

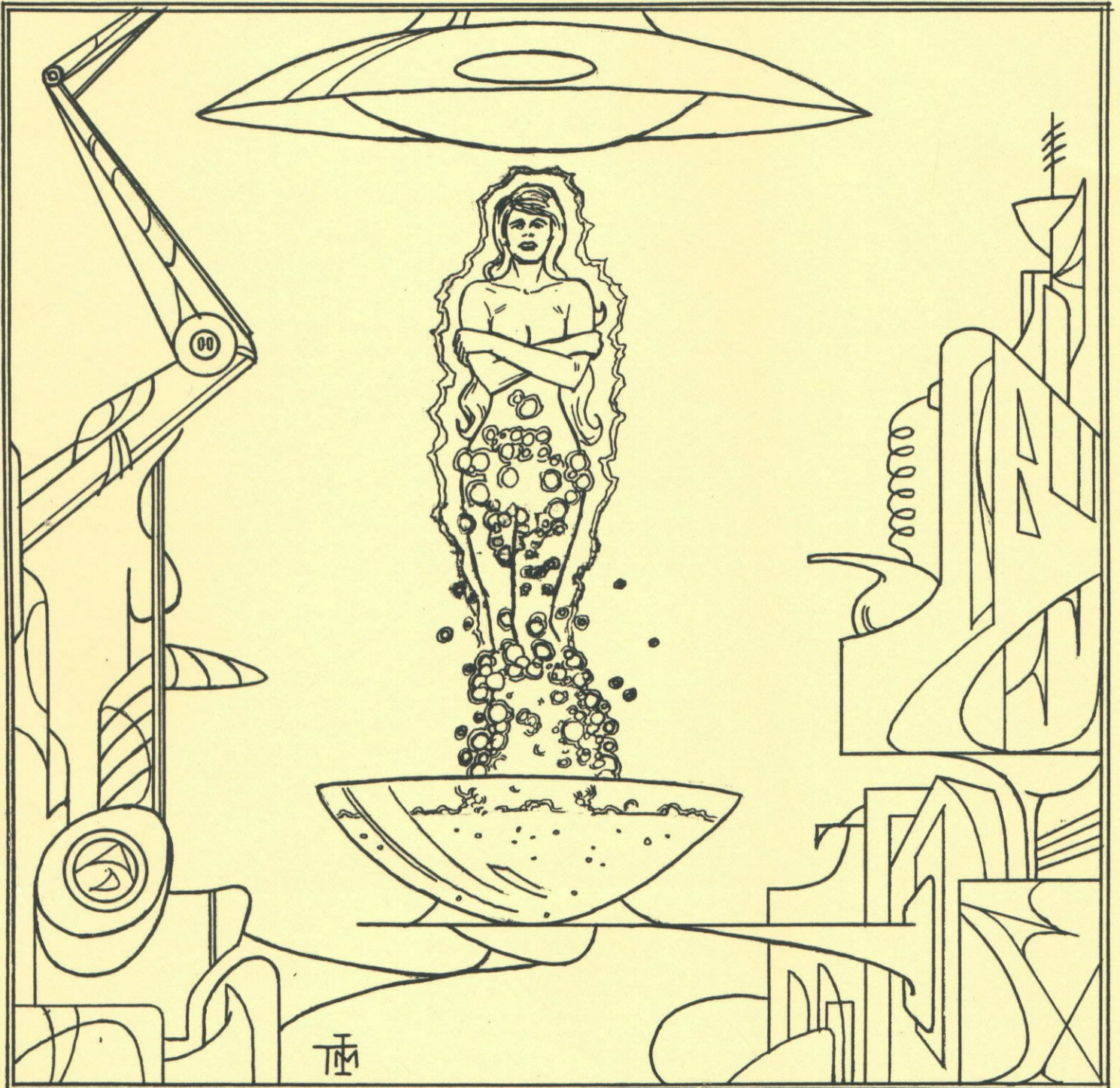
MASSCONFUSION - 1984

\$3.00

TROUBLE ON JANUS

STAR FRONTIERS

COMPETITION



TROUBLE ON JANUS

MASSCONFUSION 1984 Star Frontiers Competition

by
Robert Jennings

Game Masters trying this adventure outside the realm of convention competition should find this a pretty straight forward and easy to run adventure. The plotline requires action and thinking on the part of the players, and provides for both perils and ingenuity in the completion of the basic mission.

One of the major problems with science fiction role-playing games is the fact that they are very open-ended. The players may, at any time in the course of the game, decide to take a left turn and go out on some completely different direction than the adventure plot anticipated, requiring the game master to do all sorts of mental back-flips as he tries to ad lib additional material to fill in the gaps that may not have been provided in the scinerio.

In "Trouble on Janus" we have tried to provide for a number of foreseeable and many not so foreseeable shifts and movements the players may decide to take. This does not mean that the players still won't go blundering off in a totally different direction anyway, they very well might, and the GM should be prepared for this. However we hope we have provided for most of the easy options and have tried to provide enough background information on the world, the mission and the governmental system the players must deal with to help the GM handle the situation without too much strain.

One particular problem which appears to be very prevelent with science fiction role-playing games, and with "Star Frontiers" in particular, is the tendency of the players to invent, on the spot, future technology items for their own use, and which they insist the GM allow them to use, immediately. During one play test session, the players took their ship out of the planetary atmosphere and ran into trouble. The players insisted that the ship should have an automatic system which could evacuate the air from each individual interior chamber, and that this was an entirely reasonable thing for a space ship to have. While this might have solved their immediate problem, it takes only a little thought to see that such a system would be disasterous in any real life space ship. Imagine, for example, a potential mut-aneer with his fingers on those controls, able to evacuate the air from the chamber of any person on board he cared to murder.

The point here is that the Game Master **MUST** resist the efforts of the players to change the system and invent material to meet their whims. If the scinerio does not say, specifically, that there is a Free Traders Association, for example, then no matter how logical that idea seems, it jus ain't there. Players will invariably try to invent tons of superfulous material to get themselves out of jams and help them solve the adventure easier. The GM must remember that the fun of any role-playing game is the challenge to the playing ability of the players themselves, and that if the element of danger and excitement isn't present, not to say a good sense of tension and anticipation, then the game is not going to be much fun for either the players or the GM. Don't let players overwhelm your common sense, and don't let them create new technology, fabulous machines, or incredible social systems at their convenience just to make their end of the game that much easier. If you keep control of the game and let the players work within the limits YOU establish, you all will find this a pleasant and satisfying adventure.

TO: Federation IPPC Cmd.

FROM: Federation IPPC I.Q.

ORDERS: Send one team, mixed races, under cover, to planet Janus, to investigate changing situation and potential for unrest which may escalate to Federation Level.

BACKGROUND:

Janus is a near-Sol Type planet in sector 86-110-22, with a yellow sun at the extreme edge of the cluster, near Gergonise. There are three other planets in the system, with the other two planets being much farther out and uninhabited. Janus has one moon, uninhabited and apparently worthless, and has one space station orbiting the planet to provide weather information and to boost off-planet communications.

The gravity on Janus is slightly higher than Sol-Type Normal worlds, however, Janus also has a very dense atmosphere with a slightly higher oxygen content, so that beings accustomed to Sol-Type Normal worlds should feel no discomfort.

The density of the atmosphere and the proximity to the sun make this a virtual hot-house world. The planet is divided into two major continental masses, more clumps of huge islands interspaced with rivers and lakes than traditional continents.

Janus has a relatively flat rotation orbit and an extremely slight axis tilt. As a result, seasonal changes are virtually unknown on Janus. The southern hemisphere is undergoing a summer season while the northern hemisphere is undergoing a late summer or very early fall season, and this situation is expected to continue for the next thousand years or so.

ECONOMIC PROFILE AND DEVELOPMENT:

Janus was discovered over a century and a half ago by exploration ships of the old Recon-Development and Exploration Council. It was briefly cataloged, and forgotten, along with a thousand other worlds "explored" by the last bloated wave of centralized buracracy. After the fall of Centralization and the development of the Lateral Federation, planetary development was opened officially. Due to its location off the mainstream of galactic travel, Janus and most other Sol-Type worlds along the spiral were virtually ignored during the boom and bust periods of exploration and exploitation that followed the creation of the Free Trade Federation.

About sixty years ago Janus was again touched by galactic travelers when the trading ship "Borderline" crashed in the southern hemisphere. The owner and commander of the ship was Jerry Tatum, who was also the discoverer of the Tatum Plant, whose leaves made an almost universal pain killer and a good antiseptic. Since then the production of Tatum-leaves have become the primary product of Janus and its principle source of export income.

Tatum and his crew were also the discoverers of the planet's inhabitants, dubbed "Woolies". These creatures are bipeds covered with shaggy fur standing about six and a half to seven feet tall. The civilization of these people is described as nomadic and semi-tribal, altho some larger tribal units of relative stability have been observed, primarily on the northern continent. Their intelligence in galactic terms has been tested as very low, and their survival potential as a race on Janus has also been judged as low.

CURRENT ECONOMIC PROFILE:

The economy of Janus depends almost entirely on the growth and export of Tatum leaves, from which a base is extracted to be made into pain killers and antiseptics. Due to this situation, the real economic power on Janus rests with the Multi-Cap Corporation, a pharmaceutical manufacturing firm with galactic distribution, and whose directors realized early on the potential sales to be gained from exploiting Tatum leaves.

Multi-Cap functions as the real governing power on Janus, altho there is a rudimentary parliamentary system, and a planetary based police force which is roughly equivalent to the Sol-Type sheriff system used by many asteroid belt mining communities. Multi-Cap company police appear to be the real law enforcement power for planetary affairs.

Multi-Cap has developed large tracts of the southern hemisphere, and administers it in the following manner: Tatum Plants are grown on extensive plantations. Land tracts are apportioned by Multi-Cap, which picks the owners of each tract, helps the owner with financing, clearing the land, equipment purchases and other set-up costs. These plantations are settled along major waterways in order to secure cheap and reliable transportation for movement of the harvested Tatum leaves.

A plantation system is established with the owners of the plantations in debt to Multi-Cap for development capital and dependent on Multi-Cap for control of the land itself. Multi-Cap agrees to buy all the Tatum leaf produced and offers settlers a reasonable price, not neglecting the profit margin they stand to make from the product when it is refined and sold off planet. For security

reasons, no Tatum leaf extract is refined on Janus itself. [Speculation--that this helps to maintain the firm control Multi-Cap holds over the plantation owners and develops an even greater dependence on Multi-Cap's purchasing power.]

The labor to actually plant, weed and harvest the Tatum Plants is provided by the Woolies. Use of Woolies as labor appears to be a mutually exploitative system. That is, the growing and harvesting of vast acreage of Tatum-Plants would be impossible without a source of cheap, effective labor able to make independent decisions beyond the capability of programed robot labor.

The plantation system appears to be a salvation for the Woolies themselves. The planet is over run with a host of natural predators, both animal and plant, and most of these predators feed on Woolies, whose function in the ecology appears to be roughly equivalent to that of rabbits in Sol-Type Normal worlds.

The lack of large tribal or clan connections, or more than elementary civilization development, make the Woolies a poor long-range choice to emerge as the dominant species on Janus were it not for the intervention of other intelligent species, specifically, the advent of the Multi-Cap Corporation and the plantation system.

In return for working the plantations the Woolies receive free food, free housing, free medical treatment, and trade privileges as payment. Woolies do not appear to fully understand the term "payment for wages" or the concept of labor being valuable. However, they are willing to work the plantations in return for such implements as knives, spears, trinkets, and primitive weapons such as bows. Apparently the primary consideration from the viewpoint of the Woolies is security. There are no predators within the boundaries of the plantations (except for occasional intervening creatures which break thru the security perimeters), which means the Woolies can raise families and live a peaceful existence without the fear of iminent death. Their second consideration is medical attention, which they regard as some sort of god-magic provided by the generous out-worlders. They do not regard free food or housing as any benefit at all, since in their natural state food and housing is relatively "free" anyway.

Investigation eleven years ago by a Federation Board of Inquiry reveals that the system utilized by Multi-Cap does not constitute slavery, voluntary or otherwise, and from all appearances the Woolies themselves, as well as the plantation owners, are happy with the situation which places them at the disposal of Multi-Cap. The system appears to be uniquely fitted for exploiting the only real economic potential available on Janus in the best and most efficient way possible.

OPEN TRADE:

Under the terms of the Federation Covenant, no planet may shut off trade with anyone, except for medical reasons, and open trade must be sanctioned by any governmental body, official or otherwise.

Free Traders do come to Janus, however they come mostly as carriers of goods to the planet, and do very little trading on Janus themselves. While Tatum Plants grow wild all over the face of the planet, they are seldom concentrated enough to make up enough of a harvest weight to interest free traders. In addition, Woolies in the wild apparently have difficulty understanding the concept of property and property-trade rights.

Some unscrupulous traders have influenced tribal bands of Woolies to steal from the plantations at harvest time, and have gotten away with it. However, Woolies appear to be loyal workers, and while such practices have occurred, they are by no means common.

There are rumors that sapphires and large deposits of aluminum ore are to be found in the interior of the southern continent. Some traders have managed to barter such inconsequential items as mirrors, metal knives, bells, rope and the like and have obtained raw sapphires, tho not in serious quantity. Most free traders specialize in exotic plants and fruit. Orchid type flowering plants are common. In general, however, free trading on Janus is not well established and does not appear to hold any great potential due to the meager economic potential of the planet at this particular stage of its development.

THE SITUATION CURRENTLY:

Multi-Cap has reported at least one shipload of Tatum-leaves being hi-jacked in the past six months, despite the usual high security procedures. Pirates are not unknown in this region, however, they normally do not bother with secondary yield cargos such as this.

Using this hi-jacking as an excuse, Multi-Cap has consigned and is shipping to Janus extra security armament for the planetary police and the company security force. Routine investigation of invoice-movement reveals that some of the items Multi-Cap is importing include heavy-duty laser cannon, sonic blast towers, magna-thrust land mines, and radiation blast torpedoes. Obviously this type of

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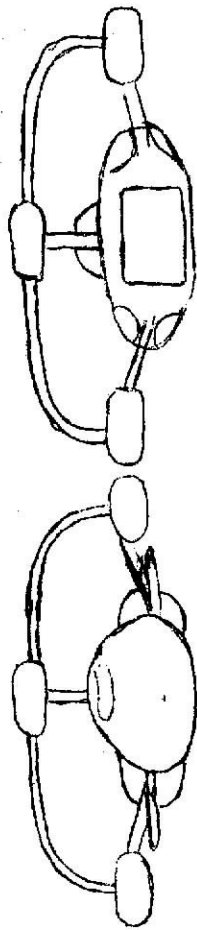
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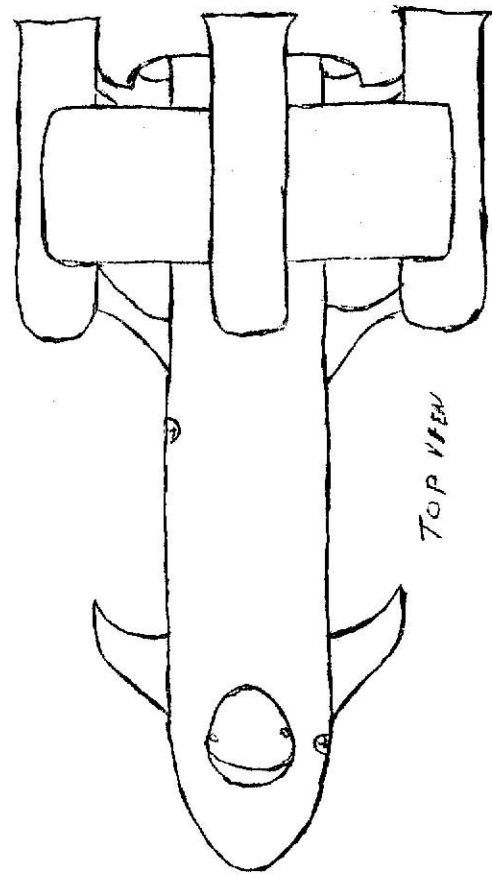
FREE TRADER

"EASY MONEY"

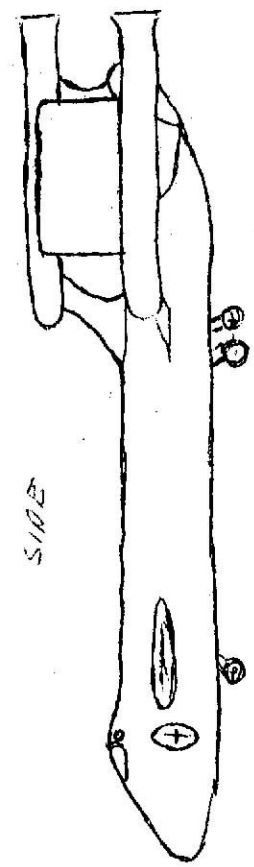


FRONT

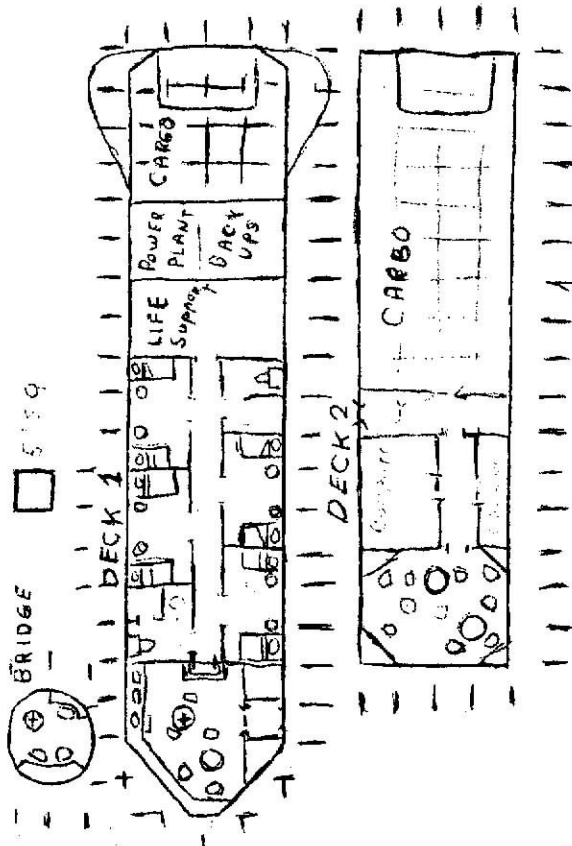
REAR



TOP VIEW



SIDE



- 2 1/2 DECKS
- 2 AIR LOCKS and 1 CARGO DOOR
- 2 LASERS, ONE FORWARD, ONE REAR
- CARGO CAP 6500 Sq FE
- Crew - 8
- INTERNAL GRAVITY
- SHIPS LOCKER
- 6 AUTO-RIFLES / 10 CLIPS ea.
- 2 LASER RIFLES / 10 CHARGES ea.
- TOOL KITS
- 8 SPACE SUITS
- 6 STUN Grenades
- 2 FLAG N.

The players' space ship, "Easy Money", pops out of hyperspace just beyond the orbit of Janus. Janus appears to be a dusky, quiet world. Clearance procedures are quickly arranged, and the ship is given immediate permission to land at Central City spaceport, in birth 5.

As the ship lands, the players see three men dressed in powder blue uniforms walking out toward the ship. They are carrying clipboards. The radio tower informs the ship to stand by for customs and medical inspection, to please open the hatch and let the inspectors board.

GM, playing the part of the chief customs inspector, boards ship, asks the players the purpose of their visit to Janus, and what cargo, if any, they are carrying. (Players who do not know what sort of cargo they are carrying should be reminded that they have standard primitive trade goods, including metal knives, ropes, mirrors, crossbows, matches etc etc.) Inform the players that the medical inspector must check the cargo hold and the crew compartments for alien spores, radiation leaks, contagious microbes or anything else out of the ordinary. He leaves, with the other two men remaining to talk with the players and check the logbook to see that it is up to date and accurate. Also inform the players that the docking fee on Janus is 400 credits, which of course includes replacing spent fuel blocks, checking the radiation shielding, replacing burnt and worn wiring, cleaning the tubes and making assorted minor repairs as needed. This is pretty much a standard price for docking.

If the players ask, the customs inspector can tell them a lot about Janus. He will specifically warn the players not to bother or harass in any way the Woolies, the local native population. Altho they stand taller than most of you, he will say, they are not very strong and are also basically non-aggressive. In any case where a Woolie gets hurt the planetary police automatically hold the non-Woolie involved on attempted murder charges until the problem can be investigated.

If asked about sapphires, he can mention that the only place that he's ever heard of them appearing is out near the Red Mound Hills, in the Wallaby River Basin, which is an area about three thousand kilometers over to the west, in the middle of uncharted, hostile jungle. He has never actually seen or personally verified that anyone actually brought sapphires out of the area.

He will also suggest that the players file a flight plan with the port authority. Several other Free Trade ships have disappeared into the interior, and the area has lots of predators, and they'll be pretty much on their own out there.

If asked about the other missing trade ships, he knows about them, and believes that green spacers not used to jungle worlds let themselves be rattled or were chomped on by any of the dozen or two type beasts out there. Kite Birds could have forced the ships down, tigerpaws could have eaten them the minute they decided to let their guards down. The jungle is a dangerous place especially for people who aren't used to conditions on Janus.

Smart players will head for the port authority and check the previous flight plans filed by any other trade ships who stopped on Janus. If players do this, add 15 points to their total scores. They can obtain access to the flight plans merely by asking a bored clerk, and they will find that all four of the missing Free Trade ships most recently lost on Janus did file flight plans, altho one only lists a destination as "interior regions of the southern continent". The other three filed plans that mentioned either the Red Mound Hills or the Wallaby River Basin to the west. The names of the four missing ships which filed flight patterns were the Astreal, the Space Gypsy, the 7-11, and the Luck of Tuck, none of which reported back to the port authority again. The records also will indicate that a sort of haphazard search was made, but not particularly thorough or long lasting. They can also get this information by asking the clerk, the customs official or anyone else with some authority around the spaceport. Basically, people who go out into the jungle, especially offworlders, pretty much take their own lives into their hands.

There is very little of interest around the port or the town itself. If they look for any rumors they won't find any. At best they may discover, by asking, that the only sapphires ever found seem to have come from the Red Mound Hills area to the west. Most people in town don't know that Free Trade ships have been lost in their interior, and they don't really care. The jungle is dangerous, anybody dumb enough to go out there without a full plantation cutting expedition deserve what they get.

If they check the spaceport warehouse and docking area they can find the huge Multi-Cap warehouses separate from the general warehouses. No one will make any serious effort to stop them from wandering around, and they see a lot of bales of Tatum-leaves being prepared for shipment, being loaded into cargo pods for export. If they ask, they will be informed that this is the busy season for the Tatum-leaf crop, and that the harvest will continue over the next thirty or forty days.

Checking the incoming warehouse also will reveal nothing unusual. A lot of office furniture, printed forms, machine parts for floaters and ground vehicles etc etc, no weapons of any kind. Most of the security guards do not carry weapons of any kind.

The town itself is sleepy, spacious, a typical medium sized farming type town, where Woolies and other racial types go about their business in a leasurily fashion. The local planetary police are dressed in powder blue uniforms, and are not much in evidence. The Multi-Cap security forces wear dark blue uniforms and are generally seen only around Multi-Cap warehouses and offices. Head of the planetary police officers in the area is Col. Stowe. Capt. Flint heads the Multi-Cap security forces.

If players want to ask about hiring on^{at} any of the plantations, or starting their own plantations, or general information about the plantation and economy system of Janus, they will be referred to Morris Harrison, the Multi-Cap financial representative, a thin jovial man in his early sixties, who will usher the players in and greet them warmly. He can tell them, in glowing terms, about the advantages of farming on Janus, where dependable weather conditions, a secure cash market and a dependable labor supply eliminate most of the dangers of farming on other planets.

If the players have the money to invest (and 10,000 credits will get him smiling immediately), Multi-Cap is prepared to help them secure land, and loan them money at reasonable interest rates to help clear the land, buy equipment, seeds, build shelters and hire Woolies and foremen to set up the plantation. The work is not difficult, but it requires attention to detail and a willingness to tostick to business. If they are looking for a career that provides security and satisfaction, Tatum-plant farming is the place for them. Multi-Cap can loan them money to the amount of 90,000 credits, with a 10,000 investment of their own, and have them settled, planted and harvesting leaves within ~~ta~~full season, and turning a profit within two years.

If asked about the hazzards of the jungle, he will downplay the idea, saying that with modern land clearing methods, and security fences, the animals hardly ever go near any plantations. Besides, most of the animals are more scared of you than you are of them and they stay away from any signs of civilization.

1) The trip out to the interior

Boarding their ship, the players can fly off to the center of the southern continent, a voyage of about three thousand kilometers or more to the Red Mound area. Flying over the jungle is relatively uneventful, until they pass the last plantation and cross the horrizon, when the radar screens suddenly pick up two large objects coming up from the jungle toward them rapidly.

Visual sighting shows two enormous winged shapes, orange and yellow colored, with 6 meter wingspans, flying very rapidly toward the ship. These creatures have triple joined wings and long claws and huge beaks.

KITE BIRDS Type: Large Carnovore 6-10 meter wingspan, beak to tail 1-2 meter
Number: 1 to 5
Move: very fas't
M/RS: 6/65
Sta: 180
Attack: 2 claws--50%, Beak 65% (80% if target is in claws)
Damage: each claw, 4 D10; Beak 4 D10
Impervious to stun or most poisons
Inertia screen and skem. suit will provide some protection

These kite birds are not really strong enough to rip the hull of the ship, however players do not know this. They can foul the jet tubes or bend the tail fin assembly if hit in mid-air, however. The players can shoot the birds down, with luck, or outrun them with not much difficulty. If the birds reach the ship they will attack it. Players will hear thru the hull of the ship a hideous scraping sound as the claws hit, also a loud Clunk as the ship hits the birds. The claws may well rip off outside scannors and sensors. There is a slight chance (12%) that the attack of the birds can unbalance the ship and send it into a nose dive or other bizarre maneauver which will require snappy pilot skill rolls to correct.

After dealing with the kite birds, the rest of the flight continues more or less uneventfully. How-

ever, at about sixty or so kilometers from the Red Mound Hills area, two explosions shake the control cabin. One is short and sharp and has affected the radio, producing a maze of shattered remains and a small electrical fire. Almost immediately there is a larger, dull roar as something in the rear of the ship explodes. The control board shows an immediate loss of power, and there is the smell of burning material mixed with ozone which permeates the whole ship. The ship immediately starts to go down into a powerless crash dive as all power except for emergency life support in the control cabin disappears completely. The pilot must make several good skill rolls to get the ship down in one piece into the dense jungle below.

Meanwhile, electrical fires has caught on the insulation inside the ship and are spreading fast. The ship's emergency fire control equipment is not operating, along with virtually everything else, as a bomb has exploded in the wiring and fuse boxes in the rear of the ship. Inform players that there are fire extinguishers in each compartment and they can use these to put out the fire(s) inside their ship. Unless the pilot makes incredibly bad rolls the ship should crash land basically intact with the passengers shaken up and bruised but not badly hurt.

Investigation will reveal that bombs were placed back in port (apparently) in the central wiring fuse box, completely demolishing the central core of power wiring needed to run the ship. It is impossible to repair this damage in their current situation, and without the ship's long range radio, they can't even radio for help. GM Note--if the players carefully observe the refitting and checks performed at the spaceport, listen to what actions they say they are doing, and place the bomb somewhere else, say in the main engine compartments, or up the rocket tubes or under the ship's main computer, whatever is necessary to get the ship down in the jungle. The bombs are exploded by a frequency beacon which sweeps the area like a rotating spot-light signal. If players try to rig up some sort of radio to call for help, inform them they can't salvage enough material to make a long range radio. If they try mention that every couple of minutes some sort of radio interference seems to sweep over the circuits, on a regular repeating pattern.

Players should be able to salvage pretty much whatever they want from the ship unless it is totally cracked up. GM use judgement depending on the pilot's skill rolls for the emergency landing.

The players do have planetary maps, altho they are admittedly sketchy. The Red Mound Hills are now sixty to seventy kilometers to the west, across the Wallaby River Basin where they have crashed. The nearest plantation is 220 kilometers to the north, and the map shows a larger plantation about 275 kilometers due south.

As soon as the players leave the ship to look around the area, they will be attacked by the following creature, which swoops down from the overhanging trees by surprise:

BLACKOUT BAT Type: Large carnivore (4-6 meter wing span, nose to tail .5-1.5 meters)
 Appearing: 1 (Solitary hunters)
 Move: Medium
 IM/RS: 5/50
 STA: 130
 Attack: 2 talons 60% grasp--then, Bite 75% + blood drain
 Damage: Talons 3 D10, mouth 1 D10 + 1/2 D10 blood drain per turn
 Special: After victim has lost one third his Sta., must roll under remaining Sta to remain conscious, rolling each round damage continues.
 Special Attack/defense: Fog of darkness cast to cloak itself and its victim in a black fog about 7-8 meters in diameter.

The bat will also try to fly away with the victim, however, since the players are heavier and denser than Woolies, it will be unable to do so. If the victim is the Draiate race the bat does initial damage plus another claw attack, then tries another, better tasting victim.

Skien suit offer protection for players, plus the Yazarian players can, if they remove they sun goggles, actually see thru the black fog and pick out the attacker from the victim, something the other players will not be able to do. Once dead, the black fog disapates within a minute or two, and this will also happen if the bat is unconscious.

After this incident, after dark or near dusk or dawn, have the players roll to see if they notice something to the west. A good roll allows the player to notice bright lights over to the west, near the Red-Mound Hills, across the basin. The lights are white, then change to dull red, flare white

again, and then a minute or two later, go out. The entire light pattern lasts perhaps a total of five to ten minutes all total.

This should get the players moving out in the direction they were originally planning to investigate anyway. If the players instead decide to wait with the ship, or head north or south to friendly plantations, then deduct 15 points from their score, and roll each day on the monster table so they can have plenty of excitement.

Moving to the west by daylight, the players make reasonably good time. They make better time when they come across a trail, not very wide, but obviously a trail which is headed in the same direction they want to go. The jungle is crowded and tall, the air is filled with the calls of birds and the drone of many insects.

Near midday the trail widens out to a width of about fifteen feet forming a smallish clearing. The first person across the clearing is attacked by the following, which drops from complete camouflage in the tree above the trail, completely by surprise:

- OCTAPUS PLANT** Type: Medium, carnivorous plant, 1.5 meters diameter, .5 meters thick, with trailing tentacles about 1.5 meters long
Number appearing: 1 to 3
Move: Very Fast
IM/RS: 7/65
STA: 88
Attacks: tentacles, 50% (8 attacks)
Damage--Special--tentacles are used to hold prey fast, while the central mass secretes sweet-smelling semi-narcotic type digestive fluid, eating thru Skein suit in 5 turns, Albedo Suit in 3 rounds, normal clothing in 2 turns, damage to bare skin 1 D10 per turn
Special: After the 3rd round of the attack, victim must roll under his Sta. each round to prevent being overwhelmed by fumes, which cause victim to become helpless, dazed, high and immune to pain, even tho being dissolved by the plant.
Special: plant is immune from stun attacks, poison, and takes minimum damage from needle gun attacks. Because it is a plant, it must be absolutely destroyed before it frees victim.

THE PLAYERS SEE: a dark purple, eight tentacled blob like creature drop from a nearby tree onto one of the party members. The tentacles wrap around the body of the victim.

After having dealt with this problem, the players also see a couple of other similar creatures hanging on tree limbs or near the top of overspreading trees around the edge of the small clearing. If players want they can kill these and get up to two pints of acid-narcotic from each one, however, wooden or paper containers are needed to prevent the acid eating thru the containers.

The second day on the trail the party approaches a larger clearing, perhaps thirty feet wide, and they hear a growling sound off ahead of them, also a lot of crashing and crushing as tho forms are running. At the edge of the clearing they see a Woolie rush out from the trail on the other side, into the center of the clearing, and turn to meet the attack of the animal following him. He is armed with a wooden spear with a jagged bone point. Mere seconds later they see the following:

- TIGERPAW** Type: Medium carnivore
Number appearing: 1
Move: fast
IM/RS: 7/65
STA: 200
Attack: 2 front paws 60% each, 2 back claws (only if front claws hit) 80%, Bite 70%
damage: claws 2 D10, bite 3 D10
Special Defense: Tigerpaw gets +20% to saving throw vs Stun

The Tigerpaw runs to the attack, he does not spring at its victim. This should give the players another moment to react.

THE PLAYERS SEE: A huge, green and black striped animal, a sort of cross between a feline and a hyena, with enormous front and back paws, about two and a half meters long, standing a meter and a half tall, solid muscle, with bulging yellow eyes and lots of long sharp teeth.

If the players fire on the Tigerpaw, it will move its attention from the Woolie to the things which are hurting it and attack the players. If the Woolie is saved from the attack of the beast, he will be very grateful and express his gratitude after the monster is dead; "Woolie safe, Woolie thanks you, you help Woolie, Woolie glad you help, Woolie thank you for help save Woolie's life." However, his attitude and expression turns to one of horror on seeing the humans in the group closer, and he goes into an immediate blind panic. "No! No! No hurt Woolie, Woolie no tell, Woolie no tell! No! take Woolie away, NO TAKE WOOLIE AWAY!!" He will drop his spear and make a dash for the jungle around him.

If the players capture the Woolie, they cannot get any information from him at all. He faints easy and tries to escape constantly. He is in total terror of the humans in the party and babbles incoherently, and no useful information can be obtained from him.

After another full day of traveling, near sundown, the party hears the sound of drums, hollow log type drums, and also the sound of low chanting, as tho made by many voices. Following the sound will bring them quickly to a large clearing off the main trail, an enormous opening in the jungle, perhaps a hundred or so feet across and twice as wide.

The clearing is filled with a number of Woolies. Their backs are to the players, and they are intent on their chanting. The players can easily notice twenty five to forty of them, all chanting something unintelligible to the rhythmic sound of the drums, which beat out a steady almost hypnotic sound pattern.

As the players watch, they can see across the clearing a sort of long wooden platform only three feet off the ground made of a split log, right in front of a large fat green plant, sort of like an enormous barrel cactus with yellow flowers and thin tenderals drooping down from its top.

One of the Woolies in a crude headdress made of flowers and leaves steps forward and raises his hands. The chanting grows louder. He leans down and lifts up something. When he is upright he holds over his head the tightly bound form of a Tigerpaw cub. The chanting grows still louder.

Players now notice that on the right hand side of the clearing five Woolies are poking and prodding two human beings who are tightly bound with vines and ropes ahead of them toward the wooden platform and the Woolie in the headdress. One of the humans is a young beautiful woman, the other is a man of about thirty years, rugged looking. Their clothing is torn, they look battered and can just barely walk due to their bonds.

The Woolie with the headdress holds the Tigerpaw cub above his head as it growls and squirms. With a climatic sound to the chanting, the huge plant suddenly opens up, splitting from the top into four separate parts, revealing a gapping opening lined with long sharp thorn-teeth. The Woolie tosses in the Tigerpaw cub. There is a scream from the cub, the plant closes with a crunching sound, then silence as the sound of ripping is dully heard. A stream of blood spears from the top of the plant and trickles down the front of it.

The chanting of the Woolies resumes, and the guard Woolies now prode and force the bound human figures forward toward the platform and the plant. One of them stumbles and falls and is cruelly prodded by spear carrying Woolies who force him to rise. He is unable to rise and several Woolies have to reach down and physically carry him up to the alter.

The huge plant is swollen, and the tentacles appear to be twitching in tune to the chanting and the beating of the drums. The chants grow louder. The human woman scream as the Woolies carrying the fallen male human prepare to toss him into the maw of the plant which is due to open soon.

Quite obviously the humans are about to be sacrificed, and hopefully the players will decide to do something about it. They can do this easily by startling the Woolies, or attacking the plant. Attacking the plant can prove dangerous:

MIRROR PLANT Type: Medium, standing about 2 meters tall, 1½ meters thick
 Number appearing: 1
 Move: stationary, see below
 IP/RS: 7/65
 Sta: 400
 Attack: 10 tentacles 60%, range up to 50 ft, tentacles are withdrawn into plant for most of length when not attacking
 Damage: ½ D10 per tentacle, thorns along tentacle, mouth does 20 D10
 Special attacks/defenses: Plant attacks with a flash of light, 50% change victim will be stunned or disoriented for ½ D10 turns. Plant can flash once every 20 turns, 3

times per day, will use all charges up if heavily damaged
 Plant also casts a direct mirror image of itself as soon as it takes any damage.
 This duplicate appears two feet to the right of the plant and is a mirror image
 of it, caused by release of vapor and humming sound to cause partial hypnotic
 effect on victims or anyone else within 110 feet radius.

Mirror plants do not eat very often (which is probably very fortunate for the inhabitants of Janus) however this is a modestly large sized plant, and has been starved for this occasion. The Woolies have been living in the area of its semi-protective aura for some while now.

As soon as any sort of attack is made the Woolies will flee in panic, as they are very well acquainted with the feeding habits of this plant. The Woolies will make absolutely no attempt to attack the party, and will instead run from the clearing as quickly as possible along thru the jungle. There are five to eight separate paths that come to this clearing from around its perimeter. The Woolie guards will also abandon the human sacrifices at once and flee with the rest. If players kill any Woolies beyond the one in the headdress and the guards prodding the human prisoners with spears, deduct 10 points from their scores.

The mirror image of the plant should confuse most of the players. The trick will be to notice that the human prisoners now appear to be ten to twelve feet closer to the plant than they were when (hopefully) the party decides to mount a rescue effort. Anyone who manages to figure out that this is a duplicate image of the plant and inform the other players should get a 10 point bonus to his score.

WOOLIES Type: large herbivores
 Number appearing: 1-20
 Move: fast
 IM/RS: 5/45
 Sta: 50
 attack: by weapon type, or claws 45%
 Damage: 1 D10 per claw, or weapon type

If the players finish off the plant and rescue the human victims, they will introduce themselves as Laura and Harry Newton, plantation owners to the south, who were captured several days ago. Their small plantation was overrun by hostile Woolies who killed their loyal Woolie servants, and took themselves and two neighbors who were visiting as hostage. With horror Laura will recall how these two friends were sacrificed to this hideous plant two days ago, and that they were going to meet the same hideous fate if this fortunate rescue hadn't taken place.

They can explain that the Woolies in these jungles worship these horrible plants, and that the Woolies have all gone crazy, listening to some sort of message from their gods, telling them to attack all the offworlders, killing them and cleansing the planet. They will explain that the Woolies told them they intended to massacre every single plantation beyond the Wallaby River Basin, and even to attack Central City itself. They are in the jungles massing thousands of the Woolies, and they are picking up modern weapons every time they overrun a plantation or outworlder dwelling.

They want to get back to civilization as quickly as possible so they can spread the alarm. They will ask the players for weapons, and suggest that they move out of this area as quickly as possible. The killing of one of those god-plants is sure to set the Woolies off on a berserker killing spree as soon as they have a chance to regroup.

If there are Woolies still in the clearing laying stunned or webbed or otherwise alive but out of action, they will suggest moving out before they come to, or better yet, kill them. If they have guns by this time, they'll start killing Woolies on the spot. If players object to this, they will restate the information that the whole Woolie outback is in open revolt, that they mean to slaughter every single offplanet inhabitant on Janus, and that this is an emergency. Any live Woolies left behind will be sure to put the rest of them on their trail the second they leave. Do the players want to be squimish, or do they want to be safe?

GM, it is important that you role-play the part of the Newtons in a convincing fashion, giving the full tinge of honest horror to their comments and convince the players if possible that the situation with the Woolie Revolt is desperate indeed.

The Newtons also suggest that the players head west. There is an old survey and mapping station near the Red Mound Hills, along with a cleared area for landing craft that is kept open and has a secure sonic perimeter and probably a radio transmitter as well. The station is kept open against the day when these jungles were to be cleared and divided as plantation land. They can raise help there and alert Central City police to the Woolie Revolt, and arrange for a rescue pick-up.

GM, if the Draiste is still alive, have him roll perception, and if successful, pass a note informing him that the two Newton humans smell EXACTLY alike. He can re-roll perception later if it's not made.

TROUBLE ON JANUS Planet 12

So far as background on the Newtons if the players ask; their plantation is a fairly new one, about 130 kilometers to the south, on the Azure River, it is not very large and Harry saved his money for seven years to be able to make the investment down payment to get the plantation. Before that he worked as a foreman on other plantations, while Laura taught school and did special office work in accounting and book keeping for plantations near the Central City area.

As the party prepares to leave, the Newtons should have managed to get weapons for themselves. No matter in which direction the party leaves the clearing, have several Woolies dart across the path up ahead of them. If the Newtons have weapons they will immediately blast them. If they do not have weapons, they will scream at the party to shoot them dead, right away.

If the party tries to talk with or bring along stunned or captured Woolies, the Newtons will urge they be killed and will do their best to kill them, with weapons or even with fallen spears and knives left by the fleeing Woolies. The captured Woolies are in total terror of the party and nothing intelligent or useful can be gained by trying to converse with them, using any methods, including torture. Their replies will generally run to this sort of narrative: "Woolie good Woolie, no kill this Woolie, no kill Woolie, no take Woolie, Woolie go away, never bother again, Woolie go far way, let Woolie go, let Woolie go now he go way, no hurt Woolie."

Punctuating any attempts at conversation with captured Woolies here or elsewhere will be comments by the Newtons, screams or growling comments and threats, urging the captives to confess, calling them murdering savages, screaming that they're murdering vicious barbaric monsters, tell how you slaughtered our friends, how many others have you butchered you fiend etc etc. This will of course confuse and terrify the captured Woolies even more.

If the players attempt to take captured Woolies with them, over the strenuous objections of the Newtons, they will be attacked at a widening of the trail a few hours later by a group of Woolies who attack from ambush with spears and sling shots. The Woolies attacking will rush out and try to grapple with the players carrying the captive Woolies. If the captive Woolies have their legs free, they will try to run to this group immediately. Thrown spears do 2 D10 damage, 60% hit rate, sling stones have a 45% chance and do 1 D10 damage. There are twelve Woolies in the attacking party.

Party members may by this time, be somewhat suspicious of the Newtons, who exhibit a consistent shoot-first policy regarding Woolies. If asked about the survey station and how they knew it was there, they are vague, saying they read about it in a government bulletin. Have the players spot the white and red lights again that night when they camp. If the Newtons are told about this, they will tell the party that these are probably relay beacons for the survey station and that they should reach the station within another day's march.

The next day travel is somewhat easier as the jungle thins out a bit and scrub and grassy patches begin appearing along the way. The area begins going upward somewhat, as they begin to mount a long hill in late afternoon.

As they top this hill, ahead of them they see the survey station, or some structure anyway. It is a series of connected concrete block buildings, one story, behind chain link fence with barbed wire toppings. There appear to be several people moving around about the buildings and a guard with a laser rifle at the large gate. There are two air-cars inside the compound.

However, most of the player attention should rest on the large spaceship which is sitting in front of the wire fence on the concrete landing area. This is a ship somewhat similar to the one the players arrived on Janus in. The name of the ship is clearly visible, stenciled on the nose of the vessel, and the name is "7-11"

The Newtons will naturally be happy to see the survey station. They will want to go down with the party right away so they can call back to Central City and be rescued. If the players show any hesitation here, they will become irritated and wonder what the problem is, here they are, as soon as rescued after their terrible ordeal, and someone doesn't even want to go down and be rescued. If the players mention the ship, they might interject that perhaps the ship has probably just been found, that this is a government station, and probably the ship is being refitted.

Have the players make a perception roll at a -15 penalty. If they walk down to the area or find a way to approach closer, have them make a perception roll at normal percentages, to see if they notice that of the four men busily working around the outside of the spaceship 7-11, three of them look exactly like Harry Newton. So does the guard at the front gate, farther away. In addition, the woman dressed in overalls just coming from inside the ship happens to look exactly like Laura Newton.

If armed, the Newtons will both whip out weapons and hold it on the party, telling them to get going, they are now prisoners, and that they'll have all the answers they want in a few minutes. If the Newtons are not armed, they will both attack the nearest players by surprise, trying to rabbit punch them from behind, with an 80% chance of attack each, temporarily stunning each separate victim, so they can grab weapons to take the party prisoners. Simultaneously, they shout to alert the people at the compound below them. Any sort of weapons fire will be noticed and a search patrol, heavily armed, will immediately head up the hill toward the sound of the shouting or shooting. Given this kind of force, it is likely that the party will be captured or killed. The attackers from the compound number 12 on the initial attack, supported by 10 others after the first wave.

ORGANIC ANDROIDS Type: large, human form
 STR/Sta: 45/45
 Dex/RS: 60/60
 Int/Log: 60/60
 Per/LDR: 60/60
 IM: 6

NOTE: androids from base all are wearing skein suits

These attackers have no particular fear of being killed. They will try to take the party alive, but if the going gets rough, they'll shoot to kill. In addition, if the party wipes out a large segment of the enemy, the ship's laser turret turns to focus on the hill and a voice on a loudspeaker blares out to surrender or they'll open up with the heavy laser cannon. If the party still does not surrender, the laser cannon blows the hell out of the hill and all party members nearby and the scenerio ends here. If the players run for the jungle, they will be hunted down and stunned or killed one by one until the entire intruder force has been dealt with.

Players who manage to deal with the Newtons before an alert can be given, or previously, will be able to sneak up on the compound and observe in relative safety. The guard at the front gate is changed every eight hours. After dark one guard patrols around the inside of the compound and one guard is at the gate. There are at least one to three workers inside and around the 7-11 at all times. Players can sneak in if they want to do so, and the GM should strive to allow them to make it inside. It's the getting back out that may prove difficult.

If the players have been captured, they are hustled right into the compound at the point of many guns. They are immediately disarmed after their capture, however the captors will not bother with skein suits or personal clothing. Grenades, guns and the like will be taken from them.

They are ushered into the concrete building and thru an outter office, into another office off the main passageway, where they come face to face with a Slathar, in military uniform. The Slathar stands up from his desk and speaks to the party, "So, glad we are that you foolish humans, and other animals, are joining us in our glorious adventure. So, you wish to know about space ships and the things we do here. Your foolish Federation seeks to interfere once again in our glorious plans. So, you shall see all, and you shall know all, and you shall take the message back, but not in the form you expect."

The prisoners are herded at gunpoint thru another long corrador with doors on either side. One of the doors on the right is open, and the players can plainly see a very large computer operation attended by several Slathars. A door to the left further down the hall is open and Slathars and organic android humans are stacking rifles and grenades back into racks after the capture of the party. (If the party was not captured, they must make these discoveries on their own after breaking in.)

The prisoners are then led thru another large room, in which wooden and wire cages have been built along the walls, sort of like a dog kennel, and most of these large cage areas are full of cowering Woolies. As soon as the group enters this area they hear a high pitched, horrible scream, which stops abruptly. A couple of minutes later, another high pitched horrible scream rings out to be cut short.

Entering the door at the far end of the cage room, they enter a larger, high ceiling chamber. There is a padded upright table and a huge machine with lenses and lights on the right hand side. The players are led directly to this. The high-pitched screams continue, one every two to four minutes. There is a screen separating this part of the chamber from the rest of the room.

One of the players, a human female, is roughly grabbed by the android and Slathar guards and the clothing is ripped off. She is strapped to the table. A switch is pulled, the huge machine starts to hum, and slowly crosses and criss-crosses the body as assorted colored rays play over the body and the machine hums loudly.

A few minutes later the machine stops and the androids let the human up from the table (but do not bother to return her clothing.) The players are then escorted beyond the divider into the other part of the chamber, where they see a large box-like machine standing four meters tall. There is a large crucible on one side of the machine, and a sort of dome light above it. There is a Slathar at the controls of the machine, and other Slathars and androids standing near a small group of cowering Woolies on a wooden platform at the same level as the crucible and near it.

The Slathar in uniform with the party speaks a word in his language, and a whimpering terrified Woolie is dragged over to the crucible and forced onto it. A control is pressed, the machine hums slightly, and with a high pitched, terrifying screech, the Woolie dissolves into a pile of viscous protoplasm, which begins to settle in the crucible. A uniformed Slathar steps forward and sits down in a chair by the machine controls. A helmet is lowered over his head. The machine hums again, and as the players watch, the eerie green glow filters down over the crucible, and slowly, the form of a human being begins to appear in the crucible, the same form as the female party member. Within another few seconds the form is completed, the machine stops. The human figure steps off the crucible, salutes the uniformed Slathar with the group, as other Slathars and human androids take the limp form of the Slathar from under the helmet and carry him outside.

The head Slathar speaks. "Human bodies, disgusting they are, but even human scum serve the glorious purpose of the Slathar Empire. Soon will we wear you own bodies to destroy your cursed Federation completely. And when your human scum body made from Woolie cells is killed, the mind and spirit of the Slathar warrior returns to his own sleeping body, and he lives again, so he can fight again in the service of the Slathar. So, from worthless Woolies we have wrought an organic army cast in shape of our greatest enemies, and all without risking the actual body or spirit of a single Slathar warrior. Like you well? Soon we control everything on this planet, then the rest of the Federation."

The commander explains that Slathar bodies are stored below for future use and safety, and explains that "Human scum is best to duplicate. Monkey shit people like this one (pointing to a Yazirian) can we also do. But no true warrior would EVER agree to become so disgusting as THAT (points to the Draisite). So, ameobia blod, I hope you taste better than you look, for at least you serve the Empire by filling the bodies of its soldiers with food, food we make of you. Lief, Unom, return them to the Woolie room. We eat the blood of the blob creature in two hours, and we scan the rest after dinner so they can be destroyed as well."

The players are ushered at gunpoint back to the room with the Woolies and thrust into one of the wooden cages. The guards leave.

Every four or five minutes there is a screeching scream as another Woolie beyond the closed door is destroyed. A few minutes later, ten to twelve minutes all total for each complete cycle, the door opens, and a human female in the form of the player character scanned walks down the corridor without wasting a single glance on players or Woolie prisoners. At the other end the android opens the door and leaves. The android is naked except for a laser gunbelt and laser pistol worn with it.

Players now have several options. If they are prisoners, they will need to figure a way to get out. If they are not prisoners, but have snuck into the compound, they will have witnessed the transformation of a Woolie and a Slathar into a humanform, but without the benefit of the Slathar explanation of what is happening.

If they are prisoners the GM should describe the environment if the players ask for it. The cages are made of wood and chain-link fencing wire. The locks are simple slide bolt locks at the top and bottom of each cage. The chain-link is too small to allow the players to reach out and open the latches. However the latches are screwed nice and tight into the wood. The wooden boards making up the cages are standard 2x2" style boards, and the cages look quite a lot like a regular animal hospital cage, except they are larger for Woolie, and humanoid, sided creatures.

Getting out is remarkably simple, if the players remember that Woolies, altho tall, are not very strong. The GM should have given the players, in the form of the customs inspector back at the start of the adventure, a lecture with this very vital piece of information. To reinforce it, the GM might have a few Woolies try to batter and claw at their cage across the way, which they don't even much rattle the wire mesh on, barely rattling the door.

Humans, and the other aliens in the party on the other hand are far stronger than Woolies and can literally kick the door open, picking the bolts right out of the screws securing them to the wood. This is, of course, noisy, but the Slathar are used to lots of noise in the Woolie room. and will pay no attention. They must be careful of the androids which come every 10 minutes however. If the players try to half-heartedly force the door, tell them it seems to give a little. It will take a combined strength of 200 to force open the door, or repeated heavy kicks will do the job as well. Woolies are

also not terribly bright. Hopefully the players are smart enough to try an escape.

Things that will not work are such old standbys as playing sick, attempting to attract the attention of the android as she walks by, screaming or trying to lunge at the guards when they finally come to take the Draiste to the cooking pot. The chain link wiring is heavy and tough and cannot be cut very easily, not at all since the players don't have any cutting tools on them.

The wood the wire is strung onto is the key to the problem, players must remember that normal human beings can probably break down wooden slats if they simply keep at it for awhile, especially humans with heavyboots on their feet. If they cannot make this reasonable connection, then the players will eventually die when their time limit is up, and the adventure closes here.

Players who do break out can successfully ambush the android headed their way with virtually no difficulty. GM may choose to be sadistic and roll a few dice in secret to keep up the suspense if he wants to. Once they have smashed the android, they have a weapon, and since one of the players looks exactly like one of the enemy (the androids being made from her image) the players are free to make their move.

The ideal situation would be for the players to wipe out the entire station. There are several good and easy ways to do this. They can attack the android creation room if they want, but it is reasonably well defended. As the players look into this room they will see long lines of Slathars and Woolies lined up ready to be turned into human androids.

The general layout of the station is provided here. Give the players 20 extra points if they ambush the computer room and get the disks or copies of computer information on this Slathar operation. Blowing up the compound by setting time bombs in the arsenal is another good way to clean up the problem. Taking over the ship and then using the ship to take out the compound is a good idea, however the players should lose 10 points if they do this without taking other measures first, as the laser turret on the compound walls itself can fire back at the ship, and will, if this action is taken. In such an exchange the players may well take serious damage or get themselves killed before dealing with the problem.

If the players remember to save and release most of the Woolie prisoners in the cage room in their escape attempt, award them 25 extra points for remembering to be good guys thruout it all.

| | |
|---|---|
| SLATHAR Type: Medium to large (appears to be a walking snake, with arms and legs) | |
| Str/Sta: 50/50 | |
| Dex/RS: 50/50 | Slathars are generally armed with a laser |
| Int/Log: 50/50 | type pistol adapted for their use, but usable |
| Per/LDR: 50/50 | by other races as well |
| IM: 5 | |

Every room in the compound will have three or four Slathars or androids in it except for the commander's office, which is now empty, the forming room, which has 15 Slathars, 4 androids, and 14 Woolie prisoners, plus 2 Slathar technicians to work the machine.

The computer room and the arsenal each have 3 Slathars present, none of whom are alert or prepared for any sort of surprise attack the players may care to mount.

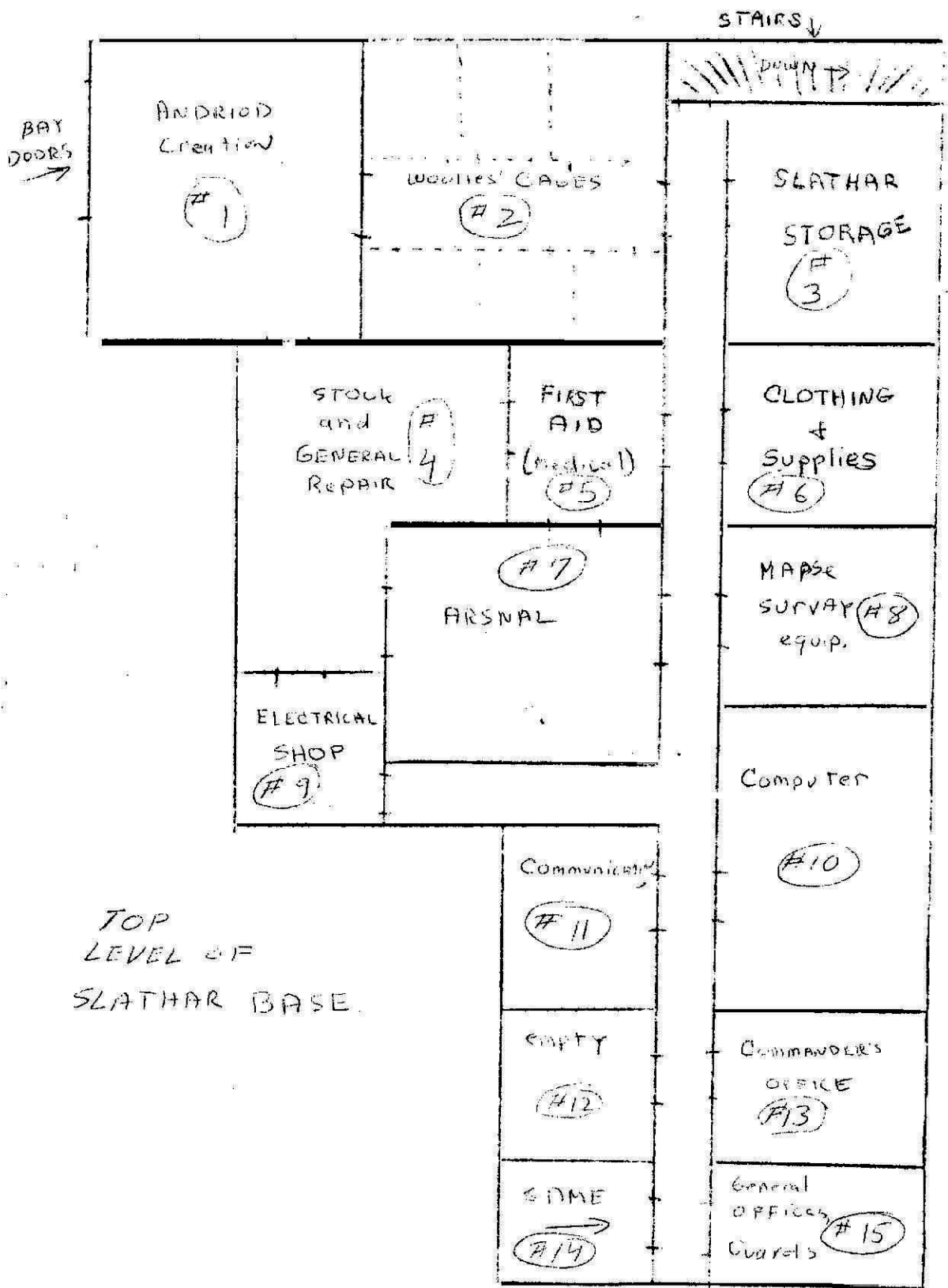
As a general rule the corridors will be empty. Roll percentiles, on a roll of 97 or above, either a Slathar or an android comes out of a room.

The android forming room (no. 1 on map) will prove difficult to ambush unless players prepare well due to the number of enemy there, however a shoot-out here will not attract any attention, as the only directly adjoining chamber is the Woolie cage room (no. 2).

Going downstairs is suicidal. We have not mapped this here, however there are 45 Slathars and 30 android Slathar units down below, plus sleeping and kitchen and rec room areas. They will be alert the minute the party goes down the stairs and will shoot up the area freely. There are two exits for the underground level, so the enemy will easily surround the party and butcher them.

With modest caution the party should have no serious problems escaping the area. If they remember to close doors after the shooting starts they will attract virtually no attention, as most of these doors are almost soundproof.

The ship 7-11 itself is guarded by noone, however three Slathar androids are incide working on the wiring and insulation. They are in different parts of the ship and can be taken easily. The ship is fully fueled and repaired and can fly out with no trouble. The radio is also fully functioning. If the party does not sabatague the base, the laser turret on the base fires at the ship. The ship has 30 Hull Pts. The actual hull structure sustains 275 pts structural before the laser punches thru.



A fair number of players may have avoided capture. If this happens assume that several searching parties have been sent out after them, and if players are watching the area, have them see the searching parties leaving.

Breaking into the base should not be very hard if the players are careful. Besides the guard at the gate, there should be two to four patrolling around inside the wire fence at all times. If players break inside, they will have to discover the android forming process by themselves. The Woolie prisoners can add no real information. They know they will die, but they do not know how or why.

If an alarm is given, the players are careless, or a noisy firefight develops that lasts longer than a few combat rounds, the base could become alert and the players might well die. Numbers of the enemy might stick their heads out of doorways to see what is going on, (only to have them blasted by players, perhaps), but if several other enemy people notice what is happening, they will alert the entire station and they will pour out to kill the players, which should not be very hard in that situation.

If the players rush in and steal the ship, and either fly away with it or blast the base and then fly away, they lose points for not fully completing their mission. In a situation such as this one, finishing the mission, or as much of the mission as possible, is the primary consideration in the judging of the event.

CONVENTION PLAYER CHARACTER STATS

Race: Dealasites (ambidextrous)

Str/Sta: 70/60

Dex/RS: 55/45

Int/Log: 70/60

Per/Ldr: 30/40

IM: 6

weapons: Gyrojet pistol 45% to hit
Skien Suit provided.

Skills: Gyrojet: 2 Psycho-social: 3 Medical: 2

Computer: 1

Has a medic kit

Race: Human male (right handed)

Str/Sta: 50/50

Dex/RS: 65/55

Int/Log: 30/40

Per/Ldr: 45/45

IM: 6

Weapons: auto-pistol 52% to hit, knife 57%
skien suit provided

Skills: Projectile weapons: 2 Thrown weapons: 2

Demolitions: 2 Melee: 2 Medical: 2

PSA: Military

Race: Human female (right handed)

Str/Sta: 65/65

Dex/RS: 65/65

Int/Log: 35/35

Per/Ldr: 50/50

IM: 7

weapons: laser pistol 63% to hit, knife 67%
Skein suit provided

Skills: Beam weapons: 3 Melee weapons: 2 Martial
arts: 3 environmental: 2

PSA: military

Race: Human male (right handed)

Str/Sta: 35/45

Dex/RS: 45/35

Int/Log: 55/65

Per/Ldr: 40/30

IM: 5

Weapons: auto pistol 33% to hit
Skien suit provided

Skills: projectile: 1 Demolition: 2 Robotics: 3
tech: 2

Has a robotics kit

Race: Yazarian male

Str/Sta: 60/70

Dex/RS: 70/60

Int/Log: 30/40

Per/Ldr: 55/45

Weapons: laser pistol 65% to hit

Albedo suit 100 provided

Skills: beam weapons: 3 computer: 2 robotics: 1
technician: 1

Has a robotics kit

Race: Human female (left handed)

Str/Sta: 35/45

Dex/RS: 45/35

Int/Log: 65/55

Per/Ldr: 65/55

IM: 5

Weapons: Auto pistol 43% to hit
Skein suit provided

Skills: Technition: 3 Projectile: 2 Envournmental: 1
Computer: 1

TROUBLE ON JANUS Page 18

Race: Human male (left handed)

Str/Sta: 75/65

Dex/RS: 40/30

Int/Log: 50/40

Per/Ldr: 50/40

IM: 4

Weapons: auto-pistol 40% to hit

Skein suit provided

Skills: Projectile: 2 Computer: 3 Envournment: 1

Robotics: 1

Has Environmental kit

Race: Yazarian female

Str/Sta: 55/45

Dex/RS: 60/40

Int/Log: 35/45

Per/Lor: 40/50

IM: 3

Weapons: Needler pistol 33% to hit

Skien suit provided

Skills: Projectile : 2 Medical: 3 Environmental: 2

Psycho-social: 2

Has a medical kit

In Addition, all players have a Standard Pack, which consists of the following:

wrist communicator (5km range)

coveralls

2 sleep grenades

1st aid pack

stem dose injection (1 dose, 3hrs)

sta dose injection (1 dose)

ID card (credit line & ID)

Pocket Tool (sort of a super Swiss army knife)

5 days survival rations.

There are two extra skien suits available, one of which is tailored to fit the Yazarian male.

A final word on the Salthar androids; when the Salthar host bodies are destroyed, so are the androids. They collapse into mindless heaps, and without a guiding intellect, the bodies will dissolve within half a day.

Altho biologically similar to humans, there are some differences which might be detected. The most obvious from the player standpoint of course, is the fact that they all smell exactly the same, something impossible in racial terms. Each android is basically exactly like all the other androids. only the exterior physical features and sizes are different. The blood of these creatures is also a bit paler and thinner than true human blood, reflecting the fact that the androids are composed of Wollie protoplasm, on a world with a higher oxygen content than normal human bodies have adapted to.

The computer records will show that the Salthar androids have worked their way into the on-planet leadership of the Multi-Cap Corporation. They are the ones who have secretly ordered the extrodinary weapons and the computer equipment.

If the party managed to get the computer records they will have the entire story, more than enough to solve the long range problem. If they merely escape, without taking the computer disks or destroying the machine and the stored Salthar bodies, then they have not solved the problem. Pausing to make off with those computer disks is worth 150 additional points to the players in the competition. The highest rating and scoring should go to the players who manage to blow up the machine, blow up the warrior cold-storage area and/or the base itself, and get the computer file disks as well.