffling, gruff and hideous, it is actually fairly intelligent. Some have been trained by outdoorsmen and even rangers (see NPC Encounters). Its meat is truly delicious for a game animal.



class J; size 150kg; carry 120kg; DF 40; SF 56; shock 15; HH 47; weapon E horn, G jaws; armor SKIN; speed AVERAGE.

Lurse

Lurker. They need swamps and shallow lakes or ponds where the water is murky. They are rather poor fighters, and cannot defend themselves against serious opponents (although their bite does deliver a D6 poison that causes paralysis— the potency is not efficient enough to fully paralyze humans or humanoids, the SM ruling on this). Their main tactic is to lay about, waiting for a stupid Videleosis to step toward them. Of course, other things have been known to step right up.

class I; size 200kg; carry 40kg; DF 26; SF 70; SH 7; HH 28; weapon H bite; armor J; speed VERY SLOW.

Lilii

Semi-Voracious Omnivore. Handsome, peaceful looking beast, it travels in small families (1 + 1d6). They generally avoid troubles. However, corner it, or catch it in a nasty temperament, and, well . . .

class K; size 80kg; carry 32kg; DF 20; SF 75; shock 13; HH 30; weapon F teeth, G claws; armor K; speed AVERAGE.

Nunarope

Grazer. Inhabits mainly mountains or their foothills. It is very populous due to the fact that nothing will hunt it. When killed, its body chemistry reacts quickly with the atmosphere, tainting the meat. In 4-5 hours a putrid odor will result, and eating it (before tainting) will cause extreme nausea (D5 effect).

class H; size 350kg; carry 190kg; DF 38; SF 65; shock 14; HH 36; weapon H butt; armor K; speed FAST.

Okiiko

Aggressor. Bulky, stumbling, crashing beast, it is usually quite cantankerous. It is so slow to react, that the very creatures it can prey upon stand around lazily when it is but 30m away. Hard to believe, but true, the relatively tiny Soviir can massacre an Okiiko. Needless to say, a fine meal is enjoyed (if the Soviir was hungry) by all, a feast for scavengers and robbers.



class D; size 700kg; carry 140kg; DF 55; SF 55; shock 12; HH 66; weapons C jaws, B claws; armor I; speed SLOW.

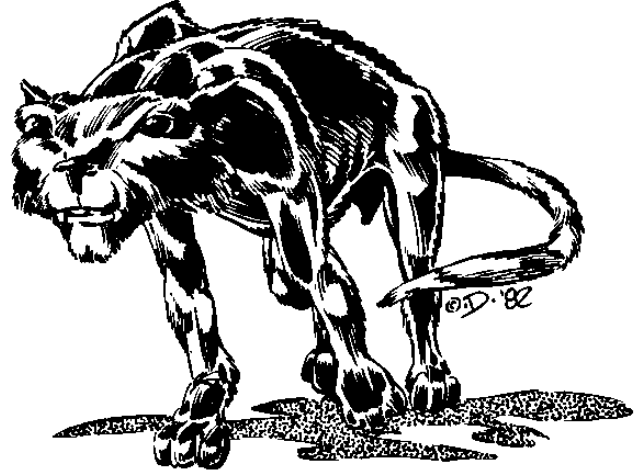
Pexas

Hunting Pack. This sea creature is friendly and helpful, and easily trained. It is a natural enemy of the Acerii, and has been bred to repel these killers from local villages and towns.

class F; size 500kg; carry 300kg; DF 65; SF 104; shock 9; HH 57; weapon H teeth, F rem, G tail; armor G; speed VERY FAST.

Panta

Stalker. Stunningly beautiful animal, it moves with a grace that pales all other creatures. It prefers the mountains, but does move into the coastal and forest regions when necessary.



class G; size 400kg; carry 160kg; DF 48; SF 74; shock 14; HH 46; weapon B jaws, E claws; armor K; speed VERY FAST.

Soviir

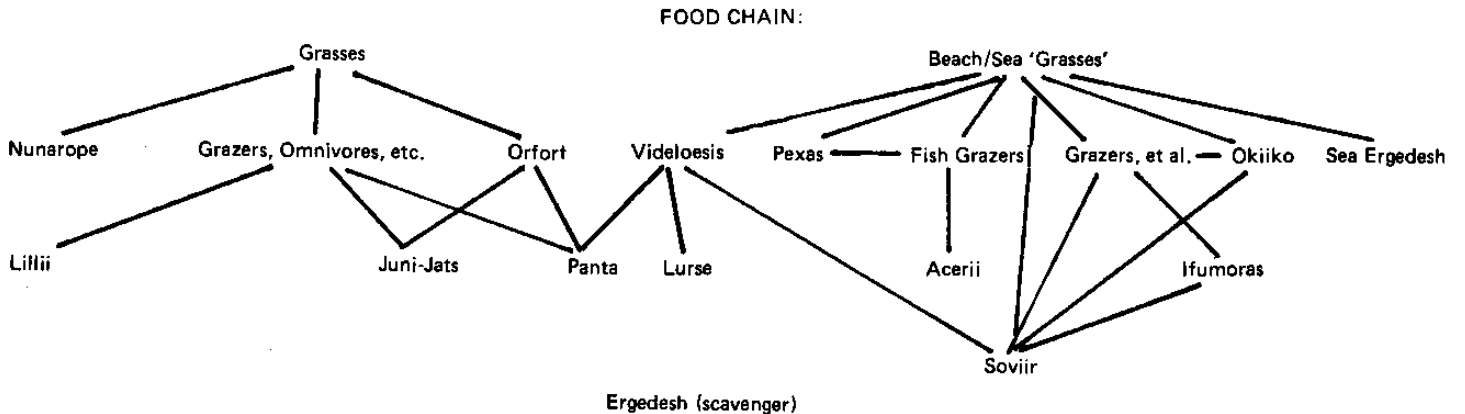
Voracious Omnivore. It prefers watery climes (coasts), but can take anything. It is the ultimate hunter, when needs be. A controlled patience belies a maniacal fury that is always just below the surface. It will attack anything that comes its way, and knows no natural enemy, except Erbeals and Riisi humanoids. Human scent will not be recognized as something to avoid. They love to kill, and when they do, they go into an amazing fit, a flurry of claws and jaws.

class I; size 200kg; carry 80kg; DF 50; SF 86; shock 17; HH 49; weapons A teeth, C claws; armor H; speed FAST.

Videloesis

Grazer. Sample bird-grazer. It is somewhat important, for it is usually a sign. Its presence in a pond (or whatever) means that there are no dangers present (If it isn't there, however, doesn't mean that there are dangers).

class M; size 15kg; carry 4kg; DF 11; SF 75; shock 7; HH 12; weapon J beak; armor SKIN; speed SLOW land, AVERAGE air.



SPECIAL ENCOUNTERS

The following encounters are termed special, in that they are set, that is, pre-planned. The SM will determine when these are to take place, choosing an advantageous moment.

The following are only suggestions, and the SM should feel free to alter, add, cut or create as he pleases.

PRODIGAL SON

Dejectedly eating some horrid meal, drenched to the bone, and the endless rain an echo in their brains, a rider is seen approaching. Upon what must be the Rowsion equivalent to the horse, ever so delicately they pick their way forward. Hopefully, the PCs will turn on the headlights, to better see him in the gloom and rain. From his side dangles what looks like a laser sword (off, of course), and he wears exo-skeletal armor, all shining and rich, deep purple. When the headlights went on, all of a sudden, an escort of 5 can be dimly made out in the distance, approaching at a slightly slower pace. Four carry AR 7.62s, and anxiously finger the triggers, eyes glued to the strangers ahead.

The purple man stops, and patiently waits for the escort to catch up. It does and stops, the front 2 men-at-arms snapping their weapons up and aiming. 'WAIT!' screams the purple one, the rain streaming down the shiny metallicness— his mount reared a bit, but he gently coaxes it forward, toward this scraggly looking group of aliens. His face cannot be seen through the reflective surface of his faceplate, but now someone can make out what looks exactly like an Imperial BlastPistol! (It is, but has only 4 rounds left). In the dark and pouring warm rain he sits, regarding the party patiently from atop his proud beast. Behind him the 5th horseman can be seen to be a sick-looking green gowned woman.

Finally, a hand rises up to the faceplate. He pushes it back and a Riisi face glares out— his face smiling a cold anger. 'My world is dying, humans,' a baritone voice speaks softly. 'I must get to my father's side in the capital. We need your vehicle(s)'.

Silence.

The men-at-arms every-ready to begin shooting.

Silence.

He feels for the humans but must go on. 'The God-Age is truly here, and work is to be done! I SHALL RIDE ON THIS FINAL WAVE, I WILL NEVER COME DOWN, I WILL NEVER DIE, I NEED NEVER FEEL THE PAIN AND I SHALL NOT CARE WHAT IS BEHIND ME!!!' he suddenly bellows out in half-mad tears. All guards are visibly nervous. At this point, the green gowned woman falls from her mount into the mud. The guards and the purple one turn to look. If the party is to act, it is now or never.

The purple man is Onaurii, the Dictator's eldest son. The green gowned woman is his wife, who has been growing ill after these days of aimless travel— she is also pregnant, and Onaurii is very concerned. When she falls, he will immediately go to her side, even if a firefight breaks out.

The group was out on a hunting trip when the meteors struck. Hence the presence of .30 rifles carried on a man-at-arms beast. Only Onaurii wears an exo-skeletal (as a definite protection in emergency).

Onaurii does not necessarily want to kill the humans, especially since they are Imperials (if they identify themselves), for the Imperials have often helped his father. Role-play could be important here.

THE LUNATIC FRINGE

Ekussu, an ex-army Captain, was put in Detention 5 (mentally disturbed patients) some 2 years earlier. He had inexplicably jumped and murdered (with his bare hands) an Imperial citizen on vacation here. Those two years have done nothing but further scramble his brain. (The Dictator's humanistic policies forbid the execution of the mentally disturbed).

And now the disaster came, and hordes of patients have escaped, some taking weapons that lifeless guards bore, others using rocks, some simply running away.

Ekussu, being military at heart, quickly formed a unit, and they have been doing well, although they are perhaps a little aimless. But, then one day, 'Sergeant' Stocii told him about the PCs. Then he managed to

get a glimpse of them himself— human! aliens! He had to have them, make them die slow, make them die painful, and now he could, for no one was around to rush him this time.

Ekussu and the Lunatic Fringe have an aim.

Ekussu will track and trail the PCs as long as it takes. He will not exhibit a mad rush, but will savor the pursuit— after all, how many humans could there be alive on Curriih Rii?

There are 8 followers of Ekussu, and he has given them a rank:

- 1)— Ekussu, ex-army; DF 38, SF 80, SH 11, Brave 18, Dex 14, IQ 18, military arms/5,— SAR 7.62 and a CBA/1 in bits and tatters
- 2)— Escip, ex-civilian mech tech; DF 22, SF 27, Brave 9, Dex 12, IQ 8, handguns/5,— .38 special COMPETENT/INADEQUATE
- 3)— Actii, ex-rebel/terrorist; DF 25, SF 40, SH 8, Brave 9, Dex 12, IQ 10, handguns 0,— .38 service revolver ABOVE AVERAGE/BELOW AVERAGE
- 4)— Gival, ex-photographer; DF 30, SF 63, SH 8, Brave 8, Dex 5, IQ 5, sport rifles/5, handguns/0,— .30 mdm rifle INADEQUATE/ABOVE AVERAGE
- 5)— Urav (female), ex-bus driver; DF 25, SF 40, SH 1, Brave 11, Dex 7, IQ 9, no weapon skills,— kitchen knife AVERAGE/BELOW AVERAGE
- 6)— Stocii, ex-Navy tech; DF 33, SF 70, SH 13, Brave 11, Dex 14, IQ 15, military arms/3,— SAR 7.62 SUPERIOR/COMPETENT
- 7)— Killoas, jerky lunatic; DF 22, SF 27, SH 2, Brave 9, Dex 4, IQ 2, no weapon skills,— .45 service revolver INADEQUATE/INADEQUATE
- 8)— Tadre (female), lunatic; DF 28, SF 55, SH 10, Brave 12, Dex 12, IQ 13, no weapon skills,— .38 special AVERAGE/AVERAGE
- 9)— TYRUII, ex-politician (brain burnt out); DF 28, SF 55, SH 9, Brave 5, Dex 1, IQ 1, no weapons skill,— knife INADEQUATE/AVERAGE

The entire gang fear retribution by the authorities for all the sadistic rape and murder left behind. They do not fully comprehend what is happening around them, just that Ekussu wants to kill the aliens. And it is that powerful hatred that keeps them from bolting.

They do not know that the police have ceased to exist.

MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF ABABI

The ababi people are semi-nomadic aboriginals. They live high in the Peerless Mountain Range.

Their leader, or chief, is Crama Wullaghu (overly aged and wrinkled), and he is the direct link to Tyhoo, their god. Tyhoo is the god of the winds, of storms, and lightning, etc.

And is Tyhoo having a heyday! These poor, bewildered folk are terrified. Tyhoo must be very angry indeed, for never has he raged like this . . . and the Crama seems to have no effect upon Tyhoo. The Crama has tried all magic and sacrifices, yet Tyhoo does not relent. 'It must be a sign!' cries the Crama triumphantly. Of course. That is why no magic works, for this is bigger than anything old Tyhoo has ever done in the past, yes sir, something big must be up . . .

And in walks Our Faithful Adventures, drenched, exhausted, paranoid. And now savages?! But, to the Ababi people, this is just too much— what are these things?! Why, realizes the Crama, could this be Tyhoo himself, and servants?

Explaining his revelation to the people, it is easily taken as truth— the Crama knows all. The characters will then see, crawling out from caves, the Crama and his Ababi people. Then move slowly across their destroyed camp, chanting 'Ohhooo, Ohhooo, Tyhooooo . . .', sounding rather like a moaning wind.

The Crama will pick the strangest looking PC (an Exaurian Avian would definitely be singled out— for birds are sacred, floating in the wind and herding clouds), and if there be no great difference between PCs, then the tallest will do. To this PC, godhood will be granted. The people will follow the Crama Wullaghu's lead and grovel at Tyhoo's feet, chanting, moaning, etc., all in abject fear.

The Ababi have become personal slave-followers. They will do anything Tyhoo commands, and will kill anyone who so much as raises hand or voice to the great Tyhoo.

(SM Note: if the PCs are believers of the True Faith, this is going to be a problem area. NO GOOD IMPERIAL CITIZEN (particularly non-aristocrats) WOULD DARE CONSIDER THEMSELVES GOD— be it The God or some pagan diety. Upon the realization of what the primitives mean, the chosen will have to roll IQ or less, or else blurt out something to the effect of 'I'm not your god!', etc. If this happens, the Crama will work himself 'down the line' until a PC can calmly hold back the very terror of such an accusation for the moment. If all fails, the Ababi will consider them demons, and run away. Members of the DSS, DOVE, or high aristocrats, need not check their IQs, being good enough liars.

On the other hand, if a PC takes this power and uses it toward questionable ends, the SM should privately point out to the other good Catholics that this sort of thing is dangerous— if it goes too far . . .)

The Ababi are generally smaller than the civilized Rowsions. To humans not well acquainted with Riisi culture, they will look almost identical, except for superficial differences about the eyes and nose . . . They are also, quite obviously, lacking the sterility of civilization . . . filthy.

They have always lived on Ranui Island, but gradually have been pushed back into the mountains. This they have accepted philosophically, to be closer to Tyhoo the wind.

The tribe numbers some 1,000, with 500 male warriors. Females are totally domestic, and children rather ill-treated, by Imperial standards. The warrior has 1–3 weapons:

- 01-20 Knife
- 21-30 Spear
- 31-60 Javelin
- 61-70 Club
- 71-90 Sling
- 91-00 Short Bow

A warrior will not have more than two of one type, so reroll.

Hunting Panta is the greatest achievement in a warrior's life.

All warriors are Average to Exceptional, and excellent Scouts.



Phase 2 is a strictly military scenario. It involves the Imperial Guards.

BRIEFING

An extremely severe meteor storm has rendered Rowsion II and its government quite helpless. Typically, in such situations, terrorists have begun to set up 'governments'. Already, a few have been eliminated.

Recently, it has been confirmed that Dictator Iruy is dead, and anyone even remotely considered his successor is dead or missing. Thus, the Regional Governor, in his infinite wisdom, has deemed Rowsion II to be no longer able to govern itself. It is our God-given duty to see that their civilization does not decay.

In this vein, the Rosavin religious leader, Qiitu, is the choice for the new head of Rowsion II. Unfortunately, the humanoid is being held by a rebel faction in a research complex outside of Rosavin. We intercepted their demands (sent to the Dictator, they apparently did not know he is dead). They will be expecting an attack, but certainly not His Imperial Majesty's Guards.

God Be With You,

Captain Alexia L.K. MacCraccan,
of the light cruiser 'Purification'.
Member of the Order of the Cross of St. George
Holder of the Sacred Words

COLLAPSE

It is true. The Dictator and his closest aids were all in Rogan when the tidal wave hit. The planet has broken into a number of small governments. There is also no way for the current party to survive as government. The people shall consider them sacreligious, assuming that they are the 'angels from the clouds'.

This disaster could easily have been averted had the planetary government taken an interest in these 'Xenon devices' that the Empire installed on all member worlds. (This brings up the point that, just because an item is of the appropriate Tech Level, does not automatically preclude that it is available, or even conceived of! The tech level rating merely indicates that the item is produceable with the current technological knowledge. It still takes someone to think of the idea, and then to make it practical, then to refine it, etc.). But, it did not, and the idea was quickly tossed aside as unnecessary and expensive. After all, nuc-

lear weapons were almost non-existent, most being dismantled after the Great Rebellion. So who needs a Xenon device? The atmosphere burns up rocks, we don't need a device for that.

The Empire plans to install these devices once the Qiitu has been installed as puppet leader.

THE DEFENDERS

For Simplicities sake, there will be 3 combat-types encountered, and each group will be composed of the same type. If greater detail is required, the SM should go right ahead.

- 1) BELOW AVERAGE/BELOW AVERAGE: mass 84kg, carry 40kg, DF 28, SF 40, shock 7, HH 26, weapon: use table A.
- 2) ABOVE AVERAGE/AVERAGE: mass 92kg, carry 60kg, DF 32, SF 55, shock 10, HH 30, weapon: use table B, plus 2 G—HE grenades and daggers.
- 3) ABOVE AVERAGE/SUPERIOR: mass 120kg, carry 100kg, DF 42, SF 80, shock 12, weapon: use table B plus 2 G—HE grenades + .45 AutoPistol.

Weapon:

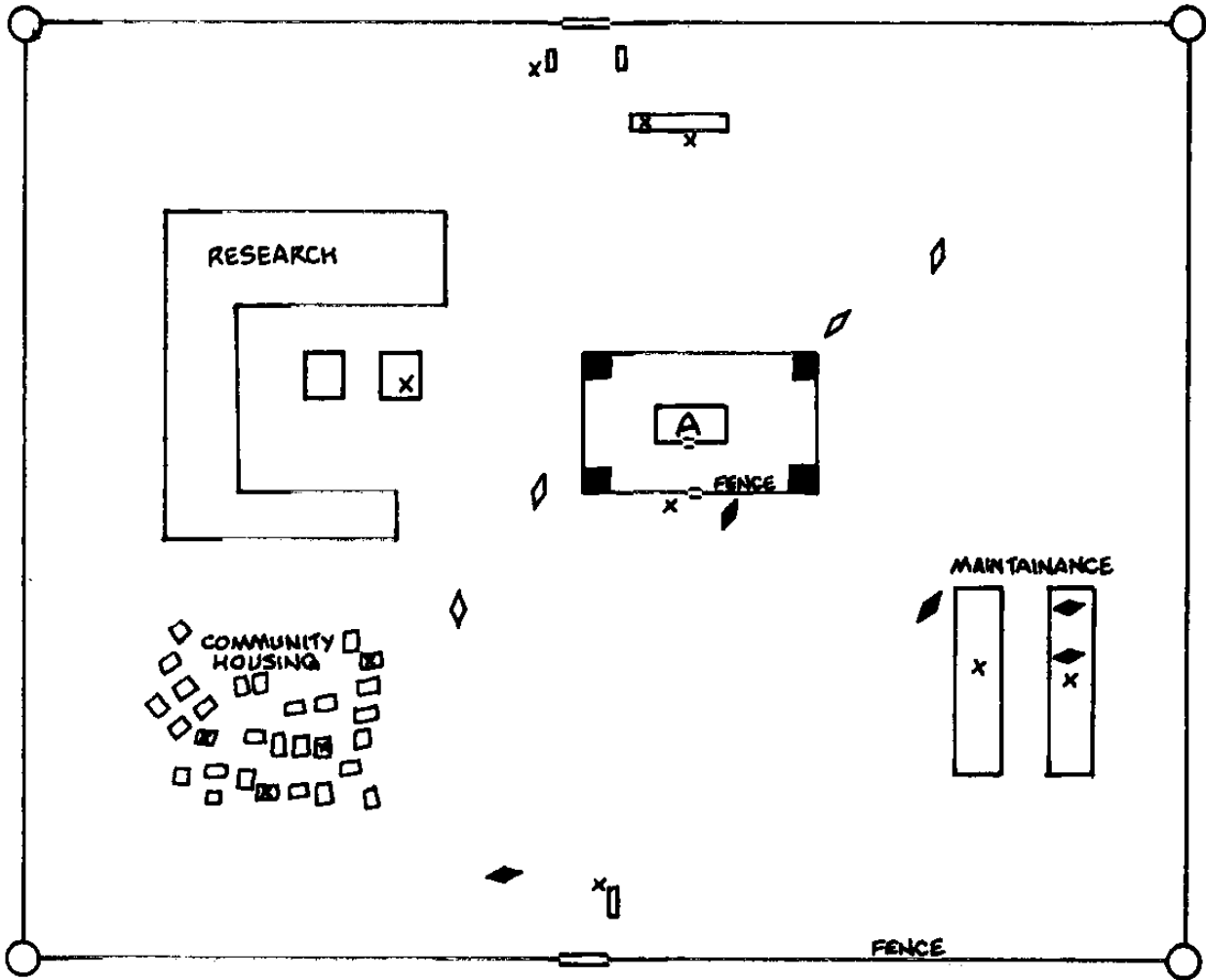
Table A		Table B	
01-20	.375 Magnum Revolver	01-30	ACR 7.62
21-40	.44 Magnum Revolver	31-50	7mm mdm rifle
41-80	SAR 7.62	51-60	AR7 7mm autorifle
81-90	ACR 7.62	61-70	10mm Hvy Carbine
91-00	AR 5.56	71-90	10mm AutofirePistol
		91-96	Laser Carbine
		97-00	Laser Rifle





There is a 30% chance that type 3 warriors will have armor. The warriors of the Lower Level always wear this if on duty. It will either be CBA/2C or CBA/2E.

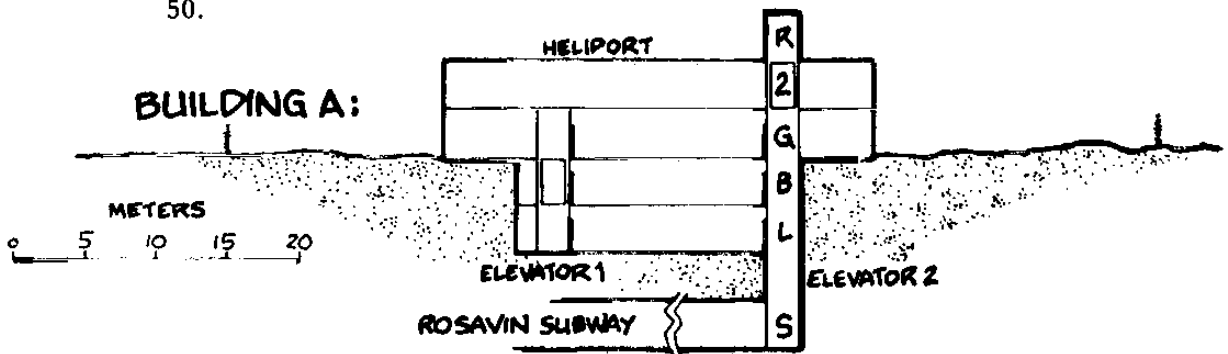
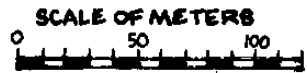
Chance of Meeting Combat Types:

- 01-25 BELOW AVERAGE/BELOW AVERAGE
- 26-75 ABOVE AVERAGE/AVERAGE
- 76-00 ABOVE AVERAGE/SUPERIOR

Officers are +5%.



-  Tech 6/7 mdm Tank
-  Tech 6/7 Ack-Ack
-  Guard Towers: 5 men (random personal weapon) + .50 HMG.
-  Secondary Towers: supposed to have 4 men + MGS, but have been stripped. One man, SAR 7.62 and 5 'G' HE Handgrenades.
- X** Represents armymen who could run into combat. 4 + d6 of them. The SM will determine the numbers in Building A, though I recommend not more than 50.



QIITU

The religious leader is guarded well. He is kept unconscious with drugs. This is to keep him still, for under him is a pressure bomb. If his weight is removed from the bed, it will go off. (If the SM likes, the first person to attempt to lift the unconscious leader of the bed can make an Intuition CR. If it is failed, oh well . . .)

THE ATTACK

It is part of a larger operation. The entire company is involved. The main attack is to fall on the city of Rosavin, a feint to draw attention and power to the city. A squad of 10 men will hit the research complex.

We recommend 3-5 players. The highest rank will command all 10 guards, but only the immediate will be under direct control. This 10 man force will split into 2— one group to go in the central building, and the other to occupy the surface forces of the complex. This second group can be abstracted by the SM in any manner he wishes, or he could create a random probabilities table for the tide of that battle.

All in all, the entire strike should last no more than 10 minutes (game time).

SUGGESTED CHARACTERS

Marine Scouts and mechanical and engine techs will be immensely valuable, as may medical personnel.

THE RESCUE

It should be apparent that once Imperial Forces have landed, the PCs can radio for assistance. They should be picked-up with little difficulty and transported to the fleet in orbit. The PCs can then make the choice of whether to return to the surface in hopes of administrative or commercial positions or to seek transportation (free) to the next Imperial port of call.

The puppet ruler in his place, and Imperial support firmly behind him, Curriih Rii will soon stabilize (the Imperial Guard eliminating any pocket-

ets of resistance).

We can assume that the population is but 1/3 of its previous level, and all major cities severely damaged, if not outright destroyed. There is going to be a defined intermission here in Riisis history.

The Empire is very eager to assimilate these humanoids, as their innate understanding of 'God' is proof-positive of their having souls. The Imperials will be heralded by most (the Qiitu of course included), for the quote from the Sibelsu is all too blatant: '. . . from the ashes, and bloated bodies, and destruction there will come the angels, down from their clouds above, and they shall touch the survivor's soul, and a greater race be born . . .'

The rebuilding process is likely to take some 30-60 years, and the Imperial aid will undoubtedly mean the inclusion of some technological anomalies. Over the years, Rowsion II will become hopelessly in debt to the Imperials.

The Imperial Fleet will maintain a moderate force at all times to enforce the restricted status placed upon Rowsion II. All unauthorized craft will heel to or be blasted apart.

Once the planet is stabilized, the blockade will be lifted and Curriih Rii can rejoin the galactic community. (Expect the DSS to be active here).

At this point, Metamorphosis Starlines will make their service to Rowsion a regular thing, pushing the tourist attraction 'see the magnificent meteor storms, the 3 primaries, see the very land where that great disaster occurred and only the bravest of Imperial citizens survived', while mentioning that it is completely safe now that planetary Xenon screens have been installed.

Rowsion II has become an Imperial satellite, and slowly the Catholic conversion will take place, until the day comes when Curriih Rii and the Riisi humanoids can be welcomed as full members to the Holy Catholic Empire.

ROWSION II

When the *Libertus* lands at Rogan StarPort on Rowsion II on a routine trading call, events soon make it clear that the captain is involved in a profitable smuggling operation. This is further complicated by events on planet.

Cataclysmic changes take place on Rowsion II and player characters on the planet's surface must survive until help arrives.

Rowsion II also includes a smaller military adventure as HCE forces seize the opportunity provided by nature to install their own choice as the new head of government on the planet.

Rowsion II is a complete adventure for use with the SPACE OPERA game system. Note that this is not a game but a StarMaster's aid for use with SPACE OPERA.