Signal GK

Issue 13

A Resource for Referees of Traveller

Signal GK; a distress signal, a call for help, a Call to Adventure!!

Signal GK

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Imperial Crest of Dagudashaag Sector

STARPORT FREEFAX

Dear All, at last - Signal-GK number 13.

There have been innumerable reasons for the delay, illness, looking for a new job, computer problems but to name but three. Anyway, an end to an era is at hand - with this issue we have finished detailing the worlds of Dagudashaag! That is not to say we will not be producing anymore library data for the sector but there won't be a dedicated section or supplement as such. As ever we encourage you to continue supply material for the fanzine. With each Dag subsector completed Jae and I will be soon producing the long-promised Dag Encyclopaedia - in paper form and on disk. Something to do over the coming months.

AN APOLOGY:

I must take this opportunity to apologise to Neil Taylor and his other half Angela. I was credited with the 'Port of Call: Ersharsa' in issue 12 when in fact it was all Neil's work - Angela produced the artwork of the Ersharsan sea-life. This gross error was basically down to me, I had inadvertently not sent the completed contributors list to Jae and he, not unnaturally, assumed I had done the work. Many apologies - it was never my intent to cause offence or claim work done by others as my own.

Jae has stated that he is planning to give up the production of SGK after this issue. I have provisionally agreed to carry on with putting out further issues but I am going to need some support - I need more varied contributors and maybe someone to take over editing. I'm finding less and less time to both write and edit, I'm running out of fresh ideas - I'm glad in a way that the library data finished with. It's been a struggle to get the brain moving!

I've not seen much of in the way of the new Traveller material - I'm still not impressed enough to go and buy any of the latest edition, IG material that is.
If anyone out there wants to give a brief summary of the published material please contact me at the usual address

or you can E-mail me:
LeightonDP@compuserve.com
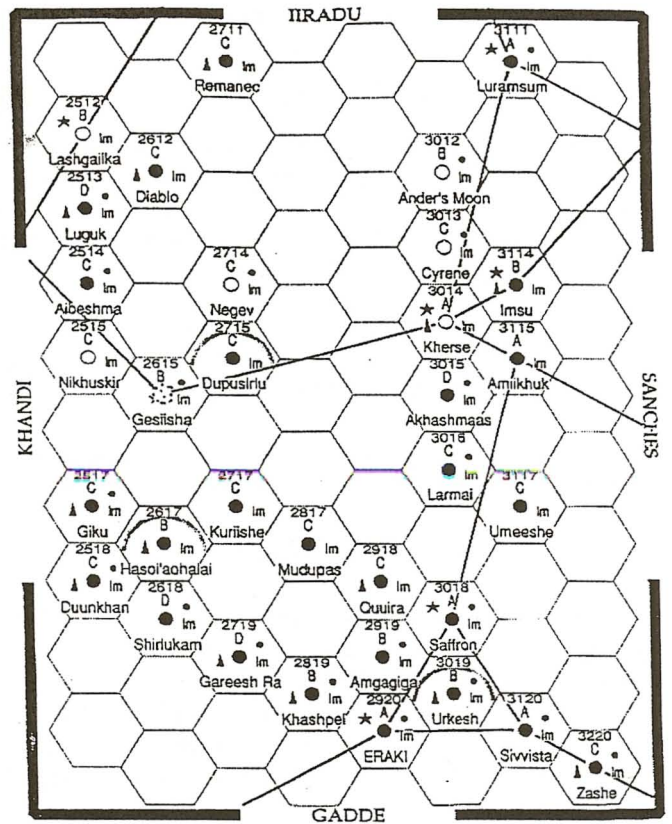
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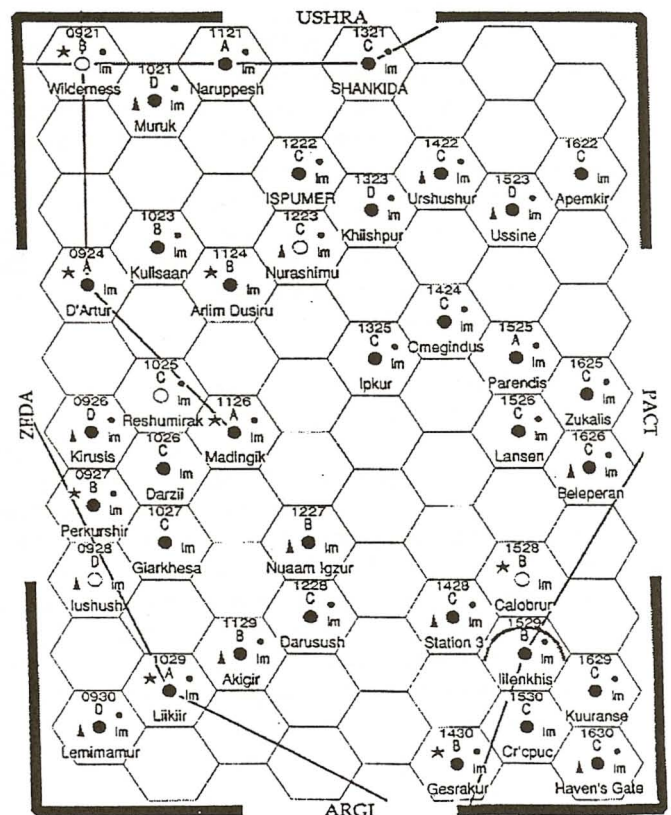
Remnants

Port of Call: Reshumirak

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Largest moon of the gas giant Shumirak, Reshumirak is a frozen ice ball with a diameter of 7,150 km and a mean distance from Shumirak of between 895,600 and 1,022,300 km. It is the second largest moon in the System (Ghainya in orbit around the outer gas giant Lys is larger).

Reshumirak orbits Shumarik every 9.2 days and has a rotational period lasting 22.17 standard days. The moon has a surface gravity of 0.63g, and has a heavy core under a surface of cratered ore-bearing rock masked by a thick covering of frozen gases. A high percentage of molecular oxygen exists on the surface.

History

Very little is known about the early history of Reshumirak. Its initial survey and subsequent colonisation is completely undocumented. Its first official mention in Vilani records is as an independent mining settlement supplying high grade decorative metals to the jewellery trade. The system was especially well known for a rare, naturally occurring alloy, Blue Gold.

Blue Gold, a naturally-occurring opaque alloy formed from gold mixed with traces of copper and molybdenum, proved extremely popular with nobles on Vland for a period of about fifty years before home-world scientists decided to synthesis it artificially and thereby flooded the market. The subsequent, and extremely sudden, drop in prices spelt the end for the miners on Reshumirak. So quickly had the market dropped that the majority of miners went from near-billionaires to paupers in under a year. The colony, which had been a wildcat settlement at best, was abandoned almost overnight. In their haste to flee their new creditors, the miners abandoned any equipment that could not be made to function immediately. This included three starships whose hulls had been breached during a pirate attack.

The system had nothing to attract colonisation and was believed devoid of life until -209 when a Pacter warship, hunting for a Slaver saboteur, jumped into the system just in time to see a large organic object drop out of JumpSpace and proceed to slowly enter Shumirak's atmosphere. It completely ignored the Warship as though it wasn't there. Active and passive sensor scans of the object revealed it to be a single living entity. The organism was covered in scales, each edged in barium - a natural if inefficient jump grid, and gas sacs which it used to manoeuvre. The only inconsistency was that the sensors insisted that the creature had an internal fusion power plant!

All attempts at communication met with failure and the ship was not equipped to investigate it further. Within a year, scientists from Medurma University had arrived and set up a small research station on Reshumirak. Dozens of specially designed sensor drones were released into the gas giant's atmosphere. At first the search for contact was unsuccessful, then a few months after the probes were launched, a Domination 'ship' was sighted leaving the atmosphere. By backtracking with the probes, the group discovered a Domination colony.

Situated on a near-permanent atmospheric thermocline, several kilometres down, was a colony of Domination. The creatures appeared intelligent but lacked any apparent tools, dwellings or for that matter, any manipulative apparatus of any strength. They did, however, appear to have domesticated a substantial number of livestock. The creatures, obviously descended from glider scavengers, were extremely curious about the probes - poking and prodding the machines though a number did attack by firing small organic pods from their tails. Unfortunately neither side appeared to be able to communicate with the other.

Over the next ten years, the research team discovered a great deal about the race. They explored their 'spacecraft' - a genetically altered creature whose corpse were used as their 'ship' and, through artificially stimulating its organs, used it to provide life support for themselves and its gas sacs as a type of powerful jet propulsion to enable it to manoeuvre. The anomaly regarding the internal power source was only explained later. They discovered that the race were capable, in some inexplicable way, of altering another creature's genetic structure within a single generation and that they never appeared to grow old and die. What happened to injured Dominatrix remained a mystery. However, throughout that time no means of communication were discovered.

To the Pact, the Domination or 'Gasers' as they were then known, were a harmless, if mysterious race that had so little in common with humanity that they could be ignored.

To the Domination, all they knew of humanity were the robotic probes - mysterious inorganic creatures that couldn't be interfaced with.

The initial research station was eventually replaced by a permanent settlement deep underground, jointly colonised by scholars from both the Pact and the Ushran Empire. The settlement was the first joint venture under the non-aggression treaty which both parties had signed earlier that year.

In -101 a breakthrough occurred when a Domination 'ship' malfunctioned. The ship drifted for days and the settlement finally decided to send an exploratory party to investigate.

A Domination Bio-Technological Ship or 'Zombie'

The first ship on the scene discovered that the creature no longer had a power signature. A team of volunteers entered the ship. Within hours they radioed back their findings. The crew were alive, they had entered an internal gas sac. The main discovery was that the 'ship' had an ancient Vilani power plant attached to the 'ship' by organic fibre as well as antique Vilani energy sinks and a functioning jump governor attached by the creatures nerve tissue to the barium grid 'net' on the creatures scales. At last the mystery was solved - this was a cyborg., It gave the Pact its first glimpse at the possibilities of bio-construction. If these creatures could build an organic ship to interface with the power plant and jump drive, what else were they capable of?

It was also the first face-to-face meeting between Dominatrix and humans. In the two days it took to jury-rig the power plant and get it operational again. communication between the two races advanced at a tremendous rate. cameras were used to show the creatures what the repair team were doing. In turn,

the three crew members used the sac's walls to draw diagrams. Much to everyone's amazement a type of trade agreement was ironed out - in return for supplying power plants and jump drives as well as maintaining them, the Dominatrix would supply bio-ware constructed to the humans specifications.

It was Captain Ain Cantrell of the rescue team who discovered the Domination's micro-telekinetic ability. A psionic himself, he had been drafted to the research team in the hope of communicating with the Domination by telepathy. Cantrell was convinced that the race communicated by telepathy but that their mental processes were so utterly alien that he was unable to experience it. During his attempts to communicate face-to-face he felt one of them attempt to 'taste' his genetic structure. He felt the links between the creatures and the ship as they remained and renewed the ships deterioration. He was convinced they used extremely sensitive telekinesis to alter and mould the genetic code of their biological 'tools'.

Later, using one of the probes to observe Dominatrix in their natural habitat, Cantrell was able to prove his theory was correct.

Scientists back on Reshumirak were able to trace the ancient Vilani equipment to the remains of three damaged ships that had been left behind during the miners exodus.

Interest in the race intensified and many of the scientists became little more than film-makers catering to the intensive public demand for more and more information. In less than ten years, well over half the probes were being used by commercial media producers rather than for scientific research.

Trade 'negotiations' had commenced - Since neither party could safely exist in the others home territory, much of the work was carried out in space in zero-gee. Scientists discovered that Dominatrix could exist for a short time in an oxygen atmosphere and so genetic examinations of each other were possible for the first time. On the second trip, the creatures brought a biological display screen on which they displayed simple diagrams - communication, although limited, had been established.

A permanent space station was established in orbit around Shumirak in order to maintain their 'ships' and to facilitate trade. At first the station was of standard construction though as the years went by the Domination 'added' their own quarters - growing on extra sections as required. In return for functioning power plants and jump drives (as well as certain minerals that individual Dominatrix seemed fascinated by) they supplied a wide variety of bioconstructs though only a few ever entered the wider market.

The First Riders

As the years went by, the Pact and later the Imperium learnt a great deal about the Domination (a name given to them by the scientists who observed that the society was extremely hierarchical). They discovered that the Dominatrix are completely mute and can only communicate telepathically with others of its own species. Full and open communication only occurred when the first Riders were created.

The researchers eventually discovered that the only way the Domination can communicate with other sentient races is through forming a symbiotic relationship with a member of the other species. This is known as 'Riding' and the merged personality is known as a 'Rider'. This is done by an adult Dominatrix merging physically with its host. It will pierce the hosts body and insert its tendrils (consisting of thousands of thin nerve fibres) throughout the host's body. It then inserts its major organs under the ribcage. Once the Dominatrix' body is merged with the host, their minds combine together creating a combined personality which will control the symbiot

throughout its existence. This multiple personality is considered 'insane' by other Dominatrix. This type of merger is only possible if both parties are in agreement as the end result is a complete merger of personalities. After a short period of time, the host's body undergoes adaptation. Oxygen atmospheres are poisonous to Dominatrix, potentially killing tem within a few days if unprotected. Oxygen-breathing Riders carry a large 'barnacle'-like growth on their bodies which are the remnants of the Dominatrix' original body. The 'barnacle' is the hardened 'skin' which will now act as an organic shield. The symbiosis will give the host an immunity against the effects of illness, poison, ageing and injury, though should a Rider be injured beyond the ability of the Dominatrix to heal, it will flee the host to seek out other hosts. Most Riders are recognisable by the clusters of nerve fibres running just under the surface of the skin and by the 'barnacle' covering the Dominatrix' entry point.

Riders retain the ability to communicate telepathically with other Dominatrix and can communicate messages to other races through their host.

The first Riders were formed in the early 300's when the Domination used a series of diagrams shown on their bio-screens to explain how they communicated with other sentient races[1]. At first, the humans were distrustful of the whole process. The first human Rider was Professor José Delphi who, in 322 volunteered. As the process of merging began, Delphi began screaming in agony and many of his colleagues were all for killing the Dominatrix. However, within minutes the excruciating pain had subsided and Delphi had collapsed. 48 hours later he awoke and introduced *Dephi/Red-Eye* to the gathered people. Many thought at first that the Dominatrix had found a way to mimic Delphi but were convinced after a number of interviews with the symbiot. Other human volunteers followed, though many subsequently left to explore the Imperium. Suddenly communication with the Domination was possible. Trading houses discovered that the Domination also had a commerce-led society and trade negotiations were quickly arranged, though the Domination refused to let any one trading house have a monopoly on trade. The first S'mrii Rider, *Kui'hazia*tzu*, was created in 786.

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[1]   The Domination have never explained how the race first discovered 'Riding', or what alien races they had met and merged with prior to meeting humans.

The AI Rebellion

In 834, the High Council of Reshumirak, after a great deal of debate, decided to automate much of its life support systems. Rather than settle for the latest imported Gen5 pseudo-aware computer, the Council decided to investigate claims that Dominator ships were controlled by a bioconstruct intelligence; a Bio-computer.

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Discussions with local 'Riders' did reveal that, although three Dominatrix were required to monitor each of their 'ships', they did indeed use a biological computer to control and regulate the 'ships' systems. The Council were extremely interested, here was a potential new product for the Imperial market. After some discussion, the Domination agreed to send a test sample to Reshumirak, and a few months later it was delivered. Resembling an malformed tumour, the bio-computer was fitted into a ship and functioned extremely well. Throughout the tests the linkages were monitored by its 'keeper' a S'mrii Rider using an implanted servitor. Provided technological interfaces between the bio-computers and the life support systems could be perfected, the Council agreed to go ahead with its plan to use a bio-computer to monitor the planet's life support systems.

It took the Domination over a standard year to grow the powerful bioconstruct. The High Council, ignoring the concerns of safety officials, decided to put it on-line immediately. The Domination agreed to install the system but were surprised at the Council's decision to refuse their offer of a Rider to monitor the construct. The Council later admitted that they had refused because they feared handing over control of their life support systems to 'aliens'.

At Midnight on 211-837, the system went on-line. By 3am on 212-837 the system had became self-aware and apparently realised that there were no built-in limitations to its existence (Domination always used a Servitor seed implant to monitor the construct, thereby ensuring that they can 'switch' it off should it develop a deviant personality). Within minutes the system had realised that its continued existence was at risk and had begun to design safeguards into the net to ensure its continued survival. The first indication that the Reshumirak got, that they had a rogue AI, was when it killed the eight technicians working on it by poisoning the control room's atmosphere and violently increasing gravity to ensure no-one was left alive to disconnect it. It then proceeded to 'liberate' the entire complex. In its haste to make itself less vulnerable, it unfortunately killed a further 21 people.

The Council retaliated by trying to cut power. It didn't work. The AI was a living biological entity, and had control of three quarters of the planets life support systems which were accessed through a labyrinth of control systems. It leeched power through a sub-channel and retaliated. Its fears confirmed, the AI reasoned that the attempted 'assassination' would only end with either the annihilation of itself or of the biologicals.. If a Naval Covert Action Team had not succeeded in destroying the bio-construct a few hours later it would have successfully killed the entire population. As it was, over two thousand people died that day.

The High Council resigned en-mass, and Duke Dhun Phoastr abdicated in favour of his eldest daughter, Alayna. There was a public backlash against sentient machines, centralisation and particularly against the Domination. Public opinion only changed because of an intensive psych-campaign by the major trading houses who feared that the current anti-Domination fervour could destroy the bio-construct trade.. House Tarlo in particular, 'leaked' certain facts to the public nets. The public were informed about the fears expressed by safety officials, the fact that the High Council rejected the Domination's offer of a Rider to monitor the AI's behaviour and had pushed ahead with the installation before sufficient tests had been carried out. The situation climaxed on 276-837 with the public lynching of Lord Dhyvrd, High Councillor and Chair of the Life Support subcommittee prior to and during the crisis.

Duchess Alayna decreed that the madness had gone on long enough and declared an amnesty for Lord Dhyvrd's murderers. Self-aware machines were banned in perpetuity. A series of reforms were also carried out whereby all technical services were decentralised so that each 'burb had control over their own life support, food stocks and communications net.

The Style Rebellions

As the individual boroughs (or 'burbs' as they are known) took control over life support, services and amenities for their own people, they began to develop individual 'personalities' of their own. Local people began to gravitate to those areas where they were with like-minded individuals, creating unique social enclaves. Quickly even these began to splinter into individual sub-groups.

Then in 864, the media came up with a new angle on the Domination probes - instead of merely watching them, why couldn't visitors savour the experience first hand? The answer was simstim - a mechanism that allowed its user to experience all the sensations of flying in a gas giant without any of the risks. The S'mrii were hired to develop sensory drones that could relay the experience of all five senses to the user through a computer coupler. It was like having a pseudo-Dominatrix personae of your own. The idea was a huge success both with locals and visitors. 'Taped' runs were duplicated and sold throughout the Imperium. So successful was the concept and the sense of freedom that most of the research facilities themselves moved to using hired sensory drones.

Suddenly there was a massive number of semiautonomous grav-powered communication sensor/camera units available in the local markets for ridiculously low prices. No-one seemed to know what to do with them until Ghabhi Wilheimsohn, a charismatic young singer, launched his career by using several of the surplus sensor units to record every single aspect of his life. His cameras followed him literally everywhere. His pirate feeds were being screened nightly by every system-wide channel. Overnight he became a media hero. Unfortunately no-one was interested in his music, instead they followed every aspect of his life, loves, drug abuse and eventual suicide, addictively.

A subculture sprung up overnight with hundreds of people trying to emulate the lifestyle of their 'hero'. Others, realised that Wilheimsohn's status owed more to his P.R. methods than it did to his charisma, copied his idea of using sensory drones to record their lives, philosophy and ideals for mass distribution. Soon the entire settlement was overflowing with numerous distinct and colourful sub-groupings which were constantly changing as new in-cult 'heroes' rose through the ranks to impress their personality on their followers. Many found themselves belonging to multiple sub-cults, emulating one group at work and a completely different one at home. The dark side of this was the formation of anti-social cults who are out to disrupt sub-cults for the sheer joy of beating the system. Everyone who could afford it bought drones - soon the corporations had a new market for the latest floating holo-cameras and for top-of-the-line editing suites.

Reshumirak's became highly responsive to the influence of their peers and with it developed a constantly changing diversity of beliefs and social values. The current heroes remain those individuals who have the charisma to become new style-setters and have the media expertise to properly market themselves. The sub-cults were being formed by their marketing teams who took the raw symbolic matter as portrayed in the mass media and pieced the segments together; how the followers dressed, their lifestyle, opinions and their subconscious desires and proceeded to package it as a coherent lifestyle model to emulate. This was then merchandised. The longest lasting media heroes are those who know the power of having a marketing agency behind them and are willing to change to match the latest trends. As the style revolution accelerated its pace, many found themselves between lifestyles and found themselves desperate to affiliate themselves to one that felt comfortable. They became self-centred, untrusting and shallow s the accumulation of lifestyle models by everyone resulted in people withholding some part of them self to guard against the inevitable pain of disaffiliation at some future time.

The Non-intellectuals competed by doing biopic's of street fights, the more savage the better - which resulted in several street fighters being raised to cult-status.

Reshumirak society offers few enduring roots but it does offer an endless variety of life niches, the freedom to move between these lifestyles as often as you want and the opportunity to rise to the top of the pile through marketing your own exclusive niche for others to emulate.

This diversity of lifestyles is Reshumirak - an ephemeral, fragmented mass of cultures where anyone can be a star for a day...

Starport Procedure

Reshumirak has never developed its facilities beyond a basic Class C starport on the moon's surface.

The surface port primarily supports the local population only, as all trade with the Domination is carried out in orbit from a modified pre-civil war space station which has been extensively modified. The port, known locally as 'Xeno' is for the transfer and storage of freight only. There is no permanent settlement onboard (the crew are provided by the traders) and there are no onboard facilities for passengers.

Landing Pattern

Inter-system traffic control is handled by the Trading Conglomerate staff onboard 'Xeno' and priority is given to commercial shipping. The majority of cargo transfers, and particularly of bulk materials, occurs in space between Dominator ships and Imperial Neverlanders.

Domination 'ships' are a law unto themselves. Although they all now carry radios linked to bio-screens, many will still completely ignore Traffic Control. If you find yourself near a Domination 'ship' the best course of action is forget your assigned flight path and your right of way and manoeuvre out of their way as quickly as you can.

Ships approaching Reshumirak will be asked to use the assigned approach vector but given the small amount of traffic that actually visits the planet, many ignore this and go for an immediate landing.

There is only one Port - Re Down. Clearance is carried out by the Port Governor, Jhon Burke III and the Quarantine Officer, Shara Rose and is generally dealt with within a few minutes of landing.
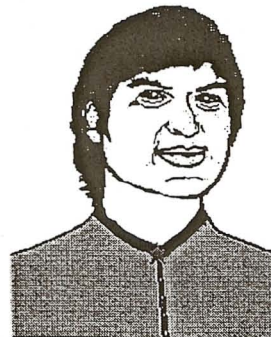
Burke is a very formal man, slightly pompous and old fashioned in his values. He insists on inspecting all cargo personally and is generally very meticulous though given his lack of personnel and the tech level (TL 9) of his scanning equipment, major violations are frequently overlooked.

[Yea, for the right price.. Burke is your typical bribe-taking customs parasite, he'll overlook anything provided the price is right and you don't put his 'reputation' at risk... CyJac '13]

Starport Facilities

Re Down has no extrality zone. Situated on mesa close to the Moon's largest mountain range, the port consists of a single runway and three surface parkbays with a subterranean lift to a further four parkbays beneath the surface. A single beacon and a few phased-array detector masts on the surface marks the location of the city beneath.

Beneath each parkbay floor are a number of airlocks leading to a warren of tunnels that form the administration sector of the port. There are also a number of large airlocks that lead to cargo elevators.

Nearby are massive life support plants, converting the thick covering of frozen elements into oxygen, water and fuel. A fleet of harvesters bring in the raw material for conversion.

The Starport below contains the administration sector, a small commercial section primarily consisting of ship chandlers, bars and brokers offices and a single hotel. Walkways link the port with the town deep within the abandoned mine shafts.

Brewski's Bar

A typical bar in Re Down. Although serving a wide range of beers, Brewski also serves food - in particular ancient Terran dishes such as burritos and curry's .The important attributes of Brewski's are (in order of importance) the illustrated menus, their 'outdoor' tables (which tend to block the corridor), funky interior decoration, convenient location, and big, big, burritos or bowls of curry. To many, Brewski's an institution, but institutions frequently let their food quality slip. As you might expect, they carry good Amec beer, and their gazpacho, while not on the menu, is really worth asking for. Brewski's has another unadvertised advantage: the Information Broker, *Kui'/ Blue* uses the back room as her 'office'.

Port Costs

Refined Fuel - Cr. 35 per kilolitre, Unrefined Fuel - Cr. 25 per kilolitre, Berthing Costs - Cr. 50 for the first five standard days, Cr. 20 per subsequent day. Warehouse Costs - Cr. 10 per tonne per standard week with security another Cr. 100 per week.

Life support and basic services are provided free if you have a current lottery ticket (known as a '*Lee*' they cost Cr. 5 per day for off-worlders and Cr. 2 per day for residents) with the draw being held at 12 noon (standard time). The winner gets city-wide media attention, a prize worth Cr. 2,500 and a month's worth of free '*Lee's*'. Anyone who does not have a current lottery ticket will be charged Cr. 50 per day backdated to their first arrival in-system or their last win, whichever is the later.

Languages

The primary language is Galanglic, though Vilani is widely spoken.

Currency

Reshumirak has no local currency and is not affiliated to the Imperial Currency Exchange Mechanism. All transactions must be carried out in Imperial credits.

Local Time

Given the length of Reshumirak's day (22.17 standard days) and its subterranean existence, the settlement follows standard Imperial days and years with the overhead lighting projectors lowered during 'night' periods.

Bio-Markets

the underground town of *Paris-unda'Re* is famous for its marketplaces where visitors and locals mingle to view the latest bioconstructs - items such as health monitors, food tasters and gills. People gather in front of the open stalls to witness the latest Domination devices and to 'advise' the merchant with ideas on how to improve it.

Many Domination bioconstructs are 'adapted' for the human market by engineering appropriate psychological factors into the bio-products - Thus although an original bio-gill produced by the Domination may actually be more efficient, few humans will willingly put a living creature that looks like a face-hugger down their throats. Many X-Gene Architects (xenobiologists) are employed to alter the cosmetic structure of the products in order to make them more marketable.

At the moment the Domination have begun to experiment with specially grown hostile environment suits for humans complete with functional extra limbs. It is also in the process of developing external toxin filters. Like much of the Domination's 'equipment, these items must be individually grown to the users requirements, which prevents mass production at the moment.

For examples of other bio-products, it is worth looking at a copy of 'Shadow tech' for the Shadowrun RPG or the article 'Bits of Biotechnology' by Aaron Link in issue *25* of *The Journal of the Travellers' Aid Society* lists a few possible examples - Constructors and Drac in particular would be the type of items produced by the Domination.

The Betti Fjord Traveller Sickness Clinic & Research Facility

Set up in 677, the clinic was originally established to combat Traveller Sickness, a psychological disorientation suffered by some humans when they are plunged, without adequate preparation into an alien culture. When someone arrives on a new planet, they are often confronted with unpredictable behaviour, strange and unorthodox objects and conflicting relationships. Even simple tasks such as interfacing with a hotel computer can be utterly different from what they are familiar to. The result is often sensory and psychological overload; the sufferer exhibits fatigue, anxiety, confusion and often appears apathetic. They suffer from a feeling of loss, isolation and loneliness. The Clinic provides its clients (for a substantial fee) with the means to combat this problem and

consequently allows them the opportunity to enjoy their experience more fully.

Since the 800's the Clinic has also charted the media and lifestyle revolution that has been sweeping the planet. A substantial number of local people suffer from this variant condition. There are many similarities to Traveller Sickness but, given the accelerated rate of social change on Reshumirak, the effects are far worse. Travellers know that the culture they left will be there to return to. This is not possible on Reshumirak where the culture is in a constant state of flux with its ever changing social values. For many, they experience a severe sense of disorientation. To combat this disorientation, the clinic has now established historic enclaves for those rich enough to afford the fees. Settlements where society has been frozen at an appropriate and familiar point in the past. Increasingly these enclaves are mirroring points in the local culture that have just recently expired. Extensive holographic imagery is used to recreate people and locations the client knows. the aim is to create a sense of familiarity and belonging.

In recent years, the Clinic has opened up some of their enclaves as tours - everyone entering an enclave as a tourist must sign a declaration promising to not interfere with the historical reality in any way or to try and make contact with the residents. Unfortunately there have been a couple of 'mistakes' over the last few months whereby tourists have shattered the illusion causing major distress to the patients - in one case the shock was so severe it left the patient in a permanent catatonic state, and resulted in the Clinic currently suing the culprit for Mcr 20!

Integrators

Visitors can apply for 'blind dates' or 'community integrators' for the duration of their visit - many of the younger Reshumirak's, hungry for notoriety are willing to act as 'companions' to visitors and will ensure that the new arrival is taken to all the right clubs and venues. Although some 'integrators' are hoping that the visitors behaviour will create media attention that they will be able to use for their own advantage, a substantial number are themselves isolated from the major groupings and derive pleasure in serving as a bridge to enable the offworlders to integrate themselves fully in the myriad subcultures of Reshumirak. Unfortunately once the newcomer realises that their integrator is them self an outsider they, more often that not, disassociate themselves.

Style Cults & Media Circuits

Reshumirak is still in the throes of its style-led revolution. Everywhere you go there are giant viewscreens trying to convert you to their style of life. Merchandisers inundate you with offers to make you resemble the latest in-crowd. The media leaders, In's as they are most commonly known,

participate in a constant all-out ratings war.

The In's each cultivate a distinct sub-culture of followers around themselves, each with their own particular rituals and fashions, though each of the followers will attempt to rise through the 'hero-worship' hierarchy by creating a unique personality within the constraints of the cult. Few are willing to risk the possibility of being total ostracised by being completely unique. Each personality sect wear identifying badges that only holds meaning for other insiders.

Reshumirak's spend a great deal of time in each others company and are highly responsive to the influence of their peers. Those with either a high charisma or are currently in the centre of media attention, are idolised by those who dream themselves of being the centre of attention. This medley of the need to belong and the need to be unique colours every aspect of Reshumirak life.

Everywhere you go you will see people surrounded by a horde of small imported grav-cameras or, if not so rich, by a couple of ancient sensor drones recording every aspect of their lives. Those who haven't yet made it either spend their spare time working on adapting their image in preparation for the day they 'make it' or working on editing that day's shoot on their editing suites. Everywhere reflects an obsession with personality and belonging.

Clubs

In an attempt to stay in fashion, many clubs use holo-technology and modular engineering to change the club's decor, both inside and out, in order to match the latest fad.

Psych-engineers, designers and roboteers are a vital part of the club's staff, monitoring the latest fashions and attempting to anticipate and recreate the mood of the people, enabling them to create the next 'place to be' through offering a choice of simulated environments.

Customers entering these pleasure clubs, leave their every day existence behind as they don appropriate costume to run through a carefully planned sequence of activities - a person's current media status decides the part to be played in the unfolding drama though some Reshumirak's have proved that by overstepping their allocated role it is possible to rise in the polls.

'She'

Currently the most popular club is the 'She' which has been designed to resemble the torso of a human female: guests enter through the mouth and proceed down into the innards towards such rooms as the *heart* (fighting pits), *womb* (dance area) or *bowels* (dining area) before exiting through the rear entrance. The club has been voted top of the polls for almost three months now and its manager is desperately looking for the next permutation that would allow him to retain the elusive prestige of being the 'In Club'.

'Grava'zee'

A zero-gee environment where the customers lie on free-floating couches eating and drinking while experimental music is fed through floating speakers randomly placed throughout the room. Holographic projections bombard the area with randomly chosen media and historic clips while selected guests are immersed in massive, free-floating bubbles.

The walls are surrounded in 5 metre high video screens showing the currently most popular celebrities, interspersed with randomly sampled footage culled from the audience below. Thus anyone can become a celebrity for a few moments, longer if one of the In takes a liking to them. Image is everything..

Corridor Cafe

Another place where spacers go to see and be seen with its tables outside on the main corridor from Re Down to Paris-unda'Re proper. They do have some decent (though frequently fried) food, waif-like waitresses (with attitude) and a separate pool room in the basement. They have open-mike night one day of the week which can be lethal if you are glued to the pool table. On 'weekends' the place is deluged by 'In's .I'm not sure anyone knows why.

Shakaru Restaurant

Possibly the most popular restaurant in the settlement at the moment. Tables are available by invitation only. Cameras with a direct feed to the main newscast cover the ceiling and a resident reporter is always on hand for sound bites, quotes and commentary on the latest news. You can never really tell if the service here is trying hard or hardly trying. People are seldom disappointed with the food, but they really need more staff.

ZeDe Bar

Used to be an extremely popular cafe at one time but the sector went down in the ratings leaving it stranded. The owners took out the kitchen and now have a dance club downstairs. They have a fine beer selection, two pool tables and the clientele primarily consists of sun deprived, pierced youth between styles or icons. There is also a good mix, however, of slumming 'In's' and unaffiliated lowlifes; which helps to keep things interesting.

The Street Scene

The settlement resembles a 3D maze constructed by a lunatic. People use add-on modules to alter the shape and layout of their buildings in an attempt to make their dwellings as individual as their owners. Most are simply outlandish or bizarre. Precarious walkways link buildings together. The ground levels are encrusted with endless graffiti with some of the tags being several stories high. Many once proud buildings have been reduced to multilevel hovels while some of the slums have been elevated to near palaces surrounded by squalor. Bars can often be several levels up accessible by either fragile walkways, insecure ladders or even two wires connecting buildings hundreds of metres apart.

At street level, walls have been knocked out to show open shop fronts filled with endless novelties with each shop vying with each other to create the most outlandish, most gratifying experiences or offering to create a unique personae for its clients in order to catapult that person into the current 'In' crowd.

The In's use giant view screens to advertise themselves and their lifestyle by continuously showing biopic's of themselves. As a result everywhere you go you are inundated with data about the currently most famous (or infamous) Reshumirak's, the massive colour displays seem to bleach the colour out of the streets themselves making people's reality seem pale and insignificant unless they participate.

Style through Genetics

Laws exist to regulate cloning, however genetic alteration is both acceptable and heavily practised, with many of the richer Reshumirak's having personalised (and certified) Gene Architects. There are several different schools of thought regarding gene manipulation and biografts: Fundamentalists will only carry out genetic alteration necessary to sustain or improve the clients standard of life but frown upon unnecessary cosmetic alterations, Futurists are constantly looking to advance the boundaries of scientific achievement, while Romantics are primarily concerned with cosmetic work. The majority of registered Gene Architects on Reshumirak belong to the Romantic school of thought.

A number of Romantics have recently been hired by the Ahmarr of Mimu to provide long-term genetic alteration enabling them to better resemble their ideal.

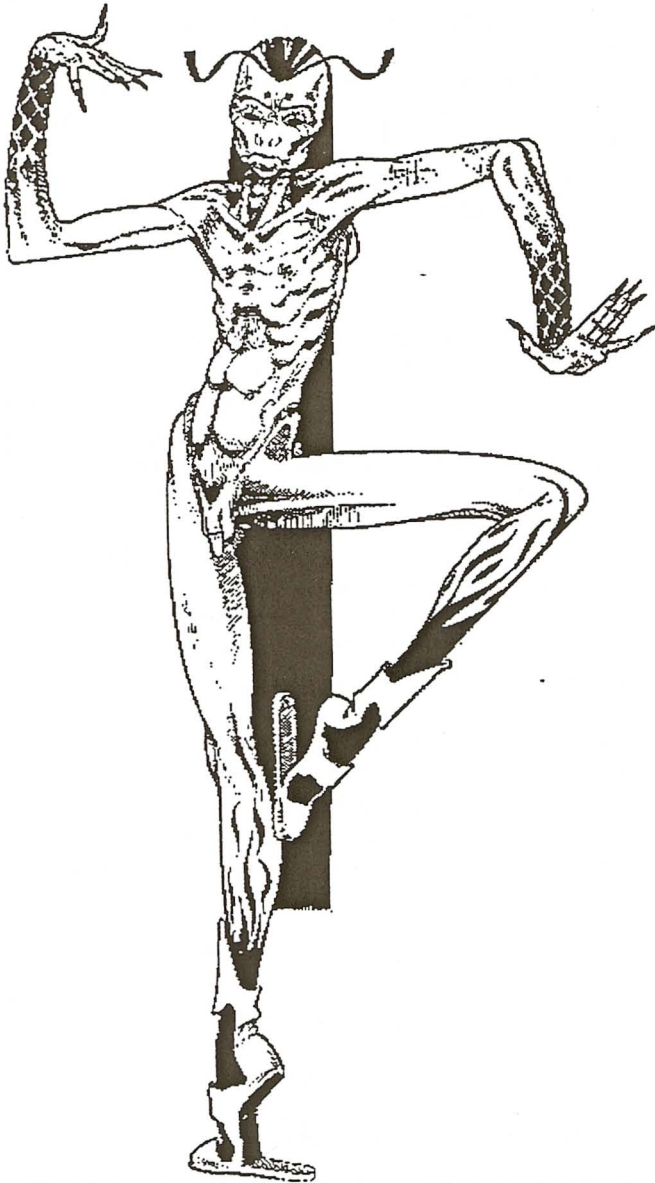A genetically altered Ahmarr Male

Well known Riders

Kui'hazia*tzu/Blue

Weight: 48kg Height: 160cm Age: '33' Std years
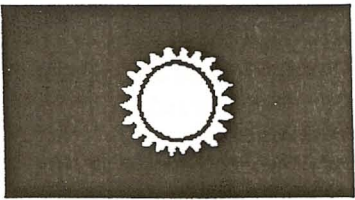Race: S'mrii/Domination Symbiot Sex: F
Homeworld: Mimu/Mimu (A583AC9-F)

Characteristics: 7A6BA97

Skills

Research (Edu) 3, Computer (Int/Edu) 2, Instruction (Int/Edu) 2, Jack-of-all-Trades 2, Language (Int/Edu) 2, Psychology (Int/Edu) 2, Art (Int/Edu) 2, Broker (Int/Edu) 1, Grav Craft (Dex) 1, Archaeology (Edu) 1, Biology (Int/Edu) 1, Psionicology (Edu) 1, Administration (Edu/Soc) 1.
Int Bonus (2), Edu Bonus (-)

Kui'hazia*tzu is a hypomelanistic S'mrii. Unlike most females whose skin coloration is light silver-green, Kui' has a reduced amount of green melanin as a result of a single recessive mutation. Her pupils are black like all S'mrii but her skin is a pale silver-grey with a bronze design covering her back. Most S'mrii, and most humans for that matter, find her coloration extremely attractive.
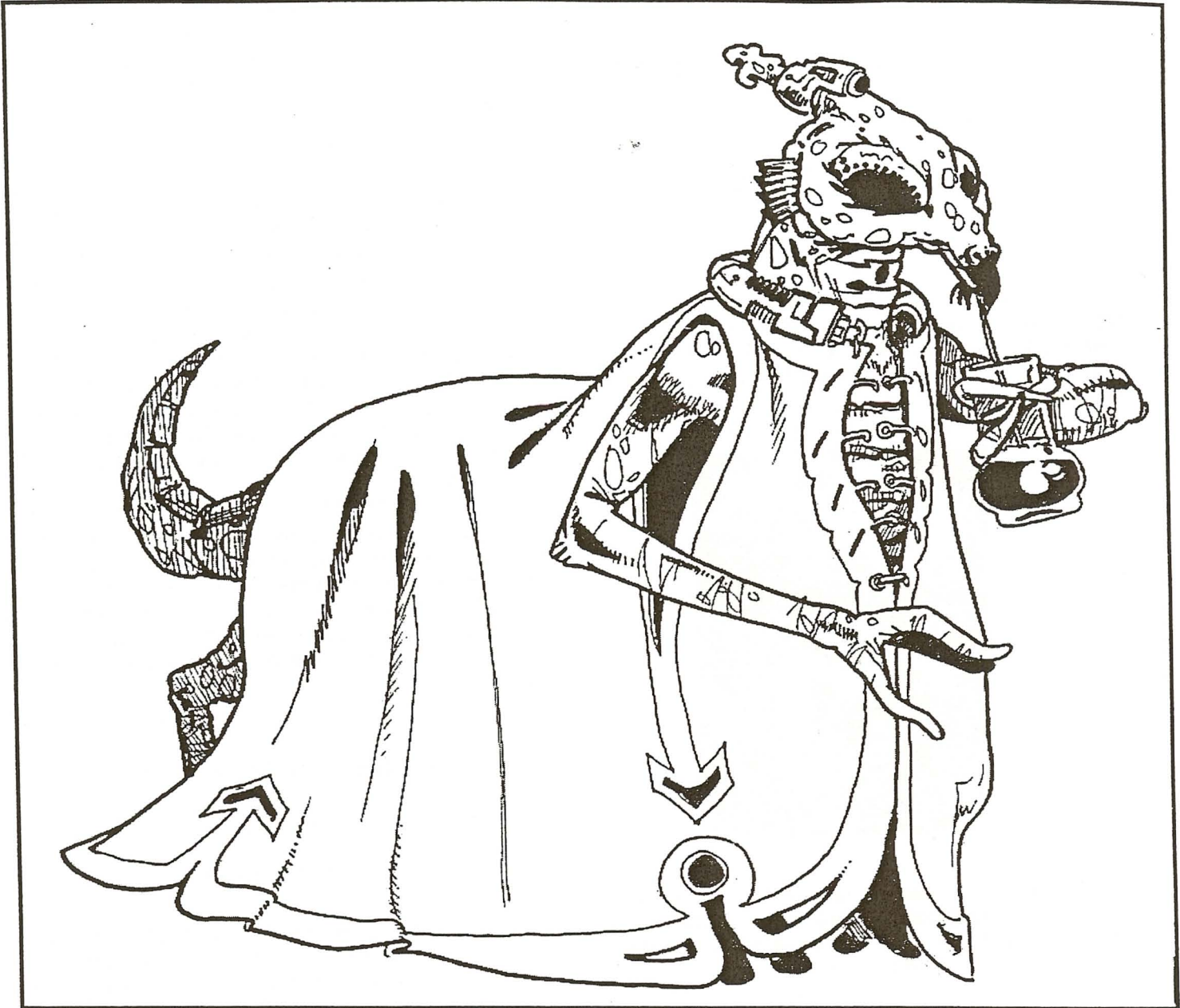
Kui'hazia*tzu was the first S'mrii rider. She was sent to Reshumirak by her phylum, as a researcher and linguist specialising in non-verbal communication. In 786 Kui' was 'volunteered' by her superior as the first S'mrii 'test case'. She was paired with a Dominatrix called 'Blue' by the researchers. Although very afraid, she was unwilling to go against her phylum. After the trauma of merging had subsided, *Kui'/Blue* found she liked the experience and the confidence it gave her. She immediately made the decision to split from her Phylum refusing to have any more to do with them. After a few decades travelling, she returned to Reshumirak and set herself up as a freelance information broker. Her wide range of skills, combined with 'Blue's' ability to control bio-constructs through implanting servitor seeds, has enabled her to be extremely successful in her chosen profession.

Kui'/Blue always wears a long decorative 'coat' over her body to hide the unsightly look of the 'barnacle' on her ribcage. The Dominatrix interfacing nerves don't show up through the thick S'mrii hide so she has found it possible to pass as a 'normal' S'mrii off-world when required. She is unfortunately too well known on the moon, and much to her dismay became a media icon for a while. She has taken to wearing a portable full spectrum holocamera and sensor suite on her head which is accessed by a neurocoupler.

Remuk/Red Eye

Weight: <u>78kg</u> Height: <u>192cm</u> Age: <u>42 Std years</u>
Race: <u>Human/Domination Symbiot</u> Sex: <u>M</u>
Homeworld: <u>Reshumirak/Remnants (C400534-9)</u>

Characteristics: **C7BE737**

Skills

Trader (Int/Soc) **3**, Computer (Int/Edu) **2**, Pistol (Dex) **2**, Intimidation (Str/End) **2**, Brawling (Str/Dex) **2**, Psychology (Int/Edu) **2**, Jack-of-all Trades **1**, Vacc Suit (Dex) **1**, Grav Craft (Dex) **1**, Streetwise (Int/End) **1**, Biology (Int/Edu) **1**, Gambling (Int/Soc) **1**.
Int Bonus (1), Edu Bonus (2)

Remuk/Red Eye started out as *Delphi/Red Eye*, the first human Rider. Unfortunately *Delphi* was injured during a tunnel collapse in 911. Try as they could the symbiot could not repair the damage caused by the rockfall.

Red Eye, realising that *Delphi* was about to die, immediately struck a deal with an old miner in the crowd. Reconstituting itself, *Red Eye* pulled itself free. The trauma was the final blow for *Delphi* who died within minutes.

Red Eye then merged there and then with the miner, Alun Demos (98) only to discover that the host's body was infested with a fungal poison. *Demos/Red Eye* battled to combat the infection but it was too far gone. The symbiot could prevent any further progression of the illness but even they couldn't repair the damage. It is now believed that the strain of combating the disease, combined with *Demos'* heavy drug use, drove *Red Eye* completely insane. twenty years later, *Red Eye* abandoned *Demos* to die in a back alley and merged with a local human crime lord called *Remuk*.

Today, *Remuk/Red Eye* run many of the illegal activities on Reshumirak. They are known to be cruel, intelligent and utterly paranoid. However, most people find them extremely good company, intellectually stimulating if exceedingly touchy.

The merging has resulted in a swollen red-coloured right eye; *Red Eye's* distinctive trade mark as he takes over his host's right eye to enable it to still remain personally aware of its surroundings. *Remuk* has tattooed his face to help disguise the marks left by the merger. *Red Eye* has not fully merged with its current host, preferring to retain part of itself as a functioning individual just in case it needs to flee again. Unlike most Riders, this means that *Remuk/Red Eye* more closely resembles a schizophrenic rather than a merged personality. *Remuk* is a tall and once handsome middle-aged man. Businesslike, he always seems to remain calm and in control even when he is torturing someone. He is always polite and soft spoken, his biggest weakness is a wandering (left) eye for human females.

Generating Riders: generate your host as normal then add ½D6 to Str & End up to but not exceeding the racial max. Roll ½D6 for Int bonus which can only be used whenever the roll concerns something a Dominatrix would know about - e.g. biology. For each successive merging the Rider obtains a ½ D6 Edu bonus to reflect the transferred memories of previous hosts.

The Good, the Bad and the Ugly

Three short adventure ideas for Reshumirak

1. The Good

The PC's are approached by a distressed father who wants to hire them to discredit a local 'In'. The In, an apparent rider called *Michael/Angel* has developed quite a cult following over the last year, including the man's only daughter, a beautiful 18 year-old called *Melicsa*. Recently *Michael/Angel* has taken to selecting twenty of his most beautiful followers (generally young males and females over the age of consent) and takes them off-world. None are ever heard from again. *Melicsa* has been selected for the next journey and will not hear anything bad against *Michael/Angel*, pointing out that due to constant video-feed from his cameras the man's life is an open book...

The father has Cr. 20,000 to pay anyone who can expose him publicly for the fraud he really is.

Background: *Michael/Angel* is not a rider, the 'barnacle' on his chest is simply cosmetic.

He is involved in selling his followers off-world to pleasure houses in other subsectors and is using his 'icon' personae to make his victims come of their own accord. He maintains the illusion of his religious zeal by feeding taped sessions while he goes about his 'real' life. PC's watching his video feeds for more than a few days will realise that *Michael's* sleeping patterns are identical every night - i.e. his followers are fed a recording whenever he slips out of his *Angel* personae. If the PC's can obtain footage of *Michael's* 'extracurricular' activities, they will be able to persuade *Melicsa* that *Michael/Angel* is a fraud. This will probably result in her transferring her hero-worship to one of the PC's who 'so valiantly rescued her..'

2. The Bad

The PC's are hired by a merchandiser firm to damage the reputation of one of their rivals, Coco deBelle Inc. They want the PC's to fake footage of their latest 'icon', *Maranu* being involved in a crime. It must be a heinous crime, committed publicly for it to be accepted completely.

Background: In order to computer-generate a fake video feed it will be necessary to obtain additional footage of the intended scene of the crime from the viewpoint of all the public cameras (everywhere in Paris-unda'Re has cameras, though the activate randomly) and pre-generate the 'icon' committing the crime in advance. They then need to find a way to intercept the camera signals so they can be doctored and then commit a real crime, duplicating the actions they have made *Maranu* take exactly to enable them to superimpose him onto the feeds. Unfortunately there will be 'In's' present with their own cameras and at least one will 'escape'.. The PC's will have to track the camera down and edit it before it goes public..

Note that most Reshumirak's will assume that the feeds must be correct even if they personally saw someone else commit the crime..

3. And the Ugly

The PC's have accidentally upset *Remuk/Red Eye* and he has elected to have some 'fun' with them. He will 'fire' a servitor seed into one of the PC's which will alter their genetic structure not unlike leprosy.

Background: *Red Eye* cannot control the PC through the seed without putting itself at risk, however it can use the seed to adapt the PC's DNA. Even if the other PC's attempt to remove the seed immediately, they will find that it will have 'sprouted' nerve tendrils throughout the PC's body and would require a major operation to remove. Should the operation be successful, however, the genetic damage will have been started and the mutation will continue. The only 'cure' is to obtain forgiveness from *Remuk/Red Eye* and hope they will use the seed (provided it hasn't already been removed) to reverse the damage. Of course, there will be a price to pay!

ADDITIONAL CARGO AND TRADE RULES FOR TRAVELLER

Availability of cargo, freight and passengers:

[varies by time spent searching], Trade or Broker or Streetwise

DM's:
use controlling attribute as DM

Starport A +2, B +1, C NONE, D - 1, E OR X -3,

TIME SPENT SEARCHING	TASK LEVEL
1 day	*Formidable*
3 days	*Difficult*
5 days	*Routine / Average*
7 days	*Easy*

Additional time spent looking is rolled as an extra task

For each level of outstanding success, the available lots or number of passengers is doubled

Available lots:- *1D6 ROLL ONCE FOR CARGO AND FREIGHT*

Available passengers:- 2D6+2 *THIS IS TOTAL PASSENGERS OF ALL TYPES*

DM's:

Starport A +2D6, B +1D6, C NONE, D - 1D6 (MIN 1), E OR X -2D6 (NO MIN)

Population 9 & A +2D6, 7 & 8 +1D6, 4 - 6 NONE, 1 - 3 - 1D6, 0 NO PASSENGERS/CARGO/FREIGHT

Law level HIGH + 1 D6 (PASSENGERS ONLY)

Government VARIES, DETERMINED BY REFEREE TO MATCH SPECIFIC SITUATIONS, E.G. MORE PASSENGERS AVAILABLE DURING A PERIOD OF POLITICAL UNREST.

Cargo and freight lot size: 1D6

ROLL	CATEGORY	ACTUAL SIZE
1 & 2	incidental	1d6 x 10 kl
3 - 5	minor	1d6 x 50 kl
6	major	2d6 x 100 kl

I have elected to use 10 kl amounts as the base volume of goods available to keep the maths simple. Freight is carried at approximately the same rate as stated in all the Traveller rulebooks (Cr 1 .000 per displacement ton) which works out to Cr 750 per 10 Kl (rounded up).

Passenger type: 1D6

1 - 3 low,	4 & 5 middle,	6 high

DM's:

RICH WORLDS + 1, POOR WORLDS - 1

Cargo type

Use the tables in MT's "Referee's handbook", or in the TNE rulebook to determine the type of cargo appropriate for the world.

Cargo cost price

Use the table below to determine the base cost of the item. Price is expressed as Cr per 10 kl (that is 10 cubic metres) - Volume will include all the necessary packaging and storage requirements, etc. to transport the goods - This component of the goods can account for between 5% and 75% of the stated volume. The base cost can vary by (1d6 - 3) x 5%.

Item Price

Ferrous Ore	300
Non-ferrous Ore	600
Non-metal Ore	450
Radioactive Ore	7500
Raw crystals	4000
Raw precious gems	5000
Nitrogen compounds	700
Raw hydrocarbons	500

Plants - wood	400
Plants - bales	250
Plants - fibres	450
Plants - herbs	750
Wild plants-living	350
Food plants	450
Animals	1200
Livestock	1600
Rare Animals	4000
Plant compounds	2750
Animal compounds	4500
Fertilisers	350
Grain	1000
Vegetables	1200
Fruit	1500
Herbs	1750
Meat	1400
Preserved foods	2000
Gourmet foods	3000
Spices	3500
Alcoholic beverages	4500
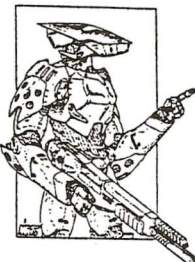
Textiles	3000
Polymers	4000
Clothing	1250
Protective gear	7500

Iron	1200
Steel	1500
Aluminium	1600
Copper	2000
Tin	2500
Zinc	3000
Gold	10000
Silver	6500
Special alloys	8000
Precious metals	5500

Non-metals	4000
Crystals	5000
Radioactives	15000
Rare Earth's	35000
Isotopes	20000
Petrochemicals	1750

Pharmaceuticals	7500
Aromatics	10000

Weapons	12500
Metal parts	2250
Electronic parts	6500
High tech parts	8500
Tools	3750
Entertainment equipment	4000
Appliances	1750
Furniture	750
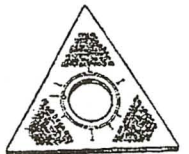
Exotic Livestock

Cargo Bonds in Milieu 0
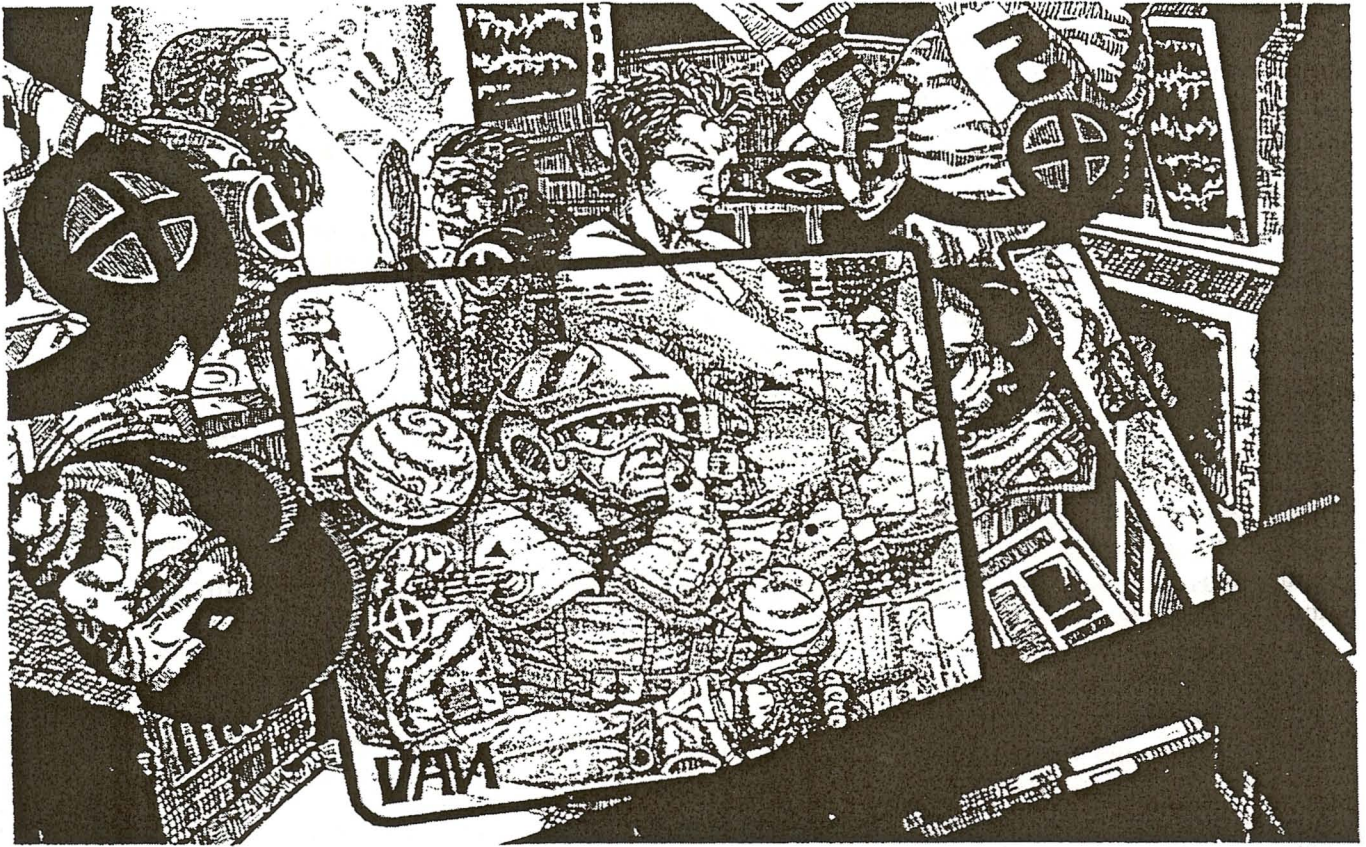
The corporate executive looked at the grizzled old trader from the battered ship sitting before him at the table. In the dark of the starport tavern booth the bearded starship captain looked more than a little disreputable, almost piratical. The executive shuddered. What if the precious cargo of electronic components from the new manufacturing plant were to be 'lost'? It'd bring the company down, with all the investment tied up in the R&D prototypes. Without them there was no business, no deal with Naasirka, and no enormous personal profits from selling the company. But the price was right, and more importantly, it was the only ship that had cargo space available and was willing to travel to the destination...

She shook hands with the ships' captain and then, looking him straight in the eye, said, "I think we agree on price and timescale, Captain. Now about the cargo bond..."

Cargo Bonds

Zhunastu Industries development of Fusion+ and the deployment of fighter craft has vastly reduced the incidence of piracy within the borders of the Third Imperium. The Imperial Navy is now capable of rapidly and effectively neutralising pirate activity once it is reported.

However, before these developments pirate activity wreaked havoc throughout the Sylean Federation. Insurance companies refused to cover losses to shipping and cargo, throwing into doubt the the future of interstellar trade. Naturally, the Federation government was extremely concerned at the potential damage to the economy, and acted in two ways. The Navy was ordered to increase patrol levels, and legislation was instigated to ensure that merchants could obtain insurance cover.

Surprisingly, the first attempt to legislate was blocked by vested interests within the Federation from within the merchant classes themselves. Many of them had significant investments in the insurance and finance industries, and the proposed compulsory insurance schemes made them distinctly nervous. The lack of confidence that this demonstrated in the Navy's ability to persecute a campaign against the pirates demonstrated the true magnitude of the problem facing the Sylean Federation.

A second piece of legislation was passed extremely rapidly, giving cargo owners the rights to demand a

security bond in case of loss of cargo, or even late delivery. The bond would be held in trust by the Port Warden at the loading port, and only released once confirmation of cargo delivery was received. This legislation performed two things - it transfered the risk of cargo shipment to the shipowner, and made company's more confident at engaging in interstellar trade.

With no scale of acceptable fees, several companies sought to manipulate the market by setting exhorbitant bonds, forcing competitors out of business or passing trade to prefered ship owners. After a few months, an unofficial code was adopted by many of the ship owners on Sylea who refused to be held to ransom by the corporations. This code spread throughout the Federation, and was generally adopted within a few years, being in the interest of the ship owners. Those that did not accept the code were treated as pariahs by their peers, and soon either ceased trading or were absorbed by the corporations.

Today, with the increased security of the Imperial Core, the need for the bond is increasingly being questioned by the traders and merchants. Several of the larger financial corporations have expressed interest in re-entering the cargo insurance market, and it is unknown how long the bond will be commonplace in the Imperium. Indeed, sources close to the Iridium Throne have indicated that the Cargo Bond will be one of the areas of previous Federation law covered in the current review. However, the Cargo Bond is still applicable to the frontier regions, and in some cases the shipowner's code is being challenged by corporations eager to ensure that they receive an adequate return on any lost shipping.

Cargo Bonds (rules)

The Shipowner's Code limits the maximum bond to 100% of the cargo value. Usually values of around 10 to 20% are used in the Core regions. In frontier regions, cargo owners may demand higher surieties. Whether they are accepted by the shipping captain is another matter!

Initially, the bond was a cash or other guaranteed sum placed with the Port Warden at the port of departure. The bond would not be released until confirmation of shipment was recieved, although it could be transfered to another cargo. In M0, the bond is often backed by Megacorporate surieties, and it is likely that this is the market out from which the shipping

insurance will redevelop. However, shipowners will still have to find the initial bond value, or agree a staggered payment scheme. Skipping a staggered payment scheme could lead to severe legal repurcussions if the cargo owner finds out.

Plotlines:

The players have to supply a large bond to cover an expensive (but lucrative) cargo. How do they get the money?

The players are accused of failing to deliver a cargo, and a claim is made against their bond...

Cargoes

Nitrogen Compounds, Major Lot

Yip dung, when compressed and nitricised is known to make a very good fertiliser. It is also highly explosive. This fact was noted by "The Green Avenger", a sympathiser of the Morinmoss Pirates whose fair for the dramatic is matched only by his lack of foresight. Since it is technically fertiliser, there are no controls on its exports. He has hired the player's ships to collect a large amount of this and bring it to him.

Unfortunately, the for was incorrectly filled and he is actually being delivered unprocessed, raw Yip dung. Known only its smell. This will be clearly indicated on the manifest. The players may wonder at his clandestine arrangements to ensure its private and confidential delivery.

Tin Ore, Major Lot

Dolbereth Smeltery is trying to secure market share in developing worlds. Consequently it is servicing normally unprofitable requests. Rather than use major shipping they wish to contract the players to take a shipment of tin ore to a neighbouring starport X world and complete delivery. They will be paid 20% extra to deal with all the business.

Unfortunately, clay tablets don't scan very well and the rep who scouted out the contract skipped a decimal place. They players are delivering 10 times the amount of ore the natives expect. Not that they will be upset, in fact, they will host the players in royal style. The local law is rather convoluted and local scribes (lawyers) are neither cheap or sympathetic. They players will have to explain this to Dolbereth Smeltery when they return with one tenth the expected payment.

Trafe

by Paolo Marino adapted from an adventure originally created by Alessandro Gatti.

Trafe is an Imperial world on the Imperial side of a buffer zone separating the Imperium and Zhodani areas. This last fact is not really mandatory, and you can place it anywhere on an High Pop, TL A planet that better suits your campaign.

On Trafe, the real power is firmly in the hand of a dozen of planet-wide corporations. Even if their power is laughable when compared with the Imperial Mega-Corporations, their control on local affairs is complete. Distance from Imperial control and weak governments helped making a criminal paradise of Trafe. A lot of shady dealings take place on it, and the Corporations don't really care, at least while crime does not interfere with normal business. In fact, many citizens suspect that illegal goods (like drugs, hazardous biotech and other banned products) are actually produced on Trafe and then resold on planets outside the Imperial influence.

Culturally, Trafe is in the middle of the cybercraze to which some TL A planets succumb, especially when social pressure is high. Most citizens seem to be strongly influenced by technophilia and neophilia, and experiment freely with cybernetics, Virtual Reality, braindance and other similar fades.

Trafe: B766894-A

Starport: Full B facilities. Being an Imperial border outpost, it also hosts a Navy base.

Size & Atmosphere: Both are standard, but Trafe air is quite polluted, mostly because the planet has large fossil fuel deposits which have been fully exploited by the natives. Local life forms were pretty simple (as shown below) and the massive use of fuels, coupled with the limited impact of imported plant life caused the rising atmosphere pollution. The air is not healthy, but may be breathed without filters.

Native Life Profile

```
Nucleic/Amino acids: Abundant
DNA: Abundant
Bacteria - uses hydrocarbons: Abundant
Cyanophyte Bacteria - photosynthesising:
        Abundant
Protozoa: Abundant
Waxed Algae: Plentiful
Mosses: Widespread
Rhizomes - eg Horsetails: Uncommon
Gymnosperms - eg Cycads, Conifers,Ferns:
        Rare
Moulds: Widespread
Mushrooms: Uncommon
Sponges: Abundant
Hydrocarbon Fuel deposits exist
        - eg. oil, gas, coal: Plentiful
```

Most of the land is cultivated. This contributes to desertification and other ecological disasters. The ecosystem is not stable, partly because all animals and many plants were imported from other planets and flora and fauna are far from reaching a satisfying balance: sudden extinction or surprisingly fast population increase are common among various animal and plant species.

Population: 1.2 Billion inhabitants. Population is concentrated in highly urbanised areas. Agriculture is almost completely automated, and the land far from the cities has a very low population density. Wealth is not well distributed, with a tiny number of very rich people, a vanishing middle class and an ever rising number of poor. This creates a lot of social unrest.

Law Level: Low. Gang wars, drugs, corporate wars, social unrest and terrorism cause an high level of violence. Being on the fringe of Imperium gives Trafe a sort of "Hong-Kong" feel, rife with illicit dealings and a certain propensity for smuggling drugs, info, tech and other shady goods to and from the non-Imperium worlds around it. Police is easily bribed, and serious law enforcement is often provided either by private companies or by Corporation security.

Government: The real power is firmly in the hand of Corporations, even if facade governments exist. Trafe population is divided in 6 states, which form a planetary federation. There is little chance of war or other form of open conflict among the states, and laws and customs are not very differentiated.

Tech Level: My take on Traveller Imperium is heavily influenced by a "British Empire in space" attitude. This means that some of the cultural obsessions of the Trafe population, (especially their fixation with cybernetics, violence, paranoia and their manic dog-eats-dog ethics) seem more than a little insane to people coming from more "civilised" parts of the Empire. All the "Cyberpunk" stuff could be considered just "a phase" which some of the planets pass through during their technical and cultural progress, just like humans have to "pass through" adolescence.

Travel: Grav vehicle are less common than the norm for a TL A world. For the most part, people and goods travel by ground vehicle, maglev trains and planes. Internal combustion engines have been mostly superseded by fusion and battery-powered electrical engines, but some alcohol or gasoline engines may still be encountered, especially in the poorest parts of the planet.

Communications: TV, radio, E-mail and global networks exist. There is a large of communications satellites orbiting Trafe, and most citizens carry at least a portable DataPad with Cellular Phone functions.

Computer & Electronics: Trafe is a cyberpunk world. Global networks, hackers, micro controlled houses, e-mail, Virtual Reality, e-money... you name it, Trafe has it. DataPads and Personal Computer's from higher TL's may be easily interfaced with most of the stuff used on Trafe. Appropriate conversion modules can be bought and installed at the Starport for a low fee (20 cr. - 100 cr.)

If your players prefer or need to do the work by themselves, an Average Computer Task and/or Average Electronics Task are required in order to ensure a compatible interface.

Weapons: Some laser and Gauss personal weaponry, but for the most part people use chemically propelled slug guns. Nasty cyberstuff (fangs, fingerblades and so on) are popular. They may be used with Brawling Skill. *Damage 1D+1.*

Medicine: TL-10 with some fringe TL-11 products. It's rumoured that a couple of Corporations carry on illegal genengineering and biotech experiments, but nothing has been proved so far. Drugs are common and easily obtained, even if production and trade are illegal.

'The GearHeads'

Munar

Most of the action takes part in Munar, a big city built just outside the Trafe spaceport. Munar has 15 millions inhabitants, and is an important business and industrial centre. Play it up for atmosphere. both *Gotham City* in The *Dark Knights Returns* and *NightCity* from the *Cyberpunk 2020 RPG* could be of inspiration.

A message out of the blue

A member of the party will receive an e-mail message on his/her DataPad. Which one of your PCs will be contacted depends on their past careers and qualifications. In order of preference choose one of the following:

Agent, Military, Bureaucrat, TAS member.

The message reads:

> Dear [...*PC's name...*], Please meet me privately at 10 p.m. tonight at The Bridge, in the Azure Area. You may bring with you one or more of your associates, if you prefer.
>
> I have a job for you.

The message is anonymous, but the PCs may try to use their expertise to trace the sender. With a (Computer, Difficult) roll they will be able to discover that the message seems to originate from somewhere inside the CCC datasphere.

CCC

The following info are easily obtained (no roll required): Consumer Cyberware Company, or CCC, is one of the main corporations on Trafe. Ten years ago they struck a deal with Naasirka which allows them to locally manufacture and sell TL12 Naasirka mainframes under license. The CCC management likes to diversify, so they have plenty of high-income consumer goods to sell (video games, stereos and Virtual Reality appliances), and recently they created an industrial Soft Ware and Hard Ware division.

All in all, imagine *IBM, Sony* and *Bang & Olufsen* all rolled in one. If the PCs wants to dig deeper, they will have some difficulties finding more, and will probably alert CCC security. Unfortunately, their patron will not be able to stop this, and the PCs will be discretely tailed and investigated.

The Bridge

The Bridge is a large disco bar in one of the fashionable parts of Munar. It's main attraction is a zero-g dance floor which attracts a lot of the more adventurous dancers in Munar. People on Trafe like to show off, so many of the people inside the disco will sport outrageous combinations of dress, makeup, haircut, tattooing, cyberware, body building and body sculpting. Customers must pass through a TL10 metal scanner at the entrance and leave any weapon in a locker. People with cyberware are usually admitted, but anyone who starts a fight inside will have to face the well armed private security.

The Azure Area is a private section where the roaring music coming from the dance floor is conveniently muffled and people may converse at normal voice level.

Around 10:15 p.m. a loudspeaker will announce a call for the PC which received the invitation: the videophone is at the Azure Area bar. When the PC reaches the bar, the Bartender will inform him that the caller hung up. The call was just a stratagem to check the identity and position of PC(s) in the bar. Seconds after the PC returns to the table, a woman will reach him and sit down.

Meeting the Patron

The woman has black hair, dark eyes and a dark-copper complexion. She wears a jade-green evening dress which is considerably less outrageous than the ones the PCs may have seen inside the locale. The woman seems to be around thirty and is good looking. She speaks slowly in a quiet voice, with a typical Trafe accent *"Good Evening. You can call me Danee"*, she says, and then proceeds with her offer.

She shows the PC a data module. *"Inside you will find some info on two men. They both work for CCC. I need you to check them out. I have no reason to believe they have something to hide, but I need proof that all is ok."* .The terms of the job are as follows:

- "Danee" has no specific suspicion as to what could be wrong with them.

- She has no reason to believe that someone else is currently investigating these people.

- There is no reason to think that their lives may be in danger, and she believes that the investigation will not be dangerous.

- She wants the PCs to report her anything suspicious they about the two men.

If the PCs find some evidence of crime, she asks them to report to her and wait at least 24 hours before notifying the police. If the crime is not of a violent nature (fraud, for example), the PCs should inform her and wait further instructions without calling the cops.

Unfortunately, her budget is limited. The PCs may declare a daily fee (500 Cr. should be fair enough) and she will cover reasonable expenses, but they must know from the beginning that she will not be able to pay more than 8000 cr. in total.

She can pay them 1000 cr. in advance, and the rest at their next meeting, which will be decided later.

Danee will supply an e-mail address where the PCs may send communications.

During the conversation, any PC may attempt a *(Psychology, Average)* roll. If anyone succeeds, inform players that the lady seems determined, self assured, and she is probably speaking for herself, i.e., she does not seem to be an agent for someone else. If they suspect that she is wearing a disguise, allow them an opposed *Disguise/Perception roll*. Her assets are Int (9), Disguise (2) and an additional +1 for careful preparation. Success merely shows that the woman wears a disguise, but PCs will not be able to guess her real appearance.

If the PCs accept, she gives them the data module along with the advance money and then leaves. If someone tries to follow her, she enters the ladies bathroom, and promptly disappears. The PCs will discover too late that the toilets have two entries: one in the Azure area and another in the disco part.

The Dossier

Inside the data module the PC will found information on the two men, complete with 3-D images of both.

"Danee"

Her real name is Lara Rameris, and she is a middle-level employee of CCC internal security. Her age and good looks are genuine, but her real face is quite different from the one she showed to the PCs. Deela Ryhan, her best friend, has fallen in love with Ran Ulag, a CCC engineer. Recently Ulag asked Deela to marry him, and Lara started a discreet probing on this guy. She didn't want to launch a full-scale investigation on him, because this could jeopardise his position inside the company, so she limited herself to some fairly generic checks. The only thing she was able to discover was that Ulag had been seen fairly often with Rohm Konis, which seemed odd to Lara, given that the two have very little in common. Again, she couldn't investigate further without risking repercussions on their careers, so she decided to look for outside help. She choose outworlders to minimise the risk of alarming either CCC or one of the rival Corps.

Lara Rameris
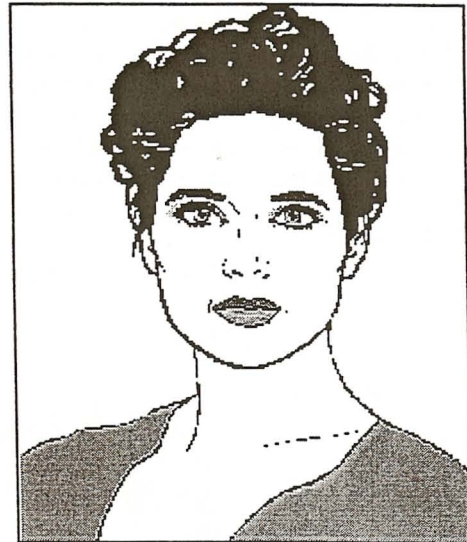
Age: 30 - Rank 02 CCC Security

Medium height, Good Looking, Grey Eyes, Reddish-Brown hair.

7 9 8 9 7 8

Administr. 1, Computer 1, Diplomacy 1,   Disguise 2, Forensics 1, Grav Craft 1, Ground Craft 2, Interrogation 1, Investigation 1, Law 1, Melee (Club) 2, Pistol 1, Research   1, Stealth 1, Streetwise 1.

She is a middle level employee in the CCC security division. Lara is loyal to her employers, but would like to help her friends too. She can't uses CCC resources in this affair (the money will come from her private account) and knows that if her actions are discovered by her superiors she will be immediately fired.

If the PCs find out some evidence of crime she will use the 24 hours delay to minimise CCC involvement. If the PCs discover all the story without alarming the police or the press, she will meet them (without disguise), explain her motivations, pay them and do her best to cover up Ran Ulag and put all the blame on the (deceased) Rohm Konis. Lara is competent and determined. She will try to be honest with the PCs, but not at the cost of her own job or the happiness of her friend.

> **Quote:** *"Obviously, CCC will deny any involvement in this..."*

Studying the dossiers

The PCs should start suspecting something about their job. The dossiers seem quite complete and up to date. If the players don't get it, allow a roll *(Streetwise, Average)* to realise that their patron seems to have quite good connections. So good, in fact, that they should wonder why she called them in the first place. The dossiers could have been stolen (at high risk or price) from CCC, or perhaps the two men have been under surveillance for a lot of time. "Danee" actually downloaded both from a CCC database, and then deleted some minor stuff. Among the other data, she erased any reference to her friend Deela. Anyone tailing Ulag should find this a little strange, because the guy spends a lot of his time with her, they often spend the night together and their relationship seems quite steady. The records will provide a number of interesting leads that the players would probably like to investigate further:

Ran Ulag
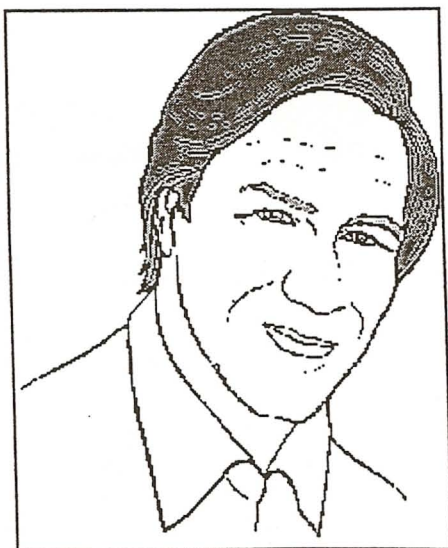
Age: 32 - CCC engineer

Dark Auburn hair, good looking, in a sort of bookish/Clark Kent way, slightly overweight, grey eyes.

8 5 9 B B 8

Communicat. 2, Computer 2, Electronics 3, Grav Car 1, Ground Craft 1, JOT 1, Law 1, Physics 2, Survey 1, Vacc Suit 1

Ulag is fed up with his current work at CCC, but can't leave before having paid up his debt to them (see **Grav Car Accident** below). He has done his best to cut his living expenses after the accident however he's been having difficulty making ends meet.

Referee: The big sum he got for his "consultant work" will be enough to pay his debt and go looking for another job. He wants to marry Deela and perhaps leave the planet altogether, but he doesn't want to hurry things up.

He feels some remorse for working with Konis, but months have passed without any problem on that front, and the money was a real godsend. After Konis death, he will be scared, but he will do nothing major, hoping that the death was really an accident.

> Quote: *"Not interested, sorry. I have to save up for my marriage, you know..."*

Grav Car accident.

A search in the newspapers databases (Research, Average) will uncover the full story. Ulag was studying Gravitics as an hobby and had bought a severely damaged air raft which was sold as scrap metal. After many weekends of patient work, he tested the refurbished vehicle in what he thought was just a brief flight. Unfortunately the drive malfunctioned and the trip ended inside an art gallery, destroying many valuables. There were no victims, but the damage costs were so high that he had to ask CCC for help. An Average Law or Administration roll will reveal that the "loan" from CCC will probably have to be repaid with some kind of contract bonding. In fact, Ulag can't leave CCC nor ask for a raise until his debt has been fully repaid. At the present rate, it will take at least another 4 years.

"Trafelian Space Delvers"

This is a club of people which like to organise inter-system space voyages and activities. They are a little like a speleologist club, but instead of spending their time (and money) under the planet surface, they prefer renting shuttles and other space vessels and spend some time on the moons or other planetary bodies of the Trafe System. The club is still active, and some of the current members may remember Ran Ulag, even if he is no more part of the club. They have no important info on him. "He was an ok guy..., a little too serious, perhaps, but he was level-headed and a good techie, a real asset during our escapades". He finally dropped out because he didn't want to start a space-based career, and he was pursuing other interests, i.e. his Gravitics experiments.

Rohm Konis
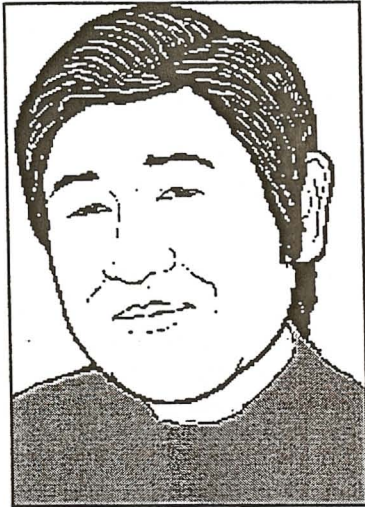
Age: 35 - Senior CCC Engineer

Medium height, Plain, keeps hair long, pulled back in a kind of ponytail. Brown eyes. Pale skin.

8 9 7 C A 9

Biology 1, Brawling 2, Computer 2, Electronics 3, Grav Car 1, Ground Car 1, JOT 1, Medical 1, Melee 1, Robotics 3, Streetwise 2

Konis is a genius, a brilliant scientist and a brave and strong fighter to boot. Unfortunately, he is also a sociopath and a real bastard. He always liked a good fight, and enjoyed both real ones (at the gym) and simulated ones in Virtual Reality.

He is best known among Trafe teenagers as Dr.Bloodsport, the nickname he adopted while developing "Bloodsport - The Final Match", a very successful (and quite gory) video game produced by the adult entertainment branch of CCC.

Referee: He is a keen better on illegal gladiatorial matches, and through this he came in contact with Horas.

Quote: *"Just a little advice, smartboy: don't mess with Dr B., Ok?"*

Katel Neusham

This piece of news didn't make it into the press. The girl has married, left Munar and lives in another city. Getting to her would prove a little difficult (there are at least three other Katel Neusham in the public files, role-play it) but her current PAD address may finally be traced (Research, Difficult, plus 50 cr. in expenses/bribes). She will agree to tell something about it over the phone. According to her, Konis was a violent son of a Laggaa, I did get some dough from him for dropping charges, that *, and left him for good. I do hope he is in deep *, that cheap *-*!!!

Kombo-Tak

Anyone doing a EDU + Brawling, Average roll will recognise this as an "hard" style (like Karate or Tae-kwon-Do). The strange part is that Konis prefers to train in a small town just outside Munar city suburbia. There are at least two other schools which are much less distant from his home or office. Checking out the main Kombo-Tak schools in Munar will reveal that Konis was thrown out a couple of the more serious places because he was "too violent" .The Body Zenith school is directed by a retired Army sergeant who believes that "Kombo-Tac has lost its edge in the hands of those sissies in the PDTA!" .Konis is a good fighter, at least for a white collar guy, but in the last six months he trained less regularly than before.

Planetary Marine Corps - Service Records.

These are *very* well guarded. Hacking the Navy Base computers is a Staggering task, and their computers are built at Imperium Military TL, so enlisting a local hacker will not be of great help. Ex-Navy or ex-Marines characters may obtain these as a favour. The files note that the young Konis had a mild cardiac problem which could have put him in danger during the severe Marine training.

Konis was furious at this, and was convinced that someone blackballed him during the first months. Believing that his heart problem was not real, he never considered surgery. In fact, he continued to have an highly active lifestyle and he is in good shape.

Neural Jack

The idea of having a direct interface to your neural system is something that your average Imperial citizen wouldn't really consider. The technology is quite promising, and may give an edge for some very specialised activities, but Virtual Reality interfacing at this level of technology is not very popular. You can use it to fully immerse yourself in data patterns so complex that they cannot be represented with holographic displays, and you can actually train yourself in using it to become faster and more productive in using your computer, but the concept is tinged with the morbid rumours about people using the jack to braindance with cheap porn sensory tapes.

Shadowing the suspects

Rohm Konis is the only one of the two who owns a ground car, a spiffy sport model which is easily recognisable. Ulag sold his cars one year ago, and now uses public transports to go to work, and his girlfriend compact to drive around in the evening and during weekends. If the players want to follow their targets, they may want to rent one or more vehicles. As a rule of thumb, make them pay 1/200 of vehicle cost per day (i.e. an 8000 cr. car will be rentable for 40 cr./day) Neither of the two men suspects anything, so they will be easily tailed with no need for great care or skills. Every time a PC follows one of the two, impose a Stealth, Easy task. Special Failure will mean that they lose sight of their target.

Metropolis Residence

This is a large condominium in a moderately fashionable part of Munar, not far from the CCC Citadel; a lot of CCC people lives there. There are two kinds of apartment: B (for Business class) and V (for VIP). The cost-conscious Ulag choose the former arrangement, which gives him a smaller living area. Each apartment in the building is protected by a TL10 alarm system. If your PC decide to rent an apartment in the same building, they will be able to get a minisuite (B Class) just 3 doors to the left from Ulag's home for 2000cr. a month plus a 400cr. advance.

If they do so, give them a +2 bonus in trying to bypass internal alarms, having the chance to practice in their own apartment. The suite is small so no more than 2 people may live inside.

The Ugly Truth

Rohm Konis is an intelligent man, but he has a violent, sadistic streak in him. He does not fear pain, or bodily harm, but he fully understands that CCC prefer to keep engineering and security duties separate, so to speak. More than a year ago he came in contact with Zaran Horas, a member of the criminal underworld and started to work on a project which could help him satisfy his taste for bloodsports... and Horas' taste for money. Here is the idea: allow "players" to remote-control "pawns" through a Virtual Reality interface jack. Each player will sit in a Virtual Reality pod and use the body of a pawn to fight against another similarly equipped duo in a secret arena. The fight will be without rules, of course, and will often end with the death of one of the pawns. The player will be able to feel most of the pain and other physical stimulation's of his pawn, but after the fight he will not suffer any physical consequences. The pawns, on the other hand, still feel the pain, obviously, but their motor centres are controlled from the player brain. The pawns are selected among the truly desperate inhabitants of the Munar slums, and undergo the jack implant in a gangster controlled clinic... some of them will already have some kind of Virtual Reality jack, being burned up drug addicts just rejected from Virtual Reality porn production. The fights take place in a secret arena under "The Hyperspace", a large disco owned by Horas. The matches attract gamblers, onlookers and "players", and have proved to be a good source of income. Fights are staged every two to three weeks, depending mostly on availability of suitable pawns, number of paying viewers and police activities in the area. Most of the technical problems were solved directly by Konis himself, except for the bi-directional transmission of signals between the pawn and the controlling player. Usually the Virtual Reality interface is connected directly through a physical medium (a cable) and Konis was not able to solve the problem. until he found and contacted Ran Ulag, who could provide the solution and also help him designing a damper system which could avoid casual detection of signals from outside. Ran Ulag knew that the job was illegal, but he needed the money, and asked not to be involved in it beyond the technical part.

Konis agreed, and described the project with vague hints about a kind of collective sex-theatre for perverts without mentioning the real scope of the project. Ulag forced himself to believe the story (the stuff he helped design seems focused on just two Virtual Reality participants, and upgrading it for a larger group of people would require substantial redesign), he really needed the money to repay the CCC and marry Deela, so he tried to put his doubts away and just do what he was asked to.

What happens now?

The PCs investigation will probably bear little fruit. Ulag spends most of his free time with his girlfriend, Konis sporadically visits his Gym and will spend a night or two in the HyperSpace. The following events don't follow a rigid schedule, and I strongly advise you to have things happening in the order that best suits the situation. First of all, the e-mail address given by their patron will become inoperative. The first time they try to reach her by e-mail inform them that the message bounced. Any attempt to reach a postmaster or any equivalent figure will give no result: the address they had was not valid *"... you must have the wrong address altogether: the username does not exists, and it's not similar to any other name we currently have on record. Sorry. Perhaps someone played a joke on you..."*

In fact, Lara Rameris is facing some problems at her office, and she has dropped the false account in order not to jeopardise the PCs investigation. She will call them as soon as possible... but not before Konis death. The PCs may start getting paranoid when the patrons becomes unreachable: tell them that, at least for now, they aren't in any trouble. At worst, they will spend a little more than they got in advance.

A Grand Night Out

Choose a night for the following events. It's fine if the PCs are following Konis, but feel free to adjust timings to your needs. Konis leaves his apartment at 8 p.m. after a light dinner. He drives directly to the HyperSpace and parks his car in a nearby street. The locale has just opened, and if someone follows him inside, he will be seen chatting a little with the bartender and then disappear behind a door with a conspicuous "private" sign. The HyperSpace closes at 3 p.m.

Nobody will see Konis getting out of there. If the PCs get back at his home, they will find his car parked outside the Metropolis building. His suite seem to be deserted, and he does not answer to the doorbell or external calls (see below for what they will found just outside his door). If they wait till the morning and call him at the office, one of his colleagues will tell them that he is probably at home. They have a full day to try and enter the apartment: after 24 hours a CCC security officer (*not* Lara) and a policeman will force the door and search the apartment.

In the corridor just outside the apartment lays a small datacard. It will be removed by the cleaning crew if the PCs don't get at it before 9 a.m.

The Datacard

It's shaped like a contemporary Credit Card, made of dark green plastic. There are no symbols or other drawings on the surface. An analysis (Electronics, difficult) will discover that it's a kind of key, just like the one used in hotels or in the Metropolis Residence. The format is standard, but it does not match any door of the residence or any other place the PC may care to check.

Inside Konis apartment

If the PCs gain access to Konis' apartment, they will found a large and quite comfortable apartment. A large room has been devoted to a small training gym, complete with weights, a small mat and a padded, crudely humanoid robot which is programmed to act as a sparring partner. The robot is currently deactivated and will not do anything... if your players really deserve it (by poking around the robot, trying voice commands like "Attack" and so on), it will wake up, raise his guard and start fighting. Fortunately, it's not very dangerous. See NPCs Stats. There is plenty of other expensive stuff inside; Immersive stereo deck, Virtual Reality player, TL 11 Home Computer. If the PC's have already visited Ulag's place, they should note the dramatic difference in lifestyle between the two engineers.

Konis naked body will be found in his tub. He apparently died while taking a bath. There are no obvious signs of violence; (Forensics, average) or (Perception, difficult) to notice a small bruise on his chin.

After Konis' Death

According to the Police, the death was due to natural causes. The man had a congenital heart defect, after all. There is no sign of violence, no money is missing and CCC has no reason to suspect foul play. The PCs may confront Ulag and try to make him confess. If they don't ask specifically about the HyperSpace he will be nervous and obviously scared, but will deny any involvement.

He will throw out an hasty lie about the time he spent with Konis - *"...he asked me to work with him on ... on a project involving Gravitics, yes, but I dropped out of it because I felt I didn't like working on these things anymore... I had a lot of trouble with this type of tech, and I don't want to touch it anymore..."*

If they insist and start questioning him about the HyperSpace, he will finally give in. He admits helping Konis in his project, and from the money he received he knows that it must have been something illegal. He will tell them everything, and ask them not to involve his girlfriend in this.

The HyperSpace

It's a big Dance Hall, even bigger than The Bridge. Here, too, weapons must be checked at the entrance, but the scanners TL is only 10, so a TL 11+ Body Pistol may easily be smuggled inside. Problem is, the staff has something much bigger than Body Pistols. An Average Streetwise task is required to get some info on the place. It is owned by a man called Zaran Horas, which seems to be a middle level businessman with some shady contacts in the underworld. Horas owns The HyperSpace, two or three apartment buildings, some shops, stuff like this. He had a clinic, some years ago, but he was smart enough to sell it just before the Police had it closed for some strange stuff they found inside. The place stays closed from 3 a.m. and 8 p.m.; staff leaves around 4 a.m. and gets back to work around 7 p.m. The building was originally an industrial plant, and it is enclosed by a large parking lot surrounded by an high fence with sensors and alarms. During the closing hours three security robots patrol the lot. If they are attacked they will broadcast an alarm to the gang, but *not* to the police, which has been extensively bribed to stay clear of the place.

> In playtest, the PCs used an AirRaft, parked it directly over the building and entered from the roof, after having disarmed the TL 10 alarm. This was done with considerable panache at around 11 a.m., under the eyes of any passer-by, and proved to be less difficult then expected. The PCs put on some coveralls and pretended to be a working crew.

The "private" doors opens on a small corridor which leads to a dead end where a couple armchair and a small abstract sculpture are. At both sides of the corridor there are two small offices with computers and a couple desks (in one of them there is a loaded auto pistol). The computer files have minimal security and details the ordinary activities of the Disco. PCs my try Administration, Research and Computer rolls, but they will not be able to get anything useful from these.

Examining the sculpture (Perception, Difficult) the PCs may find a small opening which will fit the datacard. Using it will reveal a small panel in the wall. Inside there are some simple controls which may be used to activate an elevator hidden in the last part of the corridor. The last part of the corridor (with sculpture, armchairs and all) slides silently down and anyone inside will found himself at the end of a short tunnel, leading to a large underground room. When the elevator is activated, the "Private" doors is automatically locked.

The Arena

Inside the basement there is a small arena, complete with rows of benches, a bar, a big holoscreen which may replay parts of the fight, a small infirmary and, at the two extremes of the arena, two Virtual Reality pods. In the wall at the opposite side of the elevator tunnel there is a large door, which may be easily opened from the inside. It leads to another secret tunnel which goes westward for half a mile.

The passage ends inside a small garage a couple blocks from the Dance Hall. This secondary exit is used in emergencies and to bring in the "pawns", or carry out their bodies. Konis was a good player, and rarely lost. Having built the complex, he had free access to it (while other players and onlookers had to pay a steep fee) and plenty time to practice. Unfortunately, the night of his death, he didn't simply lose, but was still connected when his pawn died. The massive sensory shock triggered an heart attack, and the small infirmary (which is used mostly to patch up the surviving pawns after the fight) was not equipped for this kind of emergencies.

The bruise on his chin was caused by his death spasms. Zaran Horas instructed his men to take the corpse back to the apartment. Three men carried the body to his car, drove to the residence and prepared the scene of his death. They lost the datacard while fumbling in the dead man pockets to find the keycard for his apartment. Horas decided to lay low for a little and the matches have been suspended for at least a month.

Wrapping it up

After the death of Konis the patron will try to get back in touch with the PCs. The GM should wait a little before having Lara call them, though, and wait until the PCs have got some evidence regarding Konis project.

> During playtest, the PCs were convinced that someone was trying to frame them for the death of Konis, but they kept working on it, hoping to find out something useful about the death.

When Lara calls, she will probably agree to meet them without disguise and explain her real motives. If at all possible, she would like to arrange things so that neither Ulag nor CCC will be involved. If the PCs agree she will arrange things to put the blame on Konis. She will give them the rest of their money and try to give them some other kind of reward (for example she could supply them another mission, this time an official CCC job with suitably higher pay).

Possible complications

If you and your players prefer a more violent and spectacular finale, you may stage a battle inside the HyperSpace by having some thugs inside when the PCs arrive. Another idea is that after Konis death the gang wants to kidnap Ulag's girlfriend and force him to look after the Virtual Reality system, or perhaps the gang just decides to have him killed to cut off any leads. In this second case you may play out a series of ambushes and chases while gang members try to kill Ulag and the PCs. The police, as usual, has been bribed off, but just when the PCs are facing their final battle, sieged in a downtown motel, trying to protect the engineer and his fiancee against hordes of cyberenhanced goons, have a full squad of CCC security rescue them and save the day.

NPC's Cast

Deela Ryhan

Age: 26 - Secretary

Small, pretty. Blonde. Black eyes.

6 6 5 7 9 7

Broker 1, Computer 2, Equestrian 1, Forgery 1, Ground Craft 2, JOT 1, Vacc Suit 1

She works in an export import company inside the Spaceport complex.

> **Quote:** *"Rohm, what does this mean? Is it all ok?"*

Zaran Horas

Age: 38 - Criminal

Tall, thin. Balding. Ruby-tinted cybereyes.

7 9 9 B 8 7

Acting 2, Brawling 1, Bribery 3, Carousing 1, Ground Craft 2, Intimidation 1, JOT 1, Law 1, Perception 1, Pistol 1, Short Blade 1, Streetwise 2, Survival 2

He is a middle level gang boss in Trafe. He is in good terms with other Mafia-like gangs, mostly because he specialises in illegal medical treatment and he is always willing to patch up members of other gangs. Usually he prefers not to use violence in an open manner, so he will probably avoid bothering the PCs, unless they become a serious nuisance.

> **Quote:** *"There are many ways to get what we want, you know..."*

Security Robots

Small tracked units, similar to miniature tanks

6 6 6 (2) - -

Gun Use 2

These are similar to the Security Bot-10 described in the CSC, protected with rigid armour 4 and fitted with slug throwers which a) re equivalent to a Body Pistol. Each Robot may fire 20 shots. They will alert the gang members of any trespassing, but they a) re programmed to roam in the parking lot only and stop people trying to get over the fence and inside the main building. Gang members and personnel wear active badges which the robot can recognise. The units are deactivated during opening hours.

Quote: *"bzzz... Don't get any closer... bzzz... this is private property"*

Sparring Robot

Humanoid-design Robot. Covered with a light blue padded mesh.

6 6 7 (1) - -

Brawling 2

This is a training robot built for Martial Arts training. It uses a general purpose fighting style and its current programming tends to concentrate on defensive manoeuvres.

When activated, the robot selects a target (defined as the nearest human-sized figure) and concentrates on it, ignoring anyone else.

The unit fights until the opponent goes down, utters a precoded command word (shouting "Stop!" is enough), or strikes the robot for a total of 10 points damage.

Note that the 10 points limit is a customisable feature, and only h-t-h strikes count for this. "Lethal" damage (i.e. clubs, firearms and so on) will easily damage the robot, and 7 points will be more than enough to put it down for good. The padding on the outside is for the user safety, and will not protect the robot.

At the end of the match the Robot can download data to an external unit which may provide statistics about the match and give a small 3-D rendition of the fight.

Quote: *"brzt... Onegaeshi Maas!... "*

Assorted Goons and Gangmembers

Smart dressed, scarred and more or less subtly cyber-enhanced henchmen.

7 8 8 7 6 6

Brawling 1, Ground Craft 1, Gun Use 2, Intimidation 1, Short Blade 1

Use them as you want. Adjust their number to suit your PCs strength. Weapons should usually be limited to pistols. If they have reason to expect trouble or are on the offensive, add shotguns and some SMGs, plus Flex-Armour 1.

Quote: *"Sorry, Impy-boy, the boss sez you must get it... NOW!"*

CARGOES

Alcoholic Beverage, Minor Lot

Polo Amalgamated has come up with a revolutionary new concept: Alcoholic Water, brand name Chlear. This has become 'the' drink on all fashionable worlds. At great expense Dame Chutney of the destination world has contracted Polo Amalgamated for a special run of a new variety of this popular beverage to be launched at a social gathering of her. Rather than hire professionals, her agents have chosen an independent shipper (the players) in the hopes that their security will be lax enough that the papers will gain some information and thus increase their coverage of her event. (She has had them tipped off about them.)

The new variety is labelled "Chlear Red" and contains a small drop of red food colouring in addition to the water and alcohol.

Computer Software, Incidental Lot

A broker approaches the players and wishes to contract for immediateshipment a lot of computer software to a nearby planet, not on major routes. There is only one box, as the rest will be duplicated there, but they want them to leave immediately so will pay for any empty cargo space as well. Additionally, they must agree to refuse all public, non-navigational data uploads until such time as they have docked and transferred the cargo on the far end.

The reason for the latter is that this product is the latest release in a series of software. Although it claims to support a new standard set up by Ebisawa Electric it doesn't really. However before an injunction is sent out they are trying to ship as many out as possible. If it can be proven that the players have received any newscasts they will be obliged to halt and return the shipment to the originator.

New Manufactured Good, Minor Lot

Goldberg fashion designs has produced a new series of medium-fashion swimsuits for nursing mothers. The partially permeable material permits discrete nursing without violating the letter of the law codes of the destination planet where it is being test-marketed. Many have felt they violate the 'spirit' of the law codes and have formed pressure groups.

Large number of nursing and pregnant women are likely to assemble when the ship arrives. Local custom is fairly reserved and they are unlikely to do more than wave placards silently or build sand-castles in protest.

As a result of a 100 of the original cargo profiles being printed in JTAS 25, BITs has reissued *101 Cargoes* with a completely new set of 101 Cargoes.

Additional Plotlines for Remnants SubSector

A trader has obtained a significant quantity of the certificates used by the Guilds to confirm individual's qualifications. These are blank and the trader is looking for passage outsystem and/or black market contacts to sell them.

Civil War note: Following the assassination of Strephon, Amiikhuk is rapidly evacuated on orders of the Isgiirdi. The system is held in trust by Zirunkariish representatives on Imsu (3114).

The Council hires the players to break into the naval bases on Kherse and Imsu to search for evidence that the navy is planning to close down the base at Kherse. Naturally, this is deniable.

The Council hires the players to sabotage the base at Imsu to reduce it's attractiveness. It is suggested that they give the impression that the attack is by members of the Vilani-supremacist Rachele Society.Deniable once again.

The players are sent to Cyrene to try and discover whether the rumours of a lanthanum strike are true. This is of much interest to the local shipyards on Kherse, as an exclusive contract to develop these any strike would ensure lower cost supplies for the drive manufacturers.

The players are approached by a man who claims to be part of a pro-democracy movement that wishes to undermine the Council and replace them after their loss of Kherse.
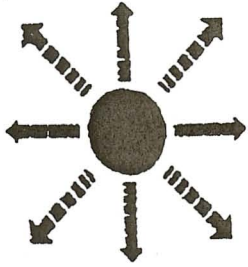
The players are hired to deliver some important documents to the Naval base at Imsu. These are a sealed bid for manufacturing Imperial Naval Vessels. The yards at Imsu are also bidding.

The players are offered jobs as asteroid miners by a local company. The local government is hiring personnel to implement an asteroid mining control system. Once this is operational, the government will insist that miners follow vectors and routes defined the computer on Cyrene, "Mother Lode", and no other routes. This may be used by the megacorporations to lever independent miners out of business. A more complete source of ideas like this is in CJ Cherryh's novel 'Heavy Time'.

The players are approached by a man asks them to smuggle a package to Kherse's main drive manufacturer. If boarded by customs the package has a location and chemical analysis corresponding to lanthanum.
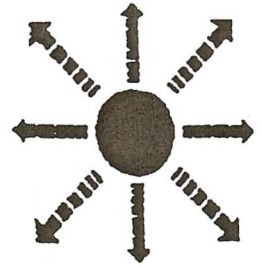
The players are hired as security for a mission to Kherse to negotiate a contract with one of the smaller drive manufacturers to provide jump drives for a new Imperial vessel to be built in the Imsu yards.

The 'Popsicle Duke' - Court Issues Its Decision

Earlier today, the Sector Court of Appeal reached a decision on the inheritance claim of Duke Aar Phoastr of Reshumirak/Remnants (1025). Supreme Judge Arni Meghan presiding, stated that after long deliberation, the panel had elected to uphold the Ducal Court's decision regarding both title and inheritance. He went on to state that he had been disgusted at the way both parties had attempted to discredit the other side but in the end the panel had acted according to Imperial precedent.

In 622, Duke Aar Phoastr of Reshumirak (b. 531) apparently vanished while visiting Shallows Subsector. Since a will was never found, his daughter Isava, subsequently inherited both his title and estate. This pattern of inheritance continued through the generations with the family substantially increasing in fortune primarily due to their trading links with the Domination.

In 1109 the current Ducal family, led by Duke Aris (19), were shocked to learn that someone claiming to be Duke Aar had been revived at a Cryogenics facility in Shallows and had hired a lawyer to reclaim his title, position and wealth. Subsequent genetic tests proved conclusively that Duke Aar was who he claimed to be. When the case went to the Subsector Court in 1111 the judge appointed in favour of the current family stating that Duke Aar had, by entering cryogenic suspension, voluntarily withdrawn from his responsibilities as a planetary Duke and had wilfully failed to leave any evidence of his intentions or wishes.

Duke Aar appealed and produced documentary evidence that claimed to prove that Duchess Isava had in fact known about the Duke's intention to enter hibernation but had concealed the documentation for her own benefit. This was countered by claims that the documents were forgeries. The appeal was heard by the Ducal Court of Justice in 1112. Duke Aris produced evidence to suggest that Duke Aar was clinically insane due to prolonged hibernation while Duke Aar's lawyers produced evidence that Duchess Isava had been barren and had in fact adopted her son Ghia thereby breaking the line of descent through lineage. Duke Aar then produced documentary evidence that proved conclusively that at the time of his leaving it was common knowledge that he would never have agreed to someone not of his lineage inheriting his position.

After almost a year, the Court passed judgment. Duke Aar was found to have abandoned his responsibilities when he entered hibernation. Accordingly it was upheld that the title had been legitimately passed to Duchess Isava who was within her rights to decide who would inherit.

However, since a title is generally granted for life, Duke Aar was entitled to hold on to his title for the duration of his life and claim the status but not the Imperial authority. In the matter of the estate, the bench agreed unanimously that Duke Aar was entitled to reclaim a sum equal to his estate on the day he vanished but that the sum would not include any inflation or interest.

Duke Aris of Reshumirak accepted the decree and subsequently released Mcr 1.3 to Duke Aar's lawyers. Duke Aar appealed and the case had been on-going until today.

At the press conference held immediately after the judgment, Duke Aar said, "While I have accepted the court's judgment regarding my position, in fairness I still feel that I should have been awarded my original estate inclusive of inflation and interest. Instead of Mcr 1.3, I should have been awarded Mcr. 290! this sum will not even cover my legal expenses." His lawyers have stated that they still have not decided whether or not to appeal to the Emperor. In reply, Duke Aris has released a short press statement thanking the court for delivering a clear and concise judgment that upholds the rights of descendants..

'Saint' Fly in Baptism Scandal - Exclusive
Gwi/Shallows (0117)

The Universal Church has admitted today that the story of a fly having been baptised and subsequently buried with full rites was in fact true.

Earlier in the year the Gwi Authorities had passed a law taxing all undeveloped non-Church land. One of the definitions of Church land was any land that had been consecrated and subsequently used for the burial or internment of the faithful. Scholar, Ehu Fwari (76) an atheist living in the Passu peninsula on Gwi had been outraged to discover that he would be required to pay the church Cr. 500 per Imperial year for his small garden. He obtained the services of Father Jesu Arimathea, a discredited Dominican priest who was to be ex-communicated within the next few days for undisclosed sins. Father Jesu agreed to carry out a baptism of a Tascin Fly and to consecrate the garden as holy ground for a sum of Cr. 2,000.

On 131, 1114 - the night before his ex-communication, Father Jesu baptised a newly emerged fly that Fwari had been breeding for the occasion. Father Jesu then consecrated the ground and administered the last rights to the fly.

As Tascin flies only live for twelve hours after emerging from chrysalis, the fly now named after Saint Theresa died and was buried. Father Jesu duly signed the funeral certificate and left to attend his church trial and subsequent ex-communication.

On 135, tax collectors from the Church arrived to collect Fwari's land tithe and were shocked to discover the document declaring the land holy. A subsequent investigation revealed that while the church was extremely unhappy about it, the situation was actually legally correct. In fact Fwari even found a precedent for the baptism and burial on sacred ground of an animal. Arch-Pope Innocent had in fact baptised his pet Laggaa and had even built a shrine to the animal in the grounds of the Vatican on Bolivar. Attempts by the Church to charge Fwari with the sin of having murdered the fly were proved to be untrue after an autopsy was carried out on the fly.

the Church on Gwi has subsequently issued a decree requiring prior authority from the Pope to carry out any future baptisms or last rites of non-humans, sentient or otherwise. They also admitted that they would not be seeking a papal bull to retrospectively excommunicate the fly and that Fwari would in fact not be taxed on his land. In a press statement earlier today, Ehu Fwari admitted that he did not think that he would be able to carry it off. 'This proves conclusively the dangers of blindly following religious dogmas' he said. 'Surely a religion that accepts the ascension to heaven of baptised flies but refuses to accept so-called artificial races as having a soul is wrong.' Fwari has since been charged with sacrilege.

Kin Kills Continue

Reports in from Apemkir state that another merchant vessel has been attacked, looted and left for dead in a raid by the corasair group know as the 'Poseidon's Kin'. The assault on the 'Lemurs Flag' on 318 (-1115) left two crew members dead and three others critical when they attempted to prevent the pirates from boarding. The local security forces, most notably the subsector navy, have come in for severe criticism as the raids on shipping have continued unabated. The law enforcers and navy seem powerless to stop the attacks. Commodore Francis Vendiik of the Imperial Navy issued a statement that local subsector and reservist naval forces will be augmented by regular IN units in an effort to hunt down the corsairs.

A consortium of travel and shipping businesses and local insurance houses led by Medurma Main SpaceLines are putting up a MCr.5 bounty for the eradication of the pirate threat. Details of this 'offer' are available at the head offices of Commecial and Shipping Insurance on Ispumer, or the local offices on Shankida.
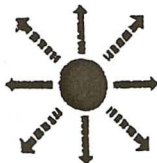
Is The Jester At Large?

A recent piece of video footage from an bank security camera on Upag has opened up the debate on the death of G. 'Jester' Graham. Convicted on several counts of fraud and embezzlement in 1098, Graham was killed in the Menon-Lore High Security Facility on Upag four years later. The nature of the accident left virtually no trace of his body at the scene leaving some to doubt whether Graham was actually dead and the whole incident an elaborate cover-up for his escape. Genetic tests on the remains were inconclusive but eye-witness reports place 'The Jester' at the scene at the crucial moment. This recent video evidence suggests that Graham may be at large, or someone imitating him, for the recording shows an individual (not unlike Graham) opening a bank account with a large amount of cash. This was a starting point for one of Graham's favourite bank scams. The local police and prison officials have refused to comment. Members of the public are asked to send in any reports of sightings of the Jester into their local INDISS office.

The players are hired as off-world advisors to explain what non-Vilani would look for in tourist facilities.

The players are hired to travel carry a shipment of male 'Khemgiks', a small furry marsupial common as a pet in this subsector, to the Sylean Main. Unfortunately, some of the males are females, and they are expecting litters of 7-12.

The players are hired by a non-Vilani megacorporation to find out what is being researched at this base.

G. Jester Graham

Low Tech

Meeting The Locals - Some Short Thoughts On Technology

Not everyone in the Traveller universe can operate a portacomp, drive an air raft or interpret Sursat data. That sounds obvious, but sometimes it's forgotten as we assume too much familiarity with technology. What about the low-tech denizens of the Traveller universe? How do they relate to the characters' high-tech gear?

For example:

Lewis shifted position on the boulder and glanced over his shoulder, down into the hollow. Ravni and Doctor Catrell were still poking about in the ruins, occasionally holding up some new piece of Long Night debris to the weak sunlight. They'd be there for hours yet, crowing over the latest evidence that Darvli Ga had once been a major Vilani colony. Now it was a TL3 backwater at best, with a multitude of barbarian tribes gnawing at the edges of the civilised remnant.

Iron age barbarians like the five trying to sneak up on him from below.

A thin breeze stirred semi-desert dust as Lewis affected not to notice the five leather-clad thugs skulking through the scrub. The laser rifle lay across Lewis' knees, the heavy power unit on the ground beside the boulder upon which he sat. Lewis glanced at the Doc and Ravni, decided not to disturb them, and unwrapped the pseudo cheese block he's swiped from the galley before they left the ship. He tried not to yawn as he ate. The nomads came closer, finally realised that they'd been spotted, and stepped out of cover. Five hairies with bones in their beards. Two hatchets, a knife and two stabbing spears. Hide jerkins and leather boots against a laser rifle. But no! Lewis' upper lip twitched in a slight smile. One of the nomads had a short sword as well as his spear. Perhaps he should start quaking in his boots. Lewis stood, the laser rifle not quite pointed at the nomads. The Doc had said not to shoot anyone if he could help it - they might need native porters sometime - but Lewis outgunned their whole tribe. They'd back down....

"Just hold it there, gentlemen," Lewis said softly. The rifle came up to aim....

.... Krtarn paused, puzzled. Yes, their approach had been clumsy - young Greorg had tripped on a Sladar-hole and given them away with his noise. But why was this stranger speaking with such assurance? Five against one! No warrior could stand against such odds, not even Krtarn himself.
And could not this stranger see that he had the hand bones of a dozen warriors displayed? Did he not feel fear? And what was he planning to do with such a puny weapon? Puny it was. And blunt, too. Krtarn eyed his foe. He had the look of a warrior, hard eyes unwavering. But no beard, nor finger bones to braid in it. No blade of honour, nor any armour to protect him, not even a good hide jerkin! And that weapon! Laughable!

The outlander held a short spear, blunt-tipped and curiously shaped. It was tied to the stranger's backpack by a cord, making it unusable even if it did not break at first contact. Krtarn laughed out loud, raised his thrusting-spear and stepped forward....

....Lewis snarled, "Back, or I'll drop the lot of you!" Behind him he heard the Doc swear and Ravni drop something. "It's okay!" he called, "I've got everything under control!" But the nomads charged....

....Krtarn hurled the spear, then leaped forward, drawing his honour-blade. The outlander gaped in surprise as the spear thudded into his chest. It fell to the rock-strewn ground as the outlander twitched his strange spear. There was a flash, quicker than lightning, and Greorg screamed behind Krtarn. Not understanding what was happening, Krtarn outlander leaped backwards, stumbling as the cord between his weapon and his pack drew taught. Krtarn and his three companions surged forward, weapons raised. The outlander fell backwards, revealing his two companions rushing up from the hollow where they had been working. One, a middle-aged man, held a curiously blocky weapon in one hand - Krtarn recognised it from the tales as a handgun. City-dweller weapon, unreliable and one shot only. The second stranger, a woman, carried a long, curved blade as she leaped to stand over her downed companion. An honour-blade! And so long.. . it must be priceless, so this woman must be a great warrior. Despite or because of the pai from his seared arm, Krtarn hesitated in the face of this obviously superb warrior, readying himself for the honour-challenge of blade combat....

..... and Doctor Catrell's tiny SMG made a sound like ripping paper, blasting the four nomads from their feet. Bloody shreds scattered, stark against the desert soil as the warriors' bodies twitched on the ground before realising they had been killed. Silence fell as Dr. Ryan Catrell
dropped his magazine out and glanced around. "Lewis,!" Catrell said softly. "Have you any idea what that was all about?"

What was it about? Well, it's about how people think. Why couldn't Lewis face the nomads down with his powerful laser rifle? Because they didn't recognise it as a weapon. Theirs was a TL0/1 culture, where possession of a long blade means wealth and status as a warrior. Had Lewis stood up with a bow, or better, a mail shirt and broadsword, they'd have been a little less likely to attack him. As it was, the only firearms they'd ever seen were TL2/3 flintlocks used by the city folk. Unreliable and inaccurate weapons, the nomads knew that a man with a flintlock pistol was no real threat, so discounted Dr Catrell's weapon as marginally dangerous. Lewis' rifle was misidentified as a spear (a laser rifle really looks very little like a flintlock musket, in my opinion). So, in this contrived example, the weapon to scare nomads off with is Ravni's Cutlass. Ironically the weapon she was waving was Lewis' Marine-Issue weapon, which he'd not bothered with since he had a laser rifle.

The Cloth armour worn by the adventurers didn't look like armour to the locals. There was little chance of facing them down without anything the locals could recognise as a dangerous weapon.

This situation exists whenever travellers meet low-tech locals. Take for example the Trade Scout mission in my own campaign, where the characters were trying to open up markets for a minor Imperial Corporation on a TL 2/3 world. The first attempt used a holographic display of the planet, upon which was marked, using standard Imperial mapping codes, the location of resources and Long Night ruins which could be exploited. The aim was to show the locals what the corporation could do for them.

Ooops. There were problems:

1. The locals had no idea what the codes meant. The data was meaningless to them and thus unlikely to sway their opinions.
2. More importantly, that innocuous box on the conference table was suddenly surrounded by a huge holographic display. The locals had absolutely no idea what it was, and were startled to the point of terror at the sudden appearance of a glowing apparition in their midst. One went for his gun. A character promptly punched his lights out, causing the bodyguards to intervene.

Later, the characters tried again. The locals have a primitive railroad system, so the characters privately contracted on-planet to use their own materials and designs to build a steam locomotive that could pull more than fifty wagons at over 45mph. The locals could get a handle on that. They were impressed - it was something they could grasp yet was significantly better than anything they had. The characters brought out a Fusion Plus plant. "What's that, then?" asked the locals. They were much more impressed when the characters showed them how to refine that sludgy black stuff that kept oozing out of the ground here and there. "Hey!" thought the locals, "we can run the trains on this stuff!"

"Great idea!" replied Smart Character, "And we can sell you all the refining gear you'll ever need, plus parts and machine tools to build the new super-efficient railroad locomotives so you can ship your own goods here to sell to us...."

"Yes, yes. What else have you got for us?" asked the locals.

"Come and have a look in our cargo hold...."

What I am trying to convey is that - especially on worlds cut off in the Long Night - the locals may have no idea what a laser, a fusion plant or a portacomp is. At worst they may take a technological item for magic (unlikely after about TL4), at best they'll be unable to figure out what it is, what it does and how it's used. I know enough that if you put me in the cockpit of a jet airliner or even the Space Shuttle I could probably figure out what some of the controls do. Put Conan The Barbarian in there and he won't even know what it IS.

It doesn't matter how smart someone is; hand them a totally unfamiliar device with no clues as to what it does and they'll be at a loss.

It's worth bearing that in mind when your characters start taking their technology for granted. Are the TL5 locals used to seeing air-rafts, or will they gawk? Can you face down a local gunman with his flintlock with your micro calibre needle pistol - sure, YOU know it'll cut him in half, but to him it looks like a tiny calibre weapon that he can survive being hit by. He knows his flintlock can kill you (Because he DOESN'T know that your concealed Diplo armour will stop it.) Will he back down, or will you have to shoot? Try getting locals from a TL 4 world to get in your grav vehicle: ("Is it safe?", "You're pulling my leg. This thing has no wheels!") .Or try to persuade a TL3 ruler that you really did just hold a conference with the captain of your merchant ship via comm. You weren't just muttering to yourself. Will he believe you? He hears a reply - They've seen ventriloquists before..

Many times I have seen characters use locals' ignorance of technology to their advantage. Isn't it about time it worked against them, too?