

The Traveller Chronicle

Issue #1

\$3.50

A Magazine Devoted to
Traveller In All Of Its
Forms



A Silent Cry

The huge starship lay adrift

In the timeless void between the stars.

Mighty weapons of war sat silent,

Still, upon its battle-scarred hull.

A massive rent in its metal skin

Glared outward into the night.

All was silent. All was still.

This once mighty warship which had sailed

The star-studded sea now lay dead.

It was destined to sail no more.

A name was etched into the hull.

A name which once had struck terror

Into the hearts of all the races of the galaxy,

The name of a planet,

Home to a fierce and warlike race.

The name, Terra, but the ship was dead,

Like its home and the race that had created it.

Kevin Knight

The Traveller Chronicle

A Magazine Devoted To Traveller In All Of Its Forms **July/Aug/Sept**

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Sword of the Knight Publications
2820 Sunset Lane #116
Henderson, KY 42420
Phone: 502-826-1218



Editor: Kevin D. Knight

Associate Editors: Brenda K. Knight

Marketing Director: J. Paul Sanders

Art Director: Brian W. Goodley

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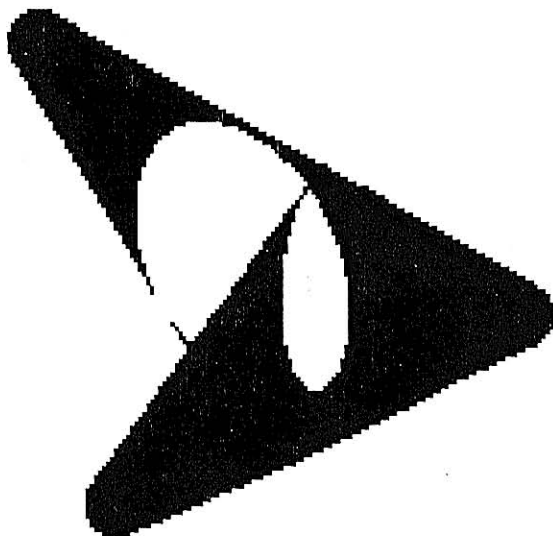
Submissions: We are looking for good articles and illustrations for T.T.C. When submitting manuscripts and artwork enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope with appropriate postage for return. We also would appreciate that submissions be presented on IBM compatible diskettes along with the hardcopy.



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THE EDITOR SPEAKS...

Welcome to the first issue of *The Traveller Chronicle*. It is our hope to produce a quality magazine which anyone who plays *Traveller* can enjoy. To do this we have to know what you would like to see. Please take the time to fill out the questionnaire enclosed in the middle of this magazine. Your help in this matter is much appreciated. Additionally, we are always looking for new material. If you have anything (adventures, ships, robots, stories, rules enhancement, etc.) which you would like to share with everyone, send them in. Alas, at this point we are unable to offer any monetary remuneration, but we will give you free issues of the magazine (with the number of issues based on the size of your submission).

Now on to the rhetoric.

What is the future of *Traveller*? DGP has abandoned us in pursuit of their own product. Seeker has not put anything new in our hands in months. It appears the task to keep *Traveller* alive lies with us, the people who play *Traveller*. This magazine is dedicated to keeping *Traveller* alive with the help of all those out there who play it. It is up to you to decide if it is worth keeping the flame burning.

Kevin Knight

ABC Hobbycraft



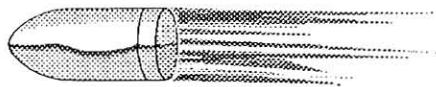
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If you have a convention you wish to see on the Convention Bulletin Board, please send us all the pertinent information and we will post it.



Martial Arts for Megatraveller

by
Kevin Knight

Martial Arts in Traveller is basically nonexistent. William Hezeltine attempted to address the problem in his article "Spicing Up Brawling" in Traveller's Digest #18. His system was interesting, but I had a few problems with it. Basically, he stated that any street punk with no formal training can suddenly become a master martial artist capable of inflicting massive damage and performing intricate maneuvers once his Brawling skill crosses the threshold from Brawling-3 to Brawling-4.

Martial Arts should be a separate skill from Brawling, but still used in conjunction with Brawling. Therefore, someone who wishes to be a Martial Artist must be skilled in two areas. The first is the Martial Arts skill. This skill represents formal training and head-knowledge on what to do and when to do it in unarmed combat. The second is the actual Brawling skill. This skill represents the ability to move, punch, and fight, and implement one's Martial Arts training. Martial Arts skill is not of much use without Brawling skill. One can perform pretty and graceful maneuvers with Martial Arts skill alone, but is worthless in a real fight. For example, Bob the Hero has a Brawling skill of 1 and a Martial Arts skill of 4. What this means is that Bob knows a lot about the tricks of Martial Artists, but he just has a hard time implementing what he knows. If Bob were to become involved in a fight with a experienced brawler, he would probably get his butt kicked, hard.

When a martial artist attacks, she uses the following task:

To successfully attack with martial arts:

Difficult, Off=(Brawling, STR, DEX), Def=(DEX, Wpn Skill, Wpn Def), 1 cbt rnd (absolute, confrontation)

The actual base damage of a martial artist is equal to his Martial Arts skill level, or his normal base unarmed damage, whichever is higher. All hits by a martial artist to an armored opponent are considered pinpoint hits for purpose of armor penetration. This is done to represent the fact that martial artists don't always have to actually penetrate an opponent's armor to harm him. Additionally, instead of figuring penetration normally, simply divide the armor value into the damage amount (dropping fractions) to compute the actual damage done. For example, Bob, with his Martial Arts skill of 4, hits an opponent with an armor value of 6. He managed to achieve an exceptional success giving him a damage amount of 8. Therefore,

his opponent takes 2 point of damage ($8 / 3 = 2.66$, drop fraction).

<u>Weapon</u>	<u>Pen</u>	<u>Block</u>	<u>Dam</u>	<u>Weapon</u>	<u>Pen</u>	<u>Block</u>	<u>Dam</u>
Human Hands	1	2	1	Vargr Claws	1	2	2
Human Feet	1	0	2	Vargr Teeth	3	0	2
Aslan Dewclaw	2	2	2	Droyne Claws	1	2	2
Aslan Teeth	2	0	2	Droyne Talons	2	2	2

Martial artist possess abilities above and beyond the normal punching and kicking of conventional fighters. They are listed as follows, gained according the character's Martial Arts skill.

Martial Arts Skill

Level 0 -character has some training in the martial arts skill allowing his unarmed combat Block to increase 1 point. (yellow belt)

Level 1 - character learns disarming techniques and may attempt to disarm her opponent after a successful attack. To do so, she must succeed at the following task:

Routine, Off=(Martial Arts, DEX), Def=(STR, DEX),
1 cbt rnd (absolute, confrontation)

If this second task is successful, the opponent is disarmed. (green belt)

Level 2 - the character learns various holds and locks allowing her to immobilize her opponent after a successful attack. To do so, she must succeed at the additional task:

Difficult, Off=(Martial Arts, STR), Def=(STR, DEX),
1 cbt rnd (absolute, confrontation)

Success with this task immobilizes the opponent for 1 round. Each successive combat round the character can attempt to maintain her hold by succeeding at this task. (brown belt)

Level 3 - it becomes increasingly difficult to hit the character in melee combat. Increase the character's unarmed Block by 1. (blue belt)

Level 4 - character gains the Meditation skill as per the *Solomani & Aslan* book by **DGP**. His skill level in Meditation is equal to his Martial Arts skill - 2. (red belt)

Level 5 - at this level the character is capable of making a number of unarmed attacks equal to [her Martial Arts skill - 3] per round. The number of attacks is stated at the beginning of the round and 1 is subtracted from the characters Brawling skill for each extra attack taken. It IS possible for a character's Brawling skill to go negative this way, if she really wants it to. For example, Bob finally manages to increase his Martial Arts skill to 5, but his Brawling skill is

Continued on Page 49

White Wolf

An Adventure for the MegaTraveller era

By *Mike Mikesh*

INTRODUCTION

This is a MegaTraveller adventure. Its set in the Spinward Marches, the principle sector of game play. This is also in the official game era, called the Rebellion, a period of civil war within the mighty Imperium. In this time, pirates and corsairs frequently intrude into Imperial space, hoping to loot and escape before the weakened and overworked Navy can respond. Raiders are yet small in number, but they threaten to come in force.

The region of the Spinward Marches is far from the heart of the civil war, in fact cut off. It is threatened by several enemies, the Aslan, the Zhodani, the Vargr, and has its back to a void of stars called the Great Rift.

Aramis Subsector is the most endangered by the Vargr, one of the six Major Races (among which are humans). Vargr are, in fact, an artificial race created 300,000 years ago by the enigmatic Ancients. About the same time as they collected early humans for servants, they also collected Terran animals for study.

On a world remote to Earth, the Ancients genetically manipulated wolves into a humanoid form for reasons known only to them. These survived, even after the fall of the Ancients, and slowly developed their own technology. Ultimately, they discovered the secret of star travel, among the few races to do so, and began colonizing the stars.

Along the Imperial border are a great many Vargr states. Some are Imperial clients, some are enemies, some are merely neutral. But from these states come Vargr corsairs that prey on Imperial shipping and raid outposts. Some states hunt corsairs out of friendship to the Imperium. Some states ignore them. But some states plan to sponsor their major raids to ever weaken the Imperium, ultimately to leave it defenseless to open maurading.

One such covert raid is planned against the high population world, Junidy. One Vargr knows about it. But his loyalties are painfully divided.

PATRON

While on Junidy, a player character will receive an anonymous message offering possible employment for himself and the rest of the group. (The character selected probably has had some past association with Oberlindes Lines.) If they indicate their interest, an

automated grav car will come to pick them up at a prearranged time. It will fly them to the Startown adjacent to the starport, and land at the new Oberlindes building.

Oberlindes Lines is a successful interstellar trade and shipping line in Regina and Aramis Subsectors. It is also an interface line, carrying much trade to and from Vargr space.



A computer generated voice of a woman will greet the characters as they leave the grav car and direct them to follow the blue path on the floor, also computer generated. This will lead them through busy corridors to a private elevator that will carry them to their meeting. When the doors open, they will emerge into a large, sumptuously appointed office. The walls on three sides are holographic panels. They appear like windows that overlook a Vargr city with a beautiful planet hanging in the sky. In the center is a large desk, behind which stands an older Vargr of regal bearing. He introduces himself as Arllanroughl.

Arllanroughl is one of the most important individuals in Oberlindes Lines. Any character formerly in the employ of the corporation would have no trouble recognizing him. Other characters may call

up a brief biography from a library data service when appropriate.

ARLLANROUGHL had a long and successful career as emissary for the Thoengling Emperor; his final mission was liaison with the Oberlindes trading mission aboard the Emissary (Lightning class cruiser converted to an armed merchant). After the mutiny he was offered a high position in Oberlindes Lines; the Emperor, in order to strengthen his ties with Oberlindes, granted Arllanroughl a release from service, and Arllanroughl has since become Marc hault-Oberlindes' chief assistant. [1]

Arllanroughl wants the group to locate another Vargr somewhere on this world. His name is Gafarrel, but is probably using an alias. Fortunately, his appearance is distinctive. Gafarrel's fur is completely white, a trait rare among the few Vargr residing on Junidy.

From his own initial investigations, Arllanroughl has heard of such a Vargr in Camgoth, a metropolis in sight of the Startown. He reportedly travels around a lot, but is most often seen in the Gray Zone, which is renowned as the most dangerous part of the city.

Arllanroughl would go himself, except he must keep his involvement secret. He wants the group to go in his stead. They must speak with Gafarrel privately, and arrange a meeting between he and Arllanroughl. Gafarrel will agree as they are old friends. But the meeting, and even the fact that they know one another, must be kept secret.

The executive will pay the group Cr50,000 to arrange the meeting, Cr10,000 in advance and the balance upon success, plus a potential for bonuses. He expects this will take about a week and wants a daily report.

JUNIDY

Junidy is an Imperial, high population world lying near Vargr space. Its universal world profile (UWP) is B434ABD-9. The world is about the size of Mars, but with oceans. Its atmosphere is very thin, although breathable when the atmosphere is raised slightly.

While the ideology is different, the restrictiveness and control by the government resembles somewhat pre-glasnost USSR. The tech level is comparable to Earth about the year 2010. A particularly large Scout base is here, referred to as a way station. The main starport is good quality and has a Vargr trading center intended to encourage extra-Imperial trade.

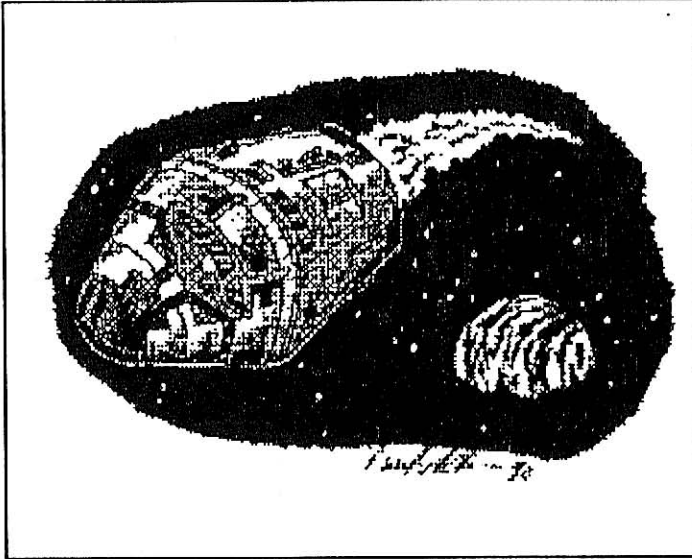
The world is shared between two races, humans and the natives called Lllelweyloly. These beings resemble large, fluffy balls standing on five multi-jointed limbs. Lllelweyloly predominate in the countryside, while the humans congregate in the cities.

Because of the very thin atmosphere, the cities are under enormous domes where the air pressure is enough to eliminate the need for respirators. Camgoth, and other cities near secondary starports, also have Vargr ghettos. Most of these Vargr came as refugees some years back as a result of the violence from the Kforuzeng expansion in Vargr space.

The cities are socially stratified in a literal sense. The rich and powerful occupy the penthouses. The poor live at about street level. Those in between occupy the middle layers.

The distribution of wealth in the city is steep, and there is little communication across social levels. They each have their own stores, schools, and even separate entertainment channels. The upper class ride in gleaming grav vehicles imported from other

worlds. The middle class use mass transit autocabs on skyways connecting the various buildings. The lower class walk the narrow streets or use bicycles.



Well-to-do among the lower class ride electric motor scooters. Businesses use small, tri-wheeled trucks that run on petroleum. "Lords," among the lower class, still prefer to ride private cars over middle class mass transit.

Such cars are styled narrow to accommodate the day traffic.

The area of the low city most renowned for its murders is the Vargr Quarter. Sociologists believe conditions have made territorial instincts particularly strong in this community. Visitors there are seen as intruders. Their killing isn't regarded as murder, but a community service.

The greatest problem lies in the Gray Zone. This is a strip, about two blocks wide, where the Vargr Quarter overlaps with the rest of the city. Naturally, conflict between humans and Vargr is common, usually in the form of gang wars, each struggling for control. Off-worlders, however, are in the least amount of danger, perhaps because they are transient and uninvolved. Still, there is much potential for trouble, either out of ignorance, by accident, or the characters are handy when locals wish to vent their frustrations.

EQUIPMENT

Arllanroughl will give each character a scooter. These are electric, so will have no difficulty in operating outside the city dome. They have a road speed of 80kph, and 12kph off-road. The rechargeable batteries have a duration of 2 hours. Each has a 10 liter cargo compartment. Arllanroughl has cleared away most of the red tape so characters may obtain vehicle licenses. But they must still study a handbook and test.

To successfully test for a vehicle license:

Routine, Ground Vehicle, [Int, Dex], 1 hour

Referee: Employ the usual system of retries during the test. Combine the character's Intelligence and Dexterity scores together before dividing by five and rounding down. On a superficial mishap, the character may test again the next day. On a minor mishap, the character may retest after five days. On a major mishap, the character must take driving lessons (Cr50) and retest in two weeks.

Characters are also issued identification cards that effectively permit them unrestricted travel over Junidy.

Other equipment each character may also wish to pick up are respirator (Cr100; for outdoor use), language translator (Cr2000, for use with many Vargr), and hand computer (Cr1000). Hand computers can tie in, by radio channel, to the data network services within a city dome. In this way, characters can use their hand computers for communication. Direct radio channels are heavily restricted.

Weapons are forbidden on the world beyond the extrality limits of the starport. None the less, opponents the characters will face are generally armed with concealable weapons available through the black market.

GRAY ZONE

The streets of the low city have two faces. Business dominates the



day with a vigorous work ethic; carousing dominates the night with its bars and gangs roaming through the early hours. The streets are relatively safe during the day light. But in the Gray Zone, chances of a violent encounter in the back streets and alleys are still good.

***Encounters*:** Presumably, the group will comb this area, stopping at various establishments and speaking with people on the street to ask about a "white Vargr". As they do so, the referee should use the urban encounter tables provided in the MegaTraveller Referee's Manual. Apply only a DM+2 in the Gray Zone and Vargr Quarter, but the full DM+4 everywhere else.

If the referee prefers, he may dispense with the tables and instead select encounters as he sees fit so as to have better control over the pace of the adventure.

***Rumors*:** If the adventurers do their investigations during the day, the rumors they pick up are often useful in educating them as to their environment. Examples of some rumors are:

1. Most intra-city check points and city dome exits are automated. However, unrestricted passes are easily obtained on the black market.
2. Vargr in the Quarter prefer to speak in their native language, and are impressed if a visitor at least speaks a few words or phrases.
3. The police are afraid to enter the Vargr Quarter, and the Gray Zone especially, thus outlaws and fugitives frequently hide there.
4. Imperial credits must be exchanged for Junidy currency one for one. But the exchange is a favorable 2 for 3 on the black market.

Unfortunately, daytime rumors should not be particular helpful to their objective. NPCs they meet, who are at least polite or passively cooperative, will often recommend they check back again after dark. Rumors they gain at night will tend to be productive. Some specific items they might acquire follow.

1. The white furred Vargr is commonly called "White Wolf." He is a well known member of a Vargr motorcycle gang.
2. Vargr in the area also know him as Angul, meaning "Winter."
3. The White Wolf has earned the particular enmity of three human motorcycle gangs, the Rakes, Sovereigns, and Green Scarves.
4. White Wolf has united the three largest Vargr gangs (packs),

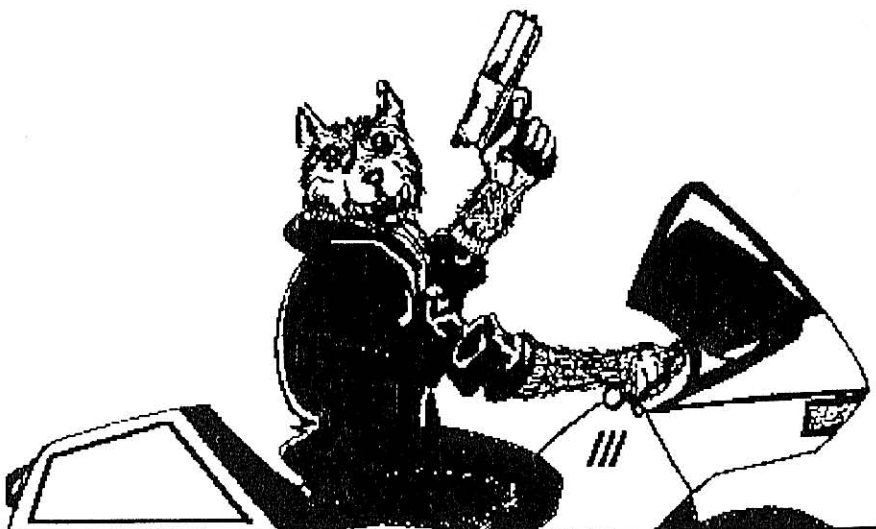
Logakis (Long Teeth), Vun Uguk (Night Fliers), and Gerarso (Black Coats). These subsequently dominate the other packs.

***Predetermined encounters*:** While gangs are common, the elite gangs are those with motorcycles. The machines are overpowered, noisy, and impractical. Still, motorcycles remain their passion. All of these are imported, and the government imposes a severe tariff in hopes of keeping their numbers down. In fact, this has made motorcycles all the more prestigious.

The adventurers should not at first be aware of this, but there is also an unwritten rule: no one in a gang ever rides a scooter, even if petroleum powered. The police use scooters, so scooters are despised. If the characters ride scooters in a group at night, they will soon be singled out for harassment. Of the possible encounters that follow, some are meant to harass the characters for this reason.

1. A Vargr motorcycle gang (pack), kicks over the characters' parked scooters, then drags them around or runs over them.
2. The adventurers catch sight of White Wolf. He will be driving the streets along with a large group of elite members. If the characters follow, several will break off and ambush or chase the characters.
3. A human motorcycle gang tries to run the adventurers off the road. The number in the gang will be 1D more than the number of adventurers.

To avoid damage and injury when being run off the road:



Difficult, Ground Vehicle, Dex (fateful)

Referee: On exceptional success, the character keeps control of the scooter. On a mishap, apply the damage and injury prescribed in the tables.

4. A human gang (no motorcycles) tries to vandalize the scooters or verbally make fun of the characters. This should give the players enough clues to deduce that the source of their troubles are the scooters

5. Human gang members chase and corner a smaller group of Vargr pack members. If the player characters intervene, that should be enough turn the tables. The Vargr will be friendly to the adventurers, and be willing to associate with them. These, however, are of a lower charisma and standing -- they cannot try to arrange a meeting with White Wolf and be taken seriously.

All gang members will have small blade or home-made weapons concealed on their persons. They also generally wear synthetic leather jackets and pants. This is equal to jack armor at a minimum, while motorcycle gangs usually wear the equivalent of mesh. The elite wear tailored cloth armor.

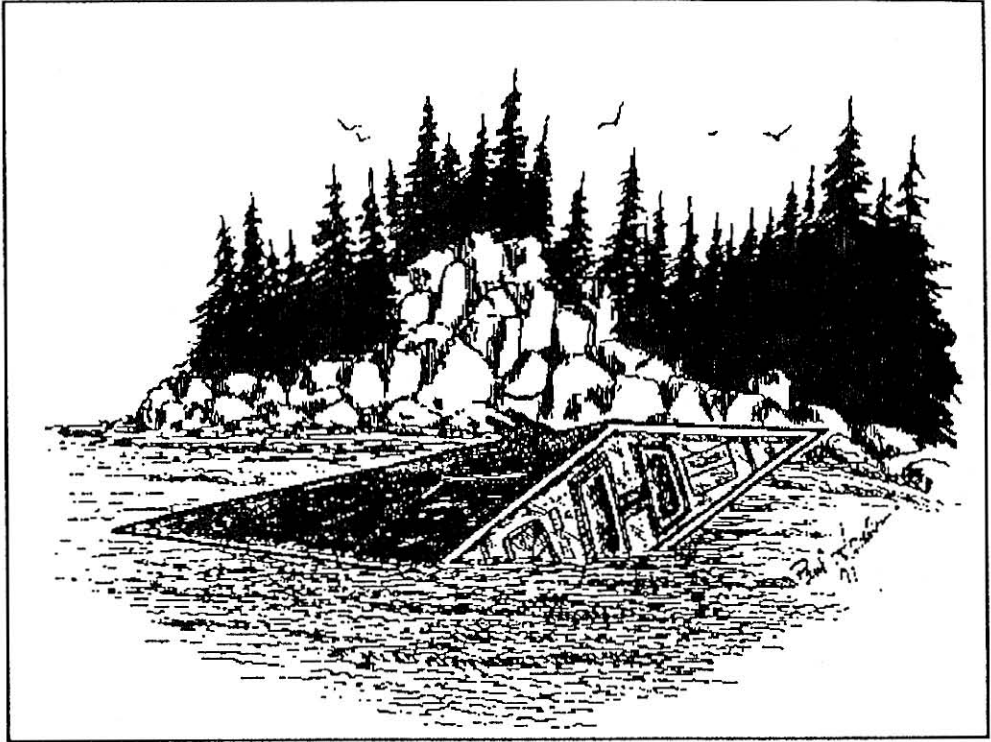
MOTORCYCLES

Arrianroughl, if told the problem with scooters, will loan the group motorcycles, which they may keep if they succeed in their mission. These bikes are top-of-the-line Vargr models, Sourztourrgh Fandons. [2] They're configured to ease human use, but can be switched back with but a few parts. They have a road speed of 185kph, 35kph off-road, and are equiped with superchargers for use outside the domes.

On motorcycles, the image the adventurers portray will undergo a surprising reversal. The people of Junidy see star travellers as leading a free and exotic life, and respect them for that. This especially applies to adventurers for their typical independence and confident bearing. Scooters disrupted this perspective, while motorcycles accentuated it. This one change will end the harassment and instead earn the characters admiration.

Vargr will take special note the adventurers are riding Sourztourrghs. Oberlindes had sponsored a fierce advertizing

campaign, in cooperation with the manufacturer, to generate a great deal of appeal in this line among Imperial Vargr. On Junidy,

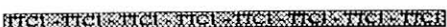


Sourztourrgh motorcycles are desired by young Vargr over all other makes.

Members of the Vun Uguk gang will soon approach the characters in a friendly manner. They'll openly express their appreciation for the bikes, and ask to take a closer look. They are not, however, close enough to White Wolf to arrange a meeting. But from these Vargr, the characters can learn that White Wolf is married, and his wife resides in Camgoth.

They will be reluctant to give out her name or address. But if coaxed, they will offer run a race with the group. If any of the adventurers win, they will tell them where White Wolf's spouse lives. The race will take place outside the dome among the Lllelweyloly farm lands. The Vargr has electronically forged cards that will allow then access to the outside at will.

To complete the race with the Vargr pack members:



Routine, Ground Vehicle, Dex, 10 min

Referee: The course includes a number of obstacles (eg. jumps and curves). These are not difficult to negotiate. However, if a character wants a chance to win, he should declare a hasty task to improve the time throw. To resolve ties, reroll this task.

Even if the characters do not win, they can still get the information they need by exchanging bikes with the leader. (There's not much he wouldn't do for a Sourztourrhg.) Even if they don't do this, let a relationship grow between the player characters and that clique of the Vun Uguk. After a couple of more favors, perhaps bailing one of the Vargr out of jail or helping with mechanical repairs, they will volunteer the information anyway.

VARGR QUARTER

White Wolf's wife is named Sudonal, and lives in an apartment at "21, 1117 Anunurdog," deep inside the Vargr Quarter. The adventurers will have problems finding it as even the street signs are in Vargr letters rather than Anglic. To make matters worse, the streets are not laid out in a regular grid, but bend or angle.

To find the home of White Wolf's spouse:

Routine, Int, 10 min

Referee: This task becomes Difficult during the night. If a superficial mishap occurs, the characters encounter Vargr who are verbally abusive. On a minor mishap, a rock is hurled at a character from a concealed location. (Rock -- Pen/Atten: 2/1; Dmg: 1; Max Rng: Medium). On a major mishap, they will be ambushed by a group of Vargr toughs at some point during the visit in the Vargr Quarter.



At the apartment, the sounds of a Vargr family can be heard within, but these will be hushed when someone knocks on the door. No one will answer. If the characters persist, other Vargr in the building will challenge them and force the group to leave. However, soon after

this event, they will meet Kork.

KORK

Kork (child) 352650 Age 8 Terms -- Cr1.30

Skills: Streetwise-0

Kork is the somewhat precocious son of White Wolf, and has inherited his father's solid white coat. He lives with his mother and two sisters. However, Sudonal has been away for a couple of weeks, functioning as an emissary for her husband. An aunt is living with the children, but actually has little control over young Kork.

When the characters meet Kork, he will pop out of hiding somewhere and blaze away at the group with a cap gun. Once the volley is over, he will ask if they are looking for his father.

The pup can indeed arrange for the characters to meet privately with White Wolf, but he will play around with the group for as long as he possibly can. Kork will offer to take the adventurers to all the places White Wolf frequents and arrange the introductions when he's found. However, he will insist the characters buy for him a black leather outfit (Cr100).

Kork will fully enjoy himself, being driven around all day by star travellers, telling tales of his father, wearing his new cloths, sitting a top a Sourztourrh Fandon in full view of gangs and packs. All the while, however, he will pretend earnest in trying to learn White Wolf's whereabouts.

Through this time, he will also unholster and shoot at the policemen the group passes. Since this will attract notice, apply an extra DM+1 to the Urban Encounters table to increase the chance of a legal encounter. However, not even the police will notice that Kork's "toy" is in fact a *real weapon*. Its a small autopistol of Vargr make (treat as body pistol). Each magazine holds six 5mm caseless rounds. Kork will instead fire blanks with reduced charges so as to sound like caps, but he also carries magazines with real rounds.

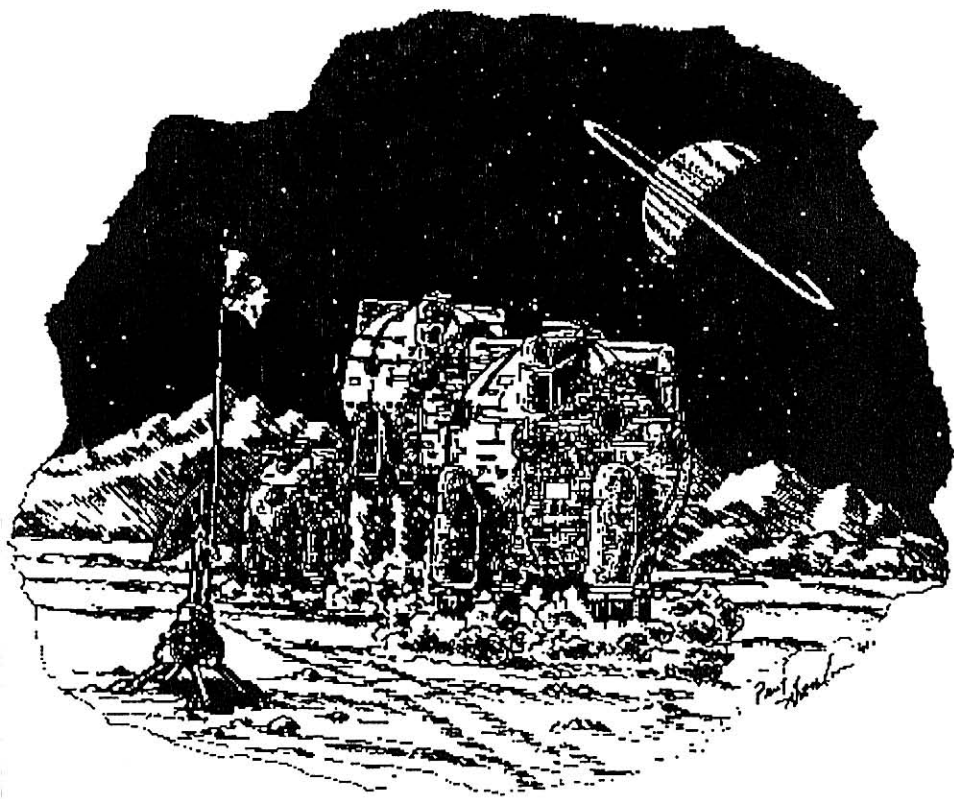
After several hours, Kork will be in the mood for excitement. He will begin to direct the group into areas that are sensitive to the human gangs such as a particular diner. He will display bravado and even try to provoke conflict. However, when the seriousness escalates to where the group is in appreciable danger, he will hide behind a

character and try to slip him the autopistol (with real rounds).

To bluff the gang into backing down with a "toy" gun:

Routine, Streetwise, Int (confrontation, uncertain)

Referee: On exceptional failure, the gang believes the gun is really



the pup's toy.

If violence does break out, and Kork can get a hold of his gun, he will fire it at the gang members. The surprise that the pistol is real, and in the hands of a trigger happy pup, will cause them to flee, even if Kork does not score any hits.

Kork will continue his campaign to take advantage of the characters, insisting on more things for his continued assistance in the search. He will demand such things as a stylish gold plated bracer (Cr40), professional fur streaking (Cr20), and pup's

motorbike (Cr150). By the time he starts insisting on pierced ears, liquor, and escort into a gambling den, the characters should refuse and leave. (Otherwise, White Wolf would instead end up looking for THEM.)

However, since a sense of affection has developed, Kork will not let them go. He will admit he could have taken the adventurers to White Wolf all along.

WOLVES DEN

Kork will take the characters, while its dark, to the place where White Wolf usually meets with people. While they wait, the pup will get his father.

The meeting place is a burned out section of town in the Vargr Quarter. Kork will tell them to park their vehicles some distance away, then lead them up exterior steps along the back of a building to a heavy, locked door. Its usually unlocked for meetings, and locked when unoccupied. To open it, Kork will climb to the roof, drop through a skylight, and unlock the door from the inside. He'll then climb back to the roof to get White Wolf, planning to return in 10 to 30 minutes.

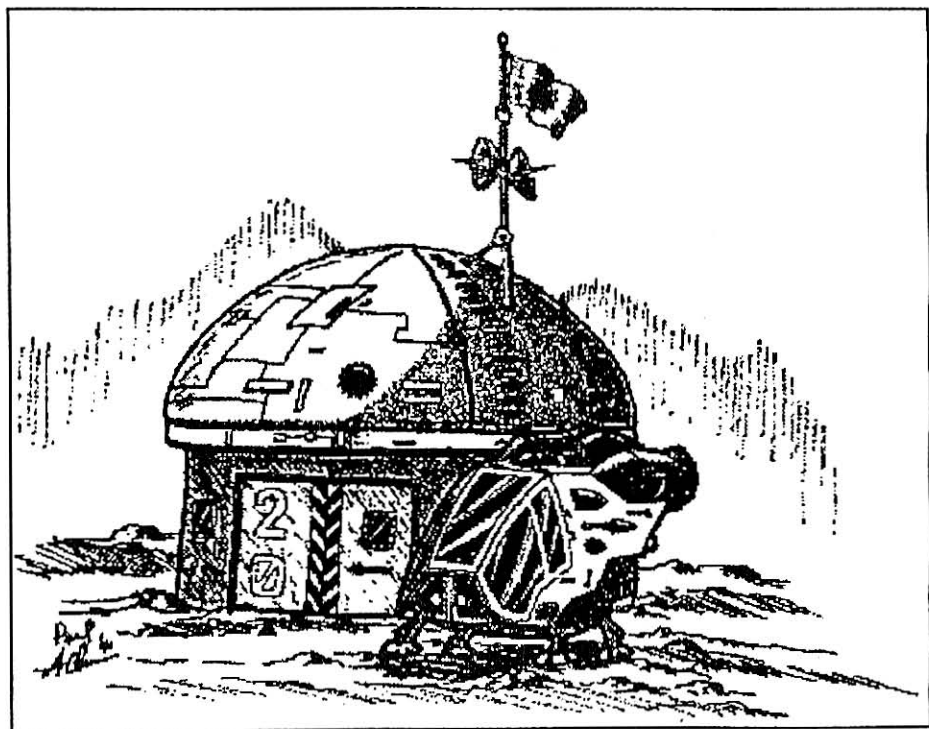
Entering this upper story, the characters will find themselves in a hallway with seven doors, three on each side and one at the far end. Only the far door is locked. The first room is the meeting room, but in the corners are stacked boxes of demolition charges. In the five remaining rooms are stored weapons and other hardware of a military nature under canvass covers.

At the moment they make this discovery, the characters will hear a commotion from the level below. Floor vents will show lights coming on. Peering through to the rooms under them, they will see many Vargr rushing to distribute guns and leaving again. If the adventurers can translate any of the conversation, they will be sure to catch the mention of "intruders."

Even if they leave immediately, they will find they are already cut off from their vehicles. This will force them to flee through the streets or along the roof tops. If they elect to quickly arm themselves, they will hear Vargr ascending the stairs beyond the locked door at the end of the hall. At best, they can grab 7mm ACRs (magazines unloaded), cases of 7mm ammunition (tranq), and cases of

demolition charges. If they take the time to load the ACRs first or rummage for anything else, they'll be surrounded and trapped. If trapped in the armory, and they manage to hold the Vargr off for more than several rounds, the Vargr will be willing to negotiate. The police might eventually come to investigate, so they'll need to move the weapons cache immediately. If all the adventurers want is a private word with White Wolf, they are likely to get it.

If the characters flee, the Vargr motorcycle gangs will begin a manhunt. All will have communicators, albeit set to illegal channels. If the characters are armed with guns, so will the Vargr, although with



dose-controlled tranq rounds. (White Wolf isn't sure if the adventurers are friends or foes.)

Chances of escape from the Vargr Quarter are slim, particularly since the residents often cooperate with the gangs when it comes to intruders. Allow Idea rolls and create a number of tasks. They might try things like cause a diversion, swim a length of a canal, or ride a ways atop a garbage truck. If their luck goes bad for them, they will eventually be surrounded by an overwhelming force of Vargr and captured.

If captured, the adventurers will be taken to a headquarters. They will see Kork in an isolated room, facing the corner, whimpering. In the main room, with several other Vargr, will stand White Wolf. On a table beside him will be laid out Kork's switch blade, autopistol, leather jacket, and any other articles the characters might have given the pup.

White Wolf will right away want an accounting of what the adventurers were doing with his son. He will make the conversation tense for the characters, and eventually demand what they had come to tell him. If they mention Arrlanroughl, without insisting it be private, he will deny knowing such a person and order the group taken away to be eliminated later. (He will, however, arrange for their escape.)

If the characters were not captured, but manage to escape the Vargr Quarter, they will soon have a visitor. Calling on the resources available in Camgoth's underworld, White Wolf will learn of the adventurers whereabouts. He won't put out any contracts on them, though. Instead, he'll send his most trusted emissary, Sudonal, his wife.

The letter of introduction from White Wolf will explain that he shares all secrets with Sudonal. Anything the group needs to tell White Wolf, they can relay through her. If they insist, though, she can still arrange a private meeting.

Before Sudonal leaves, however, she will also bring up a private matter. Kork. If White Wolf was annoyed, she will be furious. Its of little concern to her if the characters saw no other recourse. In her eyes, the adventurers were contributing to the delinquency of their son, and she will give them a thorough tongue lashing.

CONCLUSION

Arrangements for the meeting between Arrlanroughl and White Wolf (Gafarrel), will be left to Sudonal and the adventurers. Sudonal will recommend they rent a suite at a starport hotel.

When Arrlanroughl and Gafarrel see each other, the greetings will be warm, confirming their close friendship. But they will soon order everyone out so they may talk privately. The discussions will go on or over two hours before Gafarrel departs once again with his motorcycle entourage. Arrlanroughl will then ask the characters to come to the suite to talk.

At this time, the patron will pay the characters their due. If the characters performed reliably, and if he believes they can be trusted, he will take them into his confidence. Arllanroughl will have yet another assignment, this time offering Cr100,000.

A few weeks ago, Gafarrel stole records from the Oberlindes corporate building. Although he tripped an alarm, security concluded it was a system fault. However, Arllanroughl detected the lingering and unmistakable scent of his old friend, Gafarrel.

This event was most distressing because Gafarrel is an agent of Thoengling Empire. Arllanroughl also has strong loyalties to the Thoengling Emperor, but he is equally loyal to Oberlindes. As the meeting with Gafarrel had just confirmed, these two interests are now in conflict and Arllanroughl is caught between the two.

A major raid is being planned against Junidy in the next few months. Gafarrel, already residing on the planet, recruited Vargr motorcycle gangs to assist with intelligence and disrupt defenses during the raid. That Vargr have been in training for months in the use of the military hardware smuggled in.

One of the principle targets of the raid is Lazulot Station, Oberlindes' annex to the main starport. This is a center where the company keeps stocks of starship components by which to maintain its merchant fleet. But it has also collected here a substantial stock of spares for Imperial Navy ships from the Third Frontier War (979-986).

Oberlindes acquired a number of these old vessels and converted them for merchant use. At the same time, so did the Thoengling Empire, being an ally of the Imperium. Since then, Oberlindes had retired those vessels and placed them in boneyards. But in the Thoengling Empire, these ships continued to make up the bulk of their fleets.

As critical parts for the Thoengling ships became difficult to obtain, the Thoengling Emperor asked to buy Oberlindes' remaining stock of spares. Oberlindes collected all they had from storage and off the retire ships at Lazulot Station to await Imperial approval and pickup. However, the bureaucracy took years to finally act, and in the end disapproved the sale, perhaps in hope they would buy ships surplus from the Fifth Frontier War (1107-1110).

This started a cooling of relations between the Thoengling Empire and the Imperium. As Gafarrel explained to Arllanroughl, an anti-Imperial faction rose in power and won much influence with the Thoengling Emperor. They talked him into sponsoring the raid against Junidy, and at the same time renounce friendship with the Imperium.

Planetary Profiles

Zila/Aramis 2908 E25672C-7 Ag A 701 Dd M6 V M3 D
Stellar Data: Zairgar, Spectral Class M6V, Mass 0.3078, Diameter 0.3266, Luminosity 0.268. Zeigrre, Spectral Class M3 D, Mass 1.111, Diameter .006, Luminosity 0.00003

Zila: Mean orbital radius 30 Mkm (0.2 AU), Period 58.9 days, Diameter 3546 km, Density 1.08 (molten core), Mass 0.017, Gravity 0.272, Rotation Period 30 hrs 32 min 20 sec, Axial In $26^{\circ}32'41''$, Energy Absorption 0.718, One satellite. Surface Atm Pressure 0.65, Comp oxygen-nitrogen mix, Hydrosphere 63%, Mean surface temp -104.02°C . Native Life.

Total world population 66 million. Primary cities - Crescence, 789,000; 78 other cities with population equal to 10^5 . World government participating democracy. Tech Level - high common 7, low common 4, Primary resources - agriculture, ores, agroproducts, metals, non-metals, parts, consumables, recordings, software, documents.



Zila is a small world with a thin atmosphere and seas covering more than half its surface. Three major continents cover its southern hemisphere, while one major continent is in the northern hemisphere. Zila's population of 66 million is distributed mainly on the southern continents. The local government is a participatory democracy, but with an extremely limited electorate. Suffrage is limited to land owners and even then only to those who hold 1,00 acres is seldom broken up once owned, and is referred to commonly as a "ballot". Families holding several "ballots" generally distribute them among the family members. Zila's law level is high, but is an

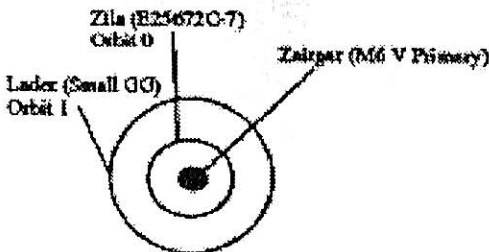
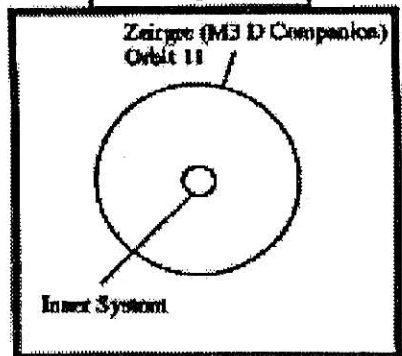
accepted fact of life. The planet's tech level, although lower than average, is sufficient to make life comfortable. Zila is an agricultural world with a trading station to encourage exports to Vargr.

Arrival at Zila places a ship at the world's only starport, a class E facility, where basic details, such as cargo unloading, berthing fees, and minor paperwork, may be taken care of.

Zila's high law level is the reason for its classification as an amber zone. Guards posted at the starport boundary gates (where the extrality ends) require visitors to read and sign warning placards before leaving the grounds. These placards caution individuals venturing onto Zila proper that they may be detained on sight pretext and that local legal machinery is slow and often tedious. Fortunately, several law firms have set up recruiting offices just outside the starport exits. For a small fee (Cr100 per person per week) the law firm will provide legal representation and intercession in the event of problems with the police. An additional fee (Cr70 per person per week) provides a waiver of additional costs that might be necessary, such as bail, gratuities, and filing fees. Those that sign up are provided with a small collar button indicates to the police that legal coverage is available.

The main product of Zila is wine. Fireaur et Fille, Signal, and Delatest represent the three largest wineries on Zila. Each has an Exclusive contract with Tukera Lines (actually Akerut Lines, their wholly owned subsidiary) for the export of their wines. Zilan wines are extracted from the native trake plant. This produces an excellent wine of great value and extreme rarity called Zilan eiswein. This wine is usually not exported and when it is, it will sell for hundreds, sometimes thousands, of credits per bottle.

Outer System



The information for Planetary Profiles was compiled mainly from the Traveller Adventure (GDW) as a handout to the players. The world physical data was generated using the World Builders Handbook (DGP).

The Trap of Triton

by Gary A. Kalin

Lieutenant Clark exhaled in relief. "I've got it back, Skipper." Scanning the monitor, she typed on the communication keyboard.

"It's an automatic distress signal and transponder code." A diagram of Neptune and its moons appeared on a secondary monitor. "The signal is definitely originating from the surface of Triton."

Commander Orson Ridpath winced as he stood up from his command chair. "From the surface, Lieutenant?" He walked the short distance to Clark's chair to get a closer look at the monitor. "Did you check for signal echo?" The monitors cast a green glow on his middle-aged features.

Nodding, Clark's brown, shoulder-length hair swayed. "No doubt about it. They are on the surface."

With a grin on her youthful face, Lieutenant Commander Neda Larson looked up from the combat station. "And that's where they'll stay!"

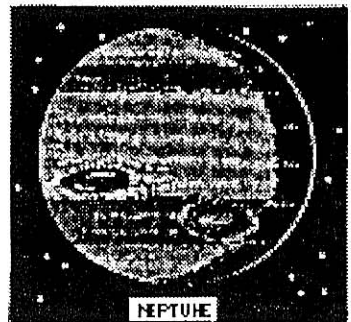
Ridpath glared at his first officer's for her coldness as he headed back to his chair. "Are you working on a sensor lock to the signal coordinates?" He hated to come down on her. She was a good officer, but just a little outspoken when she's safe and sound.

Larson quickly turned back to her station. "Right away, sir."

Sitting, Orson began typing on his keyboard. The computer scanned the ship registration files for the transponder code. He leaned back as he read the data out loud. "The signal is from the Sir William Herschel, a seeker type R starship. She's registered to the United European Interstellar Society of Terra."

Larson glanced over her shoulder at the skipper. "What the devil is a type R?"

Ridpath typed on the keyboard again. "A special refit for astrophysics research with a normal crew of four." Shaking his head, he took a deep breath. "I bet not one of them had -- has more than a year of piloting experience." He gazed at the main view screen. The pale pink sphere of Triton was emerging from behind the massive, blue disk of its parent world.



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The Traveller Chronicle Issue #1 Questionnaire

Please take the time to fill out the following questionnaire. With this information, we will be able to better provide you with the types of articles you wish to see. Once finished, simply remove this center page from the magazine, fold and tape, and affix a stamp and drop in the mail. As an incentive, a free 4-issue subscription will be given to one lucky respondent in a random drawing on September 7, 1993. Thank you for your time and effort.

Name: _____

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Please rate the following articles on a scale of one to five, with one being 'Totally Awesome' and five being 'Most Heinous'.

Convention Bulletin Board	1	2	3	4	5
Martial Arts for Megatraveller	1	2	3	4	5
Planetary Profiles	1	2	3	4	5
Robots of the Imperium	1	2	3	4	5
White Wolf	1	2	3	4	5
The Trap of Triton	1	2	3	4	5
Again, Oytritsyu'a	1	2	3	4	5
Field of Fire	1	2	3	4	5
Art Work (Brian Goodley)	1	2	3	4	5
Art Work (Paul Sanders)	1	2	3	4	5
Art Work (Gary Kalin)	1	2	3	4	5
Overall Quality of the Magazine	1	2	3	4	5

Please let us know some information about your Traveller campaign by answering the following questions.

Rules Used:	Original	Mega	New Era			
Time Setting:	Pre-1100	1100-1116	1116-1130			
	1130-1200	1200+				
Orientation:	Combat	Roleplaying	Gadget			
No. of Players:	1-3	4-6	7-9	10+		
Years of Playing:	< 1	1-3	4-6	7-9	10-12	13+

What I would like to see most: _____

What I would like to see least: _____

General Comments: _____

Again, thanks for taking the time to fill out this questionnaire.

Please fold and secure with tape or a staple.

The rings of Neptune were four ghostly lines against the blackness. They were two hours from orbit. "May as well be two years for those poor souls," he thought. Nothing could survive very long on the surface of a world like Triton.

The combat computer began beeping and Larson flipped several switches. "Skipper, we have a lock on the crash site. I'll get video first." The combat monitor flickered on. The pale brown and pink surface came into focus. Jagged fissures and smooth frozen lakes scrolled across screen. The combat computer settled the image on the remains of an ancient meteor crater now filled with nitrogen and methane ice. In the center of the frozen lake was a white crack. A geyser of white gas was shooting skyward from the area. Neda hit the zoom button. The bridge crew held their breath.

The sleek, triangular starship had impacted nose first. It had plowed a deep furrow through the frozen gas that composed the surface of Triton. It lay almost on its side in a pit partially filled with liquid methane. Where the hull touched the icy depression walls, nitrogen gas was rising into the thin atmosphere. In jagged tear in the hull ran from the nose to halfway back. The liquid methane was only a few meters from the opening.

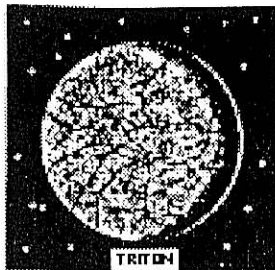
Larson examined a secondary monitor with an infrared image of the crash site. "The seeker's life support is still functioning. That explains all the melting. It looks like they crashed deep enough into the ice to reach liquid methane." She shook her head. "If they slide in much more it will pour in and ___"

Ridpath nodded. "And kill anybody still alive. Narrow beam to the Herschel, please." He pulled on a headset and keyed the microphone. "SDB-5549 Intrepid to starship Sir William Herschel. Herschel, do you copy?" Static greeted him. "Starship Herschel please respond."

Clark scanned the communications monitor. "They should be receiving us."

"We're probably too late," Larson uttered. She glanced at the combat monitor and jumped against her seat restraints. "Skipper, a flare!" A blazing point of red light was slowly raising into the hazy sky. "Somebody did survive." Ridpath leaned back in his chair and stared at the view screen for a moment. "Mr. Larson, initiate descent to the crash site. Contact Mr. Jansky and have him ready the main airlock." All eyes on the bridge turned toward him in disbelief.

Larson tried to clear her throat. "Uh, Skipper, the landing gear will melt the



nitrogen ice and we would sink too. Besides, the break they made is venting all the lake's built-up gas from solar heating. Nobody could --"

A small smile crept onto Orson's face as he held up a hand for her to stop.

On invisible beams of anti-gravity force, the Intrepid glided toward the alien surface. The pit where the Herschel rested was getting deeper. Liquid methane had seeped into the surrounding layers of nitrogen ice. White clouds of nitrogen gas were billowing into the pinkish sky. The Intrepid hovered several hundred meters above and away from the crash site.

Inside the airlock ready room of the system defense boat, Commander Ridpath finished checking his spacesuit. He scanned the data readout for his anti-gravity harness.

"Skipper, this is nuts!" Larson warned. "If your grav-belt fails you'll --" Ridpath peered out of the visor waiting for her to finish. "You won't even be able to stand up on frozen nitrogen. You should have someone as a backup out there --"

"Your concern is noted, Lieutenant Commander. Are the gunners ready?" Larson simply nodded as she handed him a cylindrical, orange case. Ridpath clipped it to his belt and smiled. "You know, Neda, I kinda like this side of you." Before she could answer, he closed his visor and stepped into the airlock. The inner hatch closed with a gentle hiss as the airlock began cycling the air out.

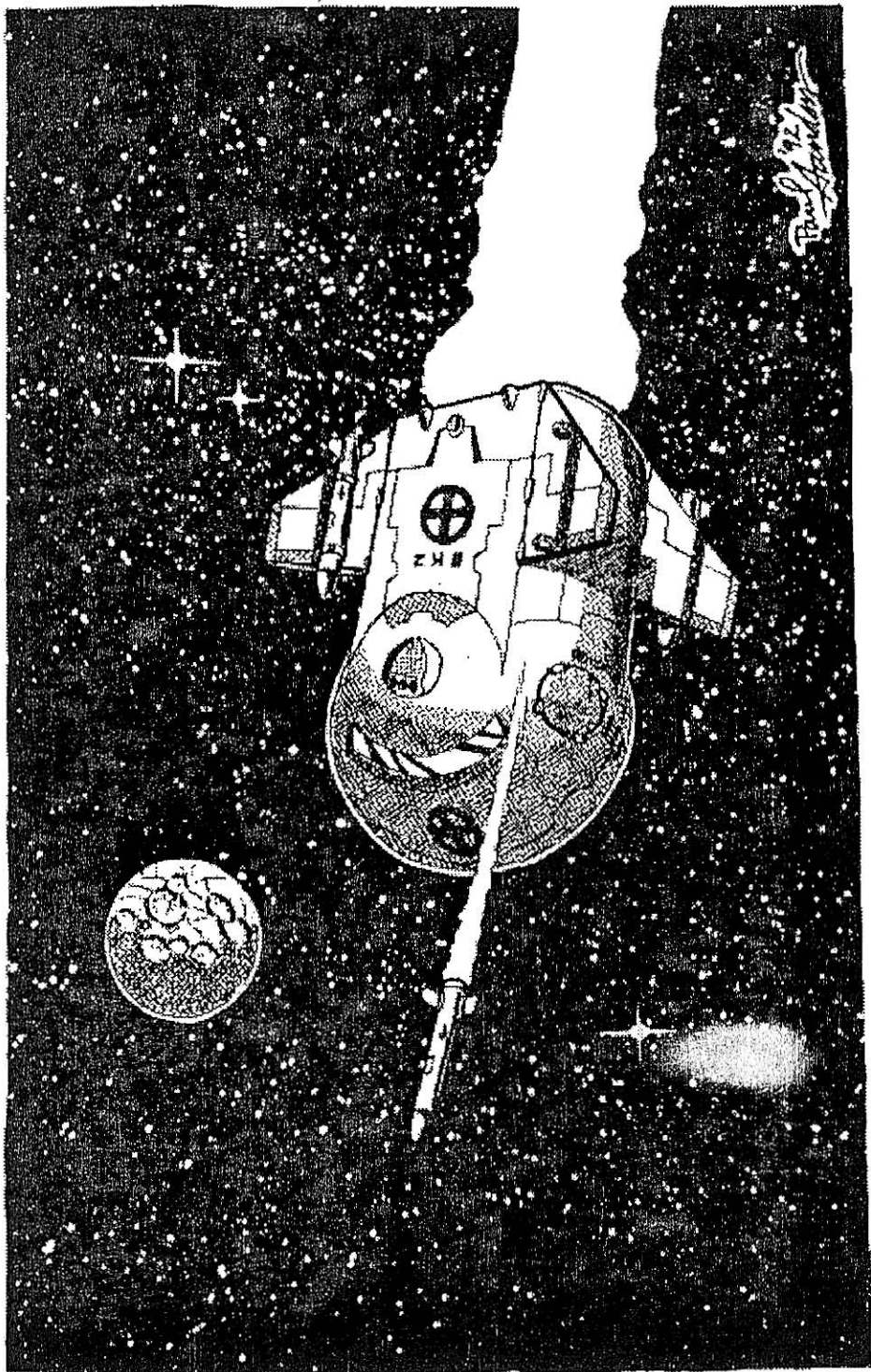
A single tear ran down Neda's face as she left the ready room. "Good luck, Orson."

For a second, Ridpath gazed at the alien world in awe. The rugged, frozen surface of Triton stretched to the hazy horizon. Like the blue eye of an angry goo, Neptune hung in the sky. Jets of nitrogen and methane had increased in force around the crashed starship. Narrow cracks were radiating away from the pit.

"Intrepid to Ridpath," Clark's voice said in his headphones. "Comm check, Skipper."

"Loud and clear, Intrepid. I'm heading down." Orson switched on his grav belt. He felt his weight decrease as the data display on his wrist indicated. He pushed from the airlock and gently drifted toward the surface. He checked his descent a meter above the frozen terrain. "I'm in position."

High overhead, two laser turrets of the Intrepid swung downward. Beams of coherent light bore into the ice several hundred meters away from the Herschel. Geysers of super-heated gas shot into the sky. With the pressure released, the venting gas lessened to hardly anything around the crash site.



Quickly, Ridpath shot toward the pit. His heart skipped a beat. The laser barrage had relieved the pressure, but it had also crumbled the frozen lake. More cracks began forming on the pit walls. The Herschel slipped a little bit further into the methane pool. "The lake is breaking up! Don't fire anymore." Larson's voice came over his headphones. "Skipper, I'll send down some of the guys and ___"

"Negative! I don't want anybody else risking their lives down here. Stand by." Orson maneuvered over the top of the Herschel toward the aft end. Melting chunks of methane ice were scattered across the hull. Slowly, he drifted toward the aft hatch nestled between the drive exhausts.

Suddenly, the hatch opened. A small form in a yellow spacesuit peeked out. Ridpath felt an icy chill run down his back. "A child!" He stepped through the hatch and switched off his grav belt.

Terror was on the face of the ten year old boy. "Help me, please!"

Ridpath put his hands on the boy's shoulder. "It's okay, son. What's your name?"

"Tom, sir." Tears streamed down his face.

Ridpath forced on a smile. "Don't cry, you'll just make your eyes itch. How many others are on board?"

"My, my grandfather is in the observatory." They turned and made their way through the engineering compartment. A ladder lead to an open hatch in the ceiling Tom climbed up first with Ridpath following. The observatory was a clear dome where the weapon turret once was a military seeker. Optical and spectral sensor cameras and recorders lined the walls. Leaning in one of the chairs was an old man in a blue spacesuit. His eyes betrayed the pain he was feeling.

Tom ran to his side. "Grandfather, we're saved."

"I'm Commander Ridpath of the Intrepid." He began pulling two grav belts from the cylinder on his waist.

"Professor Tyrus Hjamlyn," he groaned. "You met my grandson, Thomas?"

Ridpath began fastening a grav belt around the boy. "Yes, sir. Are you hurt?"

"My legs, I think they're broken." Orson smiled. "I'll get a grav belt on you and it won't matter. Any other survivors?"

Hamlyn shook his head. "The pilot and engineer were both in the control room when we crashed. They didn't make it. The radio was damaged. We could receive but not send. We heard your call."

Without warning the floor shifted as the seeker slid further into the pool of methane. The starship shuttered as electrical connections in the front overloaded. Wisps of smoke drifted through the hatch.



Their headphones hummed. "Skipper, the ice sheet is coming apart," Larson exclaimed. "You've got to come off now!"

Hamlyn grabbed Ridpath's arm. "Get my grandson out of here, Commander! Don't worry about me."

Orson handed him a grav belt. "Can you get this on?"

"I'll try."

Tom threw his arms around his grandfather. "I won't leave without you!" He closed his eyes tightly.

Hamlyn looked down and hugged his grandson. Their helmets clanked against each other. "Now, Thomas. I'll be along. You go now." Gently, he pushed the boy into Ridpath's arms.

The commander guided Tom out the hatch and through engineering. They stopped at the opened rear hatch. "Intrepid, one to bring in by remote." He switched on Tom's grav belt. "The ship will guide you in." He smiled at the frightened boy. "Just enjoy the ride."

Crying softly, Tom nodded as he drifted out the hatch. Ridpath watched as he headed for the hovering Intrepid. The main airlock opened and someone leaned out and waved. Satisfied the boy was safe, he went after Hamlyn.

The Herschel shifted again. In terror, Ridpath grabbed a bulkhead to keep from falling. The engineering hatch burst open and liquid methane shot into the compartment. Electrical connections sparked as the super-cold methane began rising. The commander dashed to the ladder just before the deadly liquid covered the floor. He darted up and closed the hatch. "The ship is sinking!"

"Damn fool," Hamlyn rasped, "I told you not to come back."

Ridpath grit his teeth. "Is there any way to pop this dome?" Frost was already forming on the metal of the hatch. He imagined his feet were getting cold. Clenching his fist, he tried to will the panic away.

Hamlyn leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. "Sealed tight, lad."

The commander scanned the observatory for anything to smash the dome open. He began unlatching a support bar from a telescope.

"Don't waste your time, lad. That dome is made of Z-Glass 500. The best money can buy."

Ridpath tossed the bar down in disgust. It wouldn't put a scratch in the kind of armored glass. He peered out the dome.

Methane was inching up the hull as the Herschel slowly sank. Fear clenched his heart. His mind kept replaying his Academy class on planetary geology when they had seen a film about the Pluto expedition. One of the explorers had slipped and fallen into a shallow fissure. By the time they reached him his life support had failed and he was frozen solid. He checked his spacesuit life support display.

"Stand back, Skipper!" Ridpath spun around to see Larson drifting toward them. A heavy laser rifle was cradled in her arms.

She took careful aim at the dome. "Quick, get to one side." The laser

beam seared into the armored glass.

Ridpath stepped from his cabin as Larson reached for the door to sick bay. "Wait, Mr. Larson."

She turned and stood at attention. "Yes, sir?"

"Checking on our guest?"

"Yes, sir."

Staring at the floor, Ridpath rubbed his jaw. "I'm, uh, sorry I came down on you so hard out there. But I did order everyone to stay on board."

"Permission to speak freely, sir?" Neda's eyes were burning with anger. The commander nodded. "There isn't one soul on this boat that wouldn't have volunteered to go with you to the surface."

"The Intrepid has a fine crew."

"Yes, sir. And a crew works together."

"How could I have ordered anyone to go into that frozen hell with me? Risking just one life was too much."

"Skipper, we all took the oath when we joined the service. It's part of our jobs."

Ridpath's eyes narrowed. "And it is my job to protect the lives of this crew and citizens of this system."

Larson shook her head. "I don't want to argue with you."

"And I don't want to argue with the person who saved my life."

"Skipper, don't try to do it all alone!" We're all in this together."

Orson rubbed the stubble on his chin. "You're right. Next time we work together." He motioned toward the door. "I think there's a young boy who would love to get a tour of the Intrepid." Smiling, Larson reached for the latch. He turned to go back to his cabin, but stopped at the door. "Keep going the way you are, Neda, and you'll make captain in two years."



Astronomical Index: Neptune

Neptune is a typical gas giant in the Sol star system. It is the eighth planet in the system and extremely cold. It has a ring system and eight moons.

Data for Neptune

Diameter:	49,500 km
Distance from Sol:	4,500,000,000 km
Neptunian Day:	15.8 Earth hours
Neptunian Year:	60,189 Earth days
Mean Temperature:	-200° C
Atmospheric Components:	Hydrogen, Helium, Methane, Ammonia, and Argon
Moons:	Eight (Size range - 50 to 2,700 km in diameter)

Data for Neptune's Rings

Distance from Neptune to the farthest ring:	38,000 km
Distance from Neptune to the closest ring:	Touching the cloud tops

Data for Neptune's Main Moons

TRITON

Diameter:	2,700 km
Distance to Neptune:	353,000 km
Tritonian Day:	5.87 Earth days
Tritonian Year:	5.87 Earth days
Surface:	Frozen Nitrogen, Methane, and Water
Atmosphere Components:	Trace Nitrogen

NEREID

Diameter:	500 km
Distance to Neptune:	5,560,000 km
Nereidan Day:	359.9 Earth days
Nereidan Year:	359.9 Earth days
Surface:	Frozen Nitrogen, Methane, and Water
Atmosphere:	None

Again, Oytritsyu'a

A Megatraveller Adventure by Charles E. Gannon
with vehicle design by Rob Dean

oytritsyu'a *loi-trit-syü-a\ n.* [Dr; lit. killing-between-communities, fr. *oytrits* interfaced communites, and *syu'a* killing] **1 a cap** : Non-ritual war waged by droyne **b** : droyne term for any war in which droyne fight non-droyne species.

This adventure can be used as an introduction, or follow-up, to the adventure *Oytritsyu'a*, published in *Challenge*.

FOR THE REFEREE

The characters are travelling within the Diaspora sector when this two-part adventure takes place. The adventure may be set anytime after late 1124. The characters may hear of the adventure opportunities presented in *Oytritsyu'a* during their travels in this region of space, or they may be specifically contacted by the humans of either Umorphutwyo or Shelagyote to help out with the local troubles.

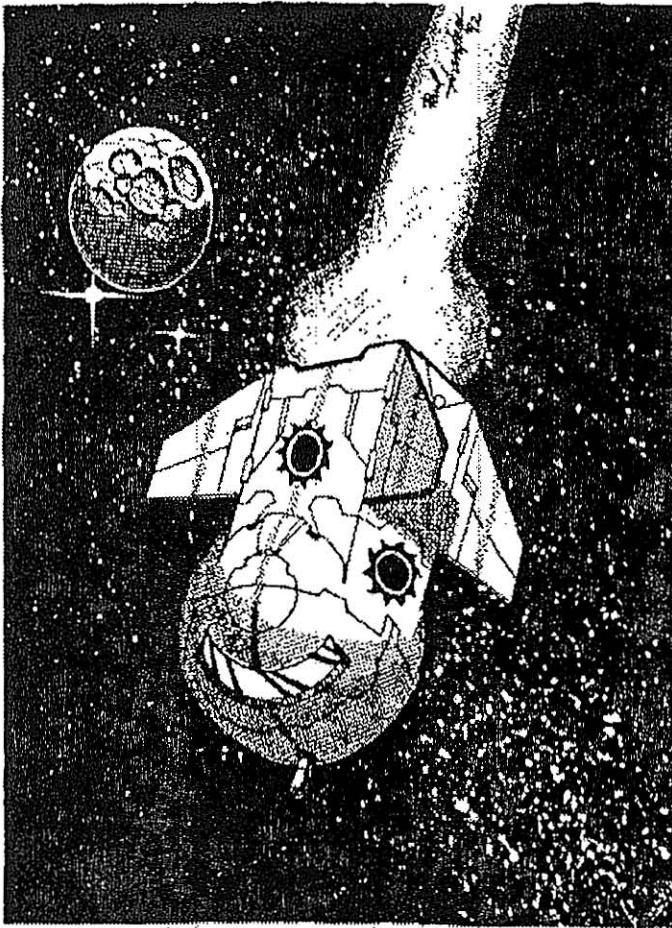
The characters should not be aware that there are any troubles brewing between human and droyne communities when this adventure begins. As far as they know, the droyne have been a peaceful race that takes a back seat to the other major races within the Imperium.

Rude Awakenings

Where: Umorphutwyo C410630-9 (1816, Alurza subsector)

Contact: The PCs are likely to learn about this job opportunity from:

- a) general subsector gossip
- b) Mr. Dorian of the Sleepy Hollow Foundation



The players have good reason to be trepidatious about going to Umorphutwyo; the moment the PCs mention the place, people either shake their heads in dismay or launch into a tirade against "those treacherous droyne." Apparently, after some misunderstandings between the droyne and human communities there, the droyne began

to slowly constrict the planet's human community.

Arriving on Umorphutwyo, the players find that it is a world divided. The local Droyme population (910,000 out of a total of 1,020,000) is pressing the human community into an increasingly smaller, more restricted area. It is evident that there has been open conflict; a brief view of the cityscape from a grav taxi reveals burnt-out buildings and streets lined with debris.

The taxi drops the PC's off on the roof of the Sleepy Hollow Foundation. There the group meets Mr. Dorian, an impeccably dressed gentleman in his late forties. Dorian explains that although

the human-droyne conflict is over (for now), it has come to his attention that the droyne are failing to live up to a number of their humanitarian obligations. Specifically, they are obstructing the free passage of low-berthed individuals. The release of one individual, an eccentric fellow known only as Birutan, is of particular interest to Mr. Dorian. Birutan's release has been delayed for almost a year now, and the overseers of Mr. Birutan's estate--a sealed trust known as the Sleepy Hollow Foundation--are becoming distraught. The droyne don't seem to feel like talking about the situation, so someone is going to have to secure Mr. Birutan's release by whatever means prove expedient.

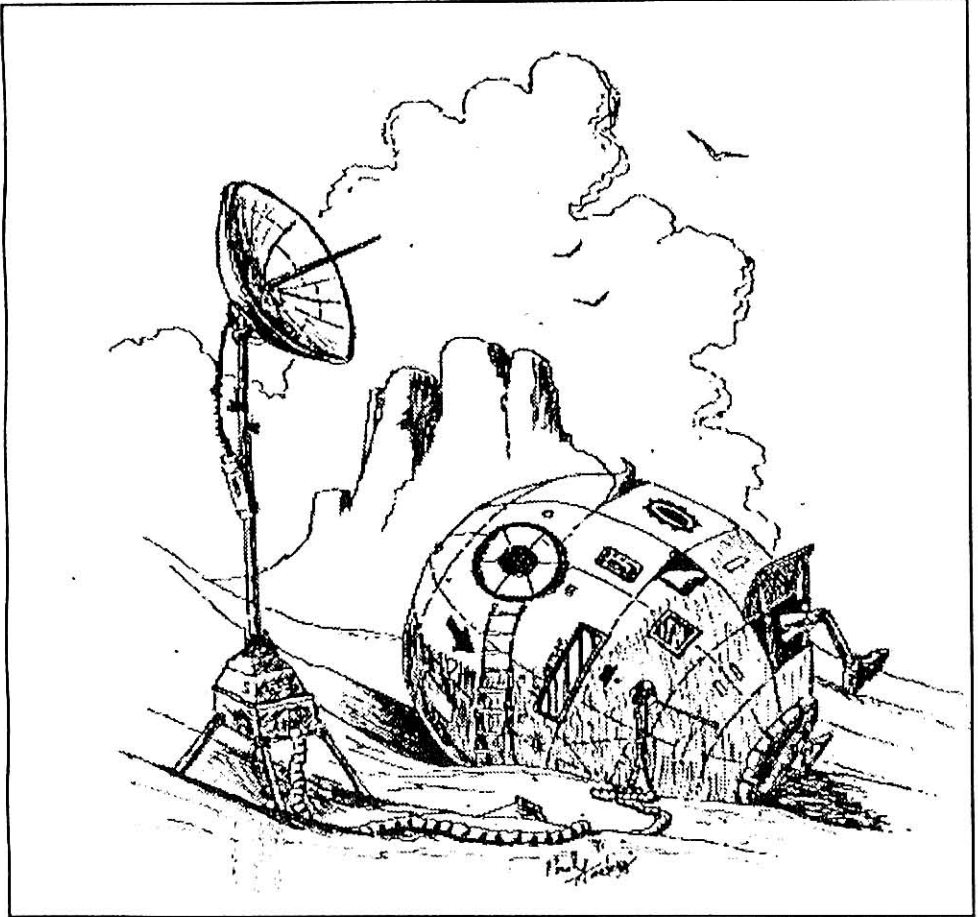
THE JOB

Since the open hostilities ended, the droyne have muscled into controlling positions within the commercial, industrial, and military sectors and have maintained a general TL of 11 in their own regions. With help from the droyne of Layne (2720, Alurza subsector), they upgraded one of the starports in their own area to class B. Their communities and their starport are strictly off-limits to humans and the ruling *aykruskloss* (oligarchic board of *oytrip* senior leaders) has become increasingly isolationistic in its attitude toward contact with the (predominantly human) interstellar community.

This is of great concern to the employees of Mr. Birutan's Sleepy Hollow Foundation. Foundation executives are worried that if they can't get their benefactor back soon, his low-berth may malfunction or the droyne might just decide to pull the plug. Either way, Mr. Birutan must be reclaimed from the droyne. The Foundation administrators are willing to pay up to 20,000 credits per person (success only) to undertake the job of recovering Mr. Birutan's low-berth capsule. Foundation physicians will oversee the revivification process.

According to the Foundation, the PC group will have to cross into 'droyne-country' to recover Birutan. Once there, they must reach the facility where his low-berth capsule is interred, get in, and get

the capsule. They must secure a vehicle capable of transporting the capsule *and* of powering it during that transport. Then they must return to the human enclave in which the Foundation is situated. Although Umorphutwyo has no weaponry restrictions *per se*, the droyne become very agitated when they see humans carrying firearms. The PCs will be courting the possibility of incarceration when they enter droyne territory; they are sure to be shot on sight if they are armed.



FOR THE REFEREE:

The Real State of Affairs on Umorphutwyo (expanded from information already printed from Challenge)

Conversations with droyne, or a few unprejudiced humans, will give

the PCs a very different picture of the situation on Umorphutwyo. However, droyne will be very wary of humans, and will not be quick to share their knowledge. Objective humans are rare and will be very trepidatious about speaking freely; they fear that their comments might get them branded as traitors.

"The droyne troubles," as most humans call them, did not start with the droyne at all, but with humans. Furthermore, they did not start on Umorphutwyo.

In 1123, one of Lucan's Black War strikes against the Illeish Federation involved the genocidal slaughter of a droyne community. According to the Imperial press minister, the droyne had been excavating and refurbishing the weapons of the Ancients in order to aid Dulinor. In actuality, the droyne were only moderately involved with the excavation of a small (and unrewarding) Ancient site. Droyne *oytrips* (clans) throughout Imperial space were outraged by Lucan's atrocity and many conducted reprisals against Lucan's factions.

The clash between the droyne and pro-Lucan elements on Umorphutwyo was particularly savage, resulting in tremendous damage. The violence became so intense and uncontrollable that it spilled over into non-aligned human neighborhoods, turning a political clash into a race war.

Months of tense stalemate followed. Droyne and human leaders on Umorphutwyo attempted to reach a compromise. The numerically-superior droyne eventually agreed to trust the economically-dominant human minority and they retreated from their positions within human neighborhoods.

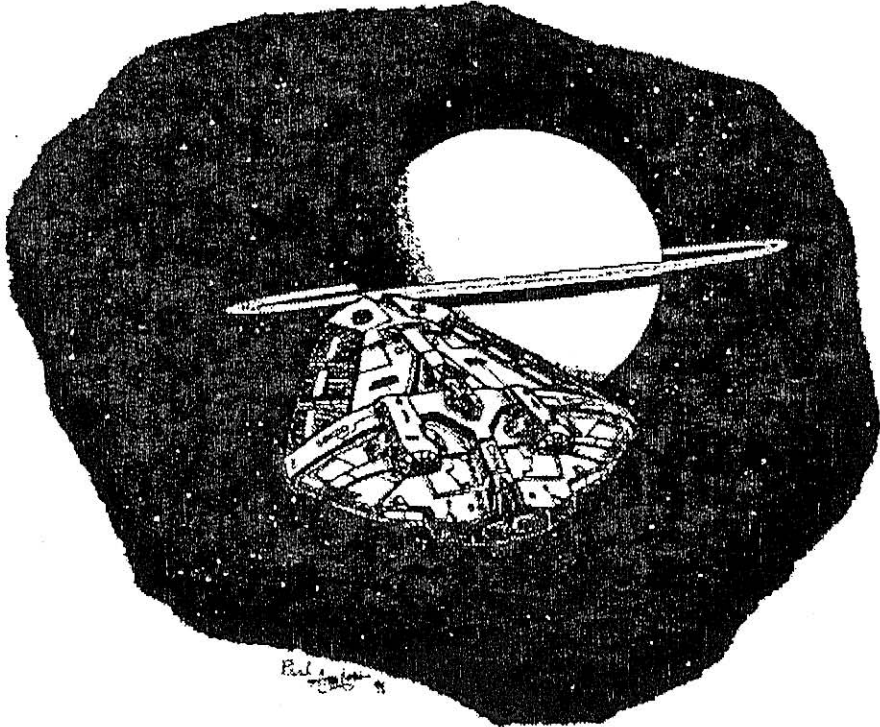
Shortly afterward, however, human companies began to force droyne competitors out of business. Dismayed, the *oytrips* of Umorphutwyo began to grow angry and strike back. When the humans prohibited the droyne from using the human-owned starport, the droyne built their own, superior facility. When human companies tried to monopolize the local markets, droyne

consumers responded by boycotting those companies and patronizing businesses belonging to the leading local rMDBR_oytripsrMDNM_. More as a matter of self-preservation than humanophobic aggression, the droyne of Umorphutwyo turned the tables on the human community.

A Secret Human Fear: The Return of the Ancients?

Many humans are convinced that the recent aggressiveness of the droyne signifies that their entire race is beginning a social transformation that will make them as warlike--and advanced--as the Ancients from which they are thought to be descended. Most sober observers consider this belief to be the inevitable result of Lucan's original propaganda ploy. But now that blood has been spilt on both sides, that fact is largely academic.

Most humans do not understand droyne culture well because it has never been *necessary* to understand the unassuming, civil droyne.



Paul ...

Now, the droynes' ruthless version of absolute war (known as *Oytritsyu'a*, or 'killing-between-communities') has been sampled by the humans of Umorphutwyo. Astounded and enraged, the humans are eager to avenge their loved ones, creating a vicious cycle of violence.

DOING THE JOB

If the group initially tries to reclaim Mr. Birutan through official channels (saying that they represent the Foundation, etc.), the droyne will ignore them. However, if the PCs approach the droyne as non-aligned off-worlders who are simply doing a job for a faceless employer, they will be listened to and allowed to enter the droyne areas, albeit with an escort. Indeed, they have to do only one thing in order to reclaim Mr. Birutan's low-berth capsule back; they have to ask for it *politely*. They also need to rent a conveyance with enough reserve power to keep the capsule operating while they move it back across the 'border.'

Why didn't the Foundation simply do this itself? Prejudice. The Foundation executives were involved in the collusion to contain and constrict droyne businesses on Umorphutwyo. The Foundation and the droyne have been bitter opponents ever since. Consequently, the droyne simply ignored the Foundation's requests.

If the characters make a big deal of their relationship with the Foundation, the droyne will absolutely refuse to cooperate with them. In this event, the PCs will have to infiltrate into the droyne neighborhood, travel to the facility where Mr. Birutan's berth is being kept, break in, remove the berth, and escape back over the border. If the PCs try this, they will encounter several droyne patrols. These encounters will occur at the following points in their operation: on the way in, another within the low berth storage facility, one more during the attempt to remove Birutan, and a final encounter during the journey back to the human quarter.

Each droyne patrol numbers from 1-6 individuals (roll 1d6) and is equipped to TL-10 standards. Each droyne has relevant skill levels of '1,' a personal radio, combat environment suit, and either a 7mm

ACR or a laser carbine. Other equipment may be assigned at the referee's discretion.

If the PCs get into an extended firefight or cause any other type of major disturbance, the droyne will dispatch an armored car to deal with them. This AC has been assigned to guard the general area around the facility, and is on standby alert in a nearby garage. Statistics for the armored car follow:

CraftID: *Darasyu'u* Armored Car, TL10, Cr323,600

Hull: 1/2, Disp=1, Conf=4USL+turret, Armor=20E, Loaded=10.54t,
Unloaded=9.22t

Power: 1/2, 12*Fuel Cell=1.08MW, Dur=15/45

Loco: 1/2, 6 wheels, PW=102, Road=222kph, Offroad=67kph

Comm: Radio=Regional(500km)

Sensors: 2*Headlights, Passive IR, Light Amplification

Off: Hardpoints=1

VRF Gauss Gun - (See the Megatraveller Player's Manual)

Def: -

Control: Comp0*1, 6*DynLink

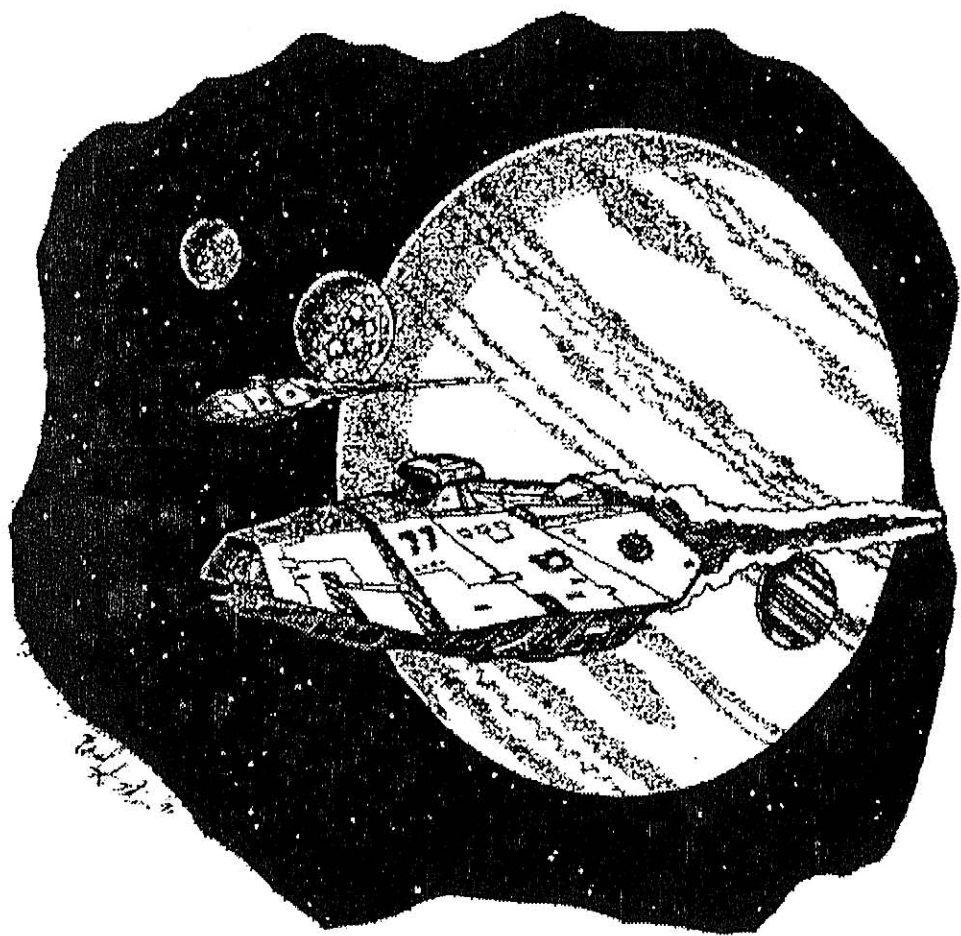
Accom: Seats=Adequate*2, Env=basic env, basic Is

Other: Fuel=1.78kl, Cargo=0.6kl, ObjSize=Small,

EmLevel=Moderate

The *Darasyu'u* is an inexpensive armored car designed to mount a VRF gauss gun. A sealed environment system is installed for use in chemically or radioactively contaminated environments, and auxiliary oxygen tanks can be installed to permit operation in non-breathable atmosphere or vacuum. This reduces endurance to 40 hours.

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Engineering/Gravitic Operative Robot

URP: 7510F-04-PP327-RFB6(L) TL=15, Price=0.93 MCr, Life Force: 13/33

Chassis: Volume=200 liters, contoured, armor value=18, Weight=410 kg

Locomotion: 5 light grav modules, thrust=500kg, speed=240kph

CPU: Linear=40, Parallel=15, Synaptic=5, Total=60

Storage: Standard=50, Synaptic=10, Total=60

Fundamental Logic Programs: high autonomous

Fundamental Command Programs: full command

Power Plant: 30 liter fuel cell, fuel=52 liters, duration=14.4 days, output=60kw

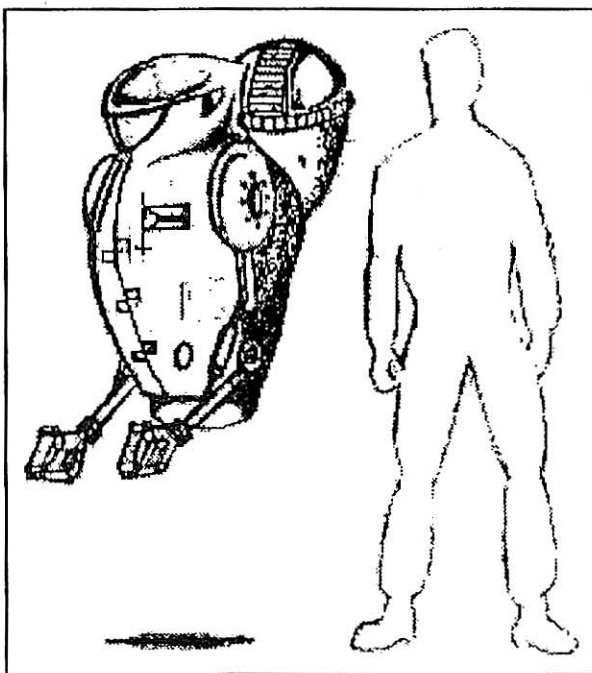
Appendages: 2 heavy arms, 2 very light tentacles

Sensors: 2 visual sensors (with telescopic, light intensification, passive infrared, active infrared); audio sensor; voder; touch sensor (with extra sensitivity); magnetic sensor; radiation sensor; mass sensor; neutrino sensor

Devices: Zero-G maneuver package; 2 acoustic speakers; laser welder; brain interface; spotlight; electronic counter measures; very distant radio; master unit

Applications Programs:

	<u>Value</u>	<u>Space</u>
Electronic	4	8
Mechanical	4	8
Engineering	4	16
Steward	2	4
Laser Weapon Handling	2	4
Security	2	4
Cargo Handling	2	4



The Engineering/Gravitic Operative Robot (or EGOR for short) was designed with the small merchant crew in mind.

This relatively inexpensive robot is capable of performing various ship board tasks, from loading cargo to waiting on passengers.

Although not technically armed, the laser welder, in conjunction with EGOR's security programming, will allow this robot to perform adequately in a security roll.

Continued from Page 7

still 1. If he wanted to, he could take 2 attacks a round at Brawling-0. (black belt)

Level 6+ - character continues to refine the techniques learned at earlier levels.

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Adding Suspense and Strategy to Megatraveller's Starship Combat

by Gary A. Kalin

"Four nuclear missiles impacting in five seconds, Captain" the sensor officer called out. The captain looked around the bridge. All the stations were manned and ready. The combat monitor displayed the ship firing at the distant enemy. The navigation computer was taking the ship through a series of evasive maneuvers.

The enemy spaceships had been hiding behind the fifth planet, a gas giant. They didn't wait long to attack. Fourty-three nukes were fired at the ship and only these four made it through. Only one would be needed to destroy the entire ship.

An instant later the ship rocked violently as the missiles exploded with nuclear fury. Several stations erupted into electrical fire as they overloaded. Caught off guard, their operators were thrown out of their contour seats. Smoke poured from the life support vents and several wall panels on the bridge.

"Medical emergency on the bridge," the first officer yelled into her helmet microphone as she raced toward the wounded operators. "Damage control to the bridge."

The main computer monitor was a mass of static. The computer station was covered in a cloud of smoke from overloaded lines. the computer tech was frantically working the controls. "Main computer is offline, sir."

The caption looked around the bridge. His crew, his ship, hurt and dying. "We've got to know what's going on," he hissed between his teeth. He jumped from his command chair to the computer tech's side. "How bad is it?"

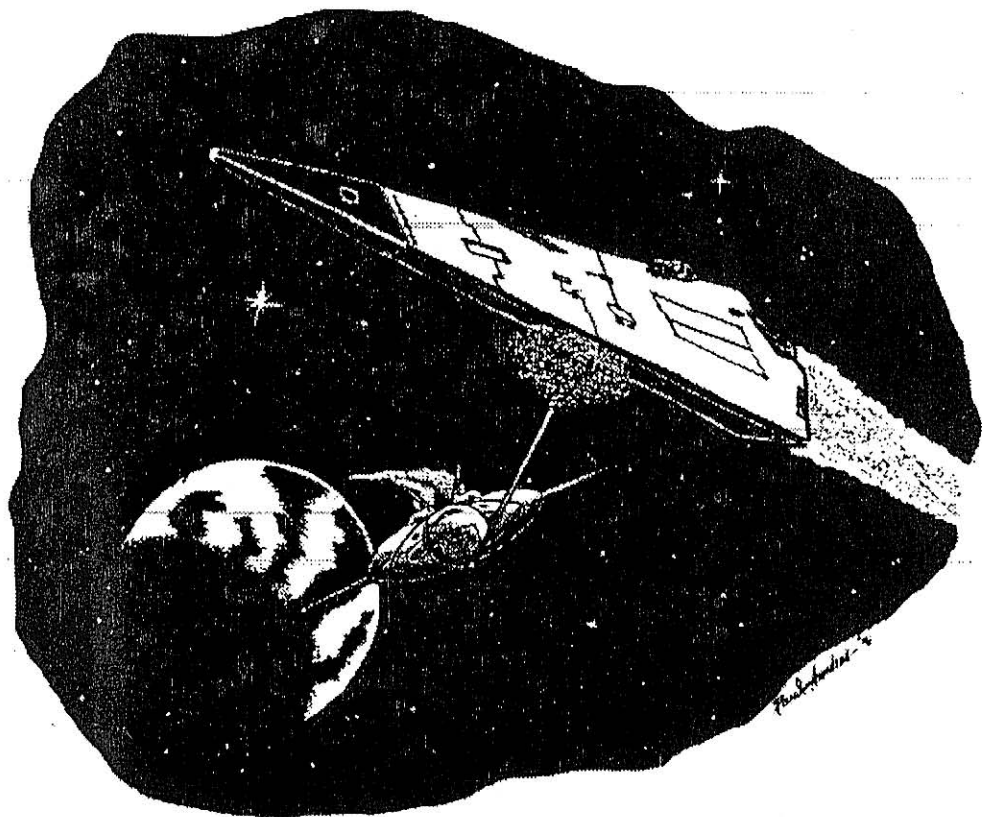
The tech shook his head. "Real bad, sir."

Sweat rolled down the captain's forehead. "Was this it," he thought.

"We've got something now, sir," the tech said with relief. "Backups kicked in."

The captain examined the clearing combat monitor. The enemy shspaceships were angling to starboard. The status monitors

indicated massive damage to the starboard side of the ship. "Navigation," the captain yelled, turning to the other stations. "180 degrees to port, all the power she has left. Fire control, standby all port bearing weapons on my command. All right, let 'em come. We're not done yet!"



Introduction

Will the enemy spaceships get around to the damaged starboard side? Can the captain and crew bring the undamaged weapons to bear? Suspense and strategy! I find those two factors missing from the starship combat section of the Megatraveller game.

Imagine what space combat is like as described in the rules. The number of weapon batteries that a spaceship can fire at one target is only limited by the size of the ship. This seems to indicate that a spaceship is rotating on and about its axis to aim its weapons. This would play havoc with targeting and navigation; not to mention having the engines pointed in the right direction. Let's say the

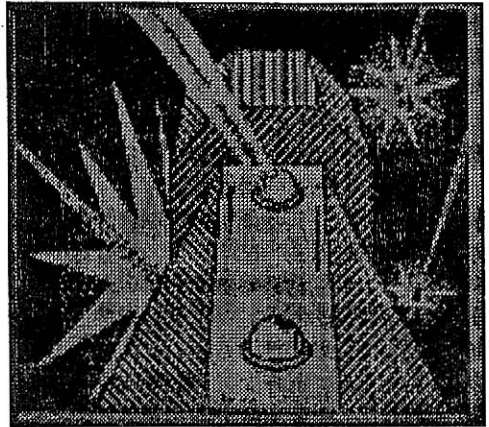
spaceship isn't spinning like a top. Each game turn is 20 minutes long, so the spaceship could fire all weapons on one side then rotate to fire the weapons on the other side. If this was the case, there should be no restriction on the number of batteries that can fire on a target.

I imagine space combat a little differently. Spaceships maneuver toward each other and their turrets swing to face the enemy. Tactical advantage is maintained by maneuvering when the enemy is damaged.

I think the field of fire for spaceship-mounted weapons has been over-simplified.

Illustrations and descriptions of the spaceships indicate weapons aren't mounted on booms or massive pylons, so they must have limited fields of fire. Realistically, the ship itself would block 90° to 180° if a turret is placed on the side of the hull.

Some of the top and bottom mounted weapons would have a 360° field of fire, but a row of turrets would block the one next to it.



Optional Field of Fire Rules

The optional field of fire rules only limit the number of weapons that can bear on a target. If a weapon can bear on a target, combat is conducted normally.

1. Weapon Mounts

A target will be in one of the four possible fields of fire around a spaceship. The fields of fire are: Forward, Port, Starboard, and Aft. Each is equal to 90° of the total 360° around a spaceship. The controlling factor for the field of fire of a weapon battery is the type of mount in the ship's hull. Once the fields of fire for weapon batteries are selected, they can not be changed for that ship.

Spinal Mounts - The spinal mount is for massive weapons that the spaceship is built around. They can only fire out the row of squares directly forward of the ship.

Fixed Forward Mounts - The fixed forward mount is the most common type for small craft. They can only fire out the row of squares directly forward of the ship.

Bay Mounts - Bay mounts hold 50 or 100 tons of weapons. They can aim at targets within two of the four fields of fire. The six possible combinations for bay mounts are:

1. Forward and Port
2. Forward and Starboard
3. Aft and Port
4. Aft and Starboard
5. Forward and Aft
6. Port and Starboard

Turret Mounts - turret mounts are the most versatile of all the weapon mounts. They can aim at targets within three of the four fields of fire or have a 360° field of fire. The five possible combinations for turrets are:

1. Forward, Port, and Starboard
2. Forward, Port, and Aft
3. Forward, Starboard, and Aft
4. Aft, Port, and Starboard
5. 360°

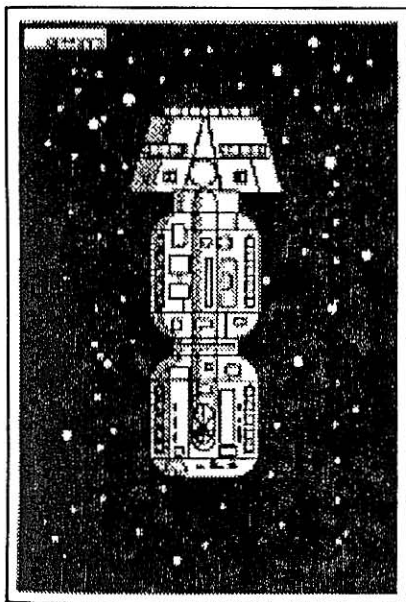
2. Finding the Number of Batteries That Will Bear

The number of weapon batteries that bear in a specific field of fire is up to the players. The following rules are guidelines to help the players design their spaceships. These rules also

presume that the weapon batteries are divided as evenly as possible around the ship. When spaceships have less than six bay mounted weapons and five turret mounted weapons, players may choose any field they wish for them to fire out of.

A. Spinal mounts and fixed forward batteries can only fire out the forward row of squares.

B. Bay mounted batteries - Divide the total number of each type of bay mounted battery by six. That is the number of each type that will bear in each field of fire group. When the number of bay mounted batteries is not divisible by six, the players may choose



where to place the odd number batteries.

C. Turret mounted batteries - Divide the total number of each type of turret mounted battery by five. That is the number of each type that will bear in each field of fire group. When the number of turret mounted batteries is not divisible by five, add the odd number batteries to the 360° field of fire.

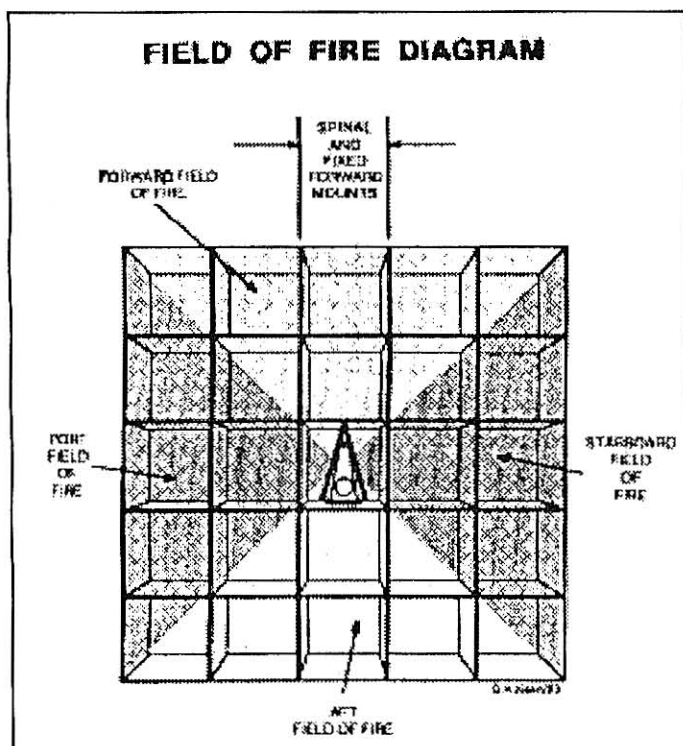
For example: The ED-15 Escort Destroyer (from the MegaTraveller source book, Ships of the Shattered Imperium) has three different types of weapons: Two 100-ton bay particle accelerators, four 50-ton bay missiles, and 60 triple turret beam lasers in 20 batteries. The particle accelerator bays and missile bays can be placed in any field group the player wishes because there are less than six bays of one type. Twenty laser batteries divided by five equal four. Four triple beam laser turrets will fire in each field of fire group.

Optional Facing Rules

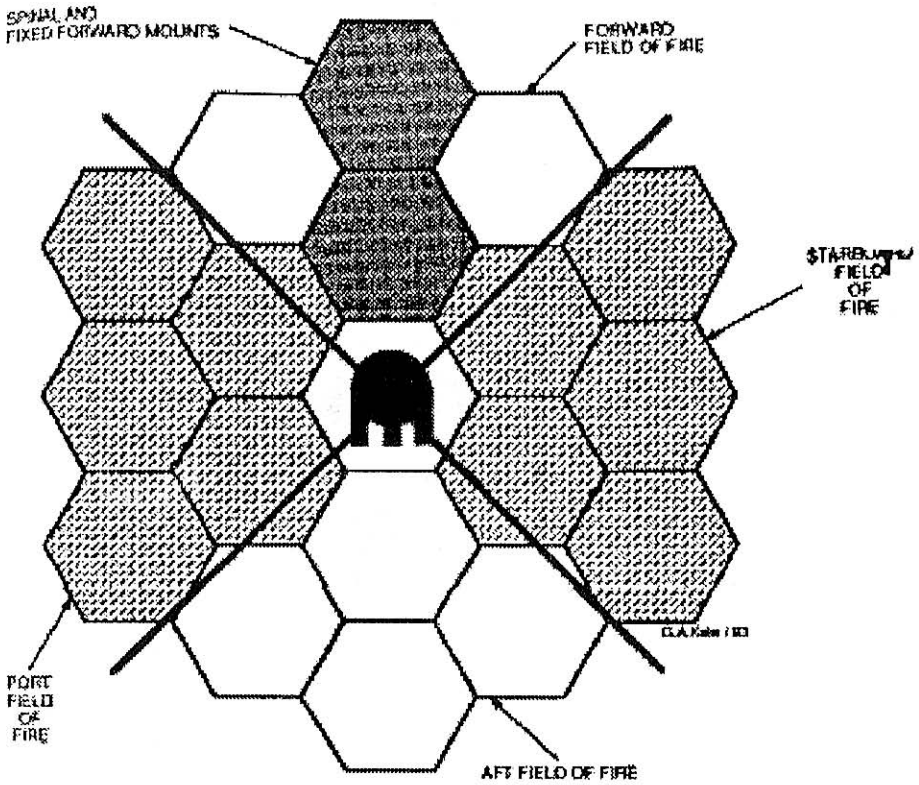
The optional facing rules do not affect the way spaceships move as described in the MegaTraveller Starship Combat Rules.

Spaceships are aligned to the square or hex grid at all times. Spaceships need to have a specific facing at the end of their movement.

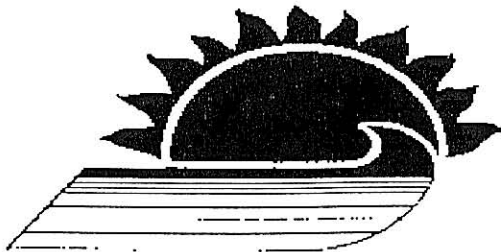
When spaceships enter the last square or hex of their movement, they are pointed in one of the four



FIELD OF FIRE DIAGRAM



possible directions for a square grid, or in one of the six possible directions for a hex grid. When all spaceships have moved, players determine which weapons can bear on possible targets. Combat and damage is conducted as described in the standard rules.



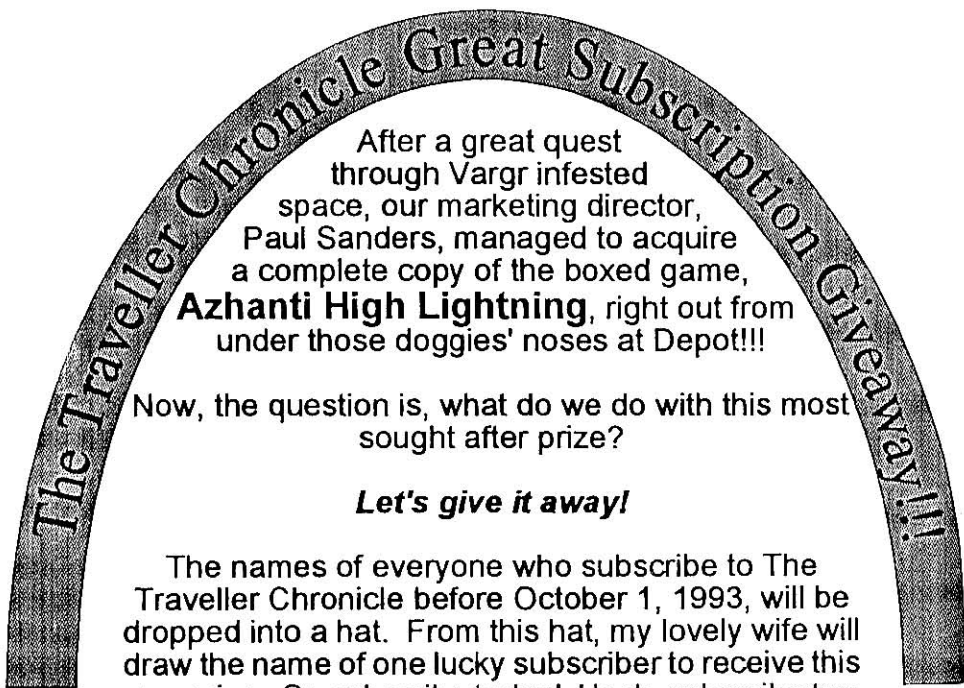
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The Traveller Chronicle

Astrogator's Update for Diaspora Sector

By Charles E. Gannon

*All the information left uncovered by Astrogator's Guide to
Diaspora Sector will now be revealed!*

And Much More!!!



After a great quest
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a complete copy of the boxed game,
Azhanti High Lightning, right out from
under those doggies' noses at Depot!!!

Now, the question is, what do we do with this most
sought after prize?

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