

PRIME DIRECTIVE

GURPS PD20 MODERN



INTRODUCTION

This booklet contains a sample adventure for the *Prime Directive RPG Universe*. This sample adventure, drawn from the forthcoming sourcebooks *Prime Directive Federation PD20M* and *GURPS Federation 4E*, includes a fiction story to set up the adventure, character stats for both *GURPS* and *PD20 Modern*, and other data such as phasers.

By the nature of its size, it does not include a lot of background material, equipment data, planetary conditions, or other information. While that information can be found in the *Prime Directive Core Rulebooks* for *PD20*, *PD20M*, or *GURPS*, we presume that any GM has a vast number of other sourcebooks from which he can adapt similar information and data.

BACKGROUND

The story and adventure focus on a survey team checking out a new planet for possible colonization. One lone scout has been on the planet for a few months, walking around, recording notes on his tricorder, and generally waiting to see if he gets sick from something unknown in the environment. Since he didn't die yet, the Federation has sent a larger team of seven people, most of them having PhDs in such things as geology, biology, botany, ecology, meteorology, etc. The "security" is provided by one armed officer, although everyone has extensive training in survival and surveying skills. Cross-training among the team is extensive, so that whoever is focusing on the key task can be helped from someone else who has at least general knowledge in that field.

NOTES TO GMS

You probably want to read the story, and maybe the characters' background, before reading this, but if you don't mind spoilers, go ahead. In a gaming setting, this story could evolve and resolve in several different ways.

You could "stop the story" before the Orion Pirates kidnap the survey team and just spend your adventure time exploring a new planet. Or, do that the first time, and bring in the Orions later.

How much is the team willing to cooperate with the Orions? Will they make an escape attempt? Is Ecirp really a traitor or is he just playing the Orions? Are the Orions really going to leave the team on the planet when the research is finished, or will they sell them into slavery or simply kill them? Who are the clients the Orions are working for and what do they want the tree pollen for? Perhaps the scientists won't be conducting research, but will instead be guinea pigs? Will the pollen impact the different species in the group in different ways? Will the *Speedwell* or another ship return to the planet ahead of schedule?

The villains, of course, don't have to be the Orions. The disappearing Ecirp could have been eaten by a tentacled beastie living in the muck at the bottom of the pond. Perhaps he and the missing team members fell victim to a discarnate energy being, maybe even a benign-but-misunderstood one in typical tradition of the genre. Ecirp could have gone crazy from the fungal infection, an insect bite, or the pollen in the air. Sarest could be a traitor, rather than Ecirp, or there could be no traitor at all.

With an entire galaxy of planets to choose from, the limits are only those of your imagination.

WHAT IS PRIME DIRECTIVE?

Based on The Original Series of Star Trek™, *Prime Directive* is a role-playing system set in the *Star Fleet Universe*, a group of game systems including tactical spaceship combat, strategic warfare, and card games.

Currently available for *GURPS 4e*, *PD20M*, and *PD20*, we have books for other roleplaying game systems in development. Our philosophy is to bring the content *you want* to the game system you *already* enjoy, rather than forcing you to learn a unique new game system in order to enjoy that content. Our contract with Paramount never expires, so unlike other companies that appear, publish a book or three, and then disappear (forced to abandon their fans in dead systems with no further expansion), we will always be here, and will continually develop new adventures, characters, books, and technology for our product lines.

The *Star Fleet Universe* is a unique creation, based on The Original Series, but it has expanded far beyond that tiny database. There are more starships, planets, and empires in the *Star Fleet Universe* than in all of the incarnations of Trek™ combined. The *Star Fleet Universe* has none of the material from the later series and movies, so you will find no Cardassians, but you will find other alien races and empires that you will, no doubt, find even more interesting. While the *Star Fleet Universe* diverged from "Canon Trek", a good GM can easily use our roleplaying books and a working knowledge of later television shows to build whatever universe he wants. Because the *Star Fleet Universe* is a game universe where gamers try to win, the "rules" and background have to remain fairly consistent, so that the same thing works the same way each time. At least, until the players do something different, which is how it should be.

As our contract with Paramount never expires, we've been doing *SFU* for decades, and will be for many decades to come.

PUBLISHER'S INFORMATION

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ANOTHER NEW WORLD

by John Sickels

Planetary Survey Log, October 24, Y166, 0815 Hours Local Time, Dr. Kenneth Atchison Recording

"We are approaching planet MW-537-V. For the last two hours, the *Speedwell* has tried to contact the advance scout who preceded us to the planet six months ago. So far he hasn't answered. We will be directly above his encampment in ten minutes and hopefully will make contact then. Assuming no complications, the team will shuttle down with our equipment later this afternoon. Our compliments to Captain Kuo and the crew of the *Speedwell*, who have made our journey here comfortable. I personally recommend that Luna University renew the *Speedwell's* transport contract for the coming fiscal year. Log recorder off."

Atchison's Cabin, *Speedwell*, Orbiting Planet MW-537-V, October 24, Y166, 0822 Hours Local Time

"That was boring," teased Maiah. Ken flipped the recorder switch off and turned to face his wife. She pulled a black t-shirt down around her body, her torso twisting in the cramped confines of their cabin. "You really need to make those more interesting." She winked at him, her blonde Alpha-Centauran locks framing her thin face. It always drove him crazy.

"Let's keep the interesting stuff for our personal logs," he replied. He got up from his chair and threw his arms around his wife, planting a passionate kiss. Ken planned on throwing her onto the bunk, but they stumbled backwards instead, off-balance, crashing onto the cabin deck plating of the *Speedwell*.

"Ouch, bad man!" She pretended to be angry, then kissed him. "Bad man" was a common AlphaCent phrase of endearment. It rubbed many Earth humans the wrong way, but Ken had grown used to it over the years.

The intercom interrupted their passion. "Bridge to Atchison." They broke their kiss. "Atchison here."

"We'll be in orbit in about five minutes, Doctor, in case you want to be on the bridge."

"Let the rest of the team know, too. We're on our way, Captain."

"So much for. . . ." Maiah's voice tailed off.

"Yeah, it's going to get busy. But we'll find the time."

"I'll make sure of that, bad man." She kissed him hungrily.

Bridge, *Speedwell*

The *Speedwell's* small bridge was even more cramped than usual, the seven members of Luna University Planetary Survey Team Nine crowding in to look at the planet on the viewscreen.

Speedwell was a Free Trader, one of thousands of externally similar, general-utility cargo ships around the Federation. It was a starship, with all the nominal capabilities of a fleet heavy cruiser, just not as many of them. It had a crew of twenty instead of 400, five Marines instead of 50, one tractor beam and one transporter instead of three of each, a medic instead of a surgical staff, half of the cargo volume, about the same passenger accommodations, a pair of phasers (and no photon torpedoes) instead of a dozen, enough sensors to scan a planet in about a week instead of a few hours, but whatever you wanted a starship to do, *Speedwell* could do it. Some Free Traders were fitted to carry more or fewer passengers, to have more weapons, or with extensive laboratory facilities (or none at all). The Star Fleet Marines even used modified Free Traders to land tanks on alien planets.

MW-537-V, a very typical Class-M world, filled the screen as the ship took up position over the scout's encampment. This new world featured two large continents, plus numerous islands and archipelagos. The atmospheric envelope had a slightly purplish tinge.

"Geosynchronous orbit established," said the Tellarite first mate. "Still no answer to our hails."

"Take a sensor scan," said Kuo. "Any humanoids down there?" There was always the chance that something had happened to the scout.

"Checking . . . he's there, about three clicks from the camp . . . moving slowly. Looks like he's out for a walk or something. Probably doesn't have his communicator with him."

"Or he just doesn't care to answer," said Atchison.

"Well, do we keep hailing or do we just go down and knock?" asked Dr. Elur, the team's Andorian biologist and physician.

Rema Isabe, the team's Cygnan security officer, grunted his agreement.

"It's your call, Ken," said Kuo.

Atchison considered the options.

"Isabe, you beam down with me. We'll make sure everything is OK before the rest of you come down in the shuttles."

Encampment One, Southern Continent, Planet MW-537-V, October 24, Y166, 0902 Hours Local Time

Atchison and Isabe materialized a short distance from the encampment. They were on a steep hill overlooking a large open field, surrounded on two sides by a grove of trees. A shallow brook flanked the fourth side, water trickling gently towards a small lake about one kilometer distant. The scene was idyllic, although Atchison had done enough planetary surveys to know that appearances were often deceiving.

"Scanning," said Rema Isabe in his pronounced Cygnan tone as he activated his tricorder.

Atchison flipped open his communicator. "Landing party to *Speedwell*, transport complete. Stand by while we make contact."

"Message acknowledged, landing party."

"He's on the other side of that grove of trees, moving this direction," said Isabe, his scan complete. "Be here in about five minutes at his current pace."

"Let's take a look."

The two men walked down the hill towards the camp. An insect buzzed Atchison's head; he instinctively shooed it away. He noticed an odd scent in the breeze . . . not a sweet odor exactly, hard to pin down . . . pollen of some kind? *Something we'll figure out soon enough*, Atchison thought to himself.

"That sky looks a lot like Moore's Planet," commented Isabe.

Atchison looked up for the first time, noticing the purplish blue tint to the atmosphere. Indeed, it did resemble the last planet they'd surveyed. Puffy cumulous clouds drifted by.

"Yeah, it sure does."

The two men entered the encampment, not wanting to snoop too much but casually observing the environment. The scout's portable personal shelter was on the east edge of the camp. On the west edge was another shelter being used to store equipment, and there was space already cleared for several others. A portable fusion generator provided power for the shelters, a Star Fleet Marine-issue camp cooking unit, a computerized weather station, and a general-duty replicator, apparently seldom used. The southern edge of the encampment featured a traditional campfire, ashes left over from the previous night. Scientific equipment of various sorts was scattered about, the camp demonstrating a curious mixture of order and chaos. The entire setup reminded Atchison of his childhood days camping as a Youth Scout back in Australia.

Atchison and Isabe settled near the center of the camp, beneath a large dining fly. A communicator sat on the table underneath the fly.

"There he is," Isabe said. Entering the camp was a burly, bearded, rough Rigellian, wearing a pale-red utility jumpsuit and light windbreaker jacket and carrying an old-style laser hunting rifle. Atchison and Isabe left the dining fly and walked towards him. The Rigellian approached them somewhat warily.

"Greetings, Mr. Ecirp. I'm Dr. Kenneth Atchison; this is my

associate, Rema Isabe.”

The Rigellian gave the barest hint of a nod.

Atchison shifted his feet and cleared his throat.

“We’re from the Luna University, here to begin the next phase of the survey.”

“I know who you are. Didn’t expect you just yet.”

“Our arrival was scheduled well in advance,” said Atchison. “We’re on time.”

“Well, you’re here now. Nothing I can do about it.” The Rigellian scowled, looked them over, then seemed to relax a bit. “My name is *Ecirp*. I need some recfe.” He turned and walked towards the storage shelter.

“Not very personable, is he?” asked Isabe.

“Ever met a lone scout who was?” replied Atchison.

Ecirp returned from the shelter, bearing a brown beverage packet and an ancient campfire percolator. He seemed a bit friendlier. Atchison had read Ecirp’s personnel file, of course, before setting out on the mission. Despite his “mountain man” appearance, Ecirp was a highly trained scientist with a doctorate in planetary science and master’s degrees in biology and astrophysics. He’d worked for a mining corporation for almost 30 years, but had become an independent scout after his wife died a decade ago. Ecirp had been living on MW-537-V for six months, studying it and doing the basic pioneering work. He would stay another six months, according to plan at least, showing the team around and familiarizing them with the planet. The *Speedwell* would return at that point, dropping off more supplies for the team, and taking Ecirp on to his next destination.

“Good thing you are here I suppose. I’m almost out, and the replicator can’t make recfe worth a damn. Does all right on your human coffee, but not the good Rigellian stuff. You did bring a case of recfe, didn’t you?”

“I think it’s on the manifest, yes.”

“Good. Part of my contract, you know. You want me around another six months, you provide recfe.”

Ecirp walked over to the remnants of the campfire, Atchison and Isabe trailing behind.

“Mr. Ecirp, we need to get the rest of my team down here and begin transporting our equipment and supplies, better part of a day’s work. If you’d like to transport up for a medical checkup, or a warm shower, or if you have any additional needs, we can deal with those.”

“My only need right now is some warm recfe.” The Rigellian gathered some kindling and threw it on the smoldering embers, which quickly flared up. “Most of the wood here burns well. I’ll show you which trees to avoid; some of them stink like Gulgnar’s Maw if you burn them.” He set up the percolator, his back turned to Atchison and Isabe.

“Um, the medical checkup is mandatory, if you’ll recall the University’s regulations.” Ecirp ignored the comment. A silent moment passed.

“Mr. Ecirp, I must contact the *Speedwell*. We need to . . .”

“Yes, yes, do whatever you need to do. And it’s Ecirp, not ‘Mister’ anything. Got that straight?” the Rigellian said irritably.

Atchison signed inwardly. Six months with this grouch didn’t seem like a pleasant prospect.

“Landing party to *Speedwell*. Contact with scout established. Standby to begin landing supplies and personnel.”

Encampment One, Southern Continent, Planet MW-537-V, October 24, Y166, 2250 Hours Local Time

The rest of the day was a series of shuttle landings and transporter drops, equipment unloading and positioning. The first priority was setting up additional shelters to house the survey team. Equipment was unloaded in a specific order, designed for easy access and activation in the coming days and weeks. Each member of the team, plus the crew of the *Speedwell*, knew exactly what to do, having gone through the procedure on other survey missions.

Although he refused to transport up to the ship, Ecirp was given his mandatory physical by Dr. Elur, thanks to the Andorian’s trusty medical tricorder. By the end of the day, the team was tired, but content from a productive day of labor. They gathered under the dining fly for the evening meal: a home-cooked genuine beef roast courtesy of Captain Kuo and the *Speedwell*’s galley, accompanied by carrots, Tellarite figs, and fresh Rigellian leras fruit for desert. The menu was enjoyed by everyone except Sarest, the Vulcan member of the team, who dined on plomeek soup.

“This isn’t bad,” commented Ecirp as he finished an overly large bite of roast, “but in the morning I’ll hunt down a better evening meal for you. Small herbivores graze down by the pond, just before dawn. The meat’s not bad.”

“Have you analyzed the nutritional content of the meat?” asked Dr. Gloria Fernandez.

“Eaten it about twice a week the last few months,” answered Ecirp over his chewing. “Good change from the rations or the replicator. I haven’t keeled over yet.”

“Yes, but . . .”

“I know what you’re asking, yes, it’s all in my studies,” replied Ecirp. “I know my job. You know yours?” He gave Gloria a dark look and took another bite of roast. Annoyed, Fernandez glanced over at Dr. Michiko Soejima, who shrugged and mouthed “let it go” to her companion. Gloria stifled the comment she was about to make about Ecirp’s attitude.

“Have the herbivores discovered that you are predator yet?” asked Atchison.

“Don’t think so. They don’t seem too bright.”

“Surely there are native predators that hunt them,” commented Sarest.

Ecirp looked at Sarest. “My wife used to work for a Vulcan. I never liked him much.” He took a swig of water. “Of course there are predators. Some come around at night, one type in particular, like a cross between a big Rigellian ferret and a Terran dog. That’s in my report, too. No primates though. And the herbies don’t seem to have noticed that me and my rifle are a threat yet.”

Ecirp belched. He seemed to take pride in being as uncouth



as possible. He rose from the table.

"Well, time for bed. The perimeter alarm is set, but I've never had much trouble at night. Most of the animals stay away. Gotta watch out for the small rodents, though. They'll get into your food if you don't store it right." Ecirp left the group and headed towards his personal shelter.

"What a jerk," said Maiah.

"Spending the next six months with him is not my idea of a good time," added Isabe.

"Stow it," said Atchison. "He's been alone for six months. Give him a chance." He was a bit worried that Isabe had taken a strong dislike to Ecirp so quickly.

The communicator chirped. "*Speedwell* to landing party, come in." It was Captain Kuo.

"Atchison here, *Speedwell*, go ahead."

"We've finished seeding the weather and communications satellites in orbit, and the data feeds read active with your portable computers and tricorders. Everything set up down there, Doctor?"

"Hold one moment, Captain." Atchison glanced at Sarest, who pulled out his tricorder. The Vulcan checked the data links and nodded.

"Affirmative, Captain. All is well."

"Any further needs, Ken?"

"I don't think so, Captain. We're ready to settle down for the night."

"I have enough slack in the flight plan that we can remain in orbit until dawn if you like."

"Thank you, Captain, but that won't be necessary. The checklist is complete and we have no problems here."

"All right, Doctor, we will be leaving for our next destination. See you in six months."

"Very well *Speedwell*, have a safe journey."

"Enjoy your stay. *Speedwell* out."

"It always makes me nervous when they leave," Michiko said.

"You say that every time," replied Gloria, "and within a week you'll be so obsessed with weather patterns that you'll forget all about your worry, and about me sometimes too." She smiled. Michiko gave an embarrassed grin.

"Well, let's clean up," said Atchison. "Maiah and I will handle KP for tonight, and we'll get started with the regular cooking and camp schedule tomorrow. Get some good rest, everyone. We will get started with the staff meeting at 0800 tomorrow."

"I want to do a perimeter check before turning in," commented Isabe, "make sure the alarms are set."

"Fine with me, Rema, as long as you're up and about by 0800." Atchison knew that his Cygnan friend usually had trouble sleeping the first few weeks on a new planet. While on board the *Speedwell*, the team had synchronized their sleeping patterns to coincide with this time zone and the planet's 26-hour day, but it always took Isabe extra time to adjust. Isabe went to his shelter, picked up his phaser rifle and tricorder, and began a long walk around the perimeter of the camp.

Atchison and Maiah gathered the utensils and dishes, while the others made their way to their shelters. Traditionally, Atchison's team used old-style camping pots and pans to prepare the evening meal two or three times a week. The fusion-powered portable kitchen was a great labor-saving device, but part of the team's task was to assess the suitability of local food sources: plants, animals, etc., since the colony would eventually have to produce its own food in order to be self-sustaining. In addition to determining nutritional content and health suitability, it required actual cooking. Ecirp had already done some of that work, and both Dr. Elur and Dr. Fernandez were well-trained in the discipline of exogastronomy.

As he scrubbed dishes, Ken looked up at the stars, noting an aurora-like glow forming along the northern edge of the horizon. The planet had significant ionization in the upper atmosphere, resulting in this beautiful display on clear nights, though reports indicated it could interfere with communication signals. The satellites would compensate for that, of course.

"You missed a spot, bad man," teased Maiah. "Look at the dishes, not the stars." He almost replied with a suggestive innuendo, but settled for a leer instead. She giggled. The first night on a new planet was almost always fun.

Encampment One, Southern Continent, Planet MW-537-V, October 25, Y166, 0725 Hours Local Time

Ken awoke with an ache in his back, Maiah gently snoring next to him. Maneuvering himself quietly out of bed so as not to disturb his wife, he used the shelter's latrine, then popped an analgesic pill for his back pain. Glancing out the front of the shelter, he saw that Gloria and Michiko were already awake, drinking coffee under the dining fly. Sitting outside his own shelter, Dr. Elur was doing stretching exercises. Sarest, Isabe, and Ecirp were nowhere he could see, possibly still sleeping, exploring, or tending equipment out of his sight range. The sun was bright and wispy clouds floated by, a beautiful day.

Ken picked up a PADD and sat down at the work station/desk within the shelter. He decided to let Maiah sleep a bit longer and to review the day's work schedule in the meantime.

MW-537-V was technically at Pre-Colonization Phase D: Pioneering. The planet had been discovered by an automated probe nine years ago, then visited by the survey ship *Amerigo Vespucci* six years later for an initial survey. Allocated by the Federation to the United Earth Government as a general mixed colony, the world was intended for both agricultural and industrial production as well as an outlet for population growth. Monsanto had won the bidding for the agricultural facilities, while Weygand-Yulani and Taggart Pan-Galactic had formed a joint venture to exploit the deposits of iridium and platinum detected by automated probes on the northern continent, all under contract with the UE government. Luna University was contracted to provide objective study of the planet, and confirm the early survey results. Ecirp's pioneer work had been the first step in this process, his mission to confirm that the planet, or at least this initial colony site, was livable. Now their task was to study the planet in greater depth, in preparation for the arrival of the first wave of 150 colonists, tentatively scheduled in another eighteen months.

As the team leader, Atchison's task was to coordinate everyone's research, making sure that everyone was working on the same page, that work wasn't being unnecessarily duplicated, and that both the general and specific goals of the mission were met. The oldest of eight children, Ken learned both leadership and teamwork growing up back in Rockhampton. The 0800 meeting would begin the process formally, each person presenting a plan for action and study, while Atchison determined priorities and resource allocation, such as use of the shuttlecraft, use of the orbital satellites, who got to use the most computer time and when, etc. Atchison would also compile all reports and make sure they were properly transmitted to higher authorities at regular intervals. The communications satellites left in orbit by the *Speedwell* provided a link with the Federation's subspace network, as well as enabling team members who might be exploring different parts of the planet to remain in contact. A hand-communicator could not reach the satellites, but it could reach the base camp and an automatic relay. For deliberate trips away from camp, a larger communicator (able to reach the satellites) was carried. The ground stations sent a burst transmission to the satellite every hour, with weather data, any messages deliberately added, copies of communicator transmissions, and a passive sensor sweep of the camp. The satellite kept the last 30 of these transmissions in a buffer, and if the transmissions stopped, would store whatever it had on file and send an alert message into the subspace network.

Ken's wife Maiah was the geologist and cartographer, charged with studying the planet's geology, mineral resources, and geography. The team had worked together long enough that there was no question of favoritism or bias when it came to Ken making decisions about Maiah's work. Fortunately their marriage

was strong enough to survive working together on the same project, something that they had seen harm many other relationships. The biggest problem they faced was with Maiah's traditionalist AlphaCent relatives, most of whom didn't understand why she had married a Human.

The Andorian Dr. Elur was the main biologist and also served as the expedition's physician. He would study the plant and animal life of the world, and also watch for any disease organisms which might impact the group. Elur had taken a vow of poverty and chastity as part of his religious training many years ago. He was a member of the Andorian Senthei sect of healers, who saw their calling to medicine as a spiritual task. He was trusted implicitly by the rest of the crew, a prerequisite (in Atchison's opinion) for any successful physician.

Michiko Soejima, a human from Vega Colony, was the expedition's meteorologist and was also the official second-in-command to Atchison. She was cross-trained in geology and would assist Maiah when necessary. Like Atchison and Isabe, Michiko was ex-Star Fleet and acted as a sort of informal "security" officer when needed.

Gloria Fernandez, from Novelda, Spain, on Earth, was the lead botanist and ecologist, working closely with Dr. Elur in studying the native life forms. In addition to her scientific degrees, she held a bachelor's degree in comparative theology and was the group's informal spiritual advisor and morale officer.

Other than Maiah, Atchison's best friend was Isabe, the Cygnan "muscle" of the group. Although he was the only member of the team without at least one doctorate, he was highly intelligent, and a capable "fix-it" man when it came to repairing equipment and keeping everything operational. He was also a skilled hunter and tracker, and took his security and protection responsibilities very seriously. A former captain in the Star Fleet Marines, Isabe was discharged after being accused of violating the Prime Directive while serving aboard the starship *Hood* eight years ago. Atchison, who had been *Hood's* assistant science officer before leaving the service for greener pastures, had hired him as the "security muscle" for the survey team a few years back. Atchison felt that Isabe had been railroaded in the court-martial and made a scapegoat for the actions of higher officers. He knew Isabe well, and the man had always acted in good faith.

The only group member who was an outsider was Sarest, the Vulcan generalist with expertise in many different disciplines. He would "float" from assignment to assignment as needed to support the others. He was also a qualified shuttle pilot, like Isabe, Michiko, and Ken himself. Sarest was the newest member of the team, and had been assigned at the last minute when Dr. Hamrick had been transferred to another team by the University over Atchison's objections. Sarest had previously worked for private industry and this was his first mission for the University. The loss of Hamrick and the substitution of Sarest had been the only "glitch" in this assignment so far.

Atchison accessed the PADD's data menu, and saw that Gloria and Michiko had already submitted their work requests for the week. He decided to wait on that until the meeting itself, skipping instead to Ecirp's pioneering logs. Despite the scout's grizzled appearance and gruff demeanor, he'd submitted what looked like a very detailed report regarding his experiences and discoveries. Atchison couldn't wait to dig in.

"Good morning, my loving bad man," Maiah cooed. She stood before him in all her glory.

He smiled broadly at his mate, then came back to reality long enough to glance at the shelter's chronometer. 0741. Not enough time. Damn.

"Sorry, my dove. We better get showered; the meeting starts in twenty minutes."

She threw a pillow at him.

Encampment One, Southern Continent, Planet MW-537-V, October 25, Y166, 0803 Hours Local Time

The team gathered under the dining fly, replicated coffee

and doughnuts on the table.

"Good morning, everyone. Anyone seen Ecirp?" The Rigellian was missing. No one had.

"I'll check his shelter," responded Isabe.

"In the meantime, let's get started. I'd like to spend this morning finishing the equipment set up and making sure everything that needs to be running is doing so. Standard schedule like on our last assignment, we meet at 0800 for the daily meeting over breakfast. You are free to eat lunch on your own, but the evening meal at 1900 is mandatory unless you are out of camp on a mission. The setup should be complete by this afternoon, and you can get started on your individual projects then. Any objections? Good. To business then. Dr. Elur?"

"I want to begin with a detailed ecological study of the surrounding area. Ecirp's log contains his observations but much more needs to be done. The data from the biological sampler indicates that the local flora utilize a rather unique set of nucleic acids, more like life forms typical to a Class-K ecosystem than a Class-M, despite the planetary classification. I can do the preliminary study myself but would require Gloria's assistance later."

"Gloria?"

"No problem, Elur. I can help with that. I noticed the same thing and have it on my list. But I'd like to develop a matrix of the ecological chain first, look for any unusual variations."

"Fair enough. Your turn, Michiko."

"It will take me a few days to analyze the weather autostation reports and Ecirp's logs," she said, "but just from the early data, this area still looks like a prime colonization site. Temperate climate, moderate precipitation. Perhaps a bit cold in the winter months, but not too bad. I will take some soil and silt samples of course, help determine the longer-range cycles. I'll need some shuttle time to gather core samples from glaciers and ice packs later this month."

"How soon?"

"I've got enough data here to keep me busy for at least three weeks. No rush."

"That's good, then," said Maiah. "I need the shuttle to explore the projected mining sites. I'd like to get started on that."

"How soon?"

"Tomorrow morning, if I can. Some preliminaries to finish first."

"We can do that." Atchison made a notation on the PADD.

"Sarest, I'd like you to assist Dr. Elur today, but tomorrow you will accompany Maiah on her research trip."

"As you wish."

Isabe returned to the dining fly, a look of concern on his face.

"Ecirp isn't at his shelter."

"He's probably out hunting."

"Maybe, but he knew about the meeting."

"Well, like I've said before, he's not used to people."

"You need to stop making excuses for him, Ken," said Maiah, "He should be here."

Atchison paused. Had he not been taking Ecirp's antisocial behavior seriously enough?

"All right, let's figure out what's going on." He flipped open his communicator. "Atchison to Ecirp. Come in, Ecirp." There was no answer.

"He didn't leave his communicator in his shelter," said Isabe. "If he has it with him, it's either shut off or he's just ignoring us."

"Tricorder scan, then."

"Nothing."

"*What?*" Maiah and Sarest activated their tricorders to confirm Isabe's readings. The link with the satellites in orbit enabled the tricorders to extend their scanning range significantly.

"Nothing, he's not within five clicks of the camp."

"Widen the scan!"

"Still nothing. No humanoid life forms except us."

"Link up with the satellite to boost the maximum scan radius."

"Already did. Nothing."

"I've got his communicator transponder located," said Maiah, "down by the lake."

"Focus the tricorder scan in that area. At least we know where to start. He could be seriously injured, not dead. Sometimes weak life readings won't show up on a scan if the conditions aren't perfect."

"Picking up an intermittent life reading now."

"Rigellian?"

"Can't tell, it's very weak."

"All right, everyone, let's find out what's going on."

"We should leave someone here to guard the camp," suggested Isabe.

"What about the shuttle?" said Maiah, "We could search from the air."

"Agreed on both counts. Sarest, Gloria, you stay here. Get the shuttle prepped for launch in case we need to search. Send a signal to the *Speedwell*, inform them we may have a medical emergency and might need them to return quickly. Elur, get your med kit. The rest of you, grab your getaway bags; let's head to the pond."

It was a rule that nobody left camp without their "getaway bag." This was an alien planet, and anyone who left camp, even to go just a few hundred meters, could get lost or in trouble. Everybody's "bag" was different . . . and most of them weren't bags. Gloria preferred a fanny pack, while Atchison preferred a small rucksack. Sarest wore a vest, and Isabe preferred well-worn Marine "web gear". The others had made other choices. Everybody's "getaway" included three days of rations, a multi-tool, a first-aid kit, their phaser, a canteen, a pack of water purification tablets, their tricorder, and a spare communicator. Everybody had added a few personal items — a knife in Isabe's case, a hundred meters of polymer cord in Maiah's — that they thought would be (or had previously found) useful. Most had a spare pair of socks. Everybody kept their bag ready to go and close at hand. When returning to camp, the first thing to do was to restock the "getaway" just in case something came up. Wherever you went in camp, your "getaway" was within five meters, and ready to be grabbed at a dead run. When planning for a longer trip, a full backpack was added to the "getaway", but no team member was ever far from his "getaway".

After grabbing their gear, the party headed down the bank of the creek along a path trampled down by Ecirp over many months. Isabe had the point, phaser rifle drawn, followed by Atchison, Maiah, and Michiko, armed with phaser pistols, and Dr. Elur with his medical tricorder.

"Anything?" Atchison asked Elur as they approached the pond.

"No life signs, lost the signal. But his communicator is just ahead."

Isabe motioned everyone to stop.

"See anything?" Atchison whispered.

"Right there." Isabe pointed to a bundle of clothing on the edge of the lake. "Let me check."

Isabe moved forward, conducting a scan with his tactical tricorder. He reached the pile of clothing, poked at it with his rifle, then waved the team forward. The communicator was attached to Ecirp's utility belt, lying next to the clothes.

"Nothing here. Just clothes. There's his communicator." Isabe picked it up. "Working order, he just wasn't here to answer it."

"Looks like he went for a swim," said Maiah. "Maybe he drowned?"

"No, the tricorder doesn't show anything in the water except fish and small amphibians. We'd pick up even a corpse at this distance."

"Maybe something ate him," Michiko said morbidly.

"No signs of large animals," said Dr. Elur.

"At least not that you can detect," said Atchison. "Let's keep all options open. We don't know what we are dealing with here. We definitely need to get the *Speedwell* back here, though." He flipped open his communicator.

"Atchison to base camp, come in."

There was no answer.

"Atchison to Sarest, come in. Dr. Fernandez, this is Ken Atchison, do you read?" Still no answer.

"Ah, shenk!" said Maiah.

"Let's get back, *now!*"

Encampment One, Southern Continent, Planet MW-537-V, October 25, Y166, 1600 Hours Local Time

The team had a serious problem on their hands. Very serious.

They returned to the camp to find Sarest and Gloria missing. Tricorder scans detected no humanoid life forms. Worse than that, their communications were cut off. Someone had taken a phaser to all three portable computer nodes, severing the links between the satellites in orbit and the ground equipment. Tricorder logs showed the links broken during the time the team was at the pond. Without the portable computers, the tricorders and communicators had insufficient range to link with the satellites, due to the planet's unusual atmospheric conditions. With the portable computer memory reduced to burned metal slag, there was no way to know if Sarest and Gloria had signaled the *Speedwell* before they vanished. There were no obvious signs of a struggle. Worst of all, the shuttlecraft had been crippled: the same phaser used on the computers had destroyed the shuttle's radio and badly damaged the main system controls.

Isabe thought he might be able to make makeshift repairs on the shuttle, but it would take some time. Michiko and Elur did a scan of the camp, but found nothing missing. In fact, Sarest and Gloria had left their "getaway" bags, which meant they didn't leave voluntarily, except maybe in a blind panic. Atchison decided to abandon the main part of the camp and consolidate around the shuttlecraft as a sort of fortress, keeping everyone together while Isabe made his repair attempt. They gathered weapons, rations, water, and medical supplies. While Isabe worked, the rest of the team considered the situation.

"I've combed through Ecirp's logs," began Maiah. "Couldn't find anything unusual. The only thing I noticed was a marked drop in the level of detail, starting about a month ago."

"Maybe he was just getting bored," suggested Michiko disinterestedly. Atchison was worried about her; she was torn up by Gloria's disappearance, though she was trying as hard as possible to cover it up and perform her job. Even exhibiting this level of stress wasn't like her, though.

"Possibly. Perhaps there was something wrong," he suggested. "Any ideas, Doctor?"

Dr. Elur shook his head. "I've gone over the readings from his physical again. Aside from a slight fungal infection on his left foot, he was perfectly healthy."

"Fungal infection? What about that?"

"Local fungus-like microorganism, he may have picked it up from swimming. It was resistant to the antifungal cream he had with him, but I gave him a good dose of oral xenofungazole which should have cleared it up in a day or two. My tests indicated the organism was susceptible to that drug."

Atchison considered this. "I remember reading once about a fungal thing . . . it was years ago . . ."

"I remember," said Maiah, "about fifteen years ago, a planet towards the galactic core. Remember, Elur? Star Fleet landing party from one of the survey cruisers caught a fungus, ate into their brains, turned them violent."

"Yes, I recall the case," said the Andorian. "But there is no evidence of anything like that here. Ecirp had the fungus for several weeks, with no indication of any serious problems, aside from the itch. I can't imagine it could have killed him, and we should have found his body if it did. It also doesn't explain the disappearance of Sarest and Gloria."

"True. But go over the readings from his physical again, just to be sure."

"Of course."

"Any *other* ideas?"

Maiah shook her head nearly imperceptibly. Michiko looked lost in thought. Ken tried to engage her. "Michiko?"

"You served in Star Fleet as long as I did. You know it could be anything . . . an energy creature, a disease, a parasite, some shape-shifting native predator, Klingons, Orions."

"It could simply be that Ecirp went crazy," said Maiah. "Remember, whatever happened to Sarest and Gloria didn't trigger the camp perimeter alarm. A creature of some sort probably would have. If it's Ecirp, and he has a sensor masking device, he could remain hidden from the alarm and simple tricorder scans."

"That type of equipment is illegal for civilians, Maiah," said Ken.

"Which doesn't mean he doesn't have one. They're sold on the black market. Hell, Ecirp could be working for the Orions for all we know."

"So could Sarest," said Elur.

"What?"

"We don't know him well at all, and he's very quiet, even for a Vulcan."

"That's ridiculous," said Ken. "I can't believe you'd even suggest that." Ken was shocked; it wasn't at all like Elur to throw out such an accusation. But for a split-second, he shared Elur's thought. Sarest *was* awfully quiet, and Ken hadn't liked the way he'd been put on the team at the last minute. Someone had shot up the equipment with a phaser. . . could that have been Sarest? Or Ecirp? Or any of them under the control of some sort of creature?

Everyone went silent. *Why are we thinking this way?* Ken thought to himself. *We're trained to deal with stress.*

"I'm almost ready to give it a try," said Isabe, "But I need some help here, Ken."

Atchison went over to the shuttle's main controls, where Isabe had been making repairs. "What do you need?"

"I've cannibalized two tricorders and salvaged as many components as I could from the burned-out computers. The radio is gone but I've been able to jury-rig the engineering computer, at least I think so. We can at least get some power going."

"Will we be able to lift off?"

"Probably, but I'll want to run some diagnostics first. I need you at the controls here. Some of the automatic functions might not be working and it might take both of us to keep this thing stable. Hold on a second; let me get this last trans-stator in place. There. All right, we're ready."

"Everyone, we're going to see if we can get the shuttle operating," said Ken. "Take your positions please." The team sat down in their respective seats.

"I will start up the main controls," said Isabe. "Ken, monitor the power flow indicator. If it spikes, shut it down. I don't want to risk burning the system out."

"Ready."

"Activating." Isabe punched the start-up switch for the main power bus. Several indicators flickered briefly, then the panels came to life.

"Any big spikes?"

"No. How does it look?"

Isabe scanned the control panel, gathering information. "Communications definitely down. Helm controls look OK. Life support is good for a week. External sensors gone. Engineering systems look all right, but I'm setting up a diagnostic to make sure. Navigational computer . . . damn, nothing there."

"So we have engine power and can steer, but we won't be able to set a course?"

"We can dead-reckon at sublight I suppose."

"Combat systems?"

"We have the structural integrity field, but no fire control for the phaser."

"How long to complete the engine diagnostic?"

"Five minutes."

There was a horrific screaming sound from outside, like a cross between the roar of a Terran grizzly bear and the howl of a Vulcan le-matya. Atchison bolted out of his seat to the shuttle's

hatch, where Maiah and Elur were already peering out.

"See anything?"

"Negative!"

"Nothing on the tricorder scan," said Michuko.

Isabe was looking out the front shuttle window. "I can't see anything here!"

The screeching sound grew louder. A decision had to be made. Go take a closer look, phasers at the ready? They could solve this mystery once and for all, discover what happened to their three compatriots, hopefully rescue them . . . or perhaps share their fate. They could take the shuttle up into the atmosphere, save themselves temporarily and get an aerial look at whatever was going on. Or they could get up into orbit completely and think through the situation. The screech grew even louder. Ken decided.

"Maiah, shut the hatch, Rema, fire up the engines."

"The diagnostic isn't . . ."

"Screw the diagnostic; get us off the ground, now! Everyone buckle in!"

At the pilot's seat, Isabe punched buttons and the shuttle's engines fired up. The shuttle lifted slowly then jerked to starboard and downward slightly. Isabe compensated but was having trouble maintaining a steady course. Ken buckled himself into the shuttle's systems operations seat. Half the panel indicators were out. From what he could tell, the engines were operating normally on a mechanical basis, but the systems that controlled the automatic functions were only partially functional.

"You steer; I'll handle the engines," said Isabe.

"Right."

Ken kept the shuttle on a steady upward course, then stabilized at 1,000 feet. He tried to do a circular course over the camp area, but the steering was sluggish. The other team members were peering out the hatch window, scanning visually.

"Can anyone see anything?"

"Negative, just the camp," commented Maiah.

"Great, an invisible monster!" said Michiko.

"We don't know that there is a monster!" said Elur.

"You heard it! We all did! It got the others, you know it."

Michiko was dangerously close to panic, while Elur was unusually agitated for a man normally so calm. What was happening?

"Everyone, quiet!" Ken interrupted. "We don't have any idea what's going on. Rema, any reason we can't make orbit?"

"I don't think so. It will take two of us to handle the controls but everything seems all right."

"I have an idea. Get us into orbit, then track down one of the communications satellites. Get us within communicator range and we'll get a signal to the *Speedwell*. This is beyond our ability to deal with right now."

"All right, gaining altitude and speed, will achieve orbital velocity in 30 seconds."

"Can we find the satellites?" asked Maiah, "We don't have sensors."

"Once we are clear of the atmosphere," said Ken, "We should be able to home in on one with the tricorders and communicators. There's one in geosynchronous orbit over the main camp, shouldn't be too hard to find."

The shuttle lifted into orbit, the purplish-blue atmosphere of the planet gradually fading to darkness.

"Orbit achieved. We're stable."

"Any troubles with the engines?"

"No, looks good. But without sensors we can't navigate at warp."

"Start scanning with tricorders, everyone. See if you can find the satellite."

It didn't take long. "Found it," said Maiah, "Bearing 124 degrees mark nine, from current location, distance 87 klicks."

"Bring us to within 50 klicks, Isabe. Michiko, see if you can get a comm signal."

She began fiddling with her communicator.

"Nothing."

"What? That's not possible, we're already close enough."

"I can't get through, either," said Elur.
What else can go wrong, thought Atchison.
"Is it static or dead air?"

"Static . . . I think we're being jammed."

The shuttle lurched violently, throwing everyone not strapped in to the floor.

"What the . . ." Ken scrambled back into his chair. "Rema, did you . . ."

"Tractor beam, something's got us . . ."

Through the front window, Ken saw the culprit: they were being dragged into the shuttle bay of a Free Trader, a Free Trader but definitely not the *Speedwell*. Or perhaps a Free Traitor . . .

"You might have been right about the Orions, Maiah."

Isabe had revved up the engine power in a futile attempt to escape the tractor beam. The shuttle shook. Ken put his hand on the Cygnan's shoulder. "It's no use, Rema. Shut her down." His friend nodded with resignation and powered the engines down.

Ken turned to his team. "We don't know what's going on here, and we won't be able to shoot our way out, so let's just all stay calm and try to deal with whoever this is rationally."

"What would Orions want with this planet, or with us?" asked Michiko. "There are a million planets out there with resources like this one. It makes no sense."

"We'll find out soon enough."

The shuttle settled into the bay of the larger ship.

Captain's Cabin, Free Traitor *Penzance XXIII*

The Orion captain, known throughout the sector as the Dread Pirate Aldo, offered Ken a refill on his recfe.

"So you see, Doctor, you put me in quite the dilemma. We were hoping to scare you off the planet with the disappearance of a few of your personnel and the apparent existence of an invisible screaming 'monster'. Alas, the incompetence of my subordinates has rendered that plan 'moot', as you say. One crewman exceeded his orders and caused too much damage to your shuttlecraft. The crewman responsible has been . . . disciplined. We had intended to leave you a means of easy escape."

"So my three missing people are all right, then."

"Yes, they are here on board, safe and sound."

"Might I see them?"

"Not yet. You will be reunited at the right time."

"So what exactly was the plan?"

"As I said Doctor, to scare you off the planet. With your communications cut off, we were hoping you would leave orbit and warp out, enabling us to finish our task before you returned with help. But once I received the report of my landing party, I realized that you would be unable to leave, and that we would have to take all of you into custody. After consulting with my clients, we've come up with a new plan, perhaps one we should have considered in the beginning. Indeed, this new plan is likely to be far more profitable for both myself and my clients than our original scheme. The original concept would have gotten us just a few additional weeks of data, perhaps just days. Now we will have months!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand this at all, Captain. What is so valuable about this planet that you needed to go through all of this trouble? Why not just kill us? Why all the charades? If we had left the planet as you expected, we would certainly have returned to find my missing friends, with the *Speedwell* or even Star Fleet or police backup."

The Orion sighed. "It is complicated, Doctor. Several different contracts are involved, and certain clients have special needs. And, to be frank, I have never been especially comfortable with . . . murder." He smiled coldly. "Oh, sometimes such things are necessary in this business. But it is not my main focus. I prefer to obtain profit through subtler means."

"You can't hold us forever. The University is going to be expecting progress reports. If we stay silent for too long, they will send a ship out to investigate. And the *Speedwell* will return in six months anyhow."

"Doctor, with the proper . . . persuasion . . . we will convince you to file 'reports' on schedule." The Orion's comment was tinted with menace. "As for the return of the *Speedwell*, your tasks for us will be complete by the time she returns."

Ken took a sip of recfe and swallowed hard. At least the recfe was good quality.

The captain softened a bit. "Doctor, I realize it will be impossible for you to trust me. And I don't expect trust, nor do I expect you to believe a word of what I'm about to say. But I tell you, if you do what we ask of you for the next six months, conduct the research we ask, study the things we ask you to study, file the reports we ask you to file, at the end of the period it will be as if nothing unusual had happened at all. The *Speedwell* will return, and you and your team will be on the planet, just as they expect."

"What is it we are supposed to study?"

"You may have already noticed it to some extent, Doctor. Tree pollen on this planet has unusual biochemical properties, acting as a stimulant for certain areas of the central nervous system of most humanoids. Rigellians are immune, but other species are vulnerable to these effects, to a greater or lesser extent. My clients are interested in studying this pollen in detail, and perhaps enhancing the effect."

"Studying it, eh?" said Ken. "Trying to turn it into a new narcotic?"

The Orion captain laughed. "Oh, nothing so mundane as a simple pleasure drug, Doctor. But we can discuss the details later once you begin your research."

"And I'm supposed to believe that after six months you'll just leave us there, on the planet, ready to tell the authorities the whole story?"

"Yes, Doctor. That is *exactly* what I want you to believe." The Orion smiled broadly, then tapped his intercom.

"Take the good doctor back to his cell."

Two guards, one Human, one Orion, entered the cabin, phasers drawn. Atchison rose, considered saying something defiant, then realized that any such comment was both pointless and likely to antagonize the pirates. He nodded meekly, then left in custody of the guards.

The Dread Pirate Aldo took the last sip of recfe from his own mug, then sat back to consider the state of affairs. Despite the botched attempt to scare the scientists away, quick thinking on his part had saved the situation. His clients were extremely pleased with his solution. It promised six additional months of unfettered research into the unusual biochemistry of the life on this world. What his clients wanted this research for did not concern him, but they were paying handsomely for it. The data would have to be checked, of course, to make sure the scientists were performing valid research and not faking or contaminating their results. His clients seemed confident that their own experts would detect any flaws.

Persuasion could be brought to bear, if necessary, given the emotional ties obviously present in the group, though he would hold this option in reserve as a last resort. He was undecided about the eventual disposition of the scientists; perhaps his clients would be interested in acquiring their services permanently, voluntarily or otherwise.

The newest addition to his crew was an intriguing case. The captain didn't trust the new addition just yet. In fact, this lack of trust had been part of the reason they rushed the operation so quickly after the *Speedwell* left, not wanting to give him time to change his mind. But if the new man worked out as well as the captain hoped, he would definitely be of great value in the future, both on this mission and on others.

Someone hit the door chime.

"Enter."

"Ah, yes. Come in, Doctor." The Dread Pirate Aldo smiled. "You will begin your new duties tomorrow, supervising your colleagues. As we agreed last month, your contract includes a lifetime supply of premium Gahannaese recfe." He poured a new cup from the carafe. "Try it!"

Ecirp took a long sip and smiled.

Dramatis Personæ

DR. KENNETH ATCHISON

The leader of the expedition, Dr. Atchison is a 41-year-old human from Rockhampton, Australia, on Earth. A graduate of Star Fleet Academy, Atchison served as a science officer aboard the Federation starships *De Gama* (a scout) and *Hood* (a heavy cruiser), rising to the post of assistant science officer of the *Hood* before resigning his commission to lead a Luna University research team.

The oldest of eight children, Atchison is a natural leader but preferred science and research to the command track during his Star Fleet days. His organizational and motivational skills have proven invaluable in his current job. His father was a blue-water naval officer in the Australian Defense Force branch of the United Earth military, while his mother was a research biologist at Central Queensland University. Kenneth is desperately in love with his wife Maiah. His best friend is Rema Isabe, the “security muscle” of the research team. He has a strong sense of right and wrong, but dislikes playing the political games that he felt were necessary to advance further in Star Fleet.

He attended Star Fleet Academy, where he focused on science. While there he specialized in biology, anthropology, and archeology. Since leaving the Academy, he has organized a pioneer team which he heads as a skilled administrator. He enjoys card games and is an expert poker player. He has a strong phobia regarding wasps and similar insects, although he isn't allergic to them and has never actually been stung.

MAIAH MO'THARAI ATCHISON

Maiah is Kenneth's wife. From Alpha Centauri, the 35-year-old is a highly skilled geologist and cartographer, holding PhDs in both subjects from Segama Geotechnic, the most prestigious planetary sciences university on her homeworld and one of the best in the Federation. As with all the team members, she also has strong survival skills.

Maiah comes from a very traditional Alpha-Centauran family; her mother was a Tedeist priest, while her father was a homemaker. Her parents strongly disapprove of her marriage to an Earth Human, and feel insulted by Maiah's rejection of traditional Alpha-Centauran values regarding family relations. She has a rebellious nature, but is deeply in love with her husband.

While Alpha Centaurans are descended from transplanted Earth-Human stock, their society is very matriarchal, and women dominate families and the government.

GLORIA FERNANDEZ

An Earth human from Novelda, Spain, 45-year-old Fernandez holds PhDs in botany and ecology from the University of Madrid, and is an expert in studying and categorizing new life forms. She is also strongly interested in spiritual matters, holding bachelor's degrees in comparative religion and psychology from Oxford. Her own religious beliefs are eclectic; she is very open to the ideas of others and loves talking about spirituality, serving as an informal chaplain and psychological counselor for the group.

Like the other members of the group, she is trained in survival skills. Although somewhat overweight, she is in good physical condition and very strong. She is in love with Michiko Soejima, the team's meteorologist.

MICHIKO SOEJIMA

Born and raised on Vega Colony, 38-year-old Michiko Soejima is descended from some of the original Japanese and Korean immigrants who founded that colony over a hundred years ago. Like Atchison, she is a Star Fleet Academy graduate who specialized in the sciences, namely meteorology with cross-training in geology and astrophysics. She is in excellent physical condition and a crack shot with a phaser, serving as a second security officer for the team after Isabe. She won a Bronze Star for valor while serving aboard the starship *Rahman* during her Star

Fleet days, but left the service to care for her sick mother on Vega.

After her mother died, Michiko joined Luna University as a researcher, then volunteered for pioneer team duty after meeting Gloria Fernandez. Unlike Gloria, Michiko is a firm philosophical materialist. She has a very calm but insightful personality, both indomitable and blessed with intuition.

DOCTOR ELUR

The team's physician, the Andorian Dr. Elur, is somewhat dour but completely trusted by the other members of the team due to his tremendous medical skills. He is well-versed in human and near-human anatomy and able to tend any medical need, major or minor, needed by the team members. He is also an expert biologist, charged with studying plant and animal life in cooperation with Gloria Fernandez.

Elur is a devout member of the Qellek-Memran Religious Order of Physicians, taking a vow of poverty and service many years ago as part of his medical training. He is fanatically devoted to preserving and studying life in all of its forms. Although not a total pacifist, his philosophical beliefs limit him to fighting only in self-defense. He is also very honest.

Andorians are blue-skinned aliens with sensory antennae on their foreheads. Their society is very militaristic.

REMA ISABE

A Cygnan, Rema Isabe is the team's “security officer” and best friend of the team leader Ken Atchison. Isabe is a former Star Fleet Marine, a talented if somewhat unconventional officer who rose quickly through the ranks. While serving as Marine major aboard the starship *Hood* eight years ago, he was accused of violating the Prime Directive and was forced to resign from the service. The incident was classified and Isabe refuses to discuss it, but Atchison (who was serving on the *Hood* at the time) felt that Isabe was made the scapegoat to cover for the actions of the ship's captain and first officer. When Atchison left Star Fleet shortly afterward, he recruited Isabe to join his pioneer group, an offer his Cygnan friend (who was drifting between a series of unimportant security consultant jobs) quickly accepted.

Isabe attended the Marine Academy and was quite good at survival, throwing, tracking, and beam weapons. He is also a skilled mechanic. He is a light sleeper and is a terrible liar. He has tried hard to learn the human game of poker and plays frequent games with Atchison, Maiah, and Michiko, but his difficulty telling falsehoods makes him a poor bluffer.

Cygnans are albino humanoids with black eyes.

SAREST

Sarest is something of a mystery to the other members of the group, only recently joining the team. He is quiet even for a Vulcan, and aside from his academic credentials, no one knows much about him. Sarest is extremely intelligent and imaginative as Vulcans go; one might call him versatile. A graduate of the Vulcan Science Academy, he is a scientific generalist, trained in a variety of disciplines including administration, anthropology, astronomy, chemistry, computer operation, cooking, engineering, and biology. He has skill as both a naturalist and a pilot. Like most Vulcans, he lacks a sense of humor; like the other team members, he is trained in survival skills.

Vulcans are highly logical and have copper-based blood.

ECIRP

A Rigellian with a doctorate in planetary science and master's degrees in biology and astrophysics, Ecirp became an independent scout ten years ago following the death of his beloved wife. Those who knew him at the time saw his personality change; previously outgoing and friendly, he became sullen and withdrawn after his spouse passed on. He strongly dislikes the company of others. Ecirp loves *recfe*, a coffee-like Rigellian beverage, to the point of obsession.

Rigellians are dark-skinned with a random blue line pattern.

GURPS 4th Edition Stats

Dr. Kenneth Atchison

210 points

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 15 [100]; HT 11 [10].

Secondary Characteristics: Dmg 1d-2/1d; BL 20 lbs.; HP 10 [0]; Will 15 [0]; Per 16 [5]; FP 11 [0]; Basic Speed 5.25 [0]; Basic Move 5 [0].

Race: Human; Height: 6'0"; Weight: 150 lbs.; Age: 41; Sex: Male; Graduated: Star Fleet Academy.

Social Background: CF: Federation; TL12.

Languages: Federation Standard (Native) [0].

Advantages: Charisma 3 [15]; Courtesy Rank 3 [3]; Fit [5]; Resistant (Disease) (+3) [3].

Disadvantages: Chummy [-5], Code of Honor (Professional) [-5], Curious (12) [-5], Phobia (Wasps and similar) (12) [-5]; Sense of Duty (Federation) [-10], Stubbornness [-5].

Quirks: Broad-minded [-1], Dislikes political games [-1], Strong sense of right and wrong [-1].

Skills: Administration-16 [4], Anthropology (Human)-17 [12], Archaeology-17 [12], Astronomy/TL-13 [1], Beam Weapons/TL (Pistol)-11 [2], Biology/TL (Class M)-16 [12], Computer Operation/TL-16 [2], Computer Programming/TL-13 [1], Diplomacy-13 [1], Electronics Operation/TL (Scientific)-16 [4], Electronics Operation/TL (Transporter)-15 [2], Electronics Operation/TL (Tricorder)-16 [4], Electronics Repair/TL (Scientific)-16 [4], Electronics Repair/TL (Transporter)-14 [1], Electronics Repair/TL (Tricorder)-15 [2], Engineer/TL (Auxiliary Systems)-13 [1], Engineer/TL (Electronics)-14 [2], Expert Skill (Xenology)-15 [4], First Aid/TL-15 [1], Free Fall-9 [1], Gambling (Poker)-16 [4]; Hiking-11 [2], History (Recent Federation)-13 [1], Judo-9 [2], Law (Federation Military)-13 [1], Leadership-17 [1] (includes +3 from Charisma), Mathematics/TL (Applied)-13 [1], Mechanic/TL (Auxiliary Systems)-14 [1], Navigation/TL (Space)-15 [2], Operations/TL (Space)-14 [2], Physics/TL-12 [1], Piloting/TL (Aerospace)-10 [1] (default from IQ-6), Piloting/TL (Shuttlecraft)-11 [3] (default from IQ-6), Research/TL-16 [4], Savoir Faire (Military)-15 [1], Shiphandling/TL (Starship)-14 [2], Sociology-14 [0] (from default Anthropology-3), Spacer/TL-15 [1], Strategy (Space)-13 [1], Survival (Desert)-15 [1], Tactics-13 [1], Vacc Suit/TL-9 [1].

Maiah Mo'tharai Atchison

200 points

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 13 [60]; IQ 14 [80]; HT 10 [0].

Secondary Characteristics: Dmg 1d-2/1d; BL 20 lbs.; HP 10 [0]; Will 14 [0]; Per 14 [0]; FP 10 [0]; Basic Speed 5.75 [0]; Basic Move 5 [0].

Race: Alpha-Centauran; Height: 5'6"; Weight: 120 lbs.; Age: 35; Sex: Female.

Social Background: CF: Federation; TL12.

Languages: Alpha-Centauran (Native) [0]; Federation Standard (Accented) [4].

Advantages: Charisma 1 [5], Fit [5], Intuitive Mathematician [5].

Disadvantages: Sense of Duty (Federation) [-10], Stubbornness [-5].

Quirks: Family is disappointed in her [-1], Rebellious nature [-1], Uses Alpha-Centauran phrases regarding men [-1].

Skills: Administration-13 [1], Area Knowledge (Federation Space)-15 [2], Beam Weapons/TL (Pistol)-9 [1], Cartography/TL-16 [6] (default from Geography Class M-2), Climbing-13 [2], Computer Operation/TL-14 [1], Electronics Operation/TL (Scientific)-13 [1], Electronics Operation/TL (Tricorder)-13 [1], Electronics Repair/TL (Scientific)-13 [1], First Aid/TL-14 [1], Gambling (Poker)-13 [1], Geography/TL (Physical, Class M)-16 [12], Geology/TL (Class M)-16 [12], Hiking-10 [2], Mathematics/TL (Surveying)-14 [2] (default from Cartography-3), Meteorology/TL (Class M)-13 [1], Navigation/TL (Land)-15 [4], Prospecting/TL-13 [1], Research/TL-13 [1], Savoir Faire (Academic)-14 [1], Skiing-9 [2], Survival (Mountain)-13 [1], Vacc Suit/TL-12 [1], Writing-13 [1].

Dr. Elur

200 points

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 11 [20]; IQ 15 [100]; HT 10 [0].

Secondary Characteristics: Dmg 1d-2/1d; BL 20 lbs.; HP 10 [0]; Will 17 [10]; Per 20 [25]; FP 10 [0]; Basic Speed 5.25 [0]; Basic Move 5 [0].

Race: Andorian; Height: 6'0"; Weight: 150 lbs.; Age: 41; Sex: Male. Social Background: CF: Federation; TL12.

Languages: Andorian (Native) [0]; Federation Standard (Native) [6].

Advantages: Common Sense [10], Discriminatory Smell [15], Subsonic Hearing [5], Talent (Healer) 3 [30], Ultrahearing [5], Vibration Sense [10].

Disadvantages: Code of Honor (Professional) [-5], Hidebound [-5], Honesty (12) [-10], Loner (12) [-5], Low Pain Threshold [-10], No Sense of Humor [-10], Pacifism (Self-Defense Only) [-15], Sense of Duty (Federation) [-10], Sense of Duty (Patients) [-5], Vow (Poverty) (Major) [-10].

Skills: Biology/TL (Class M)-13 [2], Biology/TL (Class O)-14 [4], Computer Operation-15 [1], Diagnosis/TL (Andorian)-19 [4] (includes +3 from Healer, defaults from Physician-4), Electronics Operation/TL (Medical)-15 [2], Electronics Operation/TL (Tricorder)-14 [1], Electronics Repair/TL (Medical)-15 [2], First Aid/TL-22 [0] (includes +3 from Healer, defaults from Physician), Meditation-15 [1], Naturalist (Class O)-13 [1], Pharmacy/TL (Herbal)-16 [1] (includes +3 from Healer), Pharmacy/TL (Synthetic)-18 [2] (includes +3 from Healer, defaults from Physician-5), Physician/TL (Andorian)-22 [20] (includes +3 from Healer), Physiology/TL (Andorian)-18 [2] (includes +3 from Healer, defaults from Physician -5), Poisons/TL-16 [0] (defaults from Physician-3), Surgery/TL (Andorian)-18 [4] (includes +3 from Healer, defaults from Physician-5), Survival (Arctic)-19 [1], Vacc Suit/TL-10 [1], Veterinary/TL-17 [0] (includes +3 from Healer, defaults from Physician-5). Dr. Elur has a -1 to medical skills when treating Orions; -2 if treating Vulcans, -5 if treating Humans, Rigellians, or Alpha-Centaurans.

Michiko Soejima

200 points

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 11 [20]; IQ 14 [80]; HT 10 [0].

Secondary Characteristics: Dmg 1d-2/1d; BL 20 lbs.; HP 10 [0]; Will 16 [10]; Per 14 [0]; FP 10 [0]; Basic Speed 5.25 [0]; Basic Move 5 [0].

Race: Human; Height: 5'8"; Weight: 130; Age: 38; Sex: Female; Graduated: Star Fleet Academy.

Social Background: CF: Federation; TL12.

Languages: Federation Standard (Native) [0].

Advantages: Courtesy Rank 3 [3]; Fit [5]; Indomitable [15], Intuition [15], Reputation (Decorated) (1) (All the time, Large class) [3], Resistant (Disease) (+3) [3], Talent (Physical Science) 2 [10].

Disadvantages: Code of Honor (Professional) [-5], Curious (12) [-5], Fanaticism (Patriotism) [-15], Sense of Duty (Federation) [-10].

Quirks: Calm personality [-1].

Skills: Administration-13 [1], Astronomy/TL-14 [1] (includes +2 from Physical Science), Beam Weapons/TL (Pistol)-16 [16], Computer Operation/TL-14 [1], Computer Programming/TL-12 [1], Diplomacy-12 [1], Electronics Operation/TL (Scientific)-15 [4], Electronics Operation/TL (Transporter)-14 [2], Electronics Operation/TL (Tricorder)-14 [2], Electronics Repair/TL (Scientific)-13 [1], Engineer/TL (Electrical)-12 [1], Engineer/TL (Electronics)-12 [1], Engineer/TL (Reactors & Power)-12 [1], Expert Skill (Xenology)-12 [1], First Aid/TL-14 [1], Free Fall-10 [1], Gambling (Poker)-13 [1], Geology/TL (Class M)-15 [2] (includes +2 from Physical Science), History (Recent Federation)-12 [1], Judo-11 [4], Law (Federation Military)-12 [1], Leadership-13 [1], Mathematics/TL (Applied)-12 [1], Mechanic/TL (Reactors & Power)-13 [1], Meteorology/TL (Class M)-16 [2] (includes +2 from Physical Science), Navigation/TL (Space)-14 [2], Operations/TL (Space)-13 [2], Physics/TL-15 [4] (includes +2 from Physical Science), Piloting/TL (Aerospace)-10 [1], Research/TL-13 [1], Savoir Faire (Mili-

tary)-14 [1], Shiphandling/TL (Starship)-13 [2], Skiing-9 [2], Spacer/TL-14 [1], Strategy (Space)-12 [1], Survival (Arctic)-13 [1], Survival (Beach/Island)-13 [1], Swimming-10 [1], Tactics-12 [1], Vacc Suit/TL-10 [1].

Gloria Fernandez

200 points

Attributes: ST 13 [30]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 14 [80]; HT 10 [0].

Secondary Characteristics: Dmg 1d/2d-1; BL 34 lbs.; HP 13 [0]; Will 14 [0]; Per 14 [0]; FP 10 [0]; Basic Speed 5 [0]; Basic Move 5 [0].

Race: Human; Height: 5'2"; Weight: 150 lbs.; Age: 45; Sex: Female.

Social Background: CF: Federation; TL12.

Languages: Federation Standard (Native) [0].

Advantages: Acute Taste and Smell 2 [4], Appearance (Attractive) [4], Cultural Adaptability [10]; G-Experience (All) [10], Resistant (Disease) (+3) [3], Sensitive [5].

Disadvantages: Chummy [-5], Code of Honor (Professional) [-5], Overweight [-1].

Quirks: Loves talking about spirituality [-1].

Skills: Biology/TL (Class M)-16 [16], Body Language (Human)-14 [2], Computer Operation/TL-14 [1], Cooking-14 [2], Detect Lies-15 [4] (includes +1 from Sensitive), Diplomacy-15 [8], Electronics Operation/TL (Scientific)-15 [4], Electronics Operation/TL (Tricorder)-15 [4], Hiking-9 [1], Naturalist (Class M)-16 [10] (default from Biology-3), Philosophy (Mystic)-13 [2], Psychology (Human)-14 [4] (if in person, add +1 from Sensitive), Research/TL-15 [4], Survival (Plains)-14 [1] (default from Naturalist-3), Survival (Woodlands)-14 [1] (default from Naturalist-3), Theology (Comparative)-12 [1], Vacc Suit-9 [1].

Rema Isabe

200 points

Attributes: ST 11 [10]; DX 14 [80]; IQ 12 [40]; HT 13 [30].

Secondary Characteristics: Dmg 1d-1/1d+1; BL 24 lbs.; HP 11 [0]; Will 12 [0]; Per 12 [0]; FP 13 [0]; Basic Speed 6.75 [0]; Basic Move 6 [0].

Race: Cygnan; Height: 5'8"; Weight: 150 lbs.; Age: 41; Sex: Male; Graduated: Federation Marine Academy.

Social Background: CF: Federation; TL12.

Languages: Cygnan (Native) [0], Federation Standard (Accented) [4].

Advantages: Fearlessness 3 [6], Talent (Mathematical Ability) 1 [10], Talent (Physical Science) 4 [20], Resistant (Disease) (+3) [3], Versatile [5], Very Fit [15].

Disadvantages: Code of Honor (Soldier's) [-10], Gregarious [-10], Guilt Complex [-5], Intolerance (Kzinti) (Total Intolerance) [-10], Light Sleeper [-5], Overconfidence (12) [-5], Reputation (Dishonorable discharge) (-2) (All the time, Large class) [-5], Sense of Duty (Teammates) [-5], Truthfulness (12) [-5], Vow (To follow The Ways of the Fathers) [-15], Weakness (Sunlight 1d/30 minutes; variable -40%) [-9].

Quirks: Doesn't fully support the Prime Directive in all cases [-1], Incompetence (Gambling) [-1], Vow (Clear his name) [-1].

Skills: Administration-11 [1], Armoury/TL (Small Arms)-13 [4], Beam Weapons/TL (Pistol)-16 [4], Beam Weapons/TL (Rifle)-16 [4], Camouflage-14 [4], Climbing-14 [2], Computer Operation/TL-12 [1], Electronics Operation/TL (Communications)-12 [2], Electronics Operation/TL (Tricorder)-11 [1], First Aid/TL-12 [1], Free Fall-13 [1], Gunner/TL (Beam)-14 [1], History (Recent Federation)-10 [1], Karate-13 [2], Knife-15 [2], Law (Federation Military)-10 [1], Leadership-12 [2], Mechanic/TL (Shuttlecraft)-12 [2], Navigation/TL (Land)-11 [1], Operations (Land)-11 [2], Parachuting/TL-14 [1], Running-12 [1], Savoir Faire (Military)-13 [2], Soldier/TL-13 [4], Spacer/TL-13 [1], Stealth-14 [2], Strategy (Land)-10 [1], Survival (Jungle)-11 [1], Survival (Swamp)-11 [1], Swimming-13 [1], Tactics-12 [4], Throwing-14 [2], Tonfa-14 [2], Tracking-11 [1], Vacc Suit/TL-13 [1].

Sarest

200 points

Attributes: ST 12 [20]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 15 [100]; HT 10 [0].

Secondary Characteristics: Dmg 1d-1/1d+2; BL 29 lbs.; HP 12 [0]; Will 15 [0]; Per 15 [0]; FP 10 [0]; Basic Speed 5 [0]; Basic Move 5 [0].

Race: Vulcan; Height: 6'1"; Weight: 145 lbs.; Age: 94; Sex: Male; Graduated: Vulcan Science Academy.

Social Background: CF: Federation; TL12.

Languages: Federation Standard (Accented) [4], Vulcan (Native) [0].

Advantages: Acute Hearing 1 [2], Extended Lifespan (x2) [2], G-Experience (All) [10], High Pain Threshold [10], Indomitable [15], Less Sleep 2 [4], Lightning Calculator [2], Mind Shield 4 [16], Nictitating Membrane 1 [1], Photographic Memory [10], Regeneration (Regular: 1HP/Hr) (Only while in Autotrance) [18], Talent (Physical Science) 2 [10], Talent (Vulcan Psi) 1 [5], Unfazeable [15].

Perk: Autotrance [1].

Disadvantages: Code of Honor (Logical behavior) [-10], Honesty (12) [-10], Intolerance (Emotional or illogical behavior) [-5], Low Empathy [-20], No Sense of Humor [-10], Pacifism (Self-Defense Only) [-15], Truthfulness (12) [-5], Workaholic [-5].

Quirks: Attentive [-1], Doesn't talk much [-1].

Skills: Administration-14 [1], Anthropology (Vulcan)-14 [2], Astronomy/TL-15 [1] (includes +2 from Physical Science), Biology/TL (Class K)-13 [2], Cartography/TL-14 [1], Chemistry/TL-15 [1] (includes +2 from Physical Science), Computer Operation/TL-15 [1], Computer Programming/TL-15 [4], Cooking-14 [1], Electronics Operation/TL (Scientific)-16 [4], Electronics Repair/TL (Scientific)-15 [2], Engineer/TL (Electronics)-14 [2], First Aid/TL-15 [1], Geography/TL (Physical, Class K)-13 [1], Geology/TL (Class K)-15 [1] (includes +2 from Physical Science), Mathematics/TL (Applied)-13 [1], Metallurgy/TL-13 [1], Meteorology/TL (Class K)-16 [1] (includes +2 from Physical Science), Mind Block-14 [1], Naturalist (Class K)-13 [1], Paleontology/TL (Paleozoology)-14 [2], Physics/TL-14 [1] (includes +2 from Physical Science), Piloting/TL (Shuttlecraft)-10 [1] (default from IQ-6), Research/TL-15 [2], Survival (Desert)-14 [1].

Ecirp

200 Points

Attributes: ST 14 [40]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 14 [80]; HT 12 [20].

Secondary Characteristics: Damage 1d/2d; BL 39 lbs.; HP 14 [0]; Will 14 [0]; Per 14 [0]; FP 14 [6]; Basic Speed 5.5 [0]; Basic Move 5 [0].

Race: Rigellian; Height: 6'2"; Weight: 210 lbs.; Age: 34; Sex: Male. Social Background: CF: Federation; TL12.

Languages: Federation Standard (Native) [6], Rigellian (Native) [0].

Advantages: Combat Reflexes [15], Rapid Healing [5].

Perk: Ultraviolet Tolerance [1].

Disadvantages: Fanaticism (Spread of civilization) [-15], Loner (6) [-10], Odious Personal Habit (Anti-Social) (-2) [-10], Secret (GM's choice: either Rejects Rigellian honor and family or Covert Operative) [-10], Sense of Duty (To family) [-5].

Quirks: Addiction to recfe (mild/legal) [-1], Humble [-1].

Skills: Armoury/TL (Small Arms)-13 [1], Beam Weapons/TL (Pistol)-12 [4], Beam Weapons/TL (Rifle)-12 [4], Biology/TL (Class M)-13 [4], Boxing-11 [4], Camouflage-14 [1], Cartography/TL-13 [1], Climbing-11 [4], Computer Operation/TL-14 [1], Cooking-13 [1], Electronics Operation/TL (Scientific)-14 [2], Electronics Operation/TL (Tricorder)-14 [2], Electronics Repair/TL (Tricorder)-13 [1], Fast Draw (Pistol)-12 [2] (includes +1 from Combat Reflexes), First Aid/TL-14 [1], Hiking-13 [4], Jumping-10 [1], Mathematics/TL (Applied)-12 [1], Meteorology/TL (Class M)-14 [2], Navigation/TL (Land)-15 [4], Observation-15 [4], Physics/TL (Astrophysics)-14 [8], Piloting/TL (Shuttlecraft)-12 [8], Prospecting/TL-14 [2], Stealth-11 [3] (default from IQ-5), Survival (Woodlands)-14 [2], Swimming-12 [1], Tactics-12 [1], Throwing-9 [1], Tracking-14 [2], Traps-13 [1], Wrestling-9 [1].

PD20 Modern Stats

Dr. Kenneth Atchison

Level 3 Smart / Level 3 Science Specialist / Level 1 Field Researcher.

Human: Male HP: 43 XP: 21,000.

Str 11, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 15.

Skills: Bluff +5, Computer Use +9, Craft (chemical) +6, Craft (electronic) +6, Craft (structural) +5, Craft (writing) +5, Decipher Script +5, Gather Information +7, Investigate +7, Knowledge (behavioral sciences) +15, Knowledge (business) +17, Knowledge (civics) +5, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +16, Knowledge (history) +14, Knowledge (Klingon) +5, Knowledge (physical sciences) +6, Knowledge (Romulan) +5, Knowledge (technology) +6, Listen +4, Navigate +5, Pilot +2, Profession +5, Read/Write Alpha-Centauran, Read/Write Federation Standard, Research +8, Search +5, Speak Alpha-Centauran, Speak Federation Standard, Spot +4, Survival +4.

Feats: Alertness, Educated (Knowledge [behavioral sciences] and Knowledge [earth and life sciences]), Nerves of Steel, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

Talents: Fast Learner, Savant (Research).

Class Features: Science Specialist: Skill Mastery (Bluff, Computer Use, Investigate, Knowledge [earth and life sciences], Knowledge [history], Research, Search), Scientific Improvisation, Primary Area of Study (Knowledge [history]).

Class Feature: Field Researcher: Dodge Trap.

Base Attack Bonus: +2, Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +4.

Maiah Mo'tharai Atchison

Level 4 Dedicated.

Alpha-Centauran: Female HP: 36 XP: 6,000.

Str 12, Dex 11, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 11.

Skills: Computer Use +6, Craft (writing) +4, Investigate +4, Knowledge (business) +3, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +18, Knowledge (history) +4, Knowledge (physical sciences) +3, Knowledge (popular culture) +8, Knowledge (technology) +3, Listen +1, Profession +2, Read/Write Alpha-Centauran, Read/Write Federation Standard, Research +8, Sense Motive +2, Speak Alpha-Centauran, Speak Federation Standard, Survival +7, Treat Injury +2.

Feats: Attentive, Educated (Knowledge [earth and life sciences] and Knowledge [physical sciences]), Simple Weapons Proficiency, Spark of Genius (Knowledge [earth and life sciences]), Studios.

Talents: Aware, Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [earth and life sciences]).

Base Attack Bonus: +3, Fort +2, Ref +1, Will: +2.

Gloria Fernandez

Level 5 Charismatic.

Human: Female HP: 21 XP: 10,000.

Str 11, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 16.

Skills: Bluff +4, Computer Use +5, Craft (writing) +5, Decipher Script +4, Diplomacy +6, Gather Information +6, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (arcane lore) +3, Knowledge (behavioral sciences) +12, Knowledge (business) +4, Knowledge (civics) +5, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +14, Knowledge (physical sciences) +14, Knowledge (popular culture) +3, Knowledge (theology and philosophy) +12, Profession +2, Read/Write Federation Standard, Research +5, Speak Federation Standard, Survival +4.

Feats: Educated (Knowledge [earth and life sciences] and Knowledge [physical sciences]), Iron Will, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Studios.

Talents: Authority, Coordinate, Non-Lethal Force.

Base Attack Bonus: +2, Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +3.

Michiko Soejima

Level 6 Tough.

Human: Female HP: 60 XP: 15,000.

Str 13, Dex 11, Con 18, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Skills: Computer Use +5, Concentration +13, Craft (mechanical) +4, Craft (structural) +4, Diplomacy +1, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (civics) +4, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +12, Knowledge (physical sciences) +12, Knowledge (Federation) +5, Listen +2, Navigate +4, Read/Write Federation Standard, Repair +4, Research +4, Sense Motive +12, Speak Federation Standard, Spot +3, Survival +7, Treat Injury +4.

Feats: Attentive, Educated (Knowledge [earth and life sciences] and Knowledge [physical sciences]), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (Hand Phaser).

Talents: Master Survivalist, Outdoor Skills, Remain Conscious.

Base Attack Bonus: +4, Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +2.

Dr. Elur

Level 3 Dedicated / Level 3 Medical Specialist.

Andorian: Male HP: 33 XP: 15,000.

Str 10, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 10.

Skills: Computer Use +5, Craft (pharmaceutical) +7, Craft (writing) +4, Investigate +4, Knowledge (arcane lore) +3, Knowledge (behavioral sciences) +4, Knowledge (business) +3, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +10, Knowledge (history) +3, Knowledge (military science) +3, Knowledge (physical sciences) +4, Knowledge (technology) +4, Knowledge (theology and philosophy) +3, Listen +6, Profession +8, Read/Write Andorian, Read/Write Federation Standard, Research +5, Sense Motive +5, Speak Andorian, Speak Federation Standard, Spot +11, Survival +4, Treat Injury +20.

Feats: Alertness, Combat Martial Arts, Dodge, Medical Expert, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Surgery.

Talents: Healing Knack, Skill Emphasis (Treat Injury).

Class Feature: Expert Healer, Survey the Damage.

Base Attack Bonus: +3, Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +4.

Rema Isabe

Level 3 Strong / Level 1 Marine

Cygnan: Male HP: 30 XP: 6,000.

Str 18, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 9.

Skills: Bluff +0, Climb +7, Craft (structural) +4, Jump +7, Knowledge (military science) +7, Knowledge (streetwise) +2, Knowledge (technology) +4, Pilot +8, Profession +5, Read/Write Cygnan, Read/Write Federation Standard, Read/Write Kzinti, Repair +13, Search +5, Speak Cygnan, Speak Federation Standard, Speak Kzinti, Survival +6.

Feats: Improved Repair, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Starship Operation, Track.

Talents: Disable, Light Sleeper.

Class Feature: Weapon Focus (Hand Phaser).

Base Attack Bonus: +4, Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1.

Sarest

Level 5 Fast / Level 1 Science Specialist

Vulcan: Male HP: 42 XP: 15,000.

Str 17, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 11, Cha 9.

Skills: Computer Use +13, Craft (electronic) +6, Knowledge (behavioral sciences) +13, Knowledge (business) +13, Knowledge (current events) +6, Knowledge (physical sciences) +12, Knowledge (popular culture) +3, Knowledge (streetwise) +2, Pilot +11, Profession +9, Read/Write Federation Standard, Read/Write Vulcan, Research +9, Speak Federation Standard, Speak Vulcan.

Feats: Archaic Weapon Proficiency, Defensive Martial Arts, Hobby (Research), Improved Natural Healing, Nerve Pinch, Photographic Memory, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

Talents: Evasion, Full Alert, Uncanny Dodge 1.

Class Features: Feat Sacrifice, Skill Mastery (Computer

Use, Craft [electronic], Knowledge [physical sciences], Knowledge [streetwise], Pilot, Research).
Base Attack Bonus: +3, Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +1.

Ecirp

Level 4 Tough

Rigellian: Male HP: 41 XP: 6,000.

Str 16, Dex 12, Con 18, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 11.

Skills: Bluff +2, Concentration +6, Craft (mechanical) +4, Craft (structural) +3, Gather Information +5, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +11, Knowledge (physical sciences) +11, Knowledge (streetwise) +3, Profession +2, Read/Write Federation Standard, Read/Write Rigellian, Speak Federation Standard, Speak Rigellian, Spot +2, Survival +5.

Feats: Confident, Deceptive, Educated (Knowledge [earth and life sciences] and Knowledge [physical sciences]), Level-Headed, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

Talents: Rage 1/Day, Second Wind.

Base Attack Bonus: +3, Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +1.

The Dread Pirate Aldo



We leave the creation of this character to each GM, as otherwise, your players would read this book and know too much!

GMs who create their own Dread Pirates can email them to us and we will make the best ones available on our website.

PROJECT STAFF

John Sickels (fiction author), Jean Sexton (editor), Gary Plana (GURPS rules), Jonathan Thompson (PD20M rules), James Goodrich (GURPS characters), Bob Gilson (GURPS review), Tony L. Thomas (PD20M characters), Ryan Opel (Continuity and F&E Liaison), Steven P. Petrick (Universe Coordinator), Stephen V. Cole (publisher).

ARTISTS

Pirate portrait by Alvin Belflower.

Tricorder and portrait of pioneer team by Dale McKee.

Tricorders

A tricorder is a handheld device that becomes available at TL10 [PL 7]; specialized tricorders become available at TL11 [PL 8]. Tricorders are a combination of computer and sensors used for a virtually unlimited number of different applications and uses.

PADDs: A Personal Access Display Device (or PADD) is the most basic form, and is sometimes referred to as a “monocorder.” They are TL9 [PL 7] devices that are an outgrowth of “Advanced Personal Digital Assistants” available in the early 21st century. They have built-in data storage and processing capabilities equal to those of a modern supercomputer, and have a communications tie-in to available library computer networks. In some cases, the PADD will operate in a stand-alone mode; in others, it operates as a display terminal or interface to the library computer serving it. At higher tech levels of technology, this interfacing and modality becomes less and less apparent to the user. PADDs have no sensor capabilities. Cost \$250 [Purchase DC 13], weight 4 pounds.

Tricorders: A tricorder is a TL10 [PL 7] device that has all of the functions of a PADD and adds built-in sensors and scanners. The sensor package on a tricorder can sense, display, and analyze any form of energy or matter known to the technological level that the tricorder was built at. TL10 [PL 7] tricorders weigh four pounds and scan biosigns at ten yards, physical objects at 100 yards, and can analyze energy emissions at one mile. TL11 [PL 8] tricorders weigh two pounds and can scan biosigns at twenty yards, physical objects at 200 yards, and energy emissions at two miles. TL12 [PL 9] tricorders weigh one pound and can scan biosigns at 100 yards, physical objects at 500 yards, and can analyze energy emissions at ten miles. Any of them cost about \$2,500 [Purchase DC 23] when at current TLs.

At TL11 [PL 8], tricorders became available that were specialized for various tasks. This specialization is reflected as bonuses or modifiers to various skill rolls. Some of these specialized tricorders are:

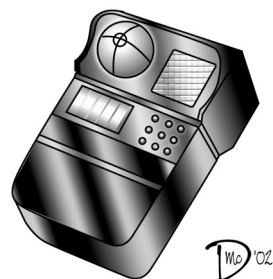
Science Tricorder: +4 to any scientific skill rolls

Geology Tricorder: +4 to any geology-related skill roll; has enhanced range capabilities which allow it to penetrate/sense minerals or rocks at 10x normal range *but* loses the ability to scan for living beings, organic tissue, etc.

Medical Tricorder: +4 to all medical-related skill rolls, +4 to Physiology rolls; if programmed in advance with the data on a given species, that Physiology bonus becomes +10 (+8 in *PD20M*) for that species. The hand-held attachment must be within one foot of the patient for these bonuses.

Engineering Tricorder: +4 on all Mechanic skill rolls (Repair in *PD20M*); has additional built-in filters which prevent overloading or damage when scanning intense energy fields.

Tactical Tricorder: +4 to detect and identify life forms, weapons, armor, etc. Includes a comprehensive database on all of the above. Carried by Marine officers.



PHASERS

There are several types of phasers used as personal weapons. The phaser-I (used as a “courtesy sidearm” for non-infantry personnel) can be held in the palm of a hand. [PD20M: +2 to Sleight of Hand Skill checks.]

The phaser-II is a standard military handgun [PD20M: +1 to Sleight of Hand Skill checks]. The other weapons are normally held with two hands. Phaser-I/II and phaser rifles become available at TL10 [PD20M: PL 8].

At TL11 [PD20M: PL 9] two additional types of phasers become available: the pulse phaser and repeating phaser. The pulse phaser is an upgraded version of the phaser rifle. As its name implies, the repeating phaser can fire more rapidly than the other types of phasers, making it the favorite weapon of Star Fleet Marines. The basic stats of phasers are on the chart at the bottom of this page.

Phasers have a variety of power settings; a Stun-2 setting on a Phaser-I produces the same effect and damage as the Stun-2 setting on a phaser rifle, etc.

Prices for Federation phasers are listed for reference; they are not for sale, except on the black market.

Phaser weapons can be set to stun. In **GURPS**, this is treated as an Affliction with Incapacitation, as modified:

When a person is hit by a phaser stun attack, he must make an HT roll with a penalty based on the stun setting; for example, a phaser set on Stun-1 requires a HT-1 roll, Stun-2 a HT-2 roll, etc. If a person is hit by more than one phaser stun attack, then increase the penalty to the HT roll by 2 per additional hit taken.

If the character makes the roll, then the attack has no effect. If the character fails the roll, note the Degree of Failure; the character falls unconscious immediately, and the Degree of Failure is

the number of minutes the character remains unconscious. After that, he is stunned until he can make a HT roll (roll once per second). On a critical failure, the character remains unconscious until medical assistance is received.

Note that in addition to phasers, there are other weapons (such as riot control guns and stun grenades) that also have stun settings. These weapons function similarly.

Setting	Damage	Type	1	2	Rif	Pul	Rpt
Stun-1	*	Stun	x	x	x	x	-
Stun-2	*	Stun	-	x	x	x	-
Stun-3	*	Stun	-	-	x	x	-
Kill-1	1d	Burn	x	x	x	x	-
Kill-2	2d	Burn	-	x	x	x	-
Kill-3	3d	Burn	-	-	x	x	x
Kill-4	2d(2)	Burn	-	-	-	x	x
Kill-5	4d(2)	Burn	-	-	-	x	x
Disint-1	4d(3)	Burn	-	x	x	x	x
Disint-2	6d(3)	Burn	-	-	x	x	x
Disint-3	8d(3)	Burn	-	-	-	x	x

* the victim must make a HT roll to avoid being “stunned;” see Phaser Stun below.

An “x” indicates settings available for each type of phaser; a “-” means that phaser cannot fire that setting.

The number of charges consumed each time a phaser is fired is equal to the setting number; e.g., Stun-1 or Kill-1 consume 1 charge, Stun-3 or Kill-3 consume 3 charges, etc. Exception: Disint consumes two charges times the setting number per shot (Disint-3 uses six charges).

Types of Phaser weapons (GURPS)

TL	Weapon	Damage	Acc	Range	Wt	RoF	Charges	ST	Bulk	RC L	Cost	LC
10	Phaser-I	Spec	2	50/100	Neg	1	100(2)B	—	-1	1	\$2,000	2
10	Phaser-II	Spec	5	200/500	1	3	100(2)C	—	-2	1	\$3,000	1
10	Phaser Rifle	Spec	8	500/1,000	4	5	100(3)2C	—	-6	1	\$4,500	0
11	Pulse Phaser	Spec	10	800/1,200	4	5	100(2)D	—	-6	1	\$5,500	0
11	Rpting Phaser	Spec	12	600/800	8	8	500(2)D	—	-8	1	\$7,500	0

TABLE 7-4: PHASER WEAPON DAMAGE

Damage Setting	Damage ¹	Crit	Type	Energy used per shot	Phaser-I (sidearm)	Phaser-II (combat pistol)	Phaser Rifle (standard Marine)	Pulse Phaser (heavy weapon)	Repeating Phaser (crew-served)
Stun-1	1/Fort	20	Fire	1	x	x	x	x	—
Stun-2	2/Fort	20	Fire	2	—	x	x	x	—
Stun-3	3/Fort	20	Fire	3	—	—	x	x	—
Kill-1	2d6	20	Fire	2	x	—	x	x	—
Kill-2	4d6 + 1	20	Fire	4	—	x	x	x	—
Kill-3	3d12 + 2	20	Fire	6	—	—	x	x	x
Kill-4	4d12 + 3	20	Fire	8	—	—	—	x	x
Kill-5	6d10 + 4	20	Fire	10	—	—	—	x	x
Disint-1 ²	3d20 x 2	20	Energy	10	—	x	x	x	x
Disint-2 ²	4d20 x 2	20	Energy	20	—	—	x	x	x
Disint-3 ²	6d20 x 2	20	Energy	30	—	—	—	x	x

¹: Characters hit by a phaser weapon on Stun take the numerical damage plus have to make a fortitude save at DC 15/18/20 respectively. The character is unconscious for DC – Roll in rounds that it was missed.

(For example, Lee is hit by a phaser set on stun-3; he needs a 20 to save from being stunned. Lee rolls a 2 and then adds his +4 from his Fortitude saving throw which now gives him a total of 6. Since Lee needed a 20 to save, he has missed the roll by 14, so Lee’s character will be out for the next 14 rounds.)

² This setting deals damage of a nonspecific energy type that is not subject to energy resistance.

An “x” indicates settings available for each type of phaser; “—” means that phaser cannot fire that setting.

GAMES OF THE STAR FLEET UNIVERSE

Prime Directive is a game of the *Star Fleet Universe*, an interrelated system of games with a common background. These include the classic tactical *Star Fleet Battles*, the exciting new *Federation Commander*, the strategic game *Federation & Empire*, the card game *Star Fleet Battle Force*, and other games.

Because these games all have a common background, they all use the same ships, history, and technology. History puts the Klingons and Federation at war during certain periods, so *SFB* and *F&E* both have battle scenarios for that period. A Klingon D7 battlecruiser has twice the combat power of a Romulan SeaHawk frigate, and this is reflected in *SFB* and *FC* by their basic point values, in *F&E* by their combat factors, in *SFBF* by the number of icons on their respective cards, and so forth.

This is good in that players can move between games and reasonably expect the same things to work the same ways (albeit on a different scale). Of course, for your own campaign, you can ignore these implications.

FEDERATION COMMANDER

Federation Commander is the exciting new full-color fast-playing game of starship combat. Including mounted map panels (using full-color NASA photos, double-sided with hexes in two sizes), full-color laminated ship cards (each showing the operating components of a starship in color-coded boxes), full-color laminated charts, easy-entry rules, streamlined execution, and full-color playing pieces, *Federation Commander* is the space combat game YOU have been waiting for. You can begin flying a starship just minutes after opening the box.

While *Federation Commander* includes several products, all of them require one of the three starter sets: *Klingon Border* was the first to appear, followed by *Romulan Border Academy* is the low-cost entry (lacking the mounted map boards and with only the four most popular ships). All three have, basically, the same rules and will work with any other *Federation Commander* product. Expansions include *Klingon Attack*, *Romulan Attack*, *Tholian Attack*, *Battleships Attack*, and (before you think you see a pattern developing) *Distant Kingdoms*, the future *War & Peace*, and other products. Additional ships can be found in *Booster Packs* and a full range of pewter miniatures are available. You will never run out of new worlds to explore (and conquer or defend), but these expansions will provide new ships, new enemies, and new situations, but NOT complicated additional, expansion, or optional rules. Once you master the rulebook, there are no more rules to learn, just more ships to fly, more weapons to fire, and more worlds to explore. (There are some new weapons.)

The game system is based on energy. You count how much energy your starship generates at the start of each turn, and pay for a "baseline speed". The rest of your energy is spent during the turn to fire weapons, operate systems (tractor beams, transporters), to speed up, to slow down, or to reinforce your shields. During each of the eight impulses of each turn, ships move (up to four times at the highest speed) and you have the opportunity to fire weapons or operate systems.

Damage is resolved by a die roll or two, not a bucket of dice.

Ships are presented in two scales; Fleet Scale is "half the size" of Squadron Scale and can be used to resolve larger battles in less time.

On our website, you can get the free PDF download of *First Missions*, a fully-working version of the game, to see how the system operates.

Commander's Circle, on the website, has the free monthly newsletter *Communique* with new ships, scenarios, and tactics.

STAR FLEET BATTLES

First published in 1979, it has undergone several revisions and new editions. There is a lot of this game (dozens of modules and zillions of starships) but you don't have to learn it all at once, and can buy only as much of it as you want to play. The most successful space combat game ever published, thousands of players seek to out-fly, out-fight, and out-think their enemies in a warp-speed dogfight.

Having been around the longest, most of the history and background of the entire *Star Fleet Universe* first appeared in *Star Fleet Battles*. This game has the most complete database of ships, weapons, and technology, and is the primary reference source for any *SFU* research. We reprinted most of the relevant data from *SFB* in the core RPG rulebooks, so players of *Prime Directive* need not fear being required to buy hundreds of dollars worth of tactical space games just to get the maps, political histories, timelines, and other background data.

Experienced players can also enjoy this game via the Internet at SFBOL.com and at our famous national tournaments at the Origins Game Fair.

FEDERATION & EMPIRE

The strategic game of the *Star Fleet Universe*, *F&E* was first published in 1986 and has (like *SFB*) been upgraded in several subsequent editions (most recently in February, 2010), and half a dozen major expansions. On a map five feet long, players move thousands of die-cut counters representing ships, squadrons, groups, and fleets.

F&E is primarily a game about money. You collect taxes from your planets and provinces, then use the money to buy, upgrade, and repair starships. After that, you send your ships off to war to conquer your enemies. For those interested, we have a detailed description of *F&E* on our website. At Origins, you will see three dozen players hunched over huge maps for four straight days trying to decide, once and for all, who will rule the universe.

STAR FLEET BATTLE FORCE

This new card game appeared in the summer of 2001. You control a group of starship cards from several empires. Each ship card has icons showing the weapons the ship can use. Each turn, you check your hand for weapon cards that match the icons on your ships, and fire them at the enemy. The game system is similar to *Modern Naval Battles* or *Naval War* but with improvements and new concepts. While there are several kinds of phasers, the bigger ones can fire the cards from the smaller ones, and, larger plasma torpedo launchers can use the smaller torpedo cards. As your starships take damage, red plastic markers cover some of the icons, preventing you from using those weapons. See our website for more information.

STARLINE 2400 MINIATURES

We have dozens of pewter scale-model starship miniatures from the various empires, and release more each year. You can find a complete list on our shopping cart.

WEBSITES

www.StarFleetGames.com

Information about all of our products. The newly revamped website now includes an index to help you find things.

www.FederationCommander.com

Specific support for the new *Federation Commander* game system, including its own Forum, downloads, and more.

www.BattlefieldPress.com

These are the people who write our PD20M rules for us.



CORE RULEBOOKS

Roleplaying on the final frontier. Includes extensive background, geography, and technology sections. Also includes species templates, character generation, skills, attributes, weapons, technology, starships, etc. for the system covered.

Each book is designed for the system used, and works with all published books of that system including our own Romulan and Klingon books (seen below).

The *GURPS 4e* book is self-contained, and you do not need any more *GURPS* books to play *Prime Directive*, but of course, you can use your existing *GURPS* books to populate planets and equip aliens with strange new technology.

The *PD20* book requires the *d20V3.5* rulebook. This edition was done because there are more players who have that book than any other RPG book in history.

The *PD20M* book requires the *d20 Modern Rulebook*. For players of *d20*-type games, this provides the most easily adaptable set of rules, as they already cover firearms and advanced technology, and many science fiction books are done for it.

\$24.95; stock #s: *GURPS* #8401, *PD20* #8701, *PD20M* #8741.



FEDERATION

Now in the final stages of preparation, this will be the most powerful *Prime Directive* book ever printed. Written by John Sickels (who wrote *Romulans* below) and expertly edited by Jean Sexton, this book will tell you everything you ever wanted to know about those goody-two-shoes of the galaxy, the United Federation of Planets. You can visit the counselor to get in touch with your feelings, or just grab a phaser and show the bad guys what it means to be the galaxy's primary superpower!

The book includes a complete cultural and political history, from the nervous first meetings of the different species, to the formation of a Federation dedicated to sentient rights, economic freedom, and making as much profit as possible. The structure of the government and the powers reserved by its constituent planets is fully explained.

The heart of the book is the detailed section on the survey and creation of new colony planets inside Federation space. There are thousands of usable planets, and you might as well grab all of them before the Klingons and Romulans decide that you really should share the wealth with them.

There are detailed histories and surveys of a dozen worlds, including Earth, Mars, the ocean world of Alpha Centauri, the desert world of Vulcan, the frozen world of Andor, and many more. Notes and usable data are provided for many minor colony planets, providing GMs with an endless supply of places to visit. Details on Star Fleet's ships, weapons, and technology are included, as well as the complete deck plans for a *Burke*-class frigate.

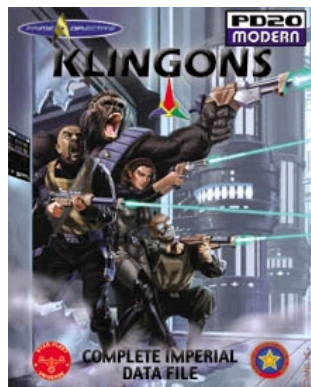
Also included are adventure seeds and mysteries to solve. \$24.95; stock #s: *GURPS* #8402, *PD20* #8702, *PD20M* #8722.



KLINGONS

Everything you ever wanted to know about the Empire of Steel. Government, how the emperor is selected, why there are always three princes, why the empress is not always the wife of the emperor but sometimes his daughter or sister, the military nobility, military academies, the difference between warriors and civilians, the warrior colonies, military ranks and promotion, military awards and decorations, the Knights Paladins (the emperor's personal inspectors and auditors), Klingon religions (you thought that 30 billion Klingons all went to the same church?), the intelligence services that spend most of their time spying on each other, data on dozens of Klingon ships, and much more.

\$24.95; stock #s: *GURPS* #8403, *PD20* #8703, *PD20M* #8723.



ROMULANS

Everything you ever wanted to know about those irritable distant cousins of the Vulcans. The royal family, the role of the praetor, the great houses and how they wheel and deal in the back hallways of the palace, the role of the Intendance Department, intelligence services and Praetorian Teams, colony planets, the previously unknown suppressed species along the galactic rim, the development of the cloaking device, data on dozens of Romulan ships (including the ones they bought from the Klingons), data on the unique Romulan plasma weapons, Romulan spies pretending to the Vulcans, and much more.

\$24.95; stock #s: *GURPS* #8404, *PD20* #8704, A book for *PD20M* is in preparation and will be #8724.

