



STAR WORN

A one-round *TRAVELLER*® tournament adventure

by

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of

 **BRITISH ISLES TRAVELLER SUPPORT**
BITS A British Forum for *TRAVELLER* - the Game of the Far
Future
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plagiarised from a variety of science fiction sources...

This box should have a witty introduction in it.
However, just like last year, this was written at the last minute, late at night, so don't expect too much...

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A special, one-off, never-to-be-repeated¹ release of the

Traveller®

tournament developed and run by BITS at Gen Con UK 1998.
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Its name

STAR WORN

is not indicative of any link or relationship to any previous film or publication whatsoever, nor are the pile of strangely familiar characters and situations found in this tournament in any way a challenge to the copyright, trademarks or any other legal thingies of any person or company in the entire universe.

As this was written a few years back in great haste, some additional annotations have been made by the author to help you run the game. These are shown thus: **[Note: blah blah blah]**. For various reasons a few words (mostly profanities) have been changed to avoid legal action, however, for safety, this tournament is only to be used by mature consenting adults over the age of 32.

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REFEREE'S INTRODUCTION

Space Worn is a not-too-serious tournament adventure for six pre-generated characters, set early in the birth of the Third Imperium (i.e. "Milieu 0"). A copy of the T4 rules is necessary to run this scenario, and copies of *Milieu 0* and the *Central Supply Catalog* may also be vaguely useful. The format of the adventure is of sections broken up into "nuggets" or scenes.

Text to be read verbatim (or paraphrased) to the players is shown in the following manner:

Read or paraphrase this bit to the players

PLOT OUTLINE

The Third Imperium is expanding. It doesn't want any of this "nice diplomatic" approach – it wants worlds. Nice new virgin worlds that can be raped of their resources. A key player in the military 'expeditionary' forces, both for getting new worlds and keeping control of them, is Daft Vader, evil black-dresser extraordinaire. Facing this military might is a sad band of six misfits, driven by an old Jelli Knight (with knowledge of the mystical power of *The Forks*) who have to find a way to destroy the Braindead Star – Vader's new weapon – a moon-sized space station which can beam trillions of trash TV channels directly into a planet's video systems, thus turning their brains to grey mush.

THE PLAYER-CHARACTERS

The following table summarises the key details of the player-characters, in particular the roles they should be playing and their key skills.

Name	Brief notes	Skills
<i>Louie Skywallower</i>	An inept hero, better known for his designer dress sense and hair style than for his combat ability with a light sabre (or his ability to do anything really). Recently recruited by...	<i>Blade (Light sabre)-1, Grav Vehicle-1, Leadership-1, Melee (Pitchfork)-2, Pilot-1, Pistol (Blaster)-1, Starship Gunnery-1, Telekinesis*-1, Telepathy*-1</i>
<i>Obi Uncle Noby</i>	A depressed old man - the last of the Jelli Knights and now too old to fight Daft Vader alone. Having received news of the Braindead Star from Princess Layme, he sought to train Louie but has realised the latter will never make a Jelli Knight.	<i>Blade (Light sabre)-5, Confuse*-3, Diplomacy-2, Disguise-1, First Aid-1, Persuade*-3, Perception-3, Stealth-2, Telekinesis*-1</i>
<i>C4PO G-VS ("Jeeves")</i>	The upmarket personal valet robot with a false moustache that keeps Louie dressed, clean and presentable (and tries to keep him out of trouble too).	<i>Administration-3, Astrogation-3, Carousing-3, Computer-3, Diplomacy-3, Grav Craft-3, Medical-3, Perception-3, Pistol (finger)-1, Steward-3</i>

<i>"Handy" Solo</i>	A smuggler who works only for cash (and who owes the dreaded Jabbering Mutt a huge amount of money). Owner of the <i>Millennium Bug</i> - a rather worn-out old Far Trader starship.	<i>Astrogation-1, Brawling-1, Bribery-1, Carousing-3, Computer-1, Grav Vehicle-1, Pilot-1, Pistol (Blaster)-2, Streetwise-3, Trader-1</i>
<i>"Booky" the Wooky</i>	An orang-utan with a fixation on books (technical manuals) who can only talk using various forms of "ook".	<i>Brawling-4, Communications-1, Computer-1, Crossbow (auto)-2, Electronics-1, Engineering-1, Intimidation-4, Mechanical-1, (Co-)Pilot-3, Sensors-1, Vacc Suit-1</i>
<i>Princess Layme</i>	A beautiful princess who is definitely in the "I'm not a wimp now let's get out there and kick some serious butt" category of heroines. She knows where the party must travel to, in order to start the adventure.	<i>Blade, Large-3, Blade, Small-3, Brawling-3, Computer-1, Diplomacy-3, Leadership-4, Medical-1, Pistols-3, Rifles-3, Vacc Suit-1</i>

THE ADVENTURE

The following table summarises the sections which comprise this adventure, including a quick explanation of the sort of play involved in each section.

Section	Notes
<i>1. Jebadebabedi starport on Tattyone</i>	The PCs meet up and work out how stupid they all are. They are chased off the planet by stormtroopers.
<i>2. Heading for Dungheap</i>	The PCs find out just how awful the ship is. There's only one place to go: Dungheap. Remember that Layme should be in a big hurry to get there and find the mystic Yodel.
<i>3. On Dungheap</i>	The PCs land on Dungheap, find Yodel, have to steal the Sacred C4 and Holy Detonator from Jabbering Mutt's mud palace, then leave pretty quickly!
<i>4. In The Forests of Wibble</i>	The PCs must land on Wibble, some distance from the ground station to avoid the sensors. Trudging through the forest they must kill some Scooter-Troopers, meet the Eyuks and break into the ground station.
<i>5. Landing On The Braindead Star</i>	Using the stolen security codes the PCs must land on the Braindead Star. They can easily avoid a search by the Stormtroopers and must make their way to the centre of the Star. There are various events that will happen on the way to, or from, the centre of the Star.
<i>6. Planting the Bomb</i>	The PCs find out that the Holy Detonator, being several thousand years old, is a dud. However, they can find a self-destruct mechanism, although it can only be reached using <i>The Forks</i> .

NPCS

There are no statistics for NPCs in this game. Make them up as you go along. Make up your dice rolls. Fabricate tasks. None of this is important, it's the role-playing that counts!

STARTING THE GAME

- Hand out the player character sheets (at random).
- Give out the correct section of Player Handout 1 to each of the players so they can pin it on their forehead or wherever.
- Make sure Princess Layme has Player Handout 2.
- Hand out the ship floorplans for the *Millennium Bug* (Player Handout 5) to Handy Solo.
- Allow the players a few minutes to read through the sheets. Answer any questions they have about their characters.

This should take about 15 minutes at most.

SECTION 1: JEBADEBABEDI STARPORT

SUMMARY

The PCs meet up and work out how stupid they all are. They are chased off the planet by stormtroopers.

[1] Meeting The Other Idiots

Read the following to the players:

You are all on the desert world of Tattystone. There is nothing here but desert, apart from a few really isolated and sad farming types and a run-down starport full of thieves, called Jebadebabedi.

You have been brought together essentially at the request of Princess Layme. Today is the very first day of Imperial year Zero – the official start of the Third Imperium. It is six o'clock in the morning and most people in the starport are not yet up and about – which makes it altogether safer to be walking the streets. Why 6am? It seems that your patron - Princess Layme is a stickler for early starts. But then she's the one who's running things, so who's complaining?

You are in a musty docking bay with a blast wall around it and only one door leading into the public areas of the starport beyond. The *Millennium Bug* – the interstellar smuggling ship run by Handy Solo – slumps unevenly on three of its four support legs (the fourth leg is rather bent and not really supporting the ship). The ship has laser scorch marks across much of its surface.

Let the PCs introduce themselves to each other. Anyone standing around for long enough (or in particular if they actually bother to look at the outside of the ship) should make an **Average Perception** roll. If successful they notice the following:

It's strange, but looking in a little more detail, you're pretty sure that a lot of the scorch marks are at exactly the angle that they would be if the ship's turrets had

accidentally been fired towards the ship itself. Don't worry, it's probably just a trick of the light.

Similarly, another **Average Perception** roll (by any of the characters) will notice the following:

The two drive vents at the back seem to have a red tape across them with the following text printed on it: "Impounded by starport authority under safety rules 45, 47, 48, 49-50, 54-67, 82, 90, 100, 202, 333, 666, 999, etc. For God's sake do not activate these drives."

[2] The Stormtroopers Arrive

Just as the PCs are getting ready to board (or after a few minutes if they're spending too long just talking to each other), the Imperial marines show up:

Suddenly the entrance bell for the door into the blast bay rings. You have a visitor.

There is a spyhole, or you can tell Handy that there is a spy-camera set over the door on the outside so he can get a view of the visitor from inside the ship if he wants.

Assuming someone looks, they see (if not, go past this bit):

There is a long line of heavily built beggars out there, with dusty robes. They are all standing straight upright at attention, but have large cowls so that you are unable to make out their faces. A crackling old female voice says: "Alms for the poor? Alms for the poor? Please let us in kind gentlepeople and spare a few credits for we old women. Lawks..."

It should be pretty obvious that these are not alms collectors, but in fact a team of Imperial stormtroopers in a not-very-cunning disguise. If the PCs try asking any questions, the lead stormtrooper will simply rewind and replay the taped recording of the woman's voice. If he gets really annoyed at not being let in he will eventually use his own voice and shout, "Look, just let us in. We're sad old women, okay?"

If the PCs are stupid enough to let the stormtroopers in, then they march in, to a "Hup Two, Hup Two" count (from the lead 'woman'). They will line up along one wall, then throw off their cowls to reveal their bright white battledress with blaster rifles. Whether or not the PCs are still around, the troopers will then announce "Handy Solo, you are under arrest. This ship is impounded. I say, stop, dammit!" They will start firing. They will not hit anything or anyone, except for superficial wounds (e.g. if Louie is standing around, have them burn a hole in his hairdo or singe his designer clothing).

If the PCs didn't let the stormtroopers in, then they do the same "you're under arrest" speech from outside and then blast the door down, march in, start firing, etc. as above.

The PCs can have a fire-fight if they want, but there is an endless supply of stormtroopers. Note that stormtroopers (in this bit) will be stunt men, i.e. when shot they leap about all over the place and die with only a single shot.

The PCs should get into the *Millennium Bug* and take off. If you get bored and the PCs are hanging about, have the troopers starting bringing up some heavy auto-cannons to blast the ship.

[3] Taking Off

You may remember the name of the ship and the fact that the date is Day 1 of Year 0. Yep, all the computers have crudded themselves. Nothing will work:

Okay, the computers start coming on line. The Windoze9999 startup window appears...

There's a long wait here, while 45,000 Microsloth applications are preloaded into memory.

Finally the main Windoze9999 window appears. However, a series of error messages begin showing up:

"Take off set for Imperial Year 10000." (The PCs should realise this means it is set to take off in 10,000 years time, due to the roll-over from year 9999 to 0.)

Simply resetting the date to year 9999 will solve this problem (but let them work this out for themselves, while they can see the troopers outside bringing up the heavy artillery to break into the ship).

If they try to use the ship's weapons, tell them:

The computer pipes up: "The license for the Gunnery-2 Freeware Program has expired. Please contact our distributors for a proper license."

If they try to activate the ship's manoeuvre drive:

The computer comes up with the following message: "Please insert the Microsloth manoeuvre drive driver in slot 2."

Let the PCs players wonder a bit about how to solve this, until they realise that hitting any control panel really hard will sort it out.

Handy will have to take the ship up on manual, causing a few bits of the ship to fall off. If he screws up his Piloting rolls, a few more bits of the ship fall off, but the PCs make it into space without being destroyed or overly harmed (there are plenty of opportunities for this later on!).

SECTION 2: HEADING FOR DUNGHEAP

SUMMARY

The PCs find out just how awful the ship is. There's only one place to go: Dungheap. Remember that Layme should be in a big hurry to get there and find the mystic Yodel.

[1] The Ship

The *Millennium Bug* is a standard Traveller Far Trader. The statistics in Handout 5 are irrelevant as the PCs can only jump to certain planets in this game and there are no starship chases!

The ship's computer is called "Holly", and is a little insane (thanks to repeated Microsloth upgrades, Holly's IQ has dropped to that of a senile hedgehog – just after having been run over by a steam-roller). Holly has computer access screens everywhere on the ship, but can't remember how to find most of these. The players can give Holly instructions but nothing will ever get done, although Holly does sound quite obedient and end most sentences with "Have a Nice Day". Handy and Booky don't even bother to use or refer to Holly, but the other PCs should be introduced – Holly is quite bored and will try to strike up a conversation with them.

In general, the PCs will find anything they want to use is broken, out of service or not working quite right on this ship. Handy and Booky should be in a "So what?" sort of mood.

[2] Jump to Dungheap

A short interlude where (if she hasn't already) Princess Layme should tell the others: why they're heading for Dungheap; about the Braindead Star; about Player Handout 2.

If they want any advance information on Dungheap, check out Section 3 and give them some of the details from there.

SECTION 3: ON DUNGHEAP

SUMMARY

The PCs land on Dungheap, find Yodel, have to steal the Sacred C4 and Holy Detonator from Jabbering Mutt's mud palace, then leave pretty quickly!

[1] Arrival in the Dungheap System

Tell the PCs the following:

<p>Dungheap is a hot, smelly, jungle world. It has only one proper starport, which is even less advanced than Jebadebabedi. Certain of you know only too well that just a mile to the north of the starport is the mud home of the dreaded fat Vargr Jabbering Mutt. [For non-Traveller people, Vargr are a humanoid dog-based species. Ha ha, it's supposed to be a funny name.] You lock onto the port beacon which guides you down to the flat area of mud that is the starport.</p>

Get Handy or whoever to make a Pilot roll. If they screw up then the ship ends up half embedded in the mud. No problems – if a Jelli Knight isn't available to levitate it out of the mud, then the starport services can do it with a tow truck, provided someone pays them Cr25.

Incidentally, Handy and Booky haven't been told on their character sheets that Dungheap is Jabbering Mutt's home town. If we told them that in advance do you think they'd have come here?

Once they have landed, a 3' high guy comes out and demands a Cr10 berthing fee and brings out a couple of cans of diesel fuel for the ship (that's all that's available on this place). *Don't worry, the ship will still run on it and yes, they will be able to get to their next destination!*

[2] Finding Mystic Yodel

The PCs will no doubt want to find Yodel. Asking anyone in the starport will get the answer:

Simply wander outside the starport to the east and listen for the bloody awful noise.

Yodel yodels – not very well. The PCs should have no trouble tracking him down in the jungle.

- Naturally, people like Louie will get hideously dirty doing this.
- Layme should be given an encounter with a ferocious beast with lots of tentacles – however, the creature will run off the instant she pulls a gun on it or even shouts at it.
- Something small and cute and cuddly (looking vaguely like a koala) will drop on Handy's shoulder and start smooching him. Assuming he blows it away, Obi or Layme should be able to then identify it as the long lost Smezzle – thought to be extinct. Well, *now* it is...

Once the PCs find Yodel – a short guy with hideous wrinkles, who cannot move unless carried on someone's shoulder or somesuch (he's just a hand-puppet after all) – he will ask them why they have sought him out.

Provided they tell him the truth, he will tell them that the only way the Dark Side can be defeated is to destroy the Braindead Star.

Presumably they'll say "Yes, we know that. Give us some advice you cretin!" He will look suitably shocked, and have to think for a while but will then announce the following:

[TRY TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING SOUND A BIT LIKE A RELIGIOUS SERMON – feel free to sing bits in hymnal fashion if you can]

"You must find the Sacred C4 of Antioch. You must seek also the Holy Detonator. You must place the Holy Detonator within the Sacred C4. You must place the whole lot at a preordained spot in the Braindead Star (right at the centre would be a good choice). You must activate the Holy Detonator by pressing the holy red button three times and three times only, not more than three times, nor less than three times. Thrice shall be the number of times that you shall press the red button, being the number created by adding one and two together. And then you shall run away very fast before the Holy Detonator bloweth up and createth seven sorts of serious sh*t."

The PCs should get all this. Yodel will be pissed off if he has to repeat it.

Presumably they will want to know where the Sacred C4 and Holy Detonator can be found. Yodel can tell them that they are within the inner sanctum of Jabbering Mutt's mud palace.

There's nothing else to be gained here and Yodel is certainly not going to waste time training anybody or anything like that (although if they ask he can tell them that it's a six month programme, costs Cr2.5 million and they need to bring their own sleeping bag).

[3] The Mud Palace

The PCs need to work out how to get into the mud palace. It has only one huge metal power door as an entrance. Thankfully the gate guards are very thick huge monsters who could even be outwitted by Louie Skywallower on a good day. Basically, all they need to do is adopt really silly disguises and bluff their way in (e.g. "We're here to read the electricity meter...").

Let them in, they can find the C4 and detonator: they are in a glass display case (with a very big sign saying what they are) on the opposite side of the (darkened) hall from where the bulbous body of Jabbering Mutt rests on a grav sled (apparently asleep). Around lie various other of his minions, also apparently asleep.

Let the PCs be as cunning as they like, but once they actually have the Sacred C4 and detonator in their hands, then everyone wakes up:

Suddenly the lights come on. The Mutt and all his companions spring to life. With a bellicose laugh, Jabbering Mutt declares "Ha! Handy Solo and some sad compatriots. You didn't really think you could escape me did you? Where's the 10 million you owe me Handy? Perhaps I should chew it out of your hides?"

Yes of course the PCs are supposed to escape with their lives, the C4 and the detonator, but feel free to singe some designer clothes, have Layme massacre the bad guys, Booky swing around the room pulling arms off people, etc.

The PCs should be chased back to the starport and take off quickly (same computer problems, dead-car-engine starting noises, etc.). They will find an envelope taped to the airlock door.

Once in space they should want to know where to go next. Hopefully they open the envelope and read the letter which Yodel remembered at the last minute (give them Player Handout 6).

SECTION 4: IN THE FORESTS OF WIBBLE

SUMMARY

The PCs must land on Wibble some distance from the ground station to avoid the sensors. Trudging through the forest they must kill some Scooter-Troopers and meet the Eyuks.

[1] Arrival in the Wibble System

Arriving in the Wibble system, your ship's sensors quickly tell you that indeed the Braindead Star is hovering just above the atmosphere of the planet. You can vaguely detect a hive of activity around the Star with huge numbers of little ships zipping about doing repairs, carrying stores and equipment.

You can detect the force shield and, from extrapolation (drawing a line on the sensor display) you can tell where the ground station is on the planet below. You know that you cannot land close to the ground station without the enemy sensors detecting you, so you will have to land about 20 miles away and hike through the forests to assault the ground station.

Unless the PCs have a really clever plan (Gods forbid!) then they should follow the plan above. Landing should be easy, but get Handy to roll Pilot stuff and then tell him he's flattened a small area of forest and broken some more stuff off his ship anyway.

The forest is fairly easy going, so much less chance of getting anyone's designer-wear muddy, etc. After the PCs have pushed some distance into the forest, start

making them roll **Perception** rolls. Once they succeed (it doesn't matter how long it takes), tell them:

You are just cresting the rise of a small hill when you see ahead of you two Stormtroopers. They seem to have stopped to answer a call of nature. A few metres away from them are two Speed-scooters.

Speed-scooters are actually foot scooters, i.e. a board with wheels, on which the rider places one foot. The rider holds onto the handles (a bar coming up from the board) and uses their other foot to push the scooter along.

Worse still, if the PCs attack these guys, they will find there are two more pairs of Stormtroopers a short distance off. One pair will come in for the attack, the other pair will set off to try to get back to the ground station.

Yes, they really are on foot-scooters. Yes, of course the PCs can outrun them on foot, but if the Stormtroopers will insist on trying to get away on these scooters.

Really heroic PCs will, of course, get one of the first foot-scooters and pursue the other pair using the foot-scooters. They can then heroically leap from theirs onto the stormtroopers' scooters, etc.

Whatever happens the stormtroopers will eventually get knocked off, crash into trees or whatever, so the PCs win. The only exception is the very last scooter, which will be knocked over by a bloody huge log swinging down from a tree. The unlucky trooper will then be jumped on by twenty-ish Eyuks...

[2] The Eyuks

The Eyuks are small, cute, furry and act as though they are constantly on some form of speed drug (they are – observant PCs will notice that the Eyuks are constantly chewing certain local leaves. If the PCs try this too, give them Player Handout 7).

Booky the Wooky should find the Eyuks strangely interesting, while Handy will want to kill them. Give these two PCs the correct sections of Player Handout 4.

The Eyuks can't speak any common tongue that the PCs can understand, but are generally very friendly and will try to communicate with cute noises and waving paws.

What the PCs will quickly find out is that the little so-and-sos also have a strong desire to possess any sort of shiny stuff. They will pick-pocket the PCs (and then reluctantly give back what they've stolen but only if the PCs notice). Pretend to make rolls for this but have them pick-pocket whatever will really irritate the players.

They will accompany the PCs to the ground station (if the PCs wish) and will help if the PCs let them keep some of the shiny things (they can be fobbed off with glittery rubbish, e.g. some of Louie's clothing). If the Eyuks are feeling nice they can even show the PCs a cunning path by which they can creep up right behind the ground station without being noticed.

[3] Breaking into the Ground Station

Okay, assume the Stormtroopers are really thick and let the PCs get in there somehow. Even if the troopers manage to alert the Braindead Star that they're under attack the PCs should find the code and turn off the force shield before the enemy reinforcements arrive.

You don't need maps or NPC stats, just have a short bit of fun – this bit's pretty boring otherwise, but they need the codes to get anywhere in section 5.

The security code they need to land on the Braindead Star is 696969.

The force shield (of course) has a huge on/off switch, but it might be more fun if they don't notice this at first and have to spend a while playing with the computer.

The computer will eventually show them a plan of the building with the huge switch highlighted and a flashing sign saying "Use this switch you idiots".

Once the PCs have returned to the *Millennium Bug* in the forest, it should be no problem for the ship to reluctantly haul itself into space.

SECTION 5: LANDING ON THE BRAINDEAD STAR

SUMMARY

Using the stolen security codes the PCs must land on the Braindead Star. They can easily avoid a search by the Stormtroopers and must make their way to the centre of the Star. There are various events that will happen on the way to, or from, the centre of the Star.

KEY CHARACTER: DAFT VADER

Daft Vader wears seriously black gear with a black spiked helmet, black leather boots, black gloves, black belt and black neuro-whip. He also (of course) carries a light sabre, although his sabre glows with an unearthly darkness.

Make up his stats as you wish – he is genuinely very skilled with his light sabre but, as with all super-villains, would much rather spend long minutes telling the PCs the horrible fate that awaits them rather than actually killing them off. This should usually give them enough time to make good their escape.

[1] Landing on the Braindead Star

When they approach the Braindead Star the PCs will be requested to give the security code:

A gruff voice comes over your comm link: "Unidentified ship approaching the Imperial Braindead Star. This is Imperial security. Please identify yourself and send the secret code."

The PCs can call their ship anything they like – if they say they're a group of rebels, the security officer will simply laugh it off "Very funny guys!" and ask them for the security code.

They must now give the security code. If they give it verbally, the Imperial security officer will reply that it must be sent by computer. Why? Well, isn't it obvious – anyone could say the code verbally. How else can the Braindead Star be sure that the PCs' ship isn't harbouring a professional team of highly motivated rebel suicide commandos?

All the PCs have to do is to get Holly to send the code (696969) correctly. Naturally, Holly will have trouble remembering the number:

Okay, preparing to send code 966996... er, was that right?
--

Just worry the PCs... Holly will eventually send the correct code, though they will have to get Holly to repeat the code in pairs as he sends it: 69, 69, 69, or even 6, 9, 6, 9, 6, 9.

As they approach the Braindead Star closer:

The voice you hear now is a soft, computerised female voice – rather sexy actually: "Thank you for your security code. Please proceed to docking bay 475A. That's the fourth one down on the left, past the incredibly big meson cannons."

Give G-VS ("Jeeves") Player Handout 8.

[2] Landing Bay 475A

Actually it doesn't matter where they land, they will see the same scene:

The landing bay door slides across slowly to reveal a roughly rectangular box big enough to swallow about ten *Millennium Bug's*. It's an easy job to move inside and link up to the airlock.

Well, it should be. Check that Handy (or whoever) makes their **Formidable Pilot** roll. Otherwise they break something against the interior hull of the Braindead Star and get a rather haughty male computerised voice saying "Mind the Gap!"

There will be no further communication with the ship unless the PCs told the original security officer that they had someone really important on board, or any other excuse that would mean a detachment of Stormtroopers should be sent to meet the ship. If the latter is the case, the PCs should get off the ship before they arrive or, if the PCs just don't respond to anyone knocking on their airlock door, then the Stormtroopers will wander off again, presuming that they got the wrong docking bay.

The PCs can then get out of the ship.

Beyond the airlock is a large open chamber, presumably for handling cargo. There is only one exit, but it is neither guarded nor locked.

Anyone bothering to look around (or making a **Difficult Perception** task, if no one bothers to look) will notice that just inside the airlock door (that they have come through) there is a small computer map with a "You are Here" sign on it.

Using this map, they can easily work out a route to get to the centre of the Braindead Star. However, it will involve walking through about a mile of corridors, using lifts, etc.

The following nuggets should occur in the order given, at some suitable point during the trip to, or from, the centre of the Braindead Star (so if necessary, come back to these in Section 7).

[3] Seeing Evil

At some point while the PCs are running about the corridors of the Braindead Star (preferably not while they're being pursued by stormtroopers, and before they actually meet Daft Vader), tell them the following:

You're moving stealthily through the corridors when suddenly you notice a wall viewscreen come to life.

It looks like some sort of Braindead Star-wide public announcement system. The view is of a small room somewhere in the Braindead Star. There is a line of four Imperial officers, all neatly at attention, with a smattering of other lieutenants and guards in the background. Daft Vader paces back and forth, then stalks to the first of the line and begins reading aloud from a little roll of paper.

"Commander Wetbottom, your charge is cowardice in the face of the rebel enemy on Hoth... for which the sentence is death." The light sabre swings around, the commander's head drops neatly to the ground and rolls away. The body grasps for the head and begins to run after it, then remembers that it's dead, and collapses in a

heap. The head comes to a rest at Daft Vader's feet. The lips just manage to form a single word: "Oops."

"Commander Floggit, your charge is failure to capture that pitiful group organised by that old fool Obi Uncle Noby... for which the sentence is death." The light sabre sings through the air and neatly cleaves the man in two, from head to foot.

"Corporal Bluebottle, your charge is failure to remember two sugars in my tea yesterday morning... for which the sentence is death." You see another lieutenant step forward from behind Daft Vader with the list of sentences: "Er, your Vaderness, er, I don't think that was actually..." But too late – Vader's light sabre cuts Bluebottle into four separate pieces.

"Er, your Vaderness..." says the lieutenant, signalling to the others around him.

"Private Kenny, your charge is being called Kenny... for which the sentence is... DEATH!"

You can see the lieutenants in the background beginning to close in around Vader, but the light sabre leaps out again and Kenny's body falls to the ground, sliced neatly like a loaf of bread.

[If the PCs don't come up with the "You b*st*rd – you killed Kenny" line then one of the lieutenants will do so.]

Five of the heaviest lieutenants now leap on Daft Vader, who is crying, "Die, die, my light sabre needs blood," while continuing to slice at Kenny's remains.

After a few moments they restrain him, saying things like: "I think you've had a little too much excitement for one day, haven't you my lord Daft?" Daft calms down and lets his remaining lieutenants lead him out of the chamber.

[4] Jumping Across the Chasm

You know the scene: a wide chasm within the Braindead Star, an extensible bridge, etc. It's the bit where the kids have to swing across the chasm because they shot out the bridge controls.

Well, this chasm is only 5 feet wide, the PCs will come under heavy fire from a ledge somewhere above them (but the Stormtroopers never actually hit, do they?) and all of them except for Layme have to make a **5D task roll under their Endurance** to pluck up enough courage to jump across. If they are given some form of rope to swing across, then the roll becomes **1D under Endurance**. The Booky Wooky is the obvious choice to swing or climb with a rope or something, or he could simply bridge the gap with a foot on one side and an arm the other, at about head height, then let the others swing across on his arm or something.

If they really can't get across, someone will eventually put their foot over the edge and find that the rest of the chasm is actually just painted on – it's an optical illusion – they can just walk straight across! (If anyone asks, explain that this is a cheap tournament so we couldn't afford the full set, just painted props...)

[5] Running into the Stormtroopers

This is the bit where they run into a group of troopers in a corridor.

If the PCs run away, the stormtroopers hesitate then run after them, firing (and missing).

If the PCs run at the stormtroopers, the latter will run away but, inevitably they will eventually end up in a corridor or room absolutely stacked full of stormtroopers. It's now time for the PCs to start running!

At some point after this, the PCs will find themselves in a dead end. There is only one exit – it's marked "Escape Chute". The PCs will find themselves hideously

outnumbered and will begin to take genuine damage from the stormtroopers if they don't go down the chute.

Once in the chute, the PCs cannot stop themselves from sliding. They will pass through a series of little trap doors (preventing them from climbing back up the chute). The trap doors are marked, in series (leave a few seconds between reading each out):

- Escape Chute – Waste Only
- Escape Chute – Waste Only, for Compression
- Chute to Waste Compressor
- Chute to Dark Smelly Waste Compressor with Something Nasty Lurking in it

Okay, so they end up in the last one – the waste compressor room.

This place is dark and smelly. You've all landed up to your knees in something which might once have been called water but is now almost solid enough to stand on. You really don't want to find out what makes it that solid. Around you, you can see the waste for a typical Imperial station: half-eaten Bontha burgers, empty cans of Eyuk juice and old issues of Play-Wooky.

It is traditional for the PCs to spend some time floundering around, moaning about the damage it has done to their clothing, hair, etc. It is *really, really* smelly down here. (But if they spend a short while here before getting out, what the hell, use Player Handout 3 anyway).

There is a single, armoured door at one end. It's quite clear that the two side walls are intended to move – inwards – the general intention being to squish anything in this room. Thankfully they're not moving at the moment. Something else is moving in here with you, though...

Now they've found the door they will realise that they can't break or blast their way out (blaster shots will ricochet dangerously around the compressor room and threaten to kill the rest of the characters). There is, however, a computer control panel beside the door. C4PO (or a computer-ite amongst the PCs) can plug into this and try to hack the lock (it's the only way to get out of here, so encourage them).

There is a multi-tentacled horror in here. It will appear to attack the PCs. They can fire at it if they wish (see dangerous ricochets above). In fact, it is searching for any food on them and will try to dig in their pockets for a left-over Bontha Megachew or somesuch. If they don't have any food, then it will eventually give up and ignore them. If they do manage to seriously hurt it then it will dunk a few of them, poke one of them in eye or somesuch.

Eventually, whoever is working on the door lock will get the following result:

At last – a satisfying buzz and click at the door lock. You press the open button, but nothing happens. Then you realise the buzzing is still going, in fact there is a background hum of heavy machinery starting up. The walls begin to move inwards...

The PCs can hack the lock to get the walls to stop and the door to open, or...

If the walls start getting really close to squishing them, they will hear a hideous screech and the tentacled monster will start extending its own tentacles to hold the walls apart (*this* monster has grown too big to creep out of the waste compartment before it gets crushed itself). The tentacles will eventually pull the PCs away from the lock, do a bit of manipulation itself, open the door and chuck the PCs out.

They can then continue on their way (the Stormtroopers are too thick to have worked out where they are yet).

[6] Obi Meets Daft

At some point, Obi MUST be forced to meet Daft Vader, even if it's by the weirdest possible coincidence (e.g. just when the PCs think they're safe, a hidden door in the wall opens and Daft steps out, with a relieved sigh, pulling up the black zip on his black trousers...)

The two should face off (don't let anyone else intervene – Daft throws up a force shield or something just to enforce this), then let Daft start his long monologue:

"After all these years Obi. You always were the lucky one. The nice silver Jelli Knight robes, so resplendent, eh? And did I get a neat Imperial Navy uniform in return? No, for some reason the design department came up with this black leather suit. I ask you – did they put any imagination into this? Even a bit of bright gold braid along the linings? No! NO! No pretty insignia for Daft – he's got to look menacing – all black! WELL IT'S BORING AFTER 20 YEARS! But can I get stores to issue me with alternative gear? NO! It's 'Sorry Mr. Daft Vader sir, but we have orders – It's black socks, black pants, black boots' (did I mention that my feet are killing me too?) etc. Leader of the entire Imperial fleet and they can't even manage a nice silver medal or something."

If the PCs have any sense whatsoever they should have scarpered while Daft is waxing lyrical. Provided they creep in a subtle manner towards the door they should get out. After a few seconds they will hear: "And another thing... hold on, where did everyone go. You rotten rebel creeps!"

[7] If Things Are Going Too Fast

This bit is just a distraction to slow down play if things are going too fast.

The PCs encounter a Gigeresque alien (ala Alien, Aliens, Aliens3, etc.). It looks a little bit confused as to quite where it is, but will hiss nastily, slither, drool and generally look real nasty. If the PCs try to shoot at it they might hit but it will generally dodge back around a corner or something. This alien is, in fact, a strict vegetarian, searching desperately for an infusion of coleslaw, having escaped from last year's fun scenario.

SECTION 6: PLANTING THE BOMB

SUMMARY

The PCs find out that the Holy Detonator, being several thousand years old, is a dud. However, they can find a self-destruct mechanism, although it can only be reached using *The Forks*.

[1] The Centre of the Braindead Star

Once you want the PCs to find the centre of the Star, tell them:

You move through the inner corridors, which seem dusty and unused. At last you pass a tiny food auto-dispenser, turn a corner and there ahead of you is a small door, marked "Room at the Centre of the Braindead Star. No admittance, except to authorised staff."

The door is unlocked and the PCs can walk in, but if you want to delay them, let them think it's alarmed or booby-trapped or whatever.

If they bother to play with the food auto-dispenser outside they will find it is faulty and will only dispense sets of cutlery. *This is because they need some forks in a minute and they might somehow have lost their own mystic forks earlier in the game.*

The room is about 20 feet square and empty, apart from a large X in the centre of the floor.

If the PCs look more closely in the centre of the X, they will find:

There is a small panel in the floor, in the centre of the X. It has the following text inscribed faintly upon its surface: "This inaugural plaque was set here on the 43rd Day of Imperial Year 9999 by the evil Lord Daft Vader. Long live the Emperor and anyone else with several million soldiers to back up his evil threats."

Okay, the PCs should really try to plant the bomb now.

If they press the detonator button less than three times, nothing happens.

If they press it exactly three times, it begins ticking, but only for a few seconds.

If they press it more than three times, it will tick for a few more seconds, then stop, then there is a little "Phhht" and a small spark, but no explosion.

IT'S A DUD. It might take a while to get it through to them, but it is. It's hopeless, they can't destroy the Braindead Star in this manner.

However, just before they finally despair, get them all to roll **Difficult Perception** rolls. Even if they fail, tell them the following:

As you're looking round in despair you notice a faint glint on the edge of the panel in the centre of the X on the floor. On closer examination, it appears that it may be possible to prize the panel up. What could be underneath it?

It should be easy to prize free. Tell them:

Beneath the panel is a strange mechanism, with four small holes in two rows. Each hole is just 2 millimetres in diameter and about 5 millimetres from the next hole. Above the two rows of holes, written in red text, is the following: "Self-destruct system. Do not use unless you're really, really desperate." There is a small screen just below the holes, but this is currently blank.

It's easy really, you have to plug one fork into each set of four slots (the four slots line up with the fork prongs). Try to make sure it's Louie who works this out (or at least is the one with the forks), so someone gets to say "Use the forks, Louie, use the forks..."

Once they've inserted the forks, tell them:

The little screen comes to life and the number "99" appears in it. You hear a soft, sexy, female voice say: "Thank you for activating the self-destruct mechanism. The Braindead Star will self-destruct when the count reaches zero. You are advised to vacate the area immediately. Alternatively you have a short period in which to ensure that your life insurance is up to date. Have a nice day."

[2] Escape

It's simple – all the PCs have to do now is escape before the Braindead Star blows itself up.

Throughout the remainder of the adventure, count down gradually from 99. Don't get to zero until you know the PCs are going to take off.

If they are at the end of the tournament time, they should get out without too much problem. Just scare them with lots of worried Stormtroopers running about like headless chickens. If they haven't faced off with Daft Vader, then at least run Nugget 6 of Section 5.

If they have plenty of time, run some more of the Nuggets (3 through 7) from Section 5.

They should eventually arrive in their landing bay, have Stormtroopers chase them onto the ship (last majestic battle and all that) and then take off.

As the *Millennium Bug* drags itself out into space, you are aware of a sudden brightening of the sky behind you. A new sun is forming where the Braindead Star was hovering. Little bits of the spacestation are thrown outwards, narrowly missing your ship. It's hard to believe, but you've done it. The threat to the freedom of the universe is over... until the next BITS fun tournament, at least.

That's the end. If they still have some spare time, they can work out whether anyone is going to hit it off with Layme, etc.!

GM'S NOTES ON THE PCS:

G-VS ("Jeeves")

Has a limp because he once had a spare light sabre implanted in his butt. Should the PCs lose one or more light sabres, then this spare can be brought into play. (Tell the PCs that a look of surprise comes over G-VS's face - he reaches behind him and, rather sheepishly, brings out a light sabre - freshly oiled.) Jeeves will no longer walk with a limp after this.

Should the PCs really, really need something at a later date in the adventure, this same ploy can be used to provide them with stuff. Nothing too big though.

Jeeves should object strongly to any other items being hidden where the light sabre came from.

The Booky Wooky's Bad Stomach

At some suitable point (preferably when the PCs are all in a confined space, like a lift, or the ship) give them all Player Handout 3. Make sure you give the right strip to the right people.

Psionic Skills

Obi Uncle Noby and (to a very limited degree) Louie Skywallower have attained mystic powers (effectively psionics) through study of *The Forks*. This is a mystic power somehow associated with the power of dining forks. No, I don't understand either, but it seems to work for the Jelli Knights.

The following skills are to be played for maximum comical effect, particularly where Skywallower tries anything.

Each skill costs one Psi point to use (get the player to reduce their Psi accordingly for each use; when it reaches zero they cannot use these skills until they have rested for several days).

Obi's skills have got less reliable as he gets older. Skywallower is just plain inept.

Confuse allows Obi to induce confusion in the mind of a single person - they will tend to forget what they were doing and wander off somewhere else.

Persuade allows Obi to plant a specific suggestion in the mind of a single person. He has to speak the suggestion aloud, for example if about to be arrested by an Imperial Marine he might 'suggest' to them that "I am not the person you're looking for." If he's lucky the marine will hopefully wander off in search of some other hapless victim.

Telekinesis allows Obi to move very small items around. However, the amount of mental effort involved makes it look as though he's straining to lift several tons of elephant... Skywallower can just about manage to move a matchstick at several feet range.

Telepathy allows Skywallower to think he can read peoples' thoughts at up to 10 metres or so. In reality any readings he gets will be completely wrong.

PLAYER HANDOUTS 1

Name tags for the various players:

LOUIE SKYWALLOWER

OBI UNCLE NOBY

"JEEVES" (C4PO G-VS)

"HANDY" SOLO

"BOOKY" THE WOOKY

PRINCESS LAYME

PLAYER HANDOUT 2

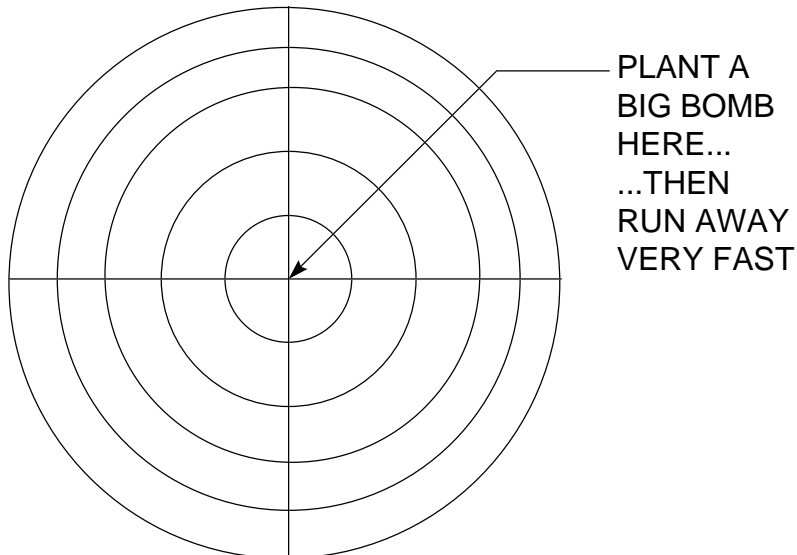
TOP SECRET - REBELS ONLY
COMPUTER PLANS FOR THE BRAINDEAD STAR

(Fold here)

YES, REALLY, REALLY SECRET
DON'T OPEN THIS UNLESS YOU'RE A TRUE BLUE REBEL TYPE

(Fold here)

VERY IMPORTANT COMPUTER PRINT-OUT
THE "BRAINDEATH" STAR
- THE WEAK POINTS



PLAYER HANDOUT 3

Tear or cut up each strip and give it to the appropriate player.

LOUIE SKYWALLOWER

There is a seriously bad stink in the air. It's not at all clear where the noxious fumes have come from but you're pretty certain that it's one of your compatriots. That's worrying, as the smell is a combination of eau de toilet with a sewage farm thrown in for good measure. If the Imperial police were around they would probably arrest the offender for the "release of a chemical weapon in a public place". Yousers, let's hope this was a one-off event!

OBI UNCLE NOBY

There is a seriously bad stink in the air. It's not at all clear where the noxious fumes have come from but you're pretty certain that it's one of your compatriots. That's worrying, as the smell is a combination of eau de toilet with a sewage farm thrown in for good measure. If the Imperial police were around they would probably arrest the offender for the "release of a chemical weapon in a public place". Yousers, let's hope this was a one-off event!

"JEEVES" (C4PO G-VS)

There is a seriously bad stink in the air. It's not at all clear where the noxious fumes have come from but you're pretty certain that it's one of your compatriots. That's worrying, as the smell is a combination of eau de toilet with a sewage farm thrown in for good measure. If the Imperial police were around they would probably arrest the offender for the "release of a chemical weapon in a public place". Yousers, let's hope this was a one-off event!

PRINCESS LAYME

There is a seriously bad stink in the air. It's not at all clear where the noxious fumes have come from but you're pretty certain that it's one of your compatriots. That's worrying, as the smell is a combination of eau de toilet with a sewage farm thrown in for good measure. If the Imperial police were around they would probably arrest the offender for the "release of a chemical weapon in a public place". Yousers, let's hope this was a one-off event!

"BOOKY" THE WOOKY

You're vaguely aware that your stomach rumbled and you have just released a dose of noxious gases. It's an everyday event for you, so don't worry about it.

"HANDY" SOLO

You're vaguely aware that Booky's stomach rumbled and he has just released a dose of noxious gases. It's an everyday event and your nose is immune to the resulting chemical weapons attack, so don't worry about it.

PLAYER HANDOUT 4

FOR THE BOOKY WOOKY ONLY

Hmmm...

all these soft furry Eyuks

You have this strange mix of feelings

One moment you want to tear them apart for being such soft idiotic creatures...

The next moment you're thinking that it's a long time since you've seen a female Wooky.

Okay, so the Eyuks are a bit smaller, but...

FOR HANDY SOLO ONLY

AAAAARGH!!!

Stupid

Cute

Cuddly

Creatures

Kill...

KILL...

How many interesting recipes can you think up that involve Eyuk?

PLAYER HANDOUT 5

MILLENNIUM BUG - "Princess Gunnhilde" Class Far Trader

Ship's Data

Hull: 200 dt, Streamlined, Size Rating 8, Armour 10, Structure 6, MCr34.2 (GT: 200-ton SL Hull, DR 100, PD 4, EMass 284, LMass 557, HP 22,500, Size Modifier +8.)

Drives: Jump 2, Manoeuvre 1G, Power Plant 1. (GT: Airspeed 1,645.)

Weaponry: Fire Control Rating 0. Turrets 1 & 2: one Laser (3/3/2/0) (GT: 360-MJ), one Sandcaster.

Crew/Cargo: 4-6 Crew, 6 Passengers, 10 Low Berths, 10 Staterooms, 54 dt Cargo.

Electronics: Basic Controls. Sensor Rating A1 P3 J0. (GT: Basic Bridge.)

Fuel: Fuel scoops, purification (6 hours), 40.7 dt.

Sub-Craft: Air-raft in dedicated docking bay.

Notes: The "Princess Gunnhilde" Class trader is just one of the many variants on the ubiquitous far trader (Empress Marava, Prince Ferren, etc.), providing Jump-2 capability compared to "free traders" (e.g. Beowulf class).

PLAYER HANDOUT 6

Hi Guys and Gals

Sorry I forgot to mention, but as a covert member of the rebels I have received the most up to date information on where the Braindead Star can be found.

It is currently in orbit around the world of Wibble, where it is being upgraded to transmit an additional couple of thousand televideo channels.

It is protected by a force shield, so you won't be able to fly up to it (that would be too easy, wouldn't it). You'll have to land on Wibble and make your way to the ground station there.

You need to break in there and turn off the force field so that you can fly up to the Braindead Star without being instantly vaporised. You should also be able to steal some security codes (from the ground station) so that you can land the *Millennium Bug* on the Braindead Star without being shot at.

Good luck with the Sacred C4 and Holy Detonator. Don't forget the instructions on how to use it. If you don't follow them to the letter, then your attempt will fail and Daft Vader and his evil forces will rule the universe for ever.

Yours, hiding back in the jungle (all the above sounds way too dangerous for me, mateys!)

YODEL

PLAYER HANDOUT 7

Give this to anyone who tries chewing the same leaves as the Eyuks:

YOUR CHARACTER MUST PERFORM THE FOLLOWING ACTIONS EXACTLY AS DICTATED BELOW:

1. Spend 10 seconds forgetting who you are, what you were doing, etc.
2. Spend the next 10 seconds in hysteria (crying or laughing).
3. Spend the next 10 seconds speaking really slowly.
4. Then your character will jump backwards three times and collapse.
5. After 60 seconds of game time you will come round, feeling like you've had one hell of a good time. Just smile inanely and let the others try to guess what you were dreaming about...

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4. Then your character will jump backwards three times and collapse.
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PLAYER HANDOUT 8

"Jeeves", you think you must be in electronic heaven.

The voice that is guiding your ship to its destination was so smooth, so calm, so restful.

You think you're in love.

[WARNING: EMOTION CHIP OVERLOAD]

FOLLOWING THIS POINT, YOU SHOULD START:

- Thinking about how to track down the location of the sexy computer which generated that voice.
- Hey, it might even be a female C4P0?!

[WARNING: EMOTION CHIP SEVERE OVERLOAD]

- Perhaps you should check all your groinal attachments are clean and in good working order.

[WARNING: EMOTION CHIP OVERLOAD - EXTREMES OF EMOTION LIKELY - SHORT PERIODS OF SHUTDOWN MAY BE REQUIRED]

- Don't let anyone else know - they're already looking at you strangely, ever since they realised you were the only one to receive this note from the referee...

LOUIE SKYWALLOWER

Race: Human
 Sex: Male
 Age: 21
 Height: 4' 6"
 Weight: 50 kg
 Service: Farm boy
 Rank: Senior Pitchforker
 Decorations: Annual vulture-shooting competition, silver medal

Attributes:

	Max	Current
Strength	10	
Dexterity	5	
Endurance	10	
Intelligence	3	
Education	3	
Social	9	
Psionics*	2	

Skills:

	<u>Level</u>
Blade (Light sabre)	1
Grav Vehicle	1
Leadership	1
Melee (Pitchfork)	2
Pilot	1
Pistol (Blaster)	1
Starship Gunnery	1
Telekinesis*	1
Telepathy*	1

*Psionic-based skills

Weapons:

	<u>Damage</u>	<u>Range</u>	<u>Mass</u>	<u>Shots</u>
Blaster pistol	5	short	1.5 kg	10
Light sabre	7	contact	1 kg	-
Pitchfork	1	contact	-	-
Fists	1	contact	-	-

Equipment:

Blaster *With two power clips, each holding energy for 10 shots.*

Light sabre *A 5" long metal cylinder which, when activated, extends a focused plasma beam about 3' in length. You never ever let it leave your possession.*

Pitchfork, extensible *Looks like just a 3" metal tube, but pressing a button causes it to expand to 6' length and extend multiple prongs into a pitchfork configuration.*

Cr50 *Your life savings.*

Hand mirror *You carry it every where, and frequently use it to check your hair is in place.*

Gold comb *To Stored in "Jeeves" chest compartment.*

Clothing *Several wardrobes-full of high quality clothing; these are just your travelling 'necessities' – you have several shop-fulls of clothing stored back at your uncle's farm.*

Appearance:

A handsome young man in immaculate condition. Your hair is combed to perfection and your clothing is the latest in designer-wear (Gianni gold lamé jacket and Levi 4893501 body-hugging heat-sensitive jeans). You ooze smoothness (as well as various aromatic oils which you've been told are absolutely irresistible to women). You are so cool you freeze water just by passing close by. Your charisma is so big it's sometimes difficult to fit through doorways.

Background:

You have spent the last 20 years of your life being bored to tears helping your uncle run his farm in the deserts of Tattytone (you've never quite understood the economic viability of a farm in the middle of the desert, a hundred miles from the nearest town, whose primary output seems to be guano from the huge desert vultures). Your parents were killed 20 years ago – your uncle says they were standing at the starport when an Imperial cruiser landed on them. Sh*t happens, eh?

Then, one day just a few months ago, you were on the usual monthly trip into Jebadebatedi starport to sell guano and buy supplies, when this old man steps out of an alley and tells you that he has a great secret to tell you – you are in fact a Jelli (pronounced "gell-eye") knight. Not only that, so was your father and so was your mother, and they didn't die under an Imperial cruiser but were slain by the evil Daft Vader. Daft runs the Imperial security forces for this subsector and is only ever seen in seriously black gear with a black spiked helmet, black leather boots, black gloves, black belt and black neuro-whip. However, this old man (who calls himself Obi Uncle Noby) told you that you had to join him for training, to become a Jelli knight, learn strange mystical powers of the mind (it has something to do with *The Forks* but you didn't quite follow that bit – it sounded rather technical) and use your new-found powers to fight the forces of darkness. All this, to help save the galaxy for some rather neat babe called Layme, whom Obi says is a princess.

It all sounded a bit dangerous to you, but then 20 years on the guano farm was starting to get to you. Plus, you had brought your trusty droid G-VS ("Jeeves") with you. Normally, you wouldn't be able to survive for more than a few hours without G-VS (who else would brush down your suit and hold your mirror for you while you combed your hair?) Rather than return home, you have spent the last month learning mystic arts in a dark cave somewhere in the desert (you're not sure where – you never were very good at remembering things – you wear a ring with your name engraved on the inside of it, just in case you should ever forget it).

You've learned how to wield your Jelli light sabre... well Obi's let you practice with a wooden one, anyway. The only time you actually activated the real light sabre it resulted in a minor redecoration of Obi's cave – it now has a few less stalactites and Obi has twice as many 'holy relics' as he used to. Now Obi seems to think you're ready for the great battle. Well, his exact words were "Dear gods of space I can't wait any longer, I'll just have to pray the twerp doesn't trip over his own two left feet... where in the twelve hells of Archiavax have all the decent heroes gone?"

Today Obi brought you and G-VS back to Jebadebatedi where he purchased passage on what must be the most run-down little runt of a starship you've ever seen. Judging by their attire, neither the captain "Handy" Solo, nor his engineer (a Wooky called "Booky") seem to have the slightest idea what the word "chic" means. Never mind, perhaps you can educate them on the benefits of good designer wear. Best of all, this princess Layme babe has just turned up. And she looks pretty!

The Others:

G-VS ("Jeeves") is a Ling Standard Products Model C4PO G-VS Humaniform Valet Robot. He does absolutely everything for you, is totally obedient and you could survive for about five minutes without him. He looks fairly human apart from his head, which was clearly modelled on a deformed sugar cube. He wears an artificial moustache to try to make him look more human. It doesn't really work.

Obi Uncle Noby seems to be an interesting chap who's taught you almost everything you know (well, you don't tend to learn much on a guano farm in 20 years...). He's obviously very wise, but he does seem to use rather a lot of long words that you have difficulty understanding. His dress sense is awful – he's been wearing the same worn-out grey robe for the last 120 years!

"Handy" Solo seems a rather uncouth spacer type – judging by the state of his ship, presumably he has to spend all his free time trying to stop it falling apart.

"Booky" Wooky is nothing more than an over-grown orang-utan. "It" doesn't even wear clothes, and its fur would need several weeks at a specialist hair design salon to make it look neat. You notice that "it" always seems to have several technical manuals hanging under one arm.

Layme is a BABE. Wow! You're sure she'll be really impressed with your mystic powers (if you can remember what they're supposed to be). A bit of light sabre fighting against that Daft Vader chap, a few leaps across chasms and other death-defying tricks and you're sure she'll make you her prince! If not, then perhaps you could wax lyrical about the difficulty you had resisting the temptations of the Dark Side of *The Forks*?

OBI UNCLE NOBY

Race: Human
 Sex: Male
 Age: 75
 Height: 5' 6"
 Weight: 60 kg
 Service: Jelli Knight
 Rank: None
 Decorations: Starburst for Extreme Heroism

Attributes:

	Max	Current
Strength	5	
Dexterity	6	
Endurance	5	
Intelligence	11	
Education	11	
Social	8	
Psionics*	7	

Skills:

	<u>Level</u>
Blade (Light sabre)	5
Confuse*	3
Diplomacy	2
Disguise	1
First Aid	1
Persuade*	3
Perception	3
Stealth	2
Telekinesis*	1

*Psionic-based skills

Weapons:

	<u>Damage</u>	<u>Range</u>	<u>Mass</u>	<u>Shots</u>
Light sabre	7D	contact	1 kg	-
Fists	1D-3	contact	-	-

Equipment:

Light sabre A 5" long metal cylinder which, when activated, extends a focused plasma beam about 3' in length. You never ever let it leave your possession.

Jelli Knight's Robes 120 years old - more sort of grey than silver now.

Hand computer Contains an extensive database of erotic video clips (20 years alone in a cave is a long time).

Cr10 You've just spent your last few credits buying passage on "Handy" Solo's ship.

Appearance:

You wear the regulation silver robe of a Jelli knight. You have worn since you were initiated into the Jelli order, some 120 years ago. Okay, so after 120 years it's pretty much just a grey robe, but you know it's a knight's robe. Your Jelli powers have allowed you to resist aging to some degree but you're still basically a wizened old man.

Background:

People often have trouble with your title – the name Jelli is pronounced "gell-eye" and absolutely never "jelly". You are trained in the mystical powers of *The Forks* and accordingly wear several finely-tuned energy-sensitive dinner forks on a chain around your neck (under your robe).

About 20 years ago your last compatriots – Archibald Skywallower and his wife Henrietta – were murdered by the evil Daft Vader. Daft runs the Imperial security forces for this subsector and is only ever seen in seriously black gear with a black spiked helmet, black leather boots, black gloves, black belt and black neuro-whip. He is your antithesis and you hate him with every one of your aching bones. Okay, so basically he, like Archibald, was one of your last pupils – Archibald chose the path of light and good, Daft chose the path of cash and good living, working for the Emperor. You have never forgiven him (he could at least have shared some of the cash with you!) You have spent the last 20 years hiding in a desert cave on the planet of Tattyone, near the starport of Jebadebabedi, trying to avoid Daft Vader's evil stormtroopers. You'd overheard several years ago that there was a guano seller who visited occasionally, whose name was Louie Skywallower. You were biding your time, trying to research the history of Archibald and Henrietta to see if they might have managed to have a child while you weren't watching, or perhaps whether this Louie was some form of long-lost relative.

Then, just over a month ago, you were tracked down by Princess Layme. She had a terrible tale to tell: Daft Vader has created a huge moon-sized space station which is able to beam endless channels of satellite television into the homes of every inhabitant of any unsuspecting planet, turning the locals into dribbling insane idiots.

You couldn't afford to wait and recruited Louie the next time he came into the starport, along with his 'valet' robot G-VS ("Jeeves"). You have spent the last month trying to train Louie in the mystic ways of the Jelli and the fighting arts of the light sabre. With another Skywallower to train up as a Jelli knight, perhaps you might be able to beat Daft Vader at his own game!?! Okay, after a month you've pretty much given up on the idea. Louie will only wear conspicuous designer wear, has to stop training every five minutes to adjust his hair, and can be outwitted by a particularly dim brick. The one time you let him practice with a real light sabre (rather than the wooden stick you started off with) he tried to redesign the interior of your cave by carving huge lumps out of it.

Frankly you were almost at the point of telling Layme not to bother, but in sheer desperation you've decided to try to help her yourself. Perhaps if you drag Louie and that robot of his along they can act as a distraction (i.e. cannon-fodder) in a critical situation. You haven't the heart to tell the lad though – dim though he is, he really thinks he's hero material.

You're a bit worried that he might have overheard last night when, in sheer frustration, you cried out: "Dear gods of space I can't wait any longer, I'll just have to pray the twerp doesn't trip over his own two left feet... where in the twelve hells of Archiax have all the decent heroes gone?"

Today, you brought Louie and G-VS back to Jebadebabedi where you intended to meet up with princess Layme and purchase passage on a ship out of here. Inflation being what it is, your life savings could barely afford passage on what must be the most run-down little runt of a starship you've ever seen. You have at least heard of the captain "Handy" Solo – his exploits as a smuggler are legendary, which means you're halfway certain he'll dump you lot out the airlock as soon as you're off the planet. His engineer (a Wooky called "Booky") seems to be the key factor in keeping the ship from falling apart. At least princess Layme has turned up on time.

The Others:

Louie Skywallower was your last best hope for peace. (Or was that Babylon 5?) Your hopes were dashed when you realised he is an inept idiot. Looks like you'll have to save the universe yourself.

G-VS ("Jeeves") is a Ling Standard Products Model C4PO G-VS Humaniform Valet Robot. Jeeves is problem quite useful, if only he could short-circuit his cleaning programs for a few minutes. Unfortunately he wears an artificial moustache to make his sugar-cube head look more human!

"Handy" Solo is a renowned smuggler but you're wondering how in the universe he ever escaped capture in the wreck that he calls the *Millennium Bug*.

"Booky" Wooky resembles a huge orang-utan – a little untidy and with a strange instinct for collecting technical manuals. It probably needs them all to keep the *Millennium Bug* running.

Layme is a royal princess – the Jelli Knights are sworn to protect and obey such people. **YOU MUST COMPLETE HER MISSION AT ALL COSTS: THE FREEDOM OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE DEPENDS UPON YOUR HEROISM!**

C4PO G-VS ("JEEVES")

Race: Ling Standard Products Model C4PO G-VS Humaniform Valet Robot
 Sex: Emulates human male
 Age: Internal chronometer indicates 20 years of continuous operation
 Height: 6' 0"
 Weight: 200 kg
 Service: Programmed as Valet Robot
 Rank: None
 Decorations: None

Attributes:

	Max	Current
Strength	7	
Dexterity	9	
Endurance	7	
Intelligence	10	
Education	10	
Social	10	

Skills:

	<u>Level</u>
Administration	3
Astrogation	3
Computer	3
Diplomacy	3
Grav Craft	3
Medical	3
Perception	3
Pistol (finger)	1
Steward	3

Weapons:

	<u>Damage</u>	<u>Range</u>	<u>Mass</u>	<u>Shots</u>
Finger laser pistol	5	short	-	1

Equipment:

Cleaning kit *You have an access panel in your chest in which you keep a range of electronic cleaning gadgets, sprays, etc., a holo-mirror and an extensive selection of hair-dressing equipment. You also have a plug-in groinal attachment for your Hoover extension. Your left leg has a built-in extensible ironing board and you carry a steam iron in your chest compartment, which also contains a couple of spare moustaches.*

Finger laser pistol *Concealed within your right index finger is a single-shot laser pistol. One of your previous owners installed it as an emergency defence measure for warding off muggers and the like. You've never actually had to fire it but you assume it would work.*

Cr1,000 *Looking after Mr. Skywallower is costly, so you always keep some spare cash on you in case you need a few more gallons of hair gel.*

Appearance:

Your head is slightly angular but otherwise you appear fairly similar to a human, having a soft synthetic flesh covering a humanoid torso and limbs. You also wear a striking moustache (artificial, of course) to try to de-emphasise your angular head.

You are exceptionally proud of the fact that you are a great improvement over your predecessor – the rather sad, metallic, C3PO line of robots. However, your lack of a strictly human form means that you prefer to wear loose clothing (jogging gear) to try to look more human.

Background:

By Imperial Law, a robot is simply a machine designed to carry out the tasks and orders given by a designated superior. You have been assigned various roles over the past 20 years.

As an advanced C4PO model, you have recently been fitted with an emotion chip. You're awaiting a slight adjustment as it does seem to be a little over-sensitive at the moment. It does mean that when you get excited you sometimes have to shut yourself down for a few moments to prevent an overload. The rest of the time you have a refined air and you can always be depended upon for a common sense solution to the problems of your owner – Mr. Skywalker. You are programmed to call everyone you meet as "Mister [their name]". This sometimes extends to inanimate objects as well. You are quite friendly with "Mr. Steam Iron" and "Mr. Hair Gel", "Mr. Alien with a blaster pointed at my head", etc. There are exceptions: clearly females are called "Mrs...", princesses are called "Princess...", etc.

Your key enjoyment in life is carrying out the utility tasks that you were designed for. You have a busy life: cleaning, dressing and hair-dressing Mr. Skywalker. You are also an expert cook, can clean his clothes and interact with other people on his behalf (you are a smooth, cool, diplomatic type, except when your emotion chip goes into overload).

Your memory banks have a wide variety of databases containing all sorts of trivia, from 1,376 methods for stain removal from underwear, to the 4,903,277 regulations of the spacelanes. In fact you were once employed on a trading ship and thus have been programmed for interstellar astrogation and stewarding of passengers. Part of your programming prevents you from causing deliberate harm to any living being. The one exception is that to save a living being you may use the one-shot laser pistol in your finger.

Your one strange disability is that you walk with a slight limp. You're vaguely aware that about 20 years ago you had some form of rectal implant, but your memory chips seem strangely blank as to what it involved. It's not exactly uncomfortable, just odd.

The Others:

Mr. Skywalker is your master and you obey him to the last. The only exception to this is that he cannot tell you to do anything self-destructive unless it is in the genuine interests of saving a human life. You realise that Mr. Skywalker is not the brightest employer you've ever had, but if he tells you to wander through the starport waving your groin attachment about, then you'll do it and you'll feel proud at the end of the day that you've served your master. Of course, if someone a bit more intelligent were to buy you, you would have a new master...

Mr. Obi Uncle Noby seems like a wise man, if a little driven by his Jelli principles and his belief in the mystical power of *The Forks*. You've observed that he wears several dinner forks on a chain around his neck (under his ancient worn-out grey robe). Perhaps Mr. Skywalker would have earned himself some dinner forks if he had done a little better at his 'mystical' training and light sabre combat (Mr. Noby preferred to keep him practising with a wooden sword after Mr. Skywalker turned on a light sabre for the first time and accidentally remodelled Mr Noby's little hideaway cave).

Mr. "Handy" Solo is, from your databanks, a renowned smuggler. However, your visual sensors are amazed that he ever managed to evade capture given the run-down state of his ship, the *Millennium Bug*. Perhaps if you were allowed to spend a few days cleaning the ship it might be easier to see which bits are going to fall off when it tries to take off...

Mr. "Booky" Wooky resembles a huge orang-utan – a little untidy and with a strange instinct for collecting technical manuals. Presumably it is Mr. Wooky's technical knowledge that keeps the *Millennium Bug* running. Either that or a lot of sellotape and sticky-back plastic.

Princess Layme is a royal princess. You've only just met her but you can already tell that she is beautiful, has a strong will, and Mr. Skywalker has fallen hopelessly for her (just as he falls for absolutely any female...). No doubt you will have to prevent Mr. Skywalker from embarrassing himself too much in front of her.

'HANDY' SOLO

Race: Human
 Sex: Male
 Age: 28
 Height: 5' 11"
 Weight: 85 kg
 Service: Smuggler (ex-Navy fighter pilot)
 Rank: (Lieutenant)
 Decorations: None

Attributes:

	Max	Current
Strength	9	
Dexterity	12	
Endurance	9	
Intelligence	6	
Education	6	
Social	4	

Skills:

	<u>Level</u>
Astrogation	1
Brawling	1
Bribery	1
Carousing	3
Computer	1
Grav Vehicle	1
Pilot	1
Pistol (Blaster)	2
Streetwise	3
Trader	1

Weapons:

	<u>Damage</u>	<u>Range</u>	<u>Mass</u>	<u>Shots</u>
Blaster pistol	5	short	1.5 kg	10
Fists	1	contact	-	-

Equipment:

The Millennium Bug *Your starship – a rather untidy second-hand far trader.*

Blaster pistol *This never leaves your side – you even wear your hip holster when sleeping. You carry five energy clips for this on your belt, each giving 10 shots.*

Cr25 *The Cr60,000 payment from Obi Uncle Noby has allowed you to pay off a few local debts (the maintenance yard which patched up your ship a few months back, the berthing fees and the fuel). Cr25 is all you've got left...*

Appearance:

Tidiness is not a strong point of yours, but then you're a down-to-Sylea sort of guy who doesn't see the point in wasting time washing or dressing up – you're bound to get dirty again, aren't you? Life's like that. Every few months, when you undress and your underwear begins trying to creep under your bed under its own motive power, you know it's time to visit the starport launderette.

You wear rough spacer stuff – a well-worn pair of navy trousers (from your naval days) and a scruffy, dirty white top. Your blaster sits in a fast-draw holster on your right hip.

Background:

You started life as a dashing naval pilot, flying the latest ships in mortal combat. Then you realised that you might get killed and that the pay really didn't compensate much for being blown to pieces or, if you were unlucky, being sucked out into vacuum and *then* exploding. You left the navy, borrowed a wedge of cash from a villainous pizza-stuffing over-sized Vargr called Jabbering Mutt and bought your ship – a cheap, run-down, far trader called the *Millennium Bug*. A short stint as an honest merchant made you realise how much work it was being honest, so you changed to smuggling.

In the last three years you have become renowned as one of the sharpest smugglers this side of the galaxy. You have to admit that a lot of this is down to your first mate and chief engineer "Booky" the Wooky who has stood by you through thick and thin.

Your personal untidiness has sort of influenced the decor on your ship – in addition to being packed with the technical manuals that Booky collects, you don't exactly exert yourself to keep it tidy. Actually it's quite useful being able to saunter into the bridge and know that there will always be something left over from last night's nibbles (a few chicken legs, chips, half a can of lager, etc.). Unfortunately the *Millennium Bug* is rather old and tends to break down a lot. Most things start working again if you kick them, but sometimes you're totally reliant on Booky's incredible range of engineering skills to keep it going.

Let's face it, you're a renowned villain. You only work for cash: it's money that makes the worlds go round the suns so there's not point doing heroic things if you're not going to get paid. You hate weakness in others, especially all that lovey-dovey stuff that the holo-soaps keep on about. Cute furry things are only good for blaster target practice as far as you're concerned. You also hate know-it-alls (i.e. anyone who can do anything better than you). Perhaps your only weakness is that a strong-willed woman makes you go weak at the knees...

The only problem at the moment is that you now owe Jabbering Mutt about 10 million credits (the *Millennium Bug* wasn't cheap and the Mutt charges ridiculously high interest rates). You know that he may be sending someone out to politely ask you for the latest payment. You haven't got any cash now so you know Mutt will want to repossess your ship. Let's hope you can avoid his agents.

The Others:

Louie Skywallower looks like a right poser. You got a vague feeling this trip was going to be hazardous and heroic (after all, the old man Obi paid twice normal rate for passage on the *Millennium Bug*). Yet Skywallower wears posh designer clothes (which look like they require dry-cleaning twice a day) and has a hair style which you've only ever seen on really rich women before. Hmmm...

"Jeeves" is a valet robot and follows Skywallower around like an obedient little dog, limping in a strange manner like it's got something stuck up its butt. To your trained eye it looks dangerously like an arrogant know-it-all type of robot. You know the sort: one minute they're innocently ironing their owner's underwear, next minute they're telling you how to repair the zipppo-widget in the jump drive and plotting your ship's jump astrogation co-ordinates. Best to make sure this "cleaning droid" knows its place. It also has a ridiculous false moustache on it's deformed sugar-cube head.

Obi Uncle Noby looks like a wizened old dwarf. He wears a worn-out grey robe and you thought he must be a tramp when he first approached you for passage on the *Millennium Bug*. But he really has turned up with the cash (which thankfully means you can afford to take the *Bug* out of port before it's impounded). You're not at all certain why he's got Skywallower and the robot with him, but at least Obi has brought along the Princess to lighten up your ship.

Booky the Wooky You call him Booky because his real name is "grrrowwwl", plus he has a habit of collecting technical manuals – not holovids or soft copies, but original printed hardcopies. The entire interior of the *Millennium Bug* seems to be littered with piles of these things. You're pretty certain that if you wanted the service manual for your nasal hair trimmer that, somewhere, Booky would be able to find the right manual. Your only worry about Booky is that he hasn't yet found a female Wooky, and Wookys can get awfully temperamental after several years of enforced 'solitude'. He does also have bowel problems but your noise is now immune to the resulting noxious fumes.

Layme looks like a sex kitten. Unfortunately the instant she appeared, you saw Skywallower's eyes light up. You'd better make sure she realises who's the real hero around here! After all, if you help her out, presumably she's pretty rich...

BOOKY THE WOOKY

Race: Wooky
 Sex: Presumed male. No one has ever dared ask
 Age: 33
 Height: 7' 0"
 Weight: 120 kg
 Service: Smuggler
 Rank: Chief Engineer
 Decorations: Various bits of previous enemies which you have torn off and nailed to your cabin wall.

Attributes:

	Max	Current
Strength	15	
Dexterity	7	
Endurance	15	
Intelligence	10	
Education	7	
Social	7	

Skills:

	<u>Level</u>		<u>Level</u>
Brawling	4	Intimidation	4
Communications	1	Mechanical	1
Computer	1	(Co-)Pilot*	3
Crossbow (auto)	2	Sensors	1
Electronics	1	Vacc Suit	1
Engineering	1		

*You can only use this skill to help someone else pilot (normally your colleague 'Handy' Solo). You cannot assume the controls unless there is someone else operating as the main pilot.

Weapons:

	<u>Damage</u>	<u>Range</u>	<u>Mass</u>	<u>Shots</u>
Crossbow, automatic	4	short	2.5 kg	10
Paws (punch)	2	contact	-	-
Paws (hug)	3	contact	-	-

Equipment:

Automatic crossbow *This looks mean and has nasty barbed bolts with tiny explosive tips. You carry one spare clip with 10 bolts in it.*

The universe's largest collection of technical manuals *You like to collect such manuals. They are stacked "neatly" around the ship using your own unique filing system, which means you can locate a manual for just about any electronic or mechanical gadget you care, within a few minutes of digging through your "neat" piles.*

Tools *You've got just about every tool possible stored somewhere on the Millennium Bug starship – such that you can build widgets, gadgets and gizmos faster than the "A Team". Whatever tools you currently need are tucked in your utility belt.*

Appearance:

You are a handsome example of your species, i.e. you are a muscle-bound over-size orang-utan. You wear no clothing except for a utility belt with a range of tools in it. You also tend to carry one or more technical manuals with you under one arm, but in such a manner that you can still easily use both hands and feet to swing through the ship's corridors.

Background:

You believe you were born to a low class Wooky family, but were orphaned at an early age (you can't remember your parents), so you've had to struggle all your life. You started out as a deck hand on a trader as soon as you were old enough, and have spent almost all your life working the space lanes. For the last 5 years you have worked with "Handy" Solo, a renowned smuggler.

You have always had a fascination with technical things and have a habit of collecting technical manuals on just about anything, from Handy's old nasal hair clippers to the finer details of jump drive repair for an Imperial battlecruiser. These manuals are piled 'neatly' around the entire *Millennium Bug*, making it quite difficult to move around the ship. In fact, with the cargo bay almost full, Handy doesn't even have much space for smuggling nowadays.

Let's face it though, the *Millennium Bug* just wouldn't run without you. Handy bought it cheap from the Vargr dealer Jabbering Mutt, and the ship is now held together by sellotape, sticky-back plastic and a few prayers. It doesn't help that Handy still owes Jabbering Mutt some millions of credits so you're usually required to make repairs using whatever odds and ends are lying around in the starport dustbins. You tend to spend a lot of your time deep in thought, inventing things, or coming up with technical solutions to all your problems (your particular favourite is to "send an inverse phase meson signal through the sensor array"), but since Handy is the only one that can understand Wooky, you don't get much satisfaction from saying such things. It's not fair, after all that Scottish bloke on Scotty on Screw Trek gets to say these things, but not you.

You have always been somewhat sensitive about anyone referring to you as a MONKEY or APE. You tend to show your sensitivities by ripping the arms off the people who offended you.

You are also very sensitive about the fact that you haven't spent any time with a female Wooky for decades. In fact you're so desperate to find one you'll go to any lengths. Unfortunately Wookys seem to be quite rare in this part of the galaxy.

You are vaguely aware that your bowel does rumble rather a lot and some people find the resulting noxious fumes a little upsetting - that's their hard luck.

The Others:

NOTE: You can ONLY TALK TO HANDY normally – to everyone else you must use Wooky grunts and growls (although with the right sort of body motions you can probably convey the major messages, such as "run away" or "I'm going to tear you limb from limb.")

Louie Skywallower looks like a right idiot. You got a vague feeling this trip was going to be hazardous and heroic (after all, the old man Obi paid twice normal rate for passage on the *Millennium Bug*). Yet Skywallower wears posh designer clothes (which look like they require dry-cleaning twice a day) and has a hair style which you've only ever seen on really rich women before. Hmmm...

"Jeeves" is a valet robot and follows Skywallower around like an obedient little dog, limping in a strange manner like it's got something stuck up its butt. To your trained eye it looks dangerously like an arrogant know-it-all type of robot. You know the sort: one minute they're innocently ironing their owner's underwear, next minute they're telling you how to repair the zipppo-widget in the jump drive and plotting your ship's jump astrogation co-ordinates. Best to make sure this "cleaning droid" knows its place. It also has a rather fetching moustache on its deformed sugar-cube head – perhaps if you wore such a moustache you might attract a female Wooky?

Obi Uncle Noby looks like a wizened old dwarf. He wears a worn-out grey robe and you thought he must be a tramp when he first approached Handy for passage on the *Millennium Bug*. But he really has turned up with the cash (which thankfully means you can afford to take the *Bug* out of port before it's impounded). You're not at all certain why he's got Skywallower and the robot with him, but at least Obi has brought along a human Princess to lighten up the ship.

"Handy" Solo has always been good to you. He bothered to learn Wooky to communicate with you and he has just about kept the ship funded without being impounded over the past five years. You've certainly had some adventures together.

Princess Layme is what humans would call "a sex kitten". Strangely enough, you also find her rather attractive. Unfortunately the instant she appeared, you saw Skywallower's eyes light up and you get the idea Handy is attracted to her too. You're not quite certain why you feel an attraction – perhaps it's the fact that she wears combat fatigues and has muscles like a jungle panther. Plus, if she's a Princess, presumably she's pretty rich... which would mean you could (for once) afford to buy *new* replacement parts for the *Millennium Bug*!

PRINCESS LAYME

Race: Human
 Sex: Female
 Age: 27
 Height: 5' 9"
 Weight: 11 st.
 Service: Noble
 Rank: Princess
 Decorations: You're very very pretty and don't approve of silly dangly earrings and such like.

Attributes:

	Max	Current
Strength	11	
Dexterity	8	
Endurance	7	
Intelligence	9	
Education	12	
Social	15	

Skills:

	Level
Blade, Large	3
Blade, Small	3
Brawling	3
Computer	1
Diplomacy	3
Leadership	4
Medical	1
Pistols	3
Rifles	3
Vacc Suit	1

Weapons:

	Damage	Range	Mass	Shots
Blaster pistol	5	short	1.5 kg	10
Commando Dagger	2	contact	0.3 kg	-
Fists	1	contact	-	-

Equipment:

Combat Environment Suit *The latest in high tech combat-wear. Nice camouflage markings (which can be changed to suit the environment at a moment's notice) and a hood and face mask that, when pulled up, provide a total seal against gases, noxious fumes, etc.*

Blaster pistol *This never leaves your side – you even wear your hip holster when sleeping. You carry five energy clips for this on your belt, each giving 10 shots.*

Swiss Commando dagger *A really nasty looking serrated blade with 17 other purposes: it has a fold-out set of scissors, a bottle-opener, a built-in miniature flame-thrower – everything a girl could want for a combat situation.*

Appearance:

You wear the latest high tech combat-wear, which barely manages to hide your rippling muscles. You guess you must be what dumb males call "attractive" - you usually have to pick your way over their drooling tongues.

Background:

Orphaned at an early age, you were given into the keeping of an old, senile, uncle. You remember nothing of your parents but do vaguely have some reminiscence of having three brothers, one of whom was peculiarly hairy from birth. A strange and lonely man, your uncle brought you up and taught you how to fight to survive. When you reached the age of 18, he finally revealed that you were a Princess, hidden to protect you from the ravages of the dreadful Emperor and his Imperial hordes, commanded by the evil Daft Vader (a Jelli Knight who turned to the Dark Side of the mystical power called *The Forks*). You're told that Daft has a seriously black dress sense.

Your false uncle brought you to the leaders of the rebellion – a group of rather sad and disorganised people with very little cash. You've tried to put some backbone into the rebels and have had some notable successes of late. However, a new threat has come on the scene...

Daft Vader has created a huge moon-sized space station (called the Braindead Star) which is able to beam endless channels of satellite television into the homes of every inhabitant of any unsuspecting planet, turning the locals into dribbling insane idiots. The first practice run was on your own home planet of Adrenalin. Thankfully you were off-world at that point, but you returned to find everyone glued to their video sets and unable to relate to each other without referring to the endless soap operas running on all 75,000 video channels. You knew something needed to be done. The rebels sent out spies and over a period of months, received information. It was programmed into a huge computer which, just a month ago resulted in Player Handout 2 (ask the referee for this).

Heroic though you are, you knew that you needed some cannon fodder and didn't want to waste any of the real rebels that you've finally got into some form of fighting shape. Then a stroke of luck – you heard about a hermit on Tattyone who was supposedly the very last of the Jelli Knights. You're not certain with all this *Forks* business is just a load of bovine excrement, but you decided to give it a try.

You eventually tracked down the hermit, Obi Uncle Noby, and he told you that within a month he would have a fully trained youthful Jelli Knight for you. (See below for what has actually turned up...)

Despite your battle-hardened image, you can become a meek eyelash-fluttering woman if you need to get something out of a male, although you do feel like puking afterwards.

YOU ARE THE DRIVING FORCE FOR THIS ADVENTURE. YOUR CHIEF MOTIVATION IS: TO DESTROY THE BRAINDEAD STAR AT ALL COSTS; TO KILL DAFT VADER; TO KILL AS MANY OF THOSE REALLY STUPID STORMTROOPERS AS POSSIBLE; AND PERHAPS FIND YOURSELF THE MAN OF YOUR DREAMS – A REAL MAN - SOMEONE THAT CAN HELP YOU LEAD THE REBELLION! To destroy the Braindead Star, you must get to the planet Dungheap and find the mystic Yodel, who can perhaps tell you how to find a bomb powerful enough to carry out the cunning computer-created battle plan (see Player Handout 2) upon which all your hopes rest.

The Others:

You've only had a few seconds to look at the crew Obi has assembled, but then it's in your nature to make snap judgements about people...

Louie Skywallower looks like a right idiot. Is this trumped up nerd with the designer clothes and designer hair style really the best Obi could come up with? You reckon he's nothing more than a stupid poser. Gods help you all. Perhaps you're mistaken and one of the others is the Jelli Knight – perhaps the big furry one?

"Jeeves" appears to be Skywallower's valet robot – he certainly follows Skywallower around like an obedient little dog, limping in a strange manner like he's got something stuck up his butt. He also has a ridiculous false moustache on his deformed sugar-cube head.

Obi Uncle Noby you've seen Obi a few times – he's basically a wizened old dwarf, wearing a worn-out grey robe which makes him look like a tramp. Frankly, you're not at all certain whether he actually is/was a Jelli Knight. Perhaps he's just a con man? Oh well, more cannon fodder while you get on with the serious stuff of destroying the Braindead Star, eh?

"Handy" Solo looks a bit rough and ready and, let's face it, if he really travels in space in the wreck that you've just been introduced to as his "beloved *Millennium Bug*" then he must be pretty brave. However, he doesn't really seem the leader type – perhaps you could try and impose a little discipline on him (and the rest of this bunch).

Booky the Wooky resembles a huge orang-utan: a little untidy and with a strange instinct for collecting technical manuals. Presumably it is the Wooky's technical knowledge that keeps the *Millennium Bug* running. Either that or a lot of sellotape and sticky-back plastic.