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## Dolores Aramia

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*“Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume  
Breaths a life of gathering doom  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.”*

*— We Three Kings*

People forget that faith has costs. It's *work* to be a true follower of any religion, and most people don't want to work. Fortunately for them, a few of you do. The Church of Jesus Christ of Later Day Saints will fight to preserve the Truth, through this god-forsaken age, until the world is ready to hear the Word once again.

For the last three years, your part in the fight has been to study the Rakeb, to learn how they received the Word. The appearance of the Rakeb sent shockwaves through the religious community, sparking debates about whether they have souls, what it means that God did not send Christ to speak with them, whether they suffered the burden of original sin. The Saints are confident in the answer to the first, and the third. The Rakeb have souls, and yearn towards the divine, perhaps more strongly than most humans do in this day and age. And they are not perfect, and live in the world, and so are stained with original sin. But what it means that Christ did not appear to them is a question that needed ... that *needs* ... further examination.

And so, from time to time, one of the Saints will go forth into the world, leaving the Dome on Mars to study the Rakeb, and seek for answers. You are the first to have actually traveled to Rakeb for this study, and you hope what you have learned will provide the Elders with great insights, to answer some of the questions presented by the Rakeb.

You spent your three years there with the Viruna collective, a group of Rakeb who have devoted their lives to studying and teaching their understanding of the nature of God, or perhaps gods. The Rakeb, all of them, worship the Aera, holy beings who appeared to the Rakeb in the beginning of their history and gave them great Gifts, to guide and protect the Rakeb through the ages. They clearly believe there were many Aera, not just one, but the multitude of Aera always act as one, unlike any of the polytheistic human religions. There is no distinction or individuality among them, and the Gifts all serve one greater purpose, to guide the race as a whole. It is as if the Rakeb received a thousand angels, rather than the single Son of God, to set them on their course.

One of the prime focuses of Rakeb theology is to reconcile the single purpose of the Aera with the splintered nature of their society, each collective seeking to gather as many of the Gifts as it can to forward its own particular ends. The dominant interpretation is something like a form of guided evolution, each collective serving a role in the greater plan. You admit that the details of the doctrine escaped you, but hopefully the Elders of the Temple will understand better when you bring what you have learned back to them.

Another large focus of their theology is on when and how it is proper to remove a Gift from its current owners. In human terms, when is it acceptable to steal. Rakeb society and history focuses on great thefts in a way that human history focuses on great wars. Perhaps that section of their theology had a greater effect on you than you had thought, because as you were leaving Rakeb, you committed a theft of your own.

You didn't start out planning to commit a theft. It's not unheard of for a Saint outside the Dome to receive dispensation to perform various acts which would otherwise be sins, in order to assist the Saints in surviving through this time of oppression, but you had not been sent on that sort of mission. You were only on an educational study program.

There had been a minor fuss in the news, shortly before you left, about the theft of a Rakeb prototype device for making Selenadium. You didn't pay it much mind, thefts happen a lot on Rakeb. But during the trip home, the Gift you had been asked to carry to Gima M'to Luni, a member of the Viruna collective based in the Solar System, trying to teach humans about the Aera, started to go crazy. You could feel it pulling you towards the luggage compartment, every time you walked past. . Eventually,

you spoke to one of the ship's Rakeb crewmen, and convinced him that the Gift *wanted* you to go into the luggage compartment, so it must be ok. He let you in, and you snuck around for a little while before grabbing the crate the Gift lead you to, and hauled it (quietly!) out.

When you reached your cabin, you opened it up. Inside was some antique piece of electronic equipment, and the Selenadium prototype! You hid them both under your bed, and the Gift stopped throbbing everytime you walked around the ship. When the ship reached Luna, you caught the first ship to Gaspra, where Gima M'to Luni was located, and have been here for about two weeks.

Since your arrival, you have met with Gima M'to Luni, and spoken with her about her concerns that there are Aeray Treasures here, in the Solar System, which should be found and treated with respect, instead of hidden away. You have to agree, and have said you will help her, and a friend of hers, K'w Suna Kruzo, in their efforts in that regard. You have yet to turn over the Gift to her, though. It has not beeped at all again, but perhaps it is meant for you. Or perhaps it has done what God intended for the Saints, and you should return it to the Viruna now. You really can't decide.

Perhaps you should talk to Kevin Tanenbaum about it. He's another member of the Saints, one who has been here on Gaspra for some time, and who has the dispensations to take drastic action, if necessary. He's the one who figured out that the parts you have are not, in fact, the entire Selenadium device, but only some of it. But the other parts are probably here on Gaspra, because you received an anonymous offer to sell you the other half, shortly after you arrived. At Kevin's instructions, you accepted, but the seller, whoever he might be, has not contacted you again. You aren't really clear on what the supermetal device would be used for, and you suspect Kevin's motivations. You would not want to be part of a device that could be used for great evil.

Kevin also has some other things that he wants you to help him with, to help make the Dome more self-supporting, and the Saints more secure. He's even arranged for a dispensation for you, in case he needs your help with some of the more violent aspects of his work. You're hoping it won't come to that, but if God wills, then it shall be so.

**Contacts**

- Gima M'to Luni (Ross Hatton): A helpful Rakeb spiritualist.
- K'w Suna Kruzo (Aaron Finck): A friend of Gima's
- Kevin Tanenbaum (Eddy Karat): A Saint undercover here on Gaspra.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- AWWWL - Rakeb
- Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Mars Colony

**Greensheets**

- Alien Runes - Hacking
- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out - Social Engineering 1
- Wound - Hacking 2
- Assist

**Items**

- Complex device of obscure purpose *Half of the manufacturing prototype.*
- very large amplifier *The prototype had been packed with this.*
- “Y” shaped sculpture *The Gift the Viruna sent to Gima*
- Mover Cart
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Alexi Auger

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Alright. You've sabotaged your freighter, got yourself stuck on Gaspra, and made contact with the Rakeb agents you're supposed to be working with. Now you need to find out whatever it is that they couldn't do on their own, do it for them, *and* find a two ton crate worth over a quarter million space bucks lest you be savagely hunted down and killed by a giant Mega-corp. Damn Cynthia anyway.

It's not that you haven't been in trouble before yourself. Sure, sometimes someone catches you with more of some cargo than you declared, or the cops have to roust you out of a bar brawl, or something. It happens. You get a good mouthpiece, pay the fine if you need to, and go on with your life. But you *don't*, what you *don't do* is get yourself *arrested by Aliens for trying to steal their damn holy artifacts, and sentenced to life imprisonment on a planet multiple lightyears from home.*

Of course, when you *do* get arrested and sentenced to life imprisonment, you don't hesitate to sell your only brother's services to your alien captors to get you out of it. No, you don't hesitate to do that at all. . . .

What can you do? She's family. The only family you've got, and you're going to get her back. If that means helping some pissant Rakeb martinet like Tor Hana Br't, well, that's what you'll do. Br't hasn't said a lot about what she needs, (you've only met her once since you both got onto station) but apparently she's looking for something that was being smuggled through the station, and maybe has a couple of other jobs for you, as well. Finding smuggled goods shouldn't be *so* hard, really. With any luck, Cynthia will be home for Christmas.

You just need to make sure that when she gets home, you'll still be in one piece. It's been a rough ride so far. Just getting to Gaspra was a challenge. Your part of the crew of a ship named the *Lady's Choice*, captained by a man named Randolph Burgess. You tried to persuade the Captain to stop at Gaspra (in fact, you'd been trying since you heard about the Gormanium deal—see below) but for some reason, he wouldn't do more than just pass near by it. Being desperate to get here and help your sister, you decided to take drastic measures and sabotage the engines to force an emergency landing. You realize that it is both bad business and bad luck to sabotage your boss's ship, but you had no choice. If you hadn't blown the drive, there's no way you would have gotten here. Besides, the Captain hasn't found out yet. You hope it stays that way.

Unfortunately, your plan partially backfired when the explosion spread to a fire in the hold that you hadn't counted on and the cargo was lost when the hold was explosively decompressed. Most of it was covered by insurance, of course, but the Gormanium shipment you were smuggling for PARC Astronomy isn't. The *Lady's Choice* was then towed to Gaspra by Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes, a local miner, who you're pretty sure didn't just happen to be in the area, as she emerged from the captain's cabin with him.

PARC Astronomy was pretty desperate to get that here in the first place. You were approached on Ganymede about getting the Gormanium out of there (more than China allows to be taken out in a single shipment, which is why it needed to be smuggled), and for very good pay too (20,000 space bucks in platinum). However, you turned them down, because you were going to Luna, not Gaspra, and try as you might Captain Burgess wouldn't be persuaded to stop at Gaspra. But when the mess with Cynthia came up, and you needed to be coming here anyway, you decided you might as well make some money out of this and went back and said sure, you could bring the Gormanium too.

You never told Burgess about the shipment. It's big, but not big enough to be a problem to smuggle on a ship you had ready access to. Besides, he made getting the stuff here a real pain, and if he finds out about it, he'll want a cut. Of course, all that's irrelevant now because venting the hold sent the Gormanium into space.

This shouldn't have been too much of a problem. It was well enough packed it won't have been damaged, and the damn

thing was big, big enough to be a pain to smuggle,<sup>1</sup> and you knew exactly where it got expelled from the hold, and the general direction and speed. You should have been able to find it easily when you went out looking for it a couple of hours ago. But it wasn't there.

Which has to mean that someone picked it up. Hopefully it was someone on their way into the station, and not out. You need to find it, get it back, and deliver it to PARC. Your Rakeb "friend" might be able to help you find it. Or you might be able to get help from the local PARC people, but then you'd have to explain that you lost it. That much Gormansium's worth over a quarter million space bucks and it's PARC Astronomy property. If they think you walked with it (and they will if they don't get it), you're a dead man. Maybe you could placate them by paying for it, but where are you going to find that kind of cash?

If you can't find the Gormansium and can't come up with a fortune on a week's notice, maybe you should try to get on the next ship to Vircus, to join Cynthia in her jail cell. That's how far you'd need to go to run from a screw up of this magnitude.

### Goals

- Make contact with Tor Hana Br't as soon as possible and find out what she wants you to do.
- Accomplish Tor Hana Br't's tasks for her so as to get Cynthia released.
- Track down the crate of Gormansium and get it to PARC Astronomy.
- If you can't manage that, find as much money as possible and try to make ammends with PARC Astronomy as best you can.

### Contacts

- Randolph Burgess (Joe Foley): The captain of the *Lady's Choice*. Better not let him find out you were responsible for the damage to the ship.
- Alicia Downs (Chana Greene): The other member of the crew, she seems to have about as checkered a past as you do.
- Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes (Susan Dorsher): Woman from the station who the captain with at the time. You think it might be an illicit affair, which might be useful to you.
- Tor Hana Br't (Ariel Segall): The Rakeb who's extorting your services as a smuggler in exchange for your sister's freedom.
- Sasha Nacherad (Daniel Bates): A PARC Astronomy researcher who is supposed to be receiving the Gormansium.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): By reputation, a fellow who may be able to help you locate your missing crate of Gormansium if you're willing to cut him in on the deal.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): The waitress at the diner is always a good person to talk to when you drop by Gaspra and want the latest local news.

### Memory/Event Packets

- none

### Bluesheets

- none

### Greensheets

- Social Engineering
- Hacking

### Abilities

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Pickpocket
- Mechanical Engineering
- Social Engineering 1
- Hacking 2

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<sup>1</sup>It's 20 hand bulky.

**Items**

- Gun
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## Joseph Birnbaum

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*“When some wild-eyed, eight-foot-tall maniac grabs your neck, taps the back of your favorite head up against the barroom wall, looks you crooked in the eye and asks you if you paid your dues, you just stare that big sucker right back in the eye, and you remember what ol’ Jack Burton always says at a time like that: ‘Have you paid your dues, Jack?’ ‘Yessir, the check is in the mail.’”*

*— Big Trouble in Little China*

You were born on Harmony Station, which was once the most prestigious place in Earth’s orbit. You spent a few years in the UN Reserve Corps on Earth. You worked for a year as a pilot on Luna, the first colonized non-terrestrial object. And now you live on Gaspra, which was once the most prestigious spot in the asteroid belt. You’ve spent your whole life moving from one prestigious shithole to the next.

Here on Gaspra, you mine the asteroid belt. This is more of a pastime than a job, really — you do it because you enjoy it, because it brings in some spending money, because it gets you time outside this can of a space station. You enjoy a good drink in the bar, and talking to the random people who have layovers here. But you get most of your income from smuggling.

People on Gaspra (at least the one’s that know you) call you “Molybdenum Joe.” This is all Bob’s fault. Robert “Titanium Bob” Spencer is a good friend of yours. He’ll tell you how he once brought in an asteroid made of solid titanium. He’ll tell you it’s his claim to fame. It doesn’t really matter that the rock wasn’t even worth that much, or that no one outside of the barroom, not to mention no one outside of Gaspra, has ever heard of “Titanium Bob.” Bob came up with the idea of calling you Molybdenum Joe over quite a few beers, and the joke has mostly stuck. He is your best friend, after all.

Another best friend is, well, was Aluminum Ned. Ned Staples, christened Aluminum Ned by the renowned Titanium Bob, was found yesterday, shot over a dozen times. Ned was about your age (a good deal younger than Bob), and had some serious connections to a mercenary pirate crew named Chernabog. He liked excitement. You’d bet that had something to do with his death. Finding out what happened to Ned, and possibly “setting things right,” as Bob has said, would be a good thing. It was good knowing you, Ned; here’s to you.

You, Bob, and Ned (up until his death, of course) operate a small smuggling ring out of Gaspra. Business should be brisk over the next few days, given how much of Gaspra is likely to be interested in moving illicit goods to and from the station before the press corps of doom shows up. And regular business may still be strong; every shuttle or so, you pick up a collection of smaller illicit items (mostly small-time contraband) and fence them to the various corporate interests on Gaspra. The corps can find buyers, and both you and them profit from the venture.

Speaking of corporations, you’ve been doing regular contract work with NWFusion Incorporated for about the last year. It’s been a reasonably profitable venture. Two weeks ago, they needed you to get them a most unusual item. It seems a group of pirates calling themselves Blue Flame had captured an United European Community Intelligence (UECI) spy. They had him cryofrozen and boxed up, and were trying to sell him to the highest bidder. Of course, they were ignoring any bids from governments or other organizations that might actually want the guy — it was more of a prestige sort of thing, mocking the Europeans. So talked to Ned, who talked to his pirate buddies, who talked to friends of theirs, and so forth, to get the guy purchased and shipped to Gaspra. You have no idea what NWFusion Incorporated wants with a cryofrozen spy, but they told you to keep quiet about it. And you intend to. You don’t mind breaking laws, but you don’t need either a major intrastellar corporation nor the UECI bearing down on you, much less both.

First things first, track down who killed Ned. Then figure out how you can make money smuggling things on and off the station. Don’t be afraid to “lose” something until someone helps you refresh your memory. And keep track of Robert, He will probably need your help.

**Contacts**

- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): Your friend Titanium Bob.
- Dr. Nick Varakas (Antonio Vincente): One of your contacts at NWFusion Incorporated. Also a doctor with a bit of an experimental streak. A couple of years ago, he offered you a bionic hand in payment for a batch of electronics he wanted. Your left wrist had given you trouble for years because of an old injury, so you took him up on the offer. While it's not the marvel you thought a bionic hand might be, it did mean your wrist stopped hurting every time the pressure changed, and it's done wonders for your dart game. You can even throw knives again without putting yourself in pain for a week.
- Jeff Labonte (Clint Lohse): The NWFusion Incorporated "laboratory manager", who had you buy that cryofrozen UECI spy for them.
- D'o Lika Mim (Kevin Chen): Another employee of NWFusion Incorporated, and fellow patient of Nick.
- Arthur Winslow (Alya Asarina): Milton Salt executive, big into acquiring interesting things to ship home.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- "Richard L. Kennedy"

**Bluesheets**

- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Contacts
- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Bionic wrist implant
- Contact: "Guy at the Docks"
- Knife-Throwing
- Social Engineering 1

**Items**

- Gun
- 2027 Single Malt Scotch (15667)
- Throwing Knife
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 3
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Tor Hana Br't

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*“Opportunity is not a lengthy visitor.”*

*— Into the Woods, Stephen Sondheim*

Ten days. Not very long to pull off the biggest scam since Mara and the Egg of Trakar.<sup>1</sup> Especially when you lost your best card just after you got here.

The Ha'thra collective, your collective, was one of the major forces behind the first contact with Terra and the Humans, and the creation of the RT-drive. You own and operate four of the FTL ships that travel between Sol and Vircus, more than any other collective. But with success has come caution. The current generation of leaders are not the daring go-getters of 50 years ago, when the drive and the FTL ships were new.

Indeed, they are sufficiently cautious that they originally refused to be involved in PARC Astronomy's plan to design an FTL ship to seek out other habitable stars. You were in favor of the collaboration, but your voice does not count as highly as others in the Ha'thra leadership. You are only what the Humans call a “people person,” someone who speaks for the collective in making negotiations and alliances, not an engineer or one who studies the gifts. And so the initial opportunity was lost.

But two years ago, when the Navigator, PARC Astronomy's ship, was first publicly announced, one of the younger, promising scientists in the collective, Qat Tyn Izit, began agitating for a chance to work on the project. You provided him with what behind the scenes assistance you could (you're not certain he even realized you were involved, he isn't part of the leadership of the collective at all), and he was eventually allowed to go to Sol to work on the Navigator. It seemed a small, but promising step in the direction of keeping the Rakeb on par with the Humans, despite the rest of your collective's lack of interest in the project.

They became interested quickly enough three months ago, when Qat Tyn Izit sent a report back saying that the Navigator appeared to be noticeably faster than the standard RT-drive is. That kind of advance could damage Ha'thra interests, and you are contractually entitled to be informed of any such advance, when it is made. It was determined that one of the collective leaders needed to come to Terra to address the issue with the human governments who had made you that promise. After some maneuvering, you were selected as the one to go.

In addition to dealing with the RT-drive issue, they also directed you to bring several samples of various foodstuffs and medicines that they are considering as potential exports to the Humans. You are to find a corporation to analyze these items, and bring the results back to the collective. (While Ha'thra's own laboratories have determined that none of these substances should be toxic to Humans, there are many more subtle possible problems that the Humans will be more familiar with and better prepared to analyze.)

Travelling to Earth was an opportunity you had long been seeking, for reasons utterly divorced from your position as a member of the Ha'thra collective. It has been clear to you for years that negotiating with the Humans as individual collectives is a process that will, in time, destroy the Rakeb. You need a united front to present to the Humans, a government of Rakeb larger than the individual collectives are, or could ever be. Although most Rakeb have never even thought about the matter, there are a few of you who have gathered together to pursue this goal, calling yourselves Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians. It's not an organization you want to advertise membership in, as many Rakeb would regard a government as trying to speak for collectives you don't belong to, and a capital crime...

Still, the Ha'thra are not the only collective who were guaranteed access to advances in FTL travel. The formation of those agreements were one of the few times when the Rakeb did face down the Humans as a race, and force concessions. Your contacts in Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians indicate that none of you were informed of PARC Astronomy's breakthrough, placing the governments of Earth in violation of their treaties. As PARC Astronomy is a European company, the European Union

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<sup>1</sup>Mara and the Egg of Trakar is a Rakeb legend about a woman who sold the same ordinary egg to four different collectives for each one's most precious Gift.

is the one who must be confronted on this matter. Your goal on coming here was to make contact with the European's, and pressure them into both correcting their error, and making sure they contact Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians in the future, when issues concerning the Rakeb arise.

On arrival, however, you discovered that contacting the Earth governments and establishing yourself as a force to be dealt with to them may have to wait for another day. Qat has in fact been provided with most of the information regarding the faster FTL drive, although he says some of the research is not actually complete. It wasn't provided by the Europeans, though, and hasn't been provided to anyone else. If you can get that information and provide it to the other collectives, you will begin to establish the value of Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians in dealing with the Humans. Qat does not know about Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians, of course, so you'll have to keep him from realizing what you want the research for. Fortunately, he seems somewhat cowed by your presence, and concerned that you might pull him out of the project completely. You can't think how that would help anything, but as long as he's concerned you might pull him, you should be able to get his assistance in getting the technical information regarding the drive, although he says PARC Astronomy does not have the capability to analyze the biologicals for you.

There is also one other member of Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians here on the station, Y'm Liki Ot, who has been working on other matters of importance to your goals. Unfortunately, he does not seem to have been terribly successful. He was to have shipped a kidnapped engineer, an American working on a project to build space-based battleships, to Vircus, but appears to have mislaid him. He also has not located "the Green Dragon", a Rakeb who has spied for the Humans. You want to find out who the spies he worked with were, so that Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians can try to track them down and either spy on them in turn, or recruit some of them to your side.

You have another "assistant" while you're here, as well. Shortly before you left Vircus, a Human was caught trying to steal one of the Gifts. The collective with control of the Gift, the Sa'ai'd, was uncertain what to do with her, as she did not have a collective to ransom her back, and simply killing a Human out of hand would likely upset the other Humans. When they asked her what *she* thought they should do with her, she said her brother would be happy to do whatever they wanted, if they released her. The Sa'ai'd had no use for an agent on Earth, but one of the Sa'ai'd who is a member of Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians has arranged for him to provide you with assistance for the duration of your stay. Having a human guide will likely be of assistance in achieving your goals. You have spoken with him briefly since you arrived, and he seems to know a fair amount about smuggling on the station. Perhaps he will be able to locate the battlecruiser engineer. And hopefully he will be useful with your other projects as well.

### Contacts

- Alexi Auger (Colin Dillard): The young Human whose sister trespassed against the Sa'ai'd, and who has been . . . asked . . . to assist you in exchange for her release.
- Y'm Liki Ot (Jamie Morris): The other Rakeb on Gaspra who is part of the Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians, but with whom you are not personally acquainted.
- Qat Tyn Izit (Sie Hendrata Dharmawan): Another member of your own Ha'thra collective who has been on Gaspra for the last nine months working with PARC Astronomy on their exploratory mission, and is the source of your information on the recent advances in FTL technology.

### Memory/Event Packets

- Brefa Hak Joru
- "Vkarnod"
- "Viruna"

### Bluesheets

- Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians
- Rakeb

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Social Engineering 1

**Items**

- 4000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Javier Brancato

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*“Harry didn’t think that he did a very good job, so he grabbed the nearest thing to hand, which just so happened to be a fifteen-inch black rubber cock, and proceeded to beat poor old Smithy to death with. And that was seen as a nice way to go. Now, that, is why you pay Hatchet Harry, when you owe.”*

*— Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*

You’re never going to drink another drop in your life. Because when you drink, you act like a big man. And when you act like a big man, you get stupid. And when you get stupid, you lose money. You don’t have any more money to lose.

“Deal of a lifetime! What could go wrong?” you say. Fuck that. Everything. You had a nice business going. Buying things and selling things. Illegal things, but nothing like this. You worked for a bunch of the corps, bringing controlled substances into their labs, covering up “personnel issues” and generally taking your cut of the action. The corp stayed clean, the dirty work got done, and you made money.

But this time you were going to make a whole lot of money. Zandyne, one of the corps you do a lot of business with, has been planning to sell some land it owns on Mars to the Jerval Corp. Zandyne’s getting scammed, and you can prove it.

You got a lead on a major hacker job pulled on the Jerval Corp. Apparently while someone was in their mainframe, pulling a copy of their secret religious texts to post to Usenet, they also grabbed a bunch of mining surveys. The hackers weren’t particularly interested in the surveys, except that you found out they show a much different picture of the area around the Jerval dome than the current surveys that Zandyne has on file. Zandyne seems to have gotten doctored surveys, showing the area as much less attractive for mining than it really is.

Of course, this doesn’t have any thing to do with Gaspra or with you, but as you always say, “insert the middleman and pass the profit on to me!” The Zandyne people here on Gaspra seem cool with giving you a bunch of money for this (negotiable but likely a couple bars of platinum) But you needed \$10k of seed money to make it happen.<sup>1</sup> As long as you were telling them you were a crime boss and had all your shit together you couldn’t very well ask them to front you that kind of money. But you needed to figure something out by Monday, when the information would be coming to Gaspra and you could make the pickup.

Luckily, this Prince Darien Paxton guy came onto the scene. Prince Darien Paxton is Mafia from Earth, though most people don’t realize that. He is the son of the owner, and is trying to set himself up as heir of Gaspra. You think he got in some kind of trouble back home, which is why he is out in this backwater. But he has quite a wad of cash.

You heard from one of your people on the docks that Darien was going to be coming in, so you were there to meet him. You built yourself up a bit, and took him out on the town, as much as is possible on this station. Hopefully you can keep yourself in his good graces, because he is likely to be the big man around here, at least for a while. And like his father, he will probably get bored and go home, and be looking for someone to put in charge.

The best way to be in charge when he leaves is to get in charge as soon as possible and stay there. The old Minister of Security (Jacob Canning) is dead, so obviously someone is going to have to pick a new one. That will probably be Darien, and you want to get him to pick you. Shouldn’t be so hard, if you stay in his good graces.

While you were hanging around with Darien, you told him about this job you had, and said you were a bit “overextended”. He said he could spot you the cash if you cut him in on the action a bit, so you agreed to pay him \$15k on Thursday for \$10k today. You need to make sure he gets his money. Or convince him to like you for some other reason. You can’t just kill him, because his Daddy would come down on you like a ton of bricks followed by a tactical nuclear weapon.

As it stands, you lost \$3,900 last night after Darien went home. Of course it was quite a party, but you can’t afford to party

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<sup>1</sup>The \$10k is to pay off the people delivering the original maps to you, so you can show Zandyne. They show up on station on Monday. If you can’t give them the \$10k then, it’s another \$500 per day “storage charges” for a later pickup. (No charge for game break, so \$10.5k Wednesday, \$11k Thursday, etc.)

like that. And now you need another \$3,900 to make the pickup on Monday. That's a lot of work, at regular profit margins, but you might be able to make it.

Fortunately, you do have one job pending that should make you a good part of that money. PARC Astronomy needed some biological supplies for the life support system of their new spaceship, and you arranged for them to "fall off a truck" (a LieselCorp truck, in fact), and have them ready to turn over. The agreed upon payment was \$2000, only half of what you need. But you figure it's worth a shot to tell them that you "encountered additional difficulties" and now you need \$4000. If they go for it, your set. If not, you should probably take as much as you can get and get working on some smaller deals.

**Contacts**

- Prince Darien Paxton (Rickland): The new kid on the block. If you can stay his friend, he will take you places.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): Someone else on the station good at acquiring things. Often you handle corporate requests while she handles individual ones, but these things can change.
- Priscilla Spencer (Diane Christoforo): A Zandyne VP, just off the shuttle from Earth, she's the best person there to talk to about getting paid for the mining survey – the flunkies there you usually deal with don't handle anything this big or unexpected, and the technical staff, Keisha Saunders and James Cortland, generally only deal with you when you're bring them lab equipment.
- Sasha Nacherad (Daniel Bates): Your contact at PARC.
- Arthur Winslow (Alya Asarina): At Milton Salt. Buys lots of stuff. Thinks he is a big man.
- Jeff Labonte (Clint Lohse): At NWFusion, Jeff is in charge, and everyone knows it. A dangerous guy.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Contacts
- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Pickpocket
- Hide Weapon
- Contact: Asa
- Contact: Fidel
- Contact: Kay
- Contact: Mallory
- Contact: Jarod
- Contact: "Guy in a Lab"
- Social Engineering 3

**Items**

- Gun
- Biotech Supplies
- 8100 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 3
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Randolf Burgess

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*“If I’m walking into a shit storm I wanna know which way the wind’s blowing.”*

*— Nathan Muir, Spy Game*

You were a spy on Gaspra before it was fashionable. Even before the Ganymede colony, you were working for the US here. You watched the comings and going of aliens, and kept a low profile. During the Mafia years, you worked as a handler, feeding information home about organized crime activities. You ran agents inside the Mafia as well as double agents with various other countries and megacorps. You were probably the first human spy to turn a Rakeb against his collective.

Of course, those were the good old days. Plenty of funding and a license to kill. The money dried up as those sheep back home started turning their backs on the world. The population was too fat, dumb, and happy to stay involved in external affairs. You and your kind had done your job too well for too long. It was a sad day when the CIA closed its doors.

Of course, the US still needs intelligence. And you are still patriotic and loyal to your country. You do a lot of work for people who act in the best interests of America. Some of them are people you know from before, and some not. They pay in cash and you don’t ask too many questions. You have even done a bit of work that you were pretty sure had nothing to do with the US, just to make ends meet. Of course, you still refuse to knowingly hurt your homeland.

You still call it home, but really space is home. After living for 30 years on Gaspra, you couldn’t deal with the open spaces and huge crowds of Earth for anything more than a week’s vacation. Which is just fine with you.

Except that three years ago you found yourself unwelcome on Gaspra. Not that anyone caught you in an act of espionage; you are still too good for that. No, the Engineering Minister, Joruri Fuwa, caught you in one of her machine rooms with Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes, in a compromising position. Of course, it got blown way out of proportion when you tried to cover it up. Before you knew it, Joruri was accusing you of trying to blow up the station for your own evil purposes. And then the Security Minister, Jacob Canning, got in on the act and made his own coverup. It was a horrendous mess. Somewhere in the shuffle Anabelle’s involvement was forgotten. But you found yourself very unwelcome on the station, and took the first shuttle out, which was headed to Mars.

After a few close calls in the Mars/Luna circuit (what spy likes to travel on short notice? It’s such a bother to keep track of where one is a criminal and what kind of identification devices are used at which ports this year) you got into possession of a salvage (more accurately pirate) vessel on the Moon. Cheating at cards is a valuable skill.

All this time you had been wanting to get back together with Anabelle. You must admit, you idealized her just a bit in your mind, but she is still wonderful, capable and beautiful. So you headed back out to the Belt to do a bit of salvage.

Out in the Belt, you pretended to be a lowlife pirate (not that hard), a threat to unarmed miners and research labs and the like. Of course, what you actually did, while you blundered about the area, was to quietly do the same kind of espionage work you always have. A lot of useful information can be gained from watching shipping traffic and knowing where the hiding places are. Of course sometimes you would take down a ship or two, just for appearance’s sake. Being a pirate was kind of a fun trip.

Every couple of months you pass near enough to Gaspra for Anabelle to come out and meet you for a romantic interlude. The most recent time you did this, you two were involved in your cabin when the emergency sirens started flipping out. You both got into suits and headed out to see what the trouble was. There was a big fire in the hold combined with an engine failure. You had to space the hold, which was unfortunate. The engine failure meant the Anabelle had to tow you back to the station on her rock hopper. You tried to pass it off as she just having heard your distress call, but you don’t think her husband, Calvin Hobbes, is buying it. That was yesterday.

You suspect that some of your crew were involved in the fire and the engine problems. Most of them are scum you picked up. Maybe that was a bit sloppy of you. You should find out who was responsible and why. If the why is interesting enough, you

might even keep them alive. At least long enough to make some money off of it. Of course, you wouldn't want to kill anyone who was innocent. A good place to start looking is to track down your spaced cargo and see what precisely you were carrying, in particularly what you were carrying that you didn't know about.

In the decompression you lost one interesting piece of cargo, Research Device 22x (10727). This is an important piece of military technology. You were planning to sell it to Arthur Winslow, a representative of Milton Salt on Gaspra. It should earn you about \$20k. However, now you have to track down who has it and get it back.

Once you got to Gaspra, Jones mentioned that Jacob (the Security Minister) had been killed. Too bad for him, but good for you. Joruri doesn't have enough of a spine to keep you off the station or otherwise make trouble for you. So you are good with being on the station for a while.

Anabelle also clued you in to her recent exploits. Seems she dragged home a non-Rakeb alien artifact which has the whole system in an uproar. And now the press are on their way to Gaspra, which is both a challenge and an opportunity for you.

Gaspra looks like it is going to be an interesting place, at least until the media get here in 10 days. If you find the right places to "help," you should be able to make quite a bit of money. This seems like the opportunity you have been waiting for to cash out.

You want to not be here when the media shows up, with at least \$100k in your pocket, preferably closer to \$200k, headed somewhere on a shuttle, with a new valid identity<sup>1</sup>. The best thing would be to take Anabelle with you, and have a new identity for her too. And of course, this whole thing would not work out well if anyone powerful enough to trace you were trying to hunt you and knew you had started at Gaspra. So make sure there is no one left looking for you, one way or another.

### Contacts

- Alexi Auger (Colin Dillard): One of your crewmembers. Generally a good guy, able bodied spacer. Done his share of piracy, but also plenty of legitimate work.
- Alicia Downs (Chana Greene): The third member of your crew, also amiable to occasional piracy. She signed on with you about two months ago.
- Chandra Moore (Beth Baniszewski): Luna spy working on the station. You help set up her cover about a year ago.
- Arthur Winslow (Alya Asarina): Head of the Gaspra office of Milton Salt Industrial Technologies. Has delusions of grandeur. Always willing to take interesting research tech off your hands.
- Li Tsing (David Kern): Chinese superspy. If he is here there is a problem that needs fixing. Make sure you aren't the problem.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): Local lowlife and fixer on the station. A good person to make tell you what's going on these days.
- James Nyberg (Tony Camire): The new straight-edged Trade Minister. You liked the old one better. Nothing beats a bribable official. This one probably has a weakness though.
- Prince Darien Paxton (Rickland): Crown Prince. Ha. He's here because he fucked up something and Daddy (himself a big mafiso) didn't want him around. But he does have a big pile of money. You can't kill him though, because Daddy would definitely be pissed.

### Memory/Event Packets

- Badge #623
- "The Green Dragon"

### Bluesheets

- none

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<sup>1</sup>You should be able to look someone up on Gaspra who can help you out with that, if its anything like the old days.

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering

- Torture

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist

- Restrain
- Social Engineering 3
- Torture Question

**Items**

- Gun
- Knife
- Projectile Shield

- Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynt*
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0

- Delta: 0

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## Amalinda Camert

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*“The love of liberty is the love of others; the love of power is the love of ourselves.”*

— William Hazlitt

George. That’s George Klein. Did he see you? You don’t think so, not yet. But *why* is he here on Gaspra? When you “died”, nine years ago, you were never going to see him again – the one sacrifice for the cause you’ve ever considered regretting. Oh, you never lost track of him, of course – and once his band, “Disaster Zone” hit the big time, you could hardly not have noticed him – but that was nostalgia, habit even. It wasn’t until you saw him step off a shuttle on Gaspra this morning that you realized just how much you still love him.

Yet if you had to decide all over again, the red planet – the hope of freedom for an entire world – would still win. Sasha could no more drag you away now than George could then, though you’ve been nearly a decade in exile.

Sasha. Sasha Nacherad. He’s so totally unlike George, solid and serious where George was wild and carefree, yet it often seems to you that you love them for all the same reasons – intensity, determination, passion, a desire to test all the limits life seems to set, and of course, love for the world you call home, no matter how far away you may wander.

You were eight the first time you marched in a Free Mars rally without your parents; you were thirteen the first time you spoke at one; you were fifteen when you built your first bomb, and when you met George. You and he clicked instantly, best friends and co-conspirators. Whether you were going out for milkshakes or to sabotage a corporate shuttle, you were together. Well, except for some of the higher-level Free Mars meetings: fifteen was a late start in Free Mars, where most of you were in from the cradle, and George was Earthborn to boot. You always brought his ideas in though, however mad, and made sure they got consideration and he got credit – and saw surprisingly many of them put into action to good effect. When the assassination attempts began, though, . . . you hadn’t realized how much of a leader you’d become, a high-profile target. The first few looked like accidents, and you two survived on quick thinking and a little luck. The sniper, though, that was no accident. George was away that week with his family, so you never even had a chance to talk to him about it, but the others said that was best. Nathalie Boudreaux<sup>1</sup> would become a martyr to the cause; George would be hurt but he couldn’t have left with you anyway, that would be too obvious. Amalinda Camert would appear, just one more miner in the Belt, so you’d be able to keep working for your home world, albeit in a much quieter role. And so, six years after you met George, six years in which he was the center of your life, you disappeared from his without a word. Dead, as far as he knew.

Gaspra was a shock, at first. Tiny. Strange. Dying. The gravity was wrong – you’re not Earthborn, but you weren’t a spacer, either, before you came here. It’s grown on you, though. It’s not what it was in its prime, to be sure, but it’s stable, independent, and loved. Oh, it has more than its share of scum and transients – yourself included, if you want to be really fair – but the people who call Gaspra home are every bit as attached to the place as you are to Mars, and have no intent of letting their home slip into the dustbin of history. It can never be home to you, but you try to be a considerate guest, and help out when you can.

Your first few months on Gaspra were rough, trying to establish yourself, learn your way around, find your contacts. You were still stumbling some when Titanium Bob decided to “adopt” you. He’s a good teacher; you learned a lot about mining – and a lot about drinking – fast. It wasn’t until after the first time you drank him under the table that he let you know that he was also with Free Mars. If his hangover hadn’t been so bad, you’d’ve belted him one. You still wonder occasionally if he’d ever have told you if you hadn’t had a good head for liquor. You’ve worked together well since then, though, coordinating schedules and contacts so you’ve always got someone on the station in case of emergency (not that there are many emergencies for Free Mars way out here), but keeping your contacts carefully separate. You were lonely, though; Bob’s a great drinking buddy when he’s around, but you don’t see him all that often, and he’s old enough to be your father. (Literally. His niece is supposed to arrive on station any day now, and she’s about your age.) So when you met a cute new scientist from PARC Astronomy while looking for

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<sup>1</sup>Your birth name.

a buyer for your latest asteroid, you made a point of running into him again a couple of days later at Marlene's diner. You didn't expect to go anywhere – you just thought it'd be fun.

That was four years ago; the last three of those you and Sasha having been living together. You don't see Sasha nearly so much as you'd like, what with you being off station half the time and him working sixty hour weeks even when PARC isn't especially busy, but the time you do spend together is dear to you. His enchantment with the stars brings your hope back when politics and homesickness get you down, and your awareness of the political realities of the system help him keep his feet on the ground. You even manage to help each other out occasionally – your contacts or Bob's are often a faster route to getting materials PARC needs than the official channels, while Sasha's computer skills have occasionally proven invaluable to you, enough so that last year he was deemed to be "officially" on-board as part of Free Mars despite being a Earthborn and a field recruit.

You're going to need his help this week with the LieselCorp mess. You tracked down Mike Smith easily enough, but he wasn't the least receptive to the notion of "forgetting" his illicit data deliveries for a week (and cutting off the official ones, but that seemed not to be the issue), even in exchange for a substantial sum of money. You'd just launched some of your best rhetoric (you're distressingly out of practice) when he decided to cut and run. So much for doing things politely. You shot him, took his access card, data disks, and cash chit, then packed his body onto your asteroid hopper and dumped it a couple of days out from Gaspra. He was supposed to be going to Ganymede, so you should have a few days yet before his absence is noticed, but then you may need to pull some fancy tricks (or offer some good bribes) to keep the local LieselCorp office from shutting down his accounts before you can get Sasha in to hack into their Mars satellite network. The window of opportunity is short.

And then . . . well, when the media arrives, you're going to have to leave. You were too well known, too visible, nine years ago on Mars before you died as Nathalie Boudreaux – someone in the press corps is sure to recognize you. You're not sure where you'll go yet – not Mars, not out of the system – but it'll be time to bid Gaspra farewell. At least this time you'll get to say goodbye to Sasha, who'll surely want to stay to see PARC's Navigator off. And perhaps before you go you'll even have a chance to apologize to George, and explain, and say goodbye.

### Contacts

- George Klein (Philip Tan): Your past love, who you had to leave on Mars 9 years ago for both your sakes.
- Sasha Nacherad (Daniel Bates): Your current love, and as of a year ago a field recruit into Free Mars, not that he hadn't been a great help before then. Competent computer hacker and good in a fight.
- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): A local miner who "adopted" you as a daughter. He helped you learn the ropes about mining. He's also part of Free Mars. His buddy Aluminum Ned was just found dead, unfortunately, so he and Molybdenum Joe may be a bit distracted.
- Mike Smith (Andrew Twyman): The LieselCorp employee you killed, who was hacking their system and selling the data.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): In addition to the best breakfast to be found on Gaspra, Marlene serves up much of the gossip. If you need to know something, she can probably find it out for you, for the right price.
- Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes (Susan Dorsher): She's a loner from the point of view of the rest of the miners, which is to say she doesn't go out drinking with them – quite natural given she's got a family to go home to. Her husband, Calvin Hobbes, is doubtless the senior spy on the station, but you're still not sure who he reports to.
- James Nyberg (Tony Camire): You're told he came here planning to be a miner, but couldn't take the solitude. Being Trade Minister and the casino manager is likely a more lucrative profession in any case. He's a much fairer man than you would have expected to find in his position on this station.

### Memory/Event Packets

- "Richard L. Kennedy"

### Bluesheets

- Free Mars
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering
- Torture
- Hacking

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Social Engineering 1
- Torture Question
- Hacking 3

**Items**

- Gun
- Knife
- Computer Disk
- LieselCorp Identification Card
- Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynt*
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 3
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## James Cortland

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*Mad, is it? Mad? I ask you—Is...This...The work of a madman?  
Cerebus couldn't say—sixteen-foot paperweights aren't ordinarily regarded as proof of sanity*

A cylinder that grows and shrinks from the size of a pencil to the size of an I-beam, increasing and decreasing its mass as it goes. A circle, one foot around - if you drop an item into it, it disappears, until you turn the circle upside down and it falls out - only one item at a time, and no idea where they go to. A sphere that absorbs nearby electromagnetic radiation, generating an active “darkness” field. You’ve examined nearly every “Aeray Gift” that’s been brought to Earth, and learned a great deal in the process. Not about the “Gifts”, which are totally inscrutable, but about the Rakeb. You’re coming to understand why the average Rakeb is so fucked in the head.

Not that you could say so in public, of course. In public, James Cortland, one of the leading human experts on the Rakeb - Rakeb Culture, Rakeb Technology, Rakeb Biology, anything about the Rakeb - can't be heard to say that the Rakeb are crazy green freaks, culturally devastated by the interference of some alien race thousands of years ago. But they are. And they reek, too.

It wasn't what you expected to find when you started studying them. You were going to foster understanding between the races, bring about a new golden age, all that folderol that young men are prone to believing. That idealism crumbled fast when you faced reality.

The Rakeb are a mad hodgepodge of independent collectives with no governing structure at all. They are guided in all their major actions by cryptic interpretations of “the Gifts,” a process which employs all the worst aspects of Tarot Reading, Astrology, and Phrenology. Yet they take the Gifts’ “directions” completely seriously. They're loons. *Dangerous* loons.

Oh, individually, they can be alright. Except for the smell. But as a culture, they're completely uninterpretable to Humans. And while the gifts don't really have any divine inspiration to impart, they *do* give the Rakeb the ability to periodically make huge technological advances, with little warning and no chance for Humanity to keep up. They're a danger to all of Humankind, and you tried to tell people that.

But you quickly learned that people didn't want to hear that the Rakeb were a danger. Most people, the ones who haven't studied the matter, still believe the fantasies you believed in your youth, that Humans and Rakeb can get along and become one happy, unified culture. So you mastered your own version of Tarot Reading, pontificating about how the Rakeb think and predicting what they are going to do next. In time, you mastered the technology and biology of the Rakeb, as well as their culture, the better to know your enemy, so you will be ready once they reveal their true face to the world.

For the past five years, you've been working for Zandyne Corporation, as a vice-president in their Vircan Import/Export division. Eight months ago, Keisha Saunders made the discovery of a lifetime. An ancient alien artifact, here in the solar system. It wasn't recognized at once, of course; months passed before she found a second one and asked enough questions that someone realized just what one young scientist out in the Belt might have found. You were transferred out here immediately to examine them, and quickly determined that they were Aeray artifacts, the same race that gave the Rakeb their “Gifts.” These artifacts give Humans the chance to stay even with, or surpass, the Rakeb technological leaps. They must be kept secret, studied privately, to give Humanity the edge it will need when the Rakeb go crazy, and decide the Gifts direct war with the Humans, or something similar. But now Zandyne wants to turn them over to the United Nations, and anything learned from them would be made public.

It's all Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes's fault. She brought in her asteroid (another Aeray artifact, you're certain), and now half the world is on its way out to Gaspra to look at it. And Zandyne is concerned that the media will discover the artifacts you've been studying. So they want to come clean, and turn them over, rather than be caught with them. They're wrong. The right thing to do is clearly smuggle them off the station, to your offices on Earth, and continue to examine them there. But you're probably not going to be able to get all of them off. You'll have to come up with a list, prioritize which ones are the most interesting,

and ship them home. And you'll have to deal with Priscilla Spencer, the PR person who's been sent from home to arrange the public announcement of the artifacts. Hopefully you can convince her to just make an announcement about the ones that you've actually "learned something about," and keep the others hidden. It'll make the company look better to say "we're these brilliant researchers who've found this stuff out" than to say "we've had these for months months and can't make heads or tails of them," right? You expect Keisha will back you on this one, she doesn't want to turn them over any more than you do. But you need to get at least one figured out well enough to make that statement, if that's going to fly.

Or maybe you can convince her to just cancel the announcement about the artifacts entirely, and find something else to announce. You don't know what else exactly is being worked on here, but there must be something worth stealing, if you look around. That'd still leave you with the problem of smuggling out the artifacts that the press might notice, but if you get all the big ones off station, that should be good enough. It'll have to be good enough. Humanity is counting on you.

**Contacts**

- Keisha Saunders (Jennifer Chung): The young crystallographer whose finds in the Belt brought you out to this dingy little station five months ago. She is almost as intent as you are on keeping the artifacts for further study, though her motives differ.
- Priscilla Spencer (Diane Christoforo): The Zandyne second vice president of Public Relations, come to Gaspra to turn the alien artifacts over to the UN for the sake of Zandyne's image. *Image*, with the future of human scientific progress at stake.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): He has procured a few useful items for you and Keisha while you've been here.
- D'o Lika Mim (Kevin Chen): Or T'a Si Mang, though he has asked you not to call him that here. A Rakeb expert on all things Human that you knew years ago on Earth. You've exchanged a few friendly words since your arrival – he has been here for some time – but neither of you seems much inclined to talk about your current work.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- Selenadium

**Bluesheets**

- Zandyne Corporation
- Rakeb
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Alien Runes
- Biology
- Materials Engineering
- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Electronics
- Physics
- Biology
- Materials Engineering
- Social Engineering 1

**Items**

- Gun
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Mariana Craigie

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*“The world bores you when you’re cool.”*

Sunglasses. Metallic Red Hair. Bass Guitar. Ready to Rock!

George doesn't get it. Too much time on Mars as a kid, or something. And his dad's a fucking *accountant*. Talk about boring. He tries, and he's sweet, but he just doesn't understand Australia.

The secret is *it just doesn't matter*. You're an island nation, fully self-supporting, with nukes and a rep for being crazy enough that you'd use them, so no one, not even China, is crazy enough to mess with you first. Not in any big way, anyway. When George goes on about how important something is, and tells you to take it seriously, he's just blowing smoke, and doesn't even realize it. Australia doesn't have a spy network because it's *important* to have one. Australia has a spy network because it's *fucking cool* to have a spy network.

And it's even *fucking cooler* to be a hardass, take no prisoners, headbanging-motherfucking-leet spy network. So you're good spies. Sure. But George, he forgets it's about being cool, and thinks it's about being good spies.

Still, at least he's not a screwup dickwad, like Kyrk was. Turning on your own team for some fast cash. That's *not* cool. Good thing you caught him and toasted him. And you got half of the toy back, the new Selenadium thing that you picked up on Vircus. Touring Vircus wasn't as cool as you'd expected. A whole planet of the green dudes, running around being so Serious about their Gifts and shit. No Flash Gordon, man, no jet packs and weird cities with buildings miles tall. Just green dudes, and their weird ass alien species. They didn't even groove on your music. Totally uncool.

You'd been there about a month when you figured out what *would* be cool. Aliens used to visit earth all the time, and mutilate cattle and shit.<sup>1</sup> Well, on Vircus, *you* were the aliens, right? So obviously, you should mutilate the cattle. So you did. George didn't really get it, but he went along, pretending he did, like always. And they bled in different colors, and had really weird insides, so you did it three or four times. It was fucking nasty, in a cool way.

And Kyrk learned about the Selenadium device, so you swiped it, 'cause that was cool too. And then time was up, and the three of you headed back to Earth, and you lost part of the device, and that was uncool, and then Kyrk proved that he was a shit by stealing the other half, and that was *bloody fucking uncool!* But he's dead now, and you've got his half of the thing back, so everything's cool again. You just need to get the lost half back, which he said was on Gaspra somewhere, before you killed him.

You've never been to Gaspra before. It's a bit of a dump, really. Needs some sprucing up, a little life added to it. Just the place for a concert. You'll need someone else to play with you, though, or a drum machine, and you'll also need to recover your amp that goes to eleven, that Kyrk lost along with the other half of the device he swiped. You'll probably have to sell the concert to George as “maintaining cover,” but really, it's about bringing a cool concert to this fucking backwater. And you noticed that one of the diners around here, run by Marlene Kilgore, serves alien meat burgers for the Rakeb on station. That probably means there's some alien cattle around here somewhere, or at least alien chickens. Having one of those to bite the head off of to start the concert would be cool, too. Maybe Marlene can tell you where to find a live one. You've been considering having a fling or two, too, while you're here, that being what rock stars do.

Oh, and there was something about tracking down some computer guy, for some pictures of Mars, or something, but you didn't pay too much attention to the details of that. George'll tell you in a while, probably. You can do that, you suppose. As long as it doesn't get in the way of anything cool.

In fact, what would be really cool would be running some kind of concert while you are on Gaspra. You could invite everyone, all the spies and shit, and it would be great. Maybe someone would even get killed at the concert. You have always

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<sup>1</sup>Well, ok, maybe not. Certainly the Rakeb didn't. But that was what people said happened, anyway, so it's the story, and stories are cool.

envied those Scandinavian Death Metal bands that have people committing suicide at their concerts. Not that you would really want someone committing suicide. But a James Bond type shootout in the middle of one of your better songs would be amazing. In fact, that might be a great idea for a video.... At any rate, in order to have a concert you are going to need a new drummer of some sort.

Finally, remember, there is no such thing as bad publicity. This might occasionally conflict with keeping a low profile and being all spy-like. But the way you figure it, you have to maintain your cover, and your cover is being a Rock Star.

**Contacts**

- George Klein (Philip Tan): The serious stoic one in your band. He can be a stick in the mud sometimes, but he can really rock when he wants to.
- Kyrk Velour: A dead traitor. You'll miss him a lot at the concert. A drum machine can't do a ten-minute solo.
- Alicia Downs (Chana Greene): An old friend who's occasionally a pirate. You can never go anywhere without running into someone you know, it seems. Cool! Perhaps you can get together and party or create some trouble while you're here.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- Disaster Zone - Australian Intelligence

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering
- Hacking

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Disarm
- Pickpocket
- Social Engineering 1
- Hacking 3

**Items**

- 2500 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Alicia Downs

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*“Those who profess to favor freedom yet deprecate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground; they want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its many waters. ... Power concedes nothing without demand. It never did and it never will. Find out just what any people will quietly submit to and you have found out the exact measure of injustice and wrong which will be imposed on them, and these will continue till they are resisted with either words or blow, or with both. The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress.”*

— Frederick Douglass, West India Emancipation Speech,  
August, 1857.

Gaspra. This was *not* the plan. You were supposed to fly by, eject the last of Lon Wa Sha Pier’s artworks, and continue on to Earth, in order to beat the cryotube that China was smuggling there, and intercept it on arrival. But the fire on the *Lady’s Choice* apparently spread to the engines, and now you’re stuck on Gaspra, with a damaged ship, no art, and a mission in shambles. How do you get into these messes?

It wasn’t that long ago you were still a girl, growing up in one of the few non-Chinese families on Ganymede. Your father worked in one of the atmospheric plants, well liked and well respected as a chemical engineer refining breathable gases from the mess that constitutes an “atmosphere” on Ganymede. Your mom was a starship pilot, traveling the spacelanes, bringing back exotic presents from her trips to far away places like Luna, Mars, and Gaspra. It was all a pleasant life, until it fell apart.

Four years ago, during one of your mom’s visits home, Chinese government agents invaded your house in the middle of the night, arrested your mother and father, and threw you out onto the street. They claimed that mom was a pirate, a member of the notorious Night Angels, and that dad had helped her with selecting which ships to and from Ganymede she should be targeting. You would have been arrested too, but you fled from the house, and were hidden by a friend of the family, Tao Xi. He managed to smuggle you off planet, and within six months, your mother was dead, executed by the Chinese, your father was sentenced to life in prison on Earth, and you were traveling the space lanes with the Night Angels.

The charges against your mother weren’t true. She had an honest merchant, plying her trade, with no connection to the Night Angels. But when Tao smuggled you off planet, it was with the help of the Night Angels, and they looked after you. You started learning the trade, concentrating on Chinese ships and goods. You took the name Alicia Downs, and you haven’t used your birth name of Samantha Connor in the last three years. You haven’t been particularly involved in the actual taking of ships, although you’ve done that twice. Your job has more been on the espionage side, figuring out which ships are undefended and carrying the best cargo to steal, serving aboard various ships as a plant, scoping them out.

It was on Luna, looking into shipments of Power Cubes to Ganymede, that you first encountered the *other* group that has dominated your life since you left Ganymede. People’s Liberation Front of Ganymede. Devoted to freeing Ganymede from Chinese domination, it offered a prime opportunity for taking your vengeance on the Chinese government, and do some good for the friends you left behind on Ganymede at the same time. Since that first encounter, an argument between the PLFG and the Night Angels about who was going to boost the Power Cubes, you have managed to build a pretty good working relationship between the two groups, and they haven’t tread on each others toes in the last two years. The PLFG feeds the Night Angels targeting information, and the Night Angels provide the PLFG with muscle for raids they couldn’t manage on their own.

Working with the PLFG also gave you the opportunity to visit Ganymede again, occasionally. It was on Ganymede that this current mess got started.

You signed on board the *Lady’s Choice* two months ago. Her captain, Randolph Burgess, was rumored to have been a spy, years ago, but nowadays he mostly travels the system as a smuggler. You were keeping an eye on the ship to alert the Night Angels when something worth stealing showed up. Your last port of call was Ganymede. PLFG contacts there gave you two jobs. First, get the last piece of art created by Lon Wa Sha Pier to Gaspra, and second, get to Luna fast, to intercept a cryotube

containing some guy that China wanted. You don't know why they wanted him, but if they want him, they can't have him.

Randolf Burgess wasn't allowed on Gaspra, the Security Minister had exiled him. You're not quite sure why, maybe it had something to do with his past as a spy. But he swung by there periodically, to meet with Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes, his lover. As a miner, she has her own ship, and would come out to meet the *Lady's Choice* a little ways out from station, for a few hours or a day. While they were together, you were to start a fire in the hold, forcing the evacuation of its contents into space, including Sha Pier's artwork, which would be picked up by one of the PLFG's agents on Gaspra. Then on to Luna to intercept the cryotube.

It all seemed to be going according to plan, until the fire spread to the engine compartment. The damage there caused the ship to have to make an emergency landing on Gaspra, and it won't be repaired for at least a week. Which means you're not going to make it to Luna in time. You know that the tube was being shipped through Gaspra, though, so maybe you can pick it up here.

You need to make contact with the other People's Liberation Front of Ganymede agents on station, Joruri Fuwa and Deng Zou. And you have one Night Angels contact on station, too: Marlene Kilgore. She's not an "official" Night Angel, but she's a frequent contact on station, and connected to all sorts of illicit information and equipment. You're not really doing much for the Night Angels right now, but she doesn't need to know who it is you're really working for. If anyone knows who's smuggling cryotubes through the station, she will, or at least she'll know who to ask. She might cost you some money, but she can get most anything you could want, if you give her enough.

### Contacts

- Joruri Fuwa (Jen Selby): A longtime PLFG member on Gaspra. Conservative and cautious, which makes her a good counter for Deng.
- Deng Zou (Tom Giordano): A PLFG member on Gaspra, competent and enthusiastic but given to distractions, like hitting on you or any other girl who wanders by.
- Randolf Burgess (Joe Foley): The captain of the *Lady's Choice*.
- Alexi Auger (Colin Dillard): The other crewman on the *Lady's Choice*. His past is almost as checkered as yours.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): The nearest thing you have to a Night Angel contact on Gaspra. She's the waitress at the diner, and is good at finding out what's going on and acquiring or disposing of interesting items.
- Mariana Craigie (Laura the Magnificent): Of all the people you never expected you'd run into on Gaspra. . . Mariana is the lead singer of "Disaster Zone," a wildly popular Post-Post-Industrial band. She's also an old friend – you've gotten her drugs and other interesting substances from time to time – who knows how to throw a great party or wreck havoc with the best of them. Perhaps you can hang out, have fun, and even help each other out a bit while you're stuck here.

### Memory/Event Packets

- none

### Bluesheets

- People's Liberation Front of Ganymede

### Greensheets

- Social Engineering
- Torture

### Abilities

- Knock Out
- Hide Weapon
- Wound
- Social Engineering 1
- Assist
- Torture Question
- Restrain

**Items**

- Gun
- Knife

- Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynth*
- 3000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0

- Delta: 0

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## Joruri Fuwa

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You have been on Gaspra since its inception. You were an intern on the Earth based design team, while you were in college in Japan. When you graduated, you came up with the first team of workmen. You were a foreman then, more educated than most, but you liked the idea of getting your hands dirty with the work.

It was a dangerous time to be working construction in deep space, back in 2120. There were many hazard bonuses paid. Nearly half of your shift was killed one way or another in the first year, before the station was pressurized. Even after it was pressurized, zero-G was a hard thing for many people to get a handle on. A two-ton plate of steel may not weigh anything in space, but it can still cut a man in half if you don't stop it in time.

You soon became the foreman who would teach all the new recruits the ins and outs of zero-G work. Once you took over, they killed each other a lot less often. You became famous system-wide for being able to turn a farmboy from Kansas into a skilled and safe worker in only six weeks. Castellion Constructions, which did a lot of zero-G construction then, not just Gaspra, got you to take a couple of months off to write a book which is still the standard training manual for suck work. But it wasn't long before you got back to Gaspra to oversee completion.

You weren't just herding construction workers either, you were also using your engineering skill. You picked up a reputation for being able to redesign a part in the field. Many was the problem you could find, diagnose, design and fix all in one spacewalk. And you had to admit, crises were your favorite part, when everyone depended on you to save the day.

Castellion tried to move you off Gaspra a number of times, but you liked the place. By the time it was finished it was home. You were married. You stayed on with King Leon Paxton, the owner, and watched the station grow to be a major interstellar waypoint. When he set up the system of Ministers, you were the obvious choice for Engineering Minister, being the most senior person in Engineering.

Since Leon left, you have remained responsible for keeping the station running. It is at times quite a battle, with limited resources and warring factions on the station. In general though, people here understand that the physical plan of the station is not something to involve in their games. When they do damage the station, they are dealt with harshly.

You still teach the new people how to get around in zero-G, though it has been years since you had to spin down the station. It's just the kind of thing everyone should know out here. But it's kept you in touch with everyone on the station. Most of them call you Grandma Fuwa. Only one of them's really your granddaughter, though. Sky Fuwa. The only daughter of your only son, you have raised her as your own since her parents died when she was a child. A handful, a times, but a wonderful girl. If only she had your attachment to the history and culture of Japan. And if only she didn't hang around Philip Zi quite so much. He's a good worker, but he's Chinese and you don't like the idea of him with Sky.

It was in memory of Japan that you got involved in People's Liberation Front of Ganymede. They are working against the Chinese, and every little bit to hurt China is a good thing. You mostly do little things for them, helping them use Gaspra to run guns and that sort of thing. You try to stay below the Chinese radar. You wouldn't want them to get it into their heads to take over Gaspra. Your most recent action for People's Liberation Front of Ganymede was to pick up a piece of artwork from space near the station, which you'll have to get to Deng Zou. (All the engineering people on the station report to you, and they have learned to bring anything interesting they find near the station to you. They don't ask many questions about this stuff, and you make sure they are paid on time. *Note: Many items that are shoved out an airlock or jettisoned into space some other way will tend to appear in your possession. Check the box.*)

In general your position as Engineering Minister has been a formality. Who else would keep the station running? What do titles matter? Sometimes people talk about voting for Ministers, but the current system of succession works, and if it ain't broke, don't fix it.

Of course, now that the Security Minister turned up dead, who knows what to think. You aren't too worried about yourself (who would want to kill you?) but you have to wonder what the Security Minister was into that got him killed. He was a decent enough guy, fair and he did his job well. You're going to miss him. And of course you and James Nyberg are going to have to figure out how to replace him.

His loss also leaves you in the annoying position of having no one to kick Randolph Burgess off the station again. The Security Minister, that is, the previous Security Minister, exiled Randolph Burgess from station after you caught him in one of your secured engineering areas. He claimed he'd just "ducked in there with his girl," but you're certain he was up to something more. The man has been running spy operations on Gaspra for more than twenty years. You'll have to keep an eye on him until you and James Nyberg can replace the Security Minister.

James is a good enough kid. You remember when he came back from his first and only mining expedition. He just couldn't handle open space. Some people can't. He's even been an OK Trade Minister, though the circumstances of his selection weren't so stable (the old Trade Minister was practically chased off the station). He's good, he collects the taxes and keeps his half of the place running, and he's ambitious to improve the place.

You don't think he's going to get along well with Prince Darien Paxton, though. Darien is King Leon Paxton's kid, and seems to think that makes him in charge of the station. James *knows* that *he's* in charge of the station. That kind of conflict in men their age always seems to get the testosterone flowing, and the alpha male problems show up. Still, you might be able to put that to use. There's a number of minor repairs that need doing around the station, that you haven't had time to see to while keeping the major functions operational. Perhaps you can channel some of the excess energy those two young men are about to generate into getting those jobs done...

### Contacts

- Sky Fuwa (Stephanie Fried): Your granddaughter and the apple of your eye.
- James Nyberg (Tony Camire): Trade Minister and Casino Manager.
- Jacob Canning: Security Minister (deceased)
- King Leon Paxton: The owner of the station. Haven't talked to him in years.
- Philip Zi (Dexter Chan): Works for you in Hydroponics, which he is very good at, and flirts with Sky a great deal despite your having made you disapproval known to both of them.
- Chandra Moore (Beth Baniszewski): Has worked for you in life support for about a year. Her combination of youth, competence, and dedication suggests that she has lived off-Earth most of her life.
- Randolph Burgess (Joe Foley): A pirate and a spy in whatever order happens to suit him that day. You caught him in an locked engineering facility some years ago, preventing who knows what sort of mischief. The Security Minister threw him out then, but now he's back, and bears close watching.
- Kim Song (Rachel Greenstadt): A competent but arrogant starship engineer who can't be bothered with anything that doesn't fly.

### Memory/Event Packets

- "Lab 43K"

### Bluesheets

- People's Liberation Front of Ganymede
- Gaspra Locals

### Greensheets

- Hacking

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Mechanical Engineering
- Electronics
- Hacking 3

**Items**

- Gun
- Painting: Work Camp on Ganymede.
- Bar of Platinum(×30)
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 200 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Sky Fuwa

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*"I've got to be where my spirit can run free... gotta find my corner of the sky"*

— Pippin

As you gaze out the window at the stars, your eyes drift from one ship to another. There's so much going on - and you want to be part of it. Sure, the town is filled with criminals and madmen. But you are young, pretty, and smart. The station's a bit stuffy and you feel the need to fly free on your own. Besides, you aren't so sure you like hanging around with Gaspra's sketchier parts.

Space is so big, and you've seen so little of it. You wish you could flit around all the planets and stations on the other side of your window. You could do so much more good out there than you ever could trapped on the station. You consider yourself a sandal-and-recycled-fiber-skirt-wearing, plant-hugging, long-haired, vegetarian hippie ecoterrorist freak, and you're proud of it.

Partly because you want to save the world. Partly because Zi is himself a part of Greenwar, and he's been so much more attentive lately since you've started doing more for his ecoterrorism group. Partly, because Grandmother disapproves of the group.

Not that Grandmother really approves of anything you do, nor has she ever done so. She's always afraid you might fall in with the "wrong crowd," whatever that's supposed to mean. It wasn't your decision to live on this floating rustpile of the underworld. She lives here. You weren't consulted about that. Did she honestly expect you to sit in your room every minute and do your homework or practice your flute or something? A girl has got to have some contact with the outside world! Besides, you've made some decent friends on the station. You don't think they're bad people at all. Least of all Zi.

You met him a long time ago, when he started working in the hydroponics lab with Grandmother. He was the one who introduced you to Greenwar - his passion for ecology is truly beautiful. (And so is he.) *Sigh*. But you two are just friends. You can't date him because he's Chinese. Well, he used to be. He left China (and his Chinese citizenship) behind when he came to Gaspra.

But it's still a problem with Grandmother. Because she hates China for what it did to Japan. And you certainly agree about that. But Zi is a good guy. The best. Still, you aren't dating because it'll hurt Grandmother.

But you're a big girl now and you want to get off Gaspra and explore. The universe is so huge! You're tired of just *hearing* stories from Leonid. Ah, Leonid. You met him a while back when you were hanging out around the docks. He had a quick smile and a great sense of humor. Not that you were attracted - he's a decade older than you. You think of him more as an older brother... an older brother that you really don't want Grandmother finding out about.

See, Leonid is a pirate. What he does isn't exactly legal. But it's exciting, a taste of life off of Gaspra. You've helped him with odds and ends before, and you like the thrill of doing something that you know Grandmother wouldn't approve of. Or maybe you'll run into Albert and he'll have something fun for you to do. (He's a good friend of Leonid's, and also a space pirate).

*Sigh*. If only the station weren't so boring. Well, the parts that aren't really sketchy. And if only Grandmother weren't so over-protective. You just need your freedom, space in which to spread your wings.

**Contacts**

- Philip Zi (Dexter Chan): Your boyfriend. He's so dreamy, and bold and daring and doing all he can to right the wrongs of the world.
- Leonid Dakhovser: A spacer friend of yours, part of Chernabog, who lives a vastly more exciting life than you do. You help him out with things from time to time, for fun and for the stories. You've occasionally considered shipping out with him to see the rest of the solar system.
- Albert Scheiffer (Tommy Rhyne): Another pirate who works with Leonid. You've helped him out once or twice.
- Ned Staples: Aluminum Ned is a buddy of Leonid and Albert's who turned up dead yesterday. They would like to know why, and so would you.
- Joruri Fuwa (Jen Selby): Your Grandmother, who wants only the best for you and has no idea what that is.
- Calvin Hobbes (Andy Menard) and Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes (Susan Dorsher): A sweet stodgy old couple whose kids are a little younger than you – you babysat for them, years ago. He occasionally tries to tell you to be careful; she's much more willing to accept that girls must be girls.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- Greenwar
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- none

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound
- Hide Weapon

**Items**

- Gun
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## Calvin Hobbes

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*“Once we find her, I’ll smuggle her into the embassy in a vegetable cart. From there, I’ll wire her up in the undercarriage of a stretch limo and drive her to the airport at night. I’ll gun it through the security gate, toss a few smoke grenades into the customs shed, ram the tarmac barrier, cut Honey loose, run for the Premier’s personal twin engine turbojet and make our escape!”*

*“Pretty slick. But what if something goes wrong?”*

*“No way. I’ve done this kind of thing a thousand times!”*

— Doonesbury

That was what you thought the life of a spy would be like when you joined up. Explosions, car chases, shoot outs, a new girl every week. And sometimes, especially at the beginning, it was like that. But mostly it was quiet, weeks or months of pretending to be someone you weren’t, gathering the trust of the people around you until they’d slip up and say the one thing you were waiting to hear, and then off again, to a new job in a new city, working your way into someone’s confidence again.

And you found you liked that better. The quiet life suited you. In time, you put in to move from being a mission agent to heading a local office, a job that took, that takes, much more of the quiet blending and not as much of the shooting and the car chases. Not unless something goes wrong, anyway...

They gave you the local office here, on Gaspra. You’ve never been sure if that was intended as some sort of punishment, sending you into “the middle of nowhere” for daring to want to give up the mission life that other Agency Men would have died for. Or maybe not, and they just sent you here because it was the site of one of your larger successes as an agent.

You first came to Gaspra nearly thirty years ago. The Embargo was just ending, and the Station was still alive and energetic. There was a spy in the American Embassy who was feeding information to the Chinese, and your bosses in Europe thought it was a perfect opportunity to drive a wedge between two major powers that had gotten a little too friendly for comfort. Your job was to find the mole, and expose the leak in the largest, most completely embarrassing to the Americans manner you could.

You pulled it off, with the help of Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes. She was an assistant at the Embassy, who you originally thought might be the spy. You were searching her room one night when she caught you at it, and managed to take you down. You woke up tied to her chair, with a gun pointed at you. You managed, with some effort, to convince her that you were actually a U.S. agent, looking for the leak to China. You knew enough about what was going on in the Embassy, and what had been leaked, to make it plausible, and the fake ID in your wallet helped a lot. (You never know when that’s going to come in handy.) With her help, you tracked down the real spy, who turned out to be her boss. You blew him to the newspapers six ways from Sunday, and disappeared off Gaspra before Anabelle had a chance to find you and take you down again for lying to her about who you worked for.

Two years later, you came back, to be United European Community Intelligence local head. You offered Anabelle enough money to get off station and back to Earth, as she had been stuck on Gaspra when the Embassy closed down, and taken up a job as a miner. She turned you down flat, and then spent the next year doing everything she could to stick her nose into your business. Sometimes she was helpful, sometimes not, but she was always around. By the end of the year, you realized you liked having her around. Six months after that, the two of you were married.

The home office didn’t approve. Married agents are frowned on, and marriage to a foreign national (Anabelle is still an American citizen, technically) was even worse. They weren’t upset enough to fire you, quite, but any chance of promotion off Gaspra was gone. And really, that was mostly fine with you.

You’ve been here ever since. You’ve raised three children, Bo, Luke, and Daisy. You took care of most of the day-to-day parts of that, while Anabelle ran mining trips. And in between helping with school plays, and taking them to the doctor, and packing them lunches, you’ve kept an eye on what’s going on here for the United European Community Intelligence. Most anyone who cares knows that you keep an eye on things for someone, but hardly anyone has a clue who, and some of the people who think

they know are wrong. All in all, things have worked out better than you ever dreamed, if nothing like you ever expected.

The last of the kids left home a year ago, and you thought that was the last major change your life was going to have. But now Anabelle has found that asteroid, and your life's going to be turned upside down and inside out. No one may have looked seriously at the househusband of some miner in the belt, but she's going to have her life written up on every two-bit webzine in the known universe. Your past is well enough covered that they won't find more than rumors, but you'll never be able to keep running agents in the public eye. And Anabelle wants to follow the artifact to earth. So you've tendered your resignation, and you'll follow her. But before you can leave, there are a few final matters to wrap up.

First, one of the contacts you've been using for years seems to have gone missing. Mike Smith, a local LieselCorp employee, has been selling you information from the LieselCorp satellite network on Mars. But his last delivery was due to be made just before he left for Ganymede for vacation, and it wasn't made. Rumor has it, he never even got on the shuttle. You need to find out what happened to him, get his most recent data, and if possible, figure out how to keep that information flowing from the LieselCorp satellites. The various Mars domes are the boards where Earth's nations play out a lot of their tensions that they don't dare pursue on Earth, and keeping an eye on the playing field is important.

Next, Lael Suzuki should be arriving any time now, bringing with him a device (Research Device 37b (42378)) that the UECI stole from a Chinese lab on Mars, which needs to be traded to NWFusion Incorporated for Leander Stephanopolous, a UECI agent that they bought from a group of pirates who captured him and had him cryofrozen. Suzuki is a technical analyst rather than a field agent, but perhaps he can figure out what the device *does* before making the trade.

Finally, in the ongoing cold war with Luna, you've heard that part of the new FTL ship that PARC is supposed to be launching from Gaspra at the end of the week is a new energy cube of some kind that Luna desperately wants to get their hands on. It's going to be your job to track that down and make sure that it winds up in Europe's hands, instead. The energy cube has caused Europe some embarrassment already. The Rakeb have figured out that it exists, and are claiming it's a violation of Europe's promise to share all new advances in FTL tech with the Rakeb. They may be trying to lay their hands on it as well.

And there's one last personal note. Randolph Burgess is back on station. He's another old-time spy, although he's kept at being an agent, rather than settling down to an agency head position. You're not quite sure who he works for, and while you've had some run-ins professionally, they haven't left any particular bad feelings. Personally, however...

Randolf Burgess and Anabelle have been having an affair for about the last five years. She doesn't think you know, but really, what kind of a spy would you be if you didn't? You considered just killing him when you figured it out, but she'd never forgive you if she found out you'd done that, and she would find out. For a while you just waited and watched (you're good at that, it's your job, after all), and you realized that she does still love you, more than she loves him. It's a fling, nothing serious. You just have to make sure it stays that way. Fortunately, he pissed off the Security Minister about two years back, and got himself exiled from Gaspra. You think they've gotten together once or twice while Anabelle was out mining, but not often, and not for long. Then, three days ago, the Security Minister died. A few hours ago, Randolph Burgess was back on Gaspra, a "forced landing" due to some sort of damage to his engines.

Suspicious. Time to look carefully into who killed the Security Minister. If you can prove it was Randolph Burgess, that'll take him out of your hair for good. If you didn't do it, well... You're going to leave station in ten days, for Earth, with Anabelle. Randolph Burgess is not going to come with you. That's all there is to it.

**Contacts**

- Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes (Susan Dorsher): Your darling wife and mother of your three grown children. Bo is 22 and living on his own; Luke is 19 and in college; Daisy is 17 and at boarding school.
- Blake Nielson (Drew Rae): A UECI agent who arrived two weeks ago to continue work monitoring the “Blue Flame” pirates. HQ tells you his assignment had been going along very smoothly until he and his partner actually moved on the pirates; Blake’s partner was captured and he only barely survived. He is to some degree now on probation, and should not actively move against the pirates without your authorization. The cryofrozen agent now being held by NWFusion was his partner on that mission.
- Mike Stanislov (Ryan Brown): The suspected Blue Flame contact that Blake is here to monitor.
- Lael Suzuki (Grace Kenney): A UECI agent arrived this morning with the device NWFusion is asking for in exchange for the cryofrozen UECI agent. Lael is a normally technical analyst rather than a field agent; Lael Suzuki was sent here because he was working on analyzing the device, and knows more about it as anyone else in the UECI – not much, but perhaps a start.
- Joruri Fuwa (Jen Selby): Doesn’t like Burgess either, and has more official power than you do.
- Sky Fuwa (Stephanie Fried): Grandma Fuwa’s actual granddaughter, who runs with a worse crowd than her grandmother cares to admit. She’s only a little older than your own children, so you saw a lot of her when they were growing up – she even babysat for them occasionally. You try to help keep her out of trouble, but she rarely pays you much heed.
- Prince Darien Paxton (Rickland): The son of the man who owns Gaspra. Neither of them has set foot on the station the whole time you’ve lived here. You have to wonder..
- James Nyberg (Tony Camire): As Trade Minister, he’ll bear the brunt of dealing with Prince Darien Paxton.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): Gaspra’s only diner is a fine place to find for the latest gossip on the station – especially if you ask Marlene and tip generously. What she doesn’t know, she can probably find out.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): Not a man you’d want your children to hang out with, but very useful when there’s something you need to find.
- Joseph Birnbauhm (Rob Ringrose): Molybdenum Joe can be counted upon to get things from here to there without asking questions or drawing attention.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- “The Green Dragon”

**Bluesheets**

- United European Community Intelligence
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering
- Torture

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Pickpocket
- Bare-Handed Knock Out
- Hide Weapon
- Social Engineering 3
- Torture Question

**Items**

- Gun *fake IDs*
  - Knife - Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynt*
  - Projectile Shield - 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*
  - wallet *You can open the envelope, and tell others how to.* - 200 Spacebucks *daily income*
- The envelope will hold one small item card, like one of your*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2 - Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## Qat Tyn Izit

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*“According to my instruments – they’re preparing to jump into hyper-space... or go to warp drive... or something like that.”*

You hadn’t yet been born when the Rackonimov/Tr’kali drive was created, but it was your collective, the Ha’thra, that led the way among the Rakeb in its creation. That was the reason you declared for Ha’thra as the collective you wanted to join when you came of age. It was always your hope that you would one day be working on another breakthrough of that kind. And now you are.

Well, more or less. PARC Astronomy’s voyage of discovery, launching a new FTL ship, bigger, faster, better than the ones that travel between Earth and Viricus, isn’t the sort of conceptual revolution that the original FTL drive was. But succeeding at finding new habitable planets, perhaps even new sentient races, would be a worthy discovery to crown a lifetime of work on FTL ships.

You could wish that it was a more evenly balanced project. Where the RT-drive was a joint project of Humans and Rakeb, working together, PARC Astronomy’s project is largely Human driven. The Ha’thra were apparently invited to cooperate five years ago, when the project was first begun, but the leaders of your collective declined the offer. They apparently felt that “the Gifts have not led us to another planet, so we should not presume to seek one.” Of course, the Gifts have not told us *not* to seek another planet, either. Having led us to one, perhaps they thought we’d *get the idea!*

You only learned about the project personally two years ago, when the first public announcements were made. After some heavy lobbying, the Ha’thra leaders agreed to allow you to be part of the effort, and arranged your placement with PARC Astronomy on a temporary basis. You’ve been here for nine months, and it’s been wonderful. You have every expectation that the last few preparations, to finish the ship and to select the target planet, will go well, and you will do your utmost to ensure that they do. To have anything go wrong and be your fault would be unbearable.

You were already nearly responsible for a problem. After you’d been here about five months, you realized that the travel times being contemplated were shorter than they should be, using a standard RT-drive. You checked the figures with a couple of the other scientists, and asked PARC Astronomy headquarters about it. They confirmed that the time estimates were correct, and that a full explanation would be forthcoming closer to the launch date. You wrote home immediately, excited by your discovery. In time, they told you that the new Luna Energy cube was the principle refinement. Not as exciting as you had hoped, but important, none the less.

You hadn’t expected the leaders of your collective to regard it as quite as important as they did, however. After they received your message, they sent Tor Hana Br’t, a noticeably more important member of the collective than you, here by the next available transport. The Ha’thra have an agreement with the Humans, one of their “governments,” that any important developments in FTL technology will be shared, and the leaders felt that agreement was being violated, since you weren’t being told why the travel times were shortened, and the Ha’thra had not been informed of this advance at all, merely stumbled across it by accident.

Br’t was most annoyed when she arrived, and nearly ready to pull you off the Navigator project, as well as raising tariffs against any Human goods traveling on Ha’thra ships, and taking other measures. You’ve managed to calm her down, for now, you think, explaining that you do know the details of the faster drive (well, more details, you still have to finish it). She’s still on station, though, and can’t leave the Solar System until the next ship departs for Viricus, at the end of next week. She wants the information on the energy cube adaptor project, when it’s finished, which is something that PARC Astronomy’s supposed to be giving to the Ha’thra anyway, although none of the Humans seem to remember that. They also has a set of biological samples from Viricus that she wants analyzed for their possible worth as saleable goods on Earth. You told her that PARC Astronomy really doesn’t have the facilities for that, but you’d help her look for another corporation that can. And you’ll help her with anything else she needs, too, if you can. You need to make sure she stays happy, with you and with PARC Astronomy, because

getting pulled off working on the Navigator at this point, after all your time and effort... you just couldn't stand it.

**Contacts**

- Tor Hana Br't (Ariel Segall): A member of Ha'thra's governing body, who likely has authority to speak for the collective or pull you off of the Navigator project.
- Sasha Nacherad (Daniel Bates): A Human scientist with whom you've been working on the Navigator project for PARC Astronomy. He puts in long hours and has been on the project since the beginning – you can't help but be a bit jealous.
- Kim Song (Rachel Greenstadt): The contractor who was hired a week ago to help work on the Navigator, who was initially very impatient with you and Sasha, but seems to have decided that you are not the source of PARC's woes after all.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): Owner of the diner, she has made your stay on Gaspra ever so much more pleasant by stocking a few common Vircan foodstuffs.
- D'o Lika Mim (Kevin Chen): Having been in the Human system for many years, Mim was hungry for news from home when you arrived. You chatted at length, and he showed you around Gaspra. You still talk from time to time; he's seemed annoyed with something recently.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- "the star of Vircus has an unusual spectrum for a star supporting a habitable and inhabited world, with a particularly high proportion of its energy in the high-wavelength green range."
- "singularity in ZZ678X1"
- "all known complex living systems find their basis in carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen"
- "development of technologies beyond the most basic requires access to a variety of metals"
- "searing heat of a dying star has killed many a planet"
- "assessment of subterranean mineral deposits via reflective spectral analysis"
- "analysis of all known forms of photosynthesis, both terran and vircan, and their light requirements"
- "variations in temperature and conditions induced by the angle of the axis of rotation . . . are key in the development of complex lifeforms"
- "encompasses the shortest arm of the galaxy, and the density of both habitable worlds and intelligent life there is exceedingly low"
- "at the edges of the galaxy life and even intelligence is almost common . . . towards the core . . . lifebearing worlds become few and far between"

**Bluesheets**

- PARC Astronomy
- Rakeb
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Alien Runes
- Planetary Selection Criteria
- Hacking

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Physics
- Electronics
- Hacking 2

**Items**

- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Brefa Hak Joru

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*“History, tradition, culture - are not concepts, these are trophies I keep in my den as paperweights.”*

— Hudson Hawk

The job you've longed for your entire life finally fell into your lap – to steal one of the Gifts. To make it even more amusing, the commissioning collective is a human corporation, LieselCorp. The audacity! The style! It's been decades since any of the major Gifts changed hands; you weren't sure it would happen at all in your lifetime. Had you known the Vkarnod collective's board was considering such a job, you would have begged them to accept it; you were absolutely delighted that they gave you first option on it. (Of course they did. Who else could they send?) The theft went off without a single hitch; within four months you were taking your first FTL trip to the human system with the Gift of Var'n in cargo. You don't think the Viruna collective, from which you stole it, has any representatives in the human system to continue looking for you, but they may have friends who do. It would be embarrassing to be caught now, so you won't. You can only hope your success inspires other such thefts; the Rakeb have gotten downright complacent about guarding the Gifts, if that was any example.

You did get a little stir-crazy on the trip to human space. About the only thing to do was chat with your fellow passengers. It's one thing to wait patiently for days on stakeout, and quite another to sit idle for a month or more worrying that someone will decide to take a close look at your luggage. A needless fear, of course, as you had it quite well disguised.

In the human system, you and your cargo took separate paths to Gaspra. It's being routed to you here via Mars, whereas you only made a brief stop on Luna and thus arrived before it. You should be able to collect the crate containing the Gift of Var'n on Friday. Remember to bring a Mover Cart – the crate takes two people to lift otherwise. Then, you just need to contact Y'm Liki Ot, the collective's representative who ordered the acquisition, and arrange to deliver it to them in exchange for the last Bar of Platinum. That's only 20% of the fee, of course: the rest has already been paid to the Vkarnod collective. This bar is all yours, pocket money for your vacation here in the human system, although it may take some work to find a place to cash it on Gaspra. You're not sure what the humans are planning to do with the Gift of Var'n (study it, presumably – doubtless they'll be terribly curious as to whether it's as effective at healing humans as it is at healing Rakeb) but perhaps you should remind them that the Gifts have a tendency towards exploding when disassembled, as it would be most unfortunate to have your vacation cut short by the station depressurizing.

Once the Gift of Var'n has been delivered, you're free to do whatever you like for however long you like (well, within reason – your collective will buy you a ticket back to Vircus whenever you like, and would prefer you not spend *too* long on vacation in human space). You think a Bar of Platinum is enough to last you several months of playing tourist, but really, why just look around when you could dig into how things really work? That's more expensive, of course, but it should also be much more profitable. You're the only resource the Vkarnod collective has off of Vircus, currently, and most of your usual tricks and tools are designed for Rakeb rather than human security systems, but you're authorized to accept any job you think you can handle solo or with resources provided by the client. Ultimately, you'd like to be able to bring home a souvenir with the same sort of historical importance to the humans that the Gifts have to the Rakeb – not something you're likely to find here on Gaspra, it being scarcely fifty years old, but this is as good a place as any to start learning your way around human security and social systems. (You gather that Humans use a somewhat different set of alarms than Rakeb do – any understanding you could bring home on the different types here would be of use to your collective if and when they decide to start doing more regular work with the humans.) Arranging to get paid to get that sort of practice would be even better – good tools are *so* expensive when you're light years away from home. Perhaps this Ot fellow will have something else he needs acquired...

### Contacts

- Y'm Liki Ot (Jamie Morris): The person at LieselCorp to whom the Gift of Var'n is to be delivered.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- On seeing Y'm Liki Ot - ID #210
- Painting: Work Camp on Ganymede. - ID #357
- Painting: Mother and child on Ganymede. - ID #267
- Painting: New Home on Ganymede.

**Bluesheets**

- Rakeb

**Greensheets**

- Hacking - Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out - Improved Waylay
- Wound - Pickpocket
- Assist - Cat Burglar
- Disarm - Hacking 1
- Hide Weapon - Social Engineering 1

**Items**

- Gun - 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- Knife - Gift of Var'n

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2 - Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## Marlene Kilgore

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*“He’s a perfect ten. A four with six million bucks.”*

*Another French Toast, Marlene. And refill the coffee, would’ja?*

You grew up on Gaspra, know it’s ins and outs. When you were born, nearly forty years ago now (just how near’s not for anyone else to know), it was still a thriving station, prospering as the site of diplomatic and trade negotiations between Humans and Rakeb. With the lifting of the Embargo, and the departure of the fat cats, you watched the money drain out of Gaspra, and the life go with it. Your dad’s business dried up. Your mom opened a small diner, kept the family alive. You still own the place, selling fried food and coffee to the miners and other permanent residents of the station.

*What’s the latest gossip, Marlene? Heard anything about that accident Larry had on his last trip out?*

You know them all, everyone who lives here, everyone who comes and goes regularly. Some better, some worse, but everyone recognizes you and says hi. Hell, Jacob Canning, the Security Minister, was one of your best customers, before he passed on a few days back. He knew that if someone on station knew something, you were the one he could learn in from.

*A dozen handguns, a medkit, and some rope, Marlene. By Tuesday, latest.*

You live to serve. Whatever it is they need, you can get it. For a price. The diner makes some money, but not the kind of money a girl needs to live comfortably. Gun running, drug smuggling, and generally connecting people with the items they want, even if they’re just hard to find, not illegal, that makes a lot more money. Jacob knew you were doing it, of course. But he also knew that if you didn’t, someone else would, and he might not be able to get along with them as well.

Someone like Javier Brancato. There’s other people who dabble in shady merchandise, but he’s the only guy around here who could really give you a run for your money in the wheeling and dealing arena. You’ve largely divided the market, he deals with the corps, you deal with everyone else, but neither of you is above poaching on the other’s territory when you get the chance. Still, there’s generally enough business to go around, and you expect the next several days will be extra busy, as everyone tries to finish things before the Press arrives. You’re willing to share, if he is. Maybe you should talk to him about agreeing to some prices, instead of undercutting each other completely.

But really, if you can pull off your new plan, he can have the market to himself for all you care. If you can get Prince Darien Paxton in your pocket, you can sell the diner, and stop selling pretty much anything else, either. The guy’s going to need someone to help him around the station, and neither James Nyberg nor Joruri Fuwa are likely to help him much. He plans to turn this place back into a thriving concern, like it was when you were little. If you can’t figure out how to make some cash out of being his right-hand-woman while that happens, you should just shoot yourself now, ’cause you’ll be starving by the end of the year. You’ve already spoken with him briefly about helping him find a more suitable security minister than Javier Brancato, though you don’t want the job yourself, and you’re helping him with his little “I’m here” party on Friday.

But while you’re working with him, you need to keep an eye on what’s going on with Alicia Downs, too. She only arrived on station a few hours ago. Apparently the ship she was on had some kind of accident, and it had to put into Gaspra for repairs. Alicia knows all about ships having accidents. She’s part of one of the largest pirate groups in the Belt, the Night Angels. They’ve been good customers of yours in the past, buying information about when ships might be leaving Gaspra, and what routes and cargos they might have, and supplying you with various and sundry items for resale that they picked up off some of those unlucky ships. You’ve even gotten your own hands dirty for them, once or twice. They have a standing account with you, and their leader isn’t the sort of man you want to cross.

You also came into possession of a painting by Lon Wa Sha Pier. Got it off one of the regular pirates, who’d smuggled it into station. He didn’t know what to do with it when the contact he was looking for, Deng Zou, didn’t show up to get it tonight. Dumb bastard probably didn’t even take the time to look it up online. You already sold it to Priscilla Spencer for three times what

you paid for it. Pirates can be so useful.

On the other hand, it wouldn't do to have Darien think you're helping the pirate trade around Gaspra, when he's trying to clean things up. You'll need to talk to Alicia, find out what she's doing here, and give her what help you can, on the things that won't hurt Gaspra itself, without Darien finding out what's going on. A balancing act, but the sort of thing you've been doing for years. But if you do it right, this should be the last time you have to do it. The last time you'll have to do anything because someone else wants it, instead of because it's what you want to do...

**Contacts**

- Prince Darien Paxton (Rickland): The new crown prince in town. Maybe he needs a queen.
- K'w Suna Kruzo (Aaron Finck): A Rakeb without a collective who used to hang out in your diner and be depressed. When he was particularly down on his luck, sometimes you would hire him to do short term jobs. Recently found some direction in his life, though he refuses to talk about it.
- James Nyberg (Tony Camire): The honest, hardworking and capable Trade Minister. He's going to give you trouble.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): A random criminal on the station currently looking to rise above his meager status. Don't let him do it at your expense.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Contacts
- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Skill With Knife
- Contact: Lance
- Contact: Elwood
- Contact: Mallory
- Contact: Kay
- Contact: "Guy in a Lab"
- Social Engineering 3

**Items**

- Gun
- Knife
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## George Klein

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*“It’s nice to know that when the whole world seems crazy, you have friends who make it seem sane in comparison.”*

How did you get to be the stable one?

When you were with Free Mars, you were the crazy one. The unstable Aussie, likely to shoot off on some mad plan or other to wreak havoc on the oppressive regimes that kept Mars from uniting into a single free nation, the way Luna had. You always thought that was what Nathalie saw in you. Even after she died, you were still the driving force of your cell, for a while, until you finally saw how hopeless the grand Martian Unification was. It’s a pretty dream, but it’s not practical, anymore than a Unified Earth is. Luna grew up from a single colony, and so of course it can manage to be a single world. Ganymede, if it manages to throw off China, may do the same. But Mars has colonies from all over the Earth, and carried the divisions of Earth with it. The individual colonies might be freed, but they’re never going to unite. And really, a planet with a population of less than a million, divided against itself, is worse off than the Mars of today. It’s why you eventually left the movement.

And when you left Free Mars, you left Mars completely, and came home, to Australia. You grew up in Darwin, Australia. Lived there until you were fourteen, when your parents moved you to Mars, to a UEC bubble where your father’s company, LieselCorp, needed a new manager for its accounting offices. He’s still there, with your mom, making a good salary and enjoying life. They say they’ll come back to Australia when he retires. You don’t know if you believe them. They settled into Mars in a way you never really did.

You *enjoyed* Mars. It was exciting, and you fell in love with the place. The place, and the girl. Nathalie Boudreaux. She was at the center of your life from the day you met her, when you were both fifteen, until the day she died, 6 years later. Your best friend, your prom date, your partner in crime. She was enraptured with Mars, its possibilities and its promise, and her enthusiasm carried you away with her, convincing you that it was Mars you loved, instead of her. After she died, you kept at it for a while, but slowly realized that Mars was just a place, same as any other, and that really, it wasn’t the place for you.

You were 24 when you came back to Australia. It was a shock to the system, at first. The extra weight, the careless use of water, *oceans!* You faked up a resume, pretending to have finished the college courses that you’d never had, and went looking for a job. You spent about a year as a waiter, a stock boy, and a receptionist, getting back together with old friends and putting together a band, when a job found you.

Mr. Jones and Mrs. Green, sorry excuses for agents of Australian Intelligence, started poking around the edges of your life. Apparently they’d learned about your “terrorist” background, and were concerned that you not cause trouble now that you were back home. When you realized they were there, bothering your friends and your employers, you turned the tables, and started watching them. You found their boss, and set up a meet with him. He was impressed enough that he offered you a job with Australian Intelligence, and you took it. It’s what you know how to do, the pay is good, and Australia has the right attitude about the whole thing - no grand quests or ideological crusades, just a practical, defensive approach to protecting the people of your island continent.

That was five years ago. You and Mariana Craigie have been partners ever since, along with Kyrk Velour, as the band “Disaster Zone”. You worked fairly well as a team, even if suddenly you found yourself being the one reining in the wild ideas of the other two. You worry sometimes that Mariana is really literally crazy, but the psych boys claim that she is ok, at base. Kyrk’s ideas were never so mad, but he was always planning big, coming up with ways to make whatever mission you were on do six things for Australia, instead of one.

It was that tendency to think big that finally cost him, you think. You don’t know exactly what his plan was, when he ran off with part of a Selenadium fabrication device that the three of you had brought back from your last mission, a six month tour of Vircus. You and Mariana caught the next shuttle after him, and caught him here, while he still had the half he’d stolen.

Your interrogation, before you killed him, confirmed that he was going to sell it to *someone* here on Gaspra, for enough that he expected to be able to disappear and live the good life from now on, and that he thought the other half of the device, the half that had gone missing from your luggage on the trip back from Vircus, was here as well, although he denied having stolen that part. The two of you will have to track down the other half, and get it back to Australia safely.

There's one other thing that your bosses have asked you to do here as well. Apparently, one of your contacts, Mike Smith, has gone missing. He was a LieselCorp employee, who was selling information from LieselCorp's spy satellites on Mars to Australia. You need to find out what happened to him, and get the information he was selling. Hopefully Free Mars wasn't involved, but if they were, well, you've put that part of your life behind you now. If they get in your way, you'll deal with them.

In other news, last night you caught sight of Nathalie Boudreaux in the bar on the station. You were in the process of chasing after Kyrk, so you didn't stop to chat, but it did freak you out a bit. She died on Mars nine years ago, assassinated for being one of the more recognizable Martain revolutionaries. She became a martyr. She was your perfect lost love. All your fans know about it - you've written half a dozen songs about her. Of course, if she is not dead you are going to have to find out how she managed to hide from you. And why she never contacted you. It's not as if you have been hard to find. Hell, you're a rock star.

**Contacts**

- Nathalie Boudreaux (Aletta Wallace): Your former girlfriend. Thought she was dead.
- Mariana Craigie (Laura the Magnificent): Fellow member of "Disaster Zone." Even more of a nut than you.
- Kyrk Velour: A traitor, now deceased.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- "Sarah Webber" - ID #358
- ID #210 - ID #402

**Bluesheets**

- Disaster Zone - Australian Intelligence

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering - Torture

**Abilities**

- Knock Out - Skill With Knife
- Wound - Hide Weapon
- Assist - Social Engineering 2
- Restrain - Torture Question

**Items**

- Gun - Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynt*
- Knife - 2500 Spacebucks *in your account*
- Complex device of obscure purpose

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2 - Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## K'w Suna Kruzo

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*“What gang are you with?”*

*“Ah...the Survivors.”*

*“Never heard’ a them.”*

*“I’m the only one left.”*

The D’rect collective is no more. You are alone, the last survivor of a collective cursed by the Aeray for its presumption.

You warned them not to do it. The Gifts are not to be trifled with. But the Elders commanded that the Gift was to be examined, and so it was done. The Seal was broken, the Gift’s workings exposed. No explosions happened, and the collective began to study its workings. You refused. The Elders ordered you off the island on which the rest of the D’rect collective worked, to consider the errors of your ways. When you returned, a week later, the collective was dead.

According to the doctors you brought in to look at them, it was some kind of plague. They could determine little more than that. You knew the truth, though. The Aeray had struck them down for their presumption. You could not understand why they had let you live. The doctors quickly told you that you had not escaped unscathed. You were sterile, sickly, and doomed. They could not tell you exactly how long it would be, not longer than months, they thought. You sold off what the collective owned, settled the contracts that could no longer be met, and left Vircus, cursing yourself for your weakness, the Elders for the Folly, and the Aeray, for leaving you alive when your brethren were all dead. In your bitterness, you could not stand to remain among those who could still find the glory of the Aeray in their hearts. So you came here, to Gaspra station, to live among the Humans for your remaining days.

On your arrival, you spent a few weeks becoming more and more sick, but could not seem to finally die. In your frustration, you finally turned to the Human doctors. Death you could accept, a fitting punishment for your crimes. But interminable torment, this horrible wasting away, that you would not take. The others of your collective, the ones who had truly sought their sacrilege, had been granted the peace of the grave. You, who had spoken against the desecration of the Gifts, were being denied that. It was unfair, and you rejected it.

You visited several doctors, none of whom knew enough Rakeb physiology to be of any use. Finally, you visited Dr. Nick Varakas. He didn’t know exactly what was wrong, but he proposed a potential solution. He was at the time experimenting with an artificial “liver”, a Human organ that purifies the blood stream and removes poisons from it. He proposed that implanting it in you might remove whatever was killing you. You didn’t really believe it would work, but dying under his knife would at least be quick. You were shocked when you woke up the next day feeling better than you had in months.

It didn’t last. Over the next few days, you felt yourself getting ill again, but Dr. Varakas used a standard medkit on you, and you recovered quickly. That was a decade ago. The decline continues, but a medkit has always sufficed to restore you to full health, although you have had to use them more frequently as time has passed, and now you need to use one nearly daily.

You were left confused, uncertain what to do. The Aeray had seemingly been thwarted. Their plans for your death stymied by the Humans. Or else they had never planned your death at all, but in that case, what *did* they plan? In either case, you could not find the way, the faith that had guided you for years in the paths the Aeray wished you to follow. You were healthy (relatively), wealthy (the entire funds of the collective devolved upon you when the rest of them died), and alone in a strange world. You were directionless.

With nowhere to go, you decided to stay where you were. Your collective’s wealth, the blood money from their deaths, you put into a series of trusts, complicated legal structures from which only small amounts would be released at a time, enough to supply you with medkits, but little more. And you waited. Waited for a sign that would be a long time in coming.

During your wait, you declined. You become little more than a drunk, begging money or doing odd jobs on station to pay for alcohol, a place to sleep, a bite to eat. Marlene Kilgore would generally give you a sandwich or something for sweeping up

her diner. You became something of a joke on station, but it hardly mattered. How could it matter if you were a joke to Humans, or even Rakeb, when you were already the butt of a grand cosmic joke by the Aera.

Then, scarcely three weeks ago, the first inkling of a direction came. You learned from Gima M'to Luni that he believes there are Treasures of the Aera here, in Sol Space, even on Gaspra itself. Not Gifts, such as were given to the Rakeb, but things left, and now found by the Humans. Things the Humans have hidden, and seek to learn from. If this is true, you must stop them. The Aera are beyond the understanding of Humans, as they are beyond the understanding of Rakeb. Research into their Treasures might lead to the destruction of this station, as it destroyed the D'rect. It must be stopped. You and Gima and a human, Dolores Aramia, have all agreed that these Treasures will be found and reclaimed from the blasphemous hands that hold them now.

And then, as if to confirm your new purpose, another sign arrived. The asteroid, Trenton-Hobbes's asteroid, is clearly a Treasure of the Aera as well. You must see it, and learn from it. Perhaps it will provide the clues you need to understand the twists and turns of your life. It currently floats outside the station, awaiting inspection. You must find someone to get you, and Gima and Dolores if they wish to come, outside to it. The Aera are not to be defied, or outwitted. Clearly this was planned, from the very beginning. Perhaps even the destruction of the Gift by the D'rect was planned. You have been selected, to be the Prophet of the Aera to the people of Earth, and you must learn the teachings of your prophecy from the Asteroid, before the arrival of the Human media who wish to study it, and will only corrupt it with their secular touch.

**Contacts**

- Gima M'to Luni (Ross Hatton): The only other faithful Rakeb on Gaspra, so far as you know, whose patience in attempting to teach the blind and frustrating Humans has helped you hold on the last few years.
- Dolores Aramia (Meredith Peck): A young human from a religious order called the Later Day Saints, recently returned from studying with Gima's collective on Vircus.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): The waitress at the diner, who often has an odd job or even a free meal for you.
- Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes (Susan Dorsher): The woman whose discovery of what must surely be an Aera Treasure in the Sol system has brought you new hope that your suffering is for a purpose.
- Dr. Nick Varakas (Antonio Vincente): The human doctor who has been prolonging your life.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- AWWWL - Gaspra Locals
- Rakeb

**Greensheets**

- Alien Runes

**Abilities**

- Knock Out - Medkit Addiction
- Wound - Cyborg Immune System
- Assist

**Items**

- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account* - blue and gold cylinder

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2 - Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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**Daud Kutaiba**

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*Nothing in a hardware store ever gets bought for its nominal purpose.*

*Neal Stephenson, Zodiac*

The fools! Don't understand what they're doing the solar system. One can't just go around and terraform whatever one likes. There are some things that man was not meant to mess about with. By terraforming Ganymede, they are homogenizing the solar system. This increases the danger that some major ecological disaster could wipe out the human race. Diversity must be preserved.

If humans need more space, they should travel to other solar systems to find places to live. In fact, that is even better, because it means the human race is more spread out and resistant to disaster.

It is up to you, and every member of Greenwar, to make terraforming so costly that interstellar exploration is pursued instead. This isn't so hard, because terraforming is still a poorly understood technology that costs quite a bit of money and needs a lot more development. So you just have to stay on their case until they give up and go interstellar.

\* \* \*

You never expected to become an ecoterrorist. The word still makes you smile. One day at Harvard, in the middle of your sophomore year, you happened by a lecture hall where a speech was being give by Marjan Dwitsky, the leader of the then nascent Greenwar movement. You were drawn into the meeting, and sat and listened for hours. Afterward you ended up following Dwitsky around for the rest of her visit to America. In contrast to everyone around you she was not only an amazing person, but she was politically active and aware.

By the time she came back a year later, you were the cynical leader of Harvard's local ecological advocacy group. The entire year of activism, during which you failed several classes, hadn't given you the thrill that the weekend with Dwitsky did. And so you left Harvard, and for the first time left America, to go and be a full fledged member of Greenwar.

At first the violence bothered you. But you came to realize that violence is one of the most effective tools available to man, particularly when trying to interact with other men. And also you realized that any deaths your movement caused would be martyrs to your cause, and that history would forgive you.

\* \* \*

You are GreenWar's primary operative on Gaspra. Here on Gaspra, you mostly keep an eye on the operations of China on Ganymede. You have spent the last year working as an employee of Milton Salt Industrial Technologies. Its a staid old British company, but they pay you well enough and don't ask what you do with your weekends. Your boss, Arthur Winslow, is kind of a prick, but survivable.

Milton has been paying to you manage acts of terrorism for them. It's kind of a cute hack, and good training for your GreenWar work. You have been helping the People's Liberation Front of Ganymede, a rebel group dedicated to liberating the Ganymede from Chinese rule, work against the Chinese industry on Ganymede. Mostly this has meant convincing them to blow up Gormansium mining and refinement operations. Milton pays you to do this because these operations compete with Milton Gormansium mining interests elsewhere. But its fun all the same, and it feels good to be stopping strip miners.

You had mostly just been doing this sort of thing for practice and to pay the bills, but now you have an opportunity to turn both the People's Liberation Front of Ganymede and Milton Salt Industrial Technologies to your own ends and do some real good for Greenwar. Here's your plan.

Your contact with People's Liberation Front of Ganymede is named Deng Zou. He had recently expressed interest in purchasing some heavy weaponry to help arm the People's Liberation Front of Ganymede resistance movement. You told Arthur that you had lead on selling some heavy weapons. He said he could arrange to sell them really cheap if you could arrange to have the terrorist group you are dealing with (He doesn't realize that there are two of them) launch an attack on the main Gormansium mine.

Greenwar could likely pull off that attack (You are still waiting to hear details from your operatives on Ganymede about what would be required). However, it'd be nice if you could get the People's Liberation Front of Ganymede to hit the Gormansium mine for you. You would like to direct Greenwar's resources towards an attack on the Devision lab. And really, its the People's Liberation Front of Ganymede's guns anyway. They should make the attack themselves.

Assuming you can the attack made somehow, you should be in a good position to score big on this deal. If you can keep Deng Zou and Arthur Winslow from talking directly to each other (and you likely can as they don't know eachother), you can likely getting Arthur to sell really low and Deng to buy really high and funnel the profits to Greenwar. If you are really slick, maybe you even walk off with one of the three plasma cannons. That'd be really useful in the attack the Greenwar is planning on the Devision Lab.

Of course, if you need to choose, you'd rather take the money. Greenwar is going to need it to buy the prototype Ice Purifying Nanites. Ice Purifying Nanites (aka Experiment 42), are an important breakthrough in terraforming technology and you'd really like to buy them and destroy them.

Thus, you should get the money from the PLFG, and give some of it to Milton Salt Industrial Technologies to buy the weapons. Then use the rest of it to buy the Nanites. Then you should destroy them so that they are never used for their evil purpose. If possible, you should try to get a hold of one of the guns too.

Ideally you'd do all this, without Arthur finding out. Milton Salt Industrial Technologies doesn't know any details about the terrorist organizations you work with and for. All they know is that they give you resources and you cause the right things to blow up. It should stay this way, as they are a truely valuable resource.

**Contacts**

- Arthur Winslow (Alya Asarina): Your boss at Milton. Make sure he doesn't find out what you are really up to.
- Sky Fuwa (Stephanie Fried): Fellow member of Greenwar. You suspect she is just a youthful rebel, rather than a true believer. But she may still be useful.
- Philip Zi (Dexter Chan): Another member of Greenwar. Chinese defector, works for Joruri Fuwa on the station.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): Local blackmarketeer. Good for getting you stuff, and for telling you who can help solve problems.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- Selenadium

**Bluesheets**

- Greenwar
- Milton Salt Industrial Technologies
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering
- Hacking
- Materials Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Mechanical Engineering
- Social Engineering 1
- Hacking 2
- Materials Engineering

**Items**

- Gun
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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**Jeff Labonte**

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*“What a wonder is a gun, what a versatile invention! First of all, when you’ve a gun.... everybody pays attention!”*

So you probably shouldn’t have shot him. But dammit, he was asking too many questions and you didn’t see any way out.

You used to run with the Family, collecting money and adjusting kneecaps as necessary. You were good at intimidating people - you wouldn’t take crap from nobody and weren’t opposed to using a little violence if needed. Hell, it was fun. You were working for this guy Prince Darien Paxton back in Denmark, using a judicious lead pipe here and there when he needed to “negotiate” something. He was a good boss, and you liked the work.

But then your momma started complaining. She didn’t want you running with that crowd. And you didn’t really know what to do. You liked your job, but you loved your momma. Besides, you knew that you weren’t ever going to rise higher in the Family because they didn’t respect you.

So you went in and talked to Frank Sartin, the head of the Family. He understood your dilemma (he loves his momma, too), and helped hook you up with a job at NWFusion. It was kind of funny, actually... you were doing the same type of work for them that you had been doing for the Family. (Well, maybe you’re breaking a few less kneecaps). And Momma thinks that you’re a respectable man now.

Basically, your job at NWFusion is to cover up their sketchy activity. They work in mnemonic research and need to make sure everything is on the level when the press shows up. You know that if you do a good job, you’ll totally get set up the cash and respect. In fact, you’ll most likely get promoted. So you need to make sure everything goes smoothly.

Unfortunately, if NWFusion’s illegal activities get found out, you know that you’re going to take the fall. They’ve been really paranoid about getting found out recently, so they won’t engage in any abnormal funds transfers. You’re just going to have to make do with what you have for now.

Not too long ago, the NWFusion researchers started getting really useful results. Then somebody broke into the lab and stole part of the machinery. Finally, it got traced back to the UECI. You need leverage to get it back, and noticed that a bunch of punk pirates had put a cryofrozen UECI agent up for auction, but were ignoring bids from anyone governmental. You had Joseph Birnbaum buy the guy for you, so that you could trade him for the stolen part.

NWFusion isn’t the only thing you have to cover up... There are a few things of your own that you’re going to have to clean up.

Day before yesterday, you managed to intercept a message from Ned Staples saying that he had found “something big.” You met up with him and later handed over an Aera artifact to NWFusion. You really got set up that cash for that. But now more people are starting to ask questions about his death and you don’t want it tied back to you. You probably shouldn’t have killed him, but he was uncooperative, and damn it, you can’t leave witnesses. Unfortunately, they found his bullet-ridden corpse yesterday, so it’s pretty obvious that Ned’s death wasn’t accidental.

For the past few months or so, you had been “acquiring” test subjects for the researchers. You’d find somebody that nobody would ever miss, knock ‘em on the head, and hand them over to the scientists. But somebody did start missing them. The Gaspra Security Minister, Jacob Canning, started poking his nose around where it didn’t belong. When he came to you and started asking pointed questions about why you were always around when people disappeared, well, you made him disappear.

So not only do you need to cover up NWFusion’s stuff without taking the fall, you need to make sure all those deaths/dissappearances don’t come back to bite you in the ass. You better start looking around for some more bullets. And if it all works out, you’ll get the cash and the respect you deserve.

**Contacts**

- Joseph Birnbaum (Rob Ringrose): Molybdenum Joe is a smuggler who knows how to keep his mouth shut, especially about things like trafficking in cryofrozen spies, and thus NWFusion sends a fair bit of work his way. You expect you'll be keeping him busy this week, with an entire lab to move.
- Dr. Nick Varakas (Antonio Vincente): One of NWFusion's scientists. Off the deep end, but brilliant. He keeps trying to convince you to let him give you a cybernetic implant. You'd be just as happy to wait until you've seen more positive results.
- D'o Lika Mim (Kevin Chen): The other NWFusion scientist. Less obviously cracked than Dr. Varakas, but no more comprehensible.
- Prince Darien Paxton (Rickland): A guy you used to break legs for, back before momma insisted you get out of the mafia. Those were the days.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): The waitress at the local diner. Their food isn't as good as momma's, but it's better than you expected to find out here, and Kilgore know a lot about what's going on on station.
- Mariana Craigie (Laura the Magnificent): The lead singer for "Disaster Zone," one of your favorite bands. What the hell is she doing on Gaspra? And will she give you her autograph?

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- NWFusion Incorporated
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering
- Torture

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Bare-Handed Knock Out
- Bare-Handed Killing Blow
- Skill With Club
- Hide Weapon
- Fencing Illicit Items
- Social Engineering 1
- Torture Question

**Items**

- Gun
- Club
- Knife
- Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynt*
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 200 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 3
- Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## Marcus Lestraad

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*“Of course I’m scared! You think I’m reluctant because I’m happy?”*

— Ronin

You had never killed anyone up close before.

Sure, you killed a few terrorists in '65, back during the bomb scares at the Sea of Tranquility. You were a SWAT agent then, working in Tranquility Base. And a few years later, as an officer, you ordered a missile strike against a pirate vessel in Lunar orbit. It was your quick thinking and excellent record that got you recruited by the Luna Security Department (LSD) in the first place.

But you had never had to shoot someone so close, when you could see their eyes.

Five weeks ago, there was news of a captured United European Community Intelligence (UECI) agent. The news came from his captors, an unnamed group of space pirates who had let out that they had him for anyone willing to buy. They were mocking the UECI, by essentially putting a frozen agent up for anonymous auction. LSD considers this agent valuable — one of your bosses believes he has a significant amount of information on the entire spy network on Luna. Of course, LSD tried to acquire the agent from the pirates, but they seemed to be not responding any any queries from government agencies, which demonstrated that they were at least smart.

Just over two weeks ago, the sale for the agent went away. Rumor was that some large corporation had made an offer. This was confirmed when an LSD informant named Justine Stewart called in that she had a “promising lead.” Stewart was an ex-military spook who did contract security work, who had worked with LSD in the past. She claimed that the corporate buyer (whose identity she couldn't reveal) was interested in trading the frozen UECI agent for a device held in a UECI research lab. Stewart said time was short, because the buyer was looking to do a straight trade with the UECI. LSD decided the plan was worth it, not very surprising given what the frozen agent supposedly knew. That plan was to steal the device from the UECI lab, and trade it for the frozen agent. So you were sent to aid Stewart in stealing the device. By reputation, Stewart could pull off the job herself, but LSD didn't fully trust her.

Earth is a much larger gravity well than Luna. You've been there enough times (and taken enough builder drugs) to be functional there, but you've never enjoyed it. So you already weren't feeling great when you showed up in Paris, at Justine Stewart's hotel room. She at first seemed very surprised to see you, but things quickly got stranger. She started to act very suspiciously, making comments about not needing any babysitting from LSD, while moving around the room such that you never got to see her back. After a few moments of what was essentially stalling, she suddenly went to draw something from the small of her back.

Somehow, you managed to draw your gun and fire twice. Stewart's body slumped to the ground, with her eyes staring at you, before you fully realized what had happened. She definitely had a gun in her hand.

Stewart bled to death right in front of you, while you called LSD HQ and told them what happened. After a search of the room, you found a briefcase containing what seemed to be the device from the UECI lab. LSD found a few travel records and confirmed that Stewart had arrived on Earth a few days earlier. It seemed she had managed to steal the device without you after all, and going by her attempt to kill you, she at least didn't want you interfering.

LSD was also able to confirm that Stewart was scheduled to head to Gaspra station the next day. Likely that is where she intended to make the trade for the frozen agent. You're not sure whether or not she intended to betray LSD (after all, why set up the trade just to cut out one side?).

LSD has another operative on Gaspra, Chandra Moore. She's fairly green, as while she has been on the station for about a year, that's her first posting off of Luna. She's been told to expect you, and you should contact her immediately upon your arrival

to coordinate.

**Contacts**

- Chandra Moore (Beth Baniszewski): An LSD operative who has been on Gaspra for the past year. Hopefully together you can figure out who has the frozen UECI agent, and make the trade.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- Luna Security Department

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering
- Torture

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Hide Weapon
- Wound
- Social Engineering 1
- Assist
- Torture Question
- Restrain

**Items**

- Gun *Justine Stewart.*
- Knife
- Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynt*
- Research Device 37b (42379) *The device you took from*
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 3
- Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## Gima M'to Luni

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*“Blessed be the Aera, and the Gifts, and the Owners of the Gifts. And blessed be the Guardians of the Gifts, and those who return the Gifts to their true Owners. But to those who remove the Gifts from their true Owners, curses and torments shall fall, now and forever, Amen.”*

*— The Book of the Aera, Declitian Version*

The Humans are a blind and stubborn race. You understand now why the Aera never visited them. Your collective, the Viruna, is one which specializes in teaching the children of other collectives, both basic education and leading them to the truth of the Aera. Five years ago, you were sent here, to Gaspra, to try and establish a position for the Viruna among the humans. While you have had some success becoming a teacher to children, educating them in reading and writing, basic mathematics, and the like, your attempts to spread the teachings of the Aera, to show the Humans how to properly worship and respect the Gifts, has been completely unsuccessful. They simply refuse to even consider the truth of your words.

Well, perhaps that is a little harsh. Some of the humans, the ones who actually concern themselves with spiritual matters, will listen to you, although you have not convinced any of them yet. Still, most humans seem to regard the spirit as worthless, of no importance whatsoever. You cannot understand how an entire race can be so dead within their souls.

The only group your people have contacted that is not so soulless are the Saints. They are a persecuted religious group that fled Earth for Mars, one of the other planets in the system. Mars is not currently habitable, all the humans there live in domed cities. The Saints' dome is very crowded, and the conditions help to encourage spiritual awareness. You have liked those Saints you have have opportunity to know, though most of them do not leave the dome.

You have repeatedly asked the leaders of the Viruna to send you stronger Gifts. Surely confronted with the power of some of the Major Gifts, the Humans would admit the divinity of the Aera. The two you have with you seem to be regarded by the Humans as merely clever trinkets. They refuse to see that the Gifts are the hand of the divine reaching down to touch the world. But your leaders are concerned about the possibility of loss, and have refused to send more. So you struggle forward with what you have.

You were growing frustrated with your progress, and wondering if you were truly doing what the Aera intended for you, when you were given a sign that there was a purpose to your presence on Gaspra. About three weeks ago, you were showing one of the miners, Ned Staples, the wonders of the Bracelet of Memory, when he mentioned he'd seen something similar before. You pressed him for details, and he clammed up, as if he realized he shouldn't have said that, but you managed to confirm for yourself that he'd seen things, more than one, created by the Aera in Human space, and not owned by a Rakeb.

No Human has any of the Gifts. The Collective that owns each Gift is a matter of open record, and hiding a Gift is sacrilege of the highest order. So Staples must have seen something made by the Aera which was not a Gift, but rather, left here, in the Humans system. This was a thing that you had to find, and make known. Even the Humans recognize that the Aera's creations must be public, their United Nations requires that all non-human artifacts found in the Solar System must be turned over to the United Nations.

After Staples's revelation, you began watching him more closely, asking around to find out what he'd been up to. He went out for mining runs, but didn't come back with asteroids for sale. On the other hand, he had enough money after each trip that he was clearly bringing *something* back. He'd clearly found somewhere the Aera had visited in this system after all. Not having any access to a shuttle, you were unable to follow him out to his treasure site, but you began watching who he dealt with here on station. He had dealings with a lot of smugglers, so you started trying to intercept items that were being smuggled in and out of station.

So far, you've only managed to intercept three objects from smugglers. You retrieved a book that was being smuggled to Mars, for some reason. As far as you can tell, it's just a book, something technical about Bubble construction for the domed

Bubble Cities they live in on Mars. You retrieved a set of parts being smuggled to PARC from the Tureni collective on Vircus. You were hopeful that this one might prove fruitful, but it doesn't seem to contain any gifts, just some technical items. And you grabbed a consignment of what appears to be ceramics being smuggled off station by Milton Salt.

You're not really clear why any of these things were being smuggled, or how to go about giving them back, so for now you are just holding onto them. The Humans have some odd ideas about theft being wrong, which might get you in trouble if you just gave them back, but would probably also get you in trouble if you were found with them. But spacing them is wrong, because they're clearly valuable to *someone*. Perhaps you could arrange to have "found" them, and get some kind of reward from the people who were smuggling them.

You have been growing frustrated with your lack of success. Watching Staples some more, however, you learned that he also had a lot of dealings with some of the corporations on station. Perhaps investigating them will prove to be more useful. You have also found two other people on station who seem willing to assist you in recovering these missing artifacts. One is K'w Suna Kruzo. He has been on Gaspra longer than you, and seems to belong to no collective. He largely seems to beg for funds, rather than earning them. Still, he is devout, more so than most Rakeb on Gaspra, and has promised to help you. The other who is aiding you is Dolores Aramia, a human. She is one of the few spiritually aware Humans, and has traveled to Vircus (where she studied with your collective for three years) and is now on her way back to Mars. The three of you should be able to find whatever things Ned Staples had seen, and send them to Vircus.

You hoped that Dolores, as an attractive young human female, might be able to charm more information out of him, but he has recently been discovered dead. You're not sure if it has anything to do with the Aera devices he was involved with, but certainly the Gifts have been killed for in the past. You will just have to investigate the corporations carefully to find out who might have the Aera's lost treasures. The challenge of breaking into their labs to determine if they have anything of the Aera's hidden there will be significant, but you are confident that you can accomplish it, if you need to. Still, if you can determine which of them is more likely to have such items, it will be a significant reduction in your time and effort, allowing you to focus your energies on the productive locations.

You were just beginning to look into that, when you received word from your Viruna superiors that a Gift – the Gift of Var'n – had been stolen from you, and was being brought here, to Gaspra. You have to recover it, and return it to Vircus. You have asked Dolores and K'w Suna Kruzo to help with that task as well. You may wish to avoid mentioning your collective for a while, though, as they are not commonly known on Vircus to be actively engaged with the Humans, and thus your presence here looking for the stolen Gift may be unexpected.

Dolores came here to see you on important business, which she has been cagey about. She seems to have gotten caught up in some sort of espionage, possibly in treachery. Hopefully your faith will sustain you and together you can work through it. You must watch out that Kevin Tanenbaum, a spy who is also a friend of Dolores's does not lead her down a bad path. To do this, you will need to find out what troubles her.

Finally, you should consider what to do about Jones' asteroid. K'w Suna Kruzo believes that it is also an Aera creation, and if so, it is one of the largest ones known to exist. It should be studied by the Rakeb, as well as by the Humans. He has asked for your assistance in examining the asteroid, and you intend to provide it to him.

## Contacts

- Ned Staples: The smuggler who knew something about Gifts in human space. Tragically dead.
- Dolores Aramia (Meredith Peck): A Spiritually Aware human from Mars – one of the Saints. Just back from Vircus. She should be of help.
- K'w Suna Kruzo (Aaron Finck): A spiritual Rakeb who has been on Gaspra longer than you have, and knows humans better.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- "Y" shaped sculpture

**Bluesheets**

- AWWWL
- Rakeb
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Alien Runes
- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Social Engineering 2

**Items**

- small, five-sided top *a minor gift belonging to your collective*
- book on habitat construction *Intercepted smuggled shipment.*
- crate of ceramic *Intercepted smuggled shipment.*
- crate of sensors *Intercepted smuggled shipment.*
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- red bead bracelet

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## D'o Lika Mim

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*"I'm very opposed to personal violence. Especially when I'm the person."*

— Vila, Blake's 7

Why can it never just be about the science?

You left Vircus because you could never just study science there. It had to be about how what you were doing interacted with the Aera, and the Gifts, and their holy plan for the Rakeb people. Ever since coming to the Human's star, they have insisted on making it about "politics," their odd ideas of loyalty based on where you live on their planet. Why one patch of dirt makes any difference over any other, you can't make heads or tails of, but they seem to care deeply. It's just one more of the things you hope your research will make clear, in time.

Studying humanity is the reason you came to this system in the first place. You were young then, just past the age when you were first expected to declare for a collective. Your parents expected you to declare for theirs, a nothing little farming group without a Gift to its name. Instead, you declared yourself a solo. Contact with the humans was still fairly new then, they'd only been allowed on Vircus for five years, and Rakeb had only been allowed on Earth for four. You were going to make yourself an expert on Humans, and market your skills and knowledge as an intermediary to other collectives dealing with them.

For a long time it worked, too. Over the first twenty years, give or take, you mastered the field and were one of the acknowledged Rakeb experts in xeno-psychology, with a minor in xeno-biology. You had a solid client base, a thriving practice, no need to worry about how your work interacted with the Gifts, and nowhere to go but up. Vircus was your oyster, and you could do nothing wrong. So you decided to leave it, and come here.

Not to Gaspra, of course, not immediately. Your plan was to truly learn everything there was to know about human psychology, so you determined to go to the place where the most humans to study were. Earth.

It took a year or two to get your affairs on Vircus in order. There were contracts to finish, clients to hook up with other collectives that did similar work, a home to pack up, etc. But one morning, a little over seven years ago now, you got on an FTL ship, bags packed with everything you hadn't sold or given away, and left Vircus for Terra.

You spent three or four years travelling between the areas the humans call the U.S., Europe, and China. Your initial arrival was somewhat disappointing. Humans, after all, have been studying their own psychology for two or three hundred years, and have the "advantage" of being human themselves, which they claim makes it easier for them to understand themselves. Many people were simply not interested in your insights into the human psyche. Eventually, however, you made friends with a number of human psychologists in all three places. When your funds started to run low, they were happy to help you out, providing places to stay, finding you contract work. As a Rakeb, you had a certain freedom of movement between the human "nations" that your friends did not enjoy, and found yourself acting as a messenger for a number of your friends, carrying letters and occasional knickknacks back and forth between the countries for them.

You might have happily kept doing it, like the fool you were, if it hadn't been for the assassin that tried to kill you in Bonn.

You still don't know who he was, or who he worked for. Walking back to your hotel from a friend's late one evening, a bullet whizzed past your head. Ducking into a nearby alley, you hid in a garbage can while a man in a dark black suit, in sunglasses in the dark, dashed through the alley, gun out, searching for you. Snatches of his radio conversation drifted to you ... "Missed him ... cover Dresdel Street ... confirmed he has the discs. Can't lose that hold..."

Dresdel Street was your hotel. Your only discs, a set of video entertainment your friend had just given you, to take to another friend in the U.S. Heading back to where you'd left your friend, you shook the men with guns, only to spot another set of them staked out at your friend's house.

In an internet cafe, you checked out the discs. Video "entertainment" – a prominent politician in sexual intercourse with

various women, not his wife. You uploaded them to three different media firms, pulled all your funds from your bank accounts, and went into hiding.

With the blackmail value of the pictures destroyed, the people with the guns didn't have a "hold" anymore. The politician's career tanked over the next six months, anyway. Logically, no one should be interested in you anymore. Still, the Human psyche has a larger ration of "revenge" as a motivating force than the Rakeb one does, and you haven't taken any chances. You spent a lot of your remaining savings on new identity papers, abandoned your old name of T'a Si Mang, and moved out from Earth to Gaspra. Your "friends" who'd been using you as an unwitting spy never heard from you again.

You're still going to master the Human psyche. You've just had to take up a different method of pursuing your studies. A more direct method. NWFusion, your employer here on Gaspra, has been subjecting a number of human test subjects to a variety of experiments, hoping to discover how to program a human brain to react in various ways. They were happy to have the assistance of someone with your level of expertise, and few compunctions about doing research directly on non-consenting human subjects. The pay has been good, and the work fascinating.

Unfortunately, even here, politics seems to play a part. At least it's something closer to Rakeb understanding - theft and exchange, the activity that has grown up on Vircus around the Gifts. Someone has stolen a piece of your machinery, and you need to get it back. The people responsible have contacted your employers, and a trade has been arranged: someone your employers kidnapped, apparently a spy of some sort, in exchange for the device. You need to make sure that exchange goes forward properly, so you can continue your research. If some sort of problem arises with the trade, perhaps you could interest the people with the device in a list of your "friends" the spies back on Earth.

Also, your superiors have asked you to look at another project being done here on Gaspra. Apparently Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes's asteroid isn't the first Aera artifact found in this system. They've been coming in to the station for some time, and NWFusion managed to intercept one. It's some kind of physics device, not really your field, but it is an Aera creation, and all Rakeb get some training in the Gifts. You'll look at it when you have time, certainly.

Finally, something that your superiors haven't heard about: NWFusion Incorporated has an artifact like Trenton-Hobbes. You aren't sure what to make of such a thing appearing in human space. However you are sure that Jeff Labonte is too much of an ape to be left with it. You should do your best to steal it, and hang onto it while you watch how Trenton-Hobbes's unfolds. If the artifact works, you should smuggle it back to your collective. If it doesn't work, sell it to the highest bidder. Not that it is easy to decide what "working" means.

### **Contacts**

- Dr. Nick Varakas (Antonio Vincente): The other scientist at NWFusion, more interested in hardware and cybernetics than actual thought processes. A genius, in his own twisted way.
- Jeff Labonte (Clint Lohse): The not terribly clever Human who takes care of acquiring equipment and test subjects for your experiments.
- Qat Tyn Izit (Sie Hendrata Dharmawan): An innocent, enthusiastic Rakeb who's been on Gaspra for less than a year, working for PARC Astronomy, and who has not yet had occasion to be betrayed by the Humans. You spent quite a bit of time chatting when he arrived, hearing the latest news from home and showing him around the station, and you still do talk from time to time.
- James Cortland (David Roe): A Human expert on the Rakeb you knew years ago on Earth, before your terrible misadventures with spies. He arrived on Gaspra a few months ago. You've exchanged a few friendly words – he knows you'd rather not have your old name spread about – but neither of you seems much inclined to talk about your current work.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- "Vkarnod" - "Ha'thra"
- "Viruna"

**Bluesheets**

- NWFusion Incorporated - Gaspra Locals
- Rakeb

**Greensheets**

- Alien Runes - Biology

**Abilities**

- Knock Out - List Contacts
- Wound - Biology
- Assist

**Items**

- Gun - 100 Spacebucks *daily income*
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2 - Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## Chandra Moore

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*“Let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.”*

— William Shakespeare

Ganymede, Gandymede, Ganymede. You're *soooooo* sick of hearing about Ganymede; you've dealt with nothing but since you came to Gaspra. You work for Luna, damn it! Luna! And Luna has enough problems of her own to deal with, *without* adopting the cause of every hunk of rock in the solar system that wants to be an independent nation just like her.

You're almost a year into a three-year posting on Gaspra, where you've overtly been working for Joruri Fuwa in life support. That was easy – you arranged with the crew of the Lady's Choice who were delivering you to Gaspra to have a loud, nasty fight on the dock, then you stomped off, found the station's chief engineer, and asked for a job. Since you pretty much grew up in the main life support plant in New Constantinople on Luna, which supported a hundred thousand people and where your mother was the station chief, you can manage life support for Gaspra's six hundred in your sleep (not that you'd ever consider being so careless with such critical work) – the equipment here is old, but it was designed for ten times that many people, so having half of it down for repairs at any given time is no problem. And Grandma Fuwa is great – she recognizes and appreciates competence and dedication, and is herself possessed of both in great measure, particularly to this station – not so surprising, since she built it.

Beyond that, though, being stuck on this ratty little tin can stinks. You can't believe you *wanted* an off-world posting – see the solar system, it'll be exciting. Gah. Most of the time Luna has no reason at all to have an agent posted on Gaspra except to talk to the People's Liberation Front of Ganymede, and the PLFG is a hopeless disaster – I mean, Ganymede isn't even self-sufficient yet: they still have to ship *food* in. And it's wholly owned by China – they don't have multiple opponents to play against each other. And it's not as if China were one of Luna's real problems – sure, they're mad expansionists and all, but they've got lots of other irons in the fire, and no real past bad blood with Luna from when she gained independence like the UEC does. But the PLFG is terribly enthusiastic and optimistic, despite everything, which would be amusing if they weren't so given to getting themselves painfully entangled in corporate politics. You'd think they'd learn, but no. Their latest engagement is with Milton Salt, which is oh-so-clearly interested in Ganymede's Gormanium mining operations, though whether they want to stop it or divert it or take it over or what you're not yet sure. What the PLFG thinks they're getting escapes you entirely – some weapons, sure, but a few big guns won't even begin to solve their problems.

And then there's Deng Zou. What an insufferable, arrogant jerk! You'd been on Gaspra barely two days when he approached you in the bar, in front of at least a dozen witnesses, said hello, and dropped the *emergency* contact phrase blatantly. You all but dragged him out to find out what disaster was in progress . . . and he hit on you. You nearly killed him. Working with him – which you do as little as you possibly can – hasn't improved in the least over the last year. If there are any other PLFG agents on Gaspra, they at least have the good sense to keep a low profile. One bad apple like him can ruin the hard work of a hundred devoted, competent agents – and you're not convinced the PLFG has a hundred people. If they have even one more like him, they wouldn't have a chance even if everything were in their favor. You've occasionally been tempted to off him yourself, and call it a major favor to the PLFG.

So . . . when the opportunity arose to trade some data on the PLFG for something of actual *use* to Luna, you went for it. While looking around on the network one afternoon about a week ago, you found hints of someone looking for information on the PLFG on Gaspra. You took a guess at their search patterns, and dropped a file offering information to trade in an area you thought them likely to look next – and got a bite. Your file now contained an indication of interest, offering a modest sum of money. Interesting, but mundane; you countered with a request for information on corporate espionage and piracy. You also started digging for the source of the offer, but all you've managed to figure out so far is that they're not on Gaspra – or weren't. Yesterday's reply suggested switching to a dropsite on Gaspra. Your new “friend” has apparently just blown into town.

*Leave notes addressed to “Nice Hat” behind the freestanding bulletin board in lobby 36-1, and pick up notes addressed to*

“The Knower”. Of course you can do whatever you want with whatever else you find there too.

Of course, life’s just gotten exciting in more ways than one, as this is going to be one of those oh-so-rare moments when Luna does actually have some reason to have an agent on Gaspra other than to help the PLFG – damn corporations. Headquarters is even sending out a second agent instead of just smuggling things to you. It will be so nice to work with someone competent again. He’s a Luna Security Department veteran, traveling under the name of Marcus Lestraad, and should be arriving Friday afternoon with the device to swap for the frozen agent. Of course, he’s probably also another softhearted idealist who thinks that Luna should wholeheartedly support the PLFG and Free Mars and who knows who else, so the trade you have in the works should stay your little secret. Luna just needs to know about the results.

When all that’s dealt with... the incoming media circus is about as good an excuse as you could’ve asked for to get the hell off this miserable little station before your assignment is over. You’re not supposed to clear out before they get here (well, assuming you don’t blow your cover, but doing that on purpose to get re-assigned would get you canned at the very best), but easier to get forgiveness than permission and all that. All you need is to have enough money for a ticket home at the end of the week: 500 space bucks will see you back to Luna, and the sooner the better as far as you’re concerned.

**Contacts**

- Joruri Fuwa (Jen Selby): The “Engineering Minister”, your boss in your job as life support technician on Gaspra. Like most of the rest of the station population, you call her Grandma Fuwa with honest affection.
- Marcus Lestraad (Nishaal Parmar): Another Luna agent on his way to Gaspra with that device NWFusion is after.
- Deng Zou (Tom Giordano): An obnoxious bastard who works for the PLFG and flirts with you.
- Randolph Burgess (Joe Foley): The captain of the *Lady’s Choice*, who helped you establish your cover here.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- “Lab 43K”

**Bluesheets**

- Luna Security Department
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Hacking
- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Hide Weapon
- Electronics
- Knife-Throwing
- Hacking 2
- Social Engineering 1

**Items**

- Gun
- Throwing Knife
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Sasha Nacherad

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*“Who said that every wish would be heard and answered  
 When wished on the morning star?  
 Somebody thought of that, and someone believed it,  
 And look what it's done so far.  
 What's so amazing that keeps us stargazing  
 And what do we think we might see?  
 Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection,  
 The lovers, the dreamers, and me.”*

*— The Rainbow Connection*

As long as you can remember, you wanted to go into space. America closed its borders and turned inward in '53, but you always looked up at the stars, and knew they were where you belonged. When it was time to go to college, you went to Europe, to the London School of Economics, and from there got a job with PARC Astronomy, one of the European Megacorps with offices on Luna, Mars, and in the Belt. You were initially posted to Luna, and then moved here, to Gaspra, five years ago, when the Navigator project was announced.

It's been your life, since then. Sixty hour work weeks when it's slow, 80 or 90 hours when it's busy. And now the final countdown has begun. The Navigator left its construction platform in Earth orbit three weeks ago, and will be here in ten days. You need to make sure that the final pieces are in place before it gets here. One last mad panic, a flurry of activity, and then done. They're going to make you take some of the vacation time you've built up then, they've already told you that. Two months, minimum, you have to take, and you've got 6, if you want it. If you took all of that time, and blew your savings, you could maybe take a trip to Vircus. You've always wanted to do that – the next best thing to actually going out on the Navigator. You wonder if Amalinda Camert would come with you.

Amalinda has been the rest of your life, in the time in between working for PARC Astronomy. She's been here longer than you, but you didn't meet until about a year after your arrival, so about four years ago now. You don't really remember the first meeting. Funny how that works. She'd brought some asteroid or other into the station, and come to the PARC Astronomy offices to see if you wanted to buy it. You remember thinking she was pretty, and young for a miner, but not much else about it.

But a couple days later, you ran into her again, and started talking. You went to Marlene's diner for coffee, and made arrangements to get together that Saturday. One thing led to another, and a year later, you'd moved in together. You still don't see as much of each other as you'd like, between your hours at the lab, and her days off station mining. But the time you do spend together is great.

The time you spend together also tends to be more adventurous than your work in the lab. It didn't take long from meeting Amalinda to realize she was passionately interested in Martian politics. It was another two years before you realized how passionately she was *involved* in Martian politics, though. She wants Mars to be free, and has devoted her life to the cause. She's never really talked about exactly what happened on Mars, that she can't go back, but she's still fighting for it, even out here, as a member of Free Mars.

You've tried to help her out with that as much as possible. You can understand the goal, and even sympathize, with trying to get Mars under one government. What's the point of going to the stars if you're going to carry the foolish wars of Earth out there with you? She's currently got a couple of projects going on about raiding the LieselCorp and Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd. labs, that she wants to get done before the media gets here. You'll help with that as much as possible, because it's important to her. But the stars come first. Make sure the Navigator is ready to go Saturday night.

**Contacts**

- Amalinda Camert (Aletta Wallace): Your live-in girlfriend of three years.
- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): Another member of Free Mars, a fascinating old coot with endless tales to tell about his years in the Belt. You have to wonder how much of it is true.
- Qat Tyn Izit (Sie Hendrata Dharmawan): The Rakeb scientist who joined the Navigator project nine months ago, and is very enthusiastic about it. He has seemed somewhat unsettled since this morning.
- Kim Song (Rachel Greenstadt): The spaceship engineer who was hired a week ago to work on the Navigator. She's very good, and has largely gotten over her initial assumption that you and Qat must have been responsible for the Navigator being behind schedule.
- Joruri Fuwa (Jen Selby): The station's chief engineer. You enjoyed talking to her when you arrived on the station, but you haven't had much time to chat lately.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): Your friendly neighborhood black marketeer. Can get you all kinds of things that could otherwise be quite a bother, such as the life support supplies PARC Astronomy needs.
- The crew of the *Lady's Choice*: Randolph Burgess, Alexi Auger, and Alicia Downs. One of them presumably has the Gormanium that was supposed to arrive on that ship, but you're not sure which one, or whether all of them would know about it. Approaching the wrong one could be unfortunate, but PARC needs it as soon as possible.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- Selenadium spectral analysis"
- "the star of Vircus has an unusual spectrum for a star supporting a habitable and inhabited world, with a particularly high proportion of its energy in the high-wavelength green range." - "analysis of all known forms of photosynthesis, both terran and vircan, and their light requirements"
- "singularity in ZZ678X1" - "variations in temperature and conditions induced by the angle of the axis of rotation . . . are key in the development of complex lifeforms"
- "all known complex living systems find their basis in carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen" - "encompasses the shortest arm of the galaxy, and the density of both habitable worlds and intelligent life there is exceedingly low"
- "development of technologies beyond the most basic requires access to a variety of metals" - "at the edges of the galaxy life and even intelligence is almost common . . . towards the core . . . lifebearing worlds become few and far between"
- "searing heat of a dying star has killed many a planet"
- "assessment of subterranean mineral deposits via reflective

**Bluesheets**

- PARC Astronomy
- Free Mars
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Planetary Selection Criteria
- Hacking
- Materials Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Chemical Engineering
- Physics
- Hacking 3
- Materials Engineering

**Items**

- Gun
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating:	2	- Delta:	0
- Lambda:	0		

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**Blake Nielson**

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*“A thousand innocent people get killed every day! But a millionaire’s pet gets detonated, and you’re marked for life.”*

— Grosse Pointe Blank

You’d be hard pressed to find a more boring assignment. But you guess it has advantages over being shot, blown up, and generally harassed by space pirates. . . .

Your real name is Jack Fiedler. You’ve spent much of your life in space. You grew up on Ares I, the largest orbital station above Mars. While much of Mars is dominated by corporate industry, the orbital stations tends towards basic commerce — your family (of French descent) was affluent enough to live away from the company domes of the planet. You did well in school, especially in chemistry. You used to get into trouble, too. You had a “thing” for prankery, especially that involving small explosions. This was problematic because people on space stations do not like explosions. When you were 18, thinking of going into Trade School, you were involved with a couple other kids who had “interesting” political views. They had planned a few stunts protesting the way Mars was controlled almost entirely by business interests — somewhat funny considering that they, like you, were privileged children barely exposed to it — and they recruited you for some of the technical work. There was a big plan that involved setting off a few loud bangs on a commercial level. Unfortunately, the lot of you got caught before it went off. You were in big trouble, for the time: the regulations against explosive material were harsh. Your parents knew some of the Ares I administrators well enough to cut a deal. You got sent off to military school in Switzerland, rather than brought up on terrorist sabotage charges.

Being the smart, technically-inclined type, you were quickly noticed by the Academy. After three years, you graduated early and were put to work in for the engineering corps. Except it was less than a year before you were noticed by Military Intelligence and recruited by United European Community Intelligence (UECI). You received further training, and have worked as a covert agent ever since.

Seven weeks ago, you started on an assignment infiltrating what seemed to be a new group of space pirates. You were working with Leander Stephanopolous, another UECI operative. The “Night Angels” are a large, cell-organized group of space mercenaries who commonly practice piracy, both contract and on their own. They tend to be involved with many different groups of undesirables and have a wide range of members. UECI regularly keeps an eye on them. A new, hardcore subgroup had splintered off, calling themselves the “Blue Flame.”

Evidence showed that Blue Flame destroyed a small Spanish lab in the arctic, stealing an important piece of terraforming tech. The tech was nanites for purifying ice and separating out the contaminants that it is usually filled with. It doesn’t look very impressive. The only things you can see are the containment and life support device, as the nanites are invisible to the naked eye.

Stealing something planetside (especially Earth) demonstrates massive balls for a bunch of space-pirates — UECI was concerned, and not just because of what was stolen. Many people in organizations like the Night Angels are thieves and terrorists, but usually not of that scale and skill.

You were inserted into the merchant marine with a cover sufficiently sketchy to get you useful connections. Both you and Leander (with the help of a few UECI contacts within) managed to quickly infiltrate a cell of Night Angels with connections to Blue Flame.

It only took two weeks to hit gold, so to speak.

You tracked down the pirates, along with the central organization of Blue Flame. They were going to hit two cargo ships, each laden with valuable electronics, as they left Luna orbit. The tricky bit was they were then going to blow up both ships to cover up the theft. You managed to sneak onboard one of the ships (unbeknownst to the Blue Flame saboteurs), while Leander made his way onto the other.

Up until then, everything involving your assignment had gone quickly and flawlessly, so maybe your luck was up. There was a bunch of transmission chatter while a small group of you were finishing setting the explosives at a fuel line, and you overheard two “fellow” saboteurs discussing you: specifically, your identity as a spy. You managed to get behind one of them alone, and took him down with the butt of your gun. However, a shooting match with the other soon started. You took her down with a lucky shot right as a few crew members (including more pirates) came running to the scene.

The ensuing chaos (among other things, the crew noticed some of the explosives) was pretty bad, but you managed to get to an escape pod. This was very good for you, because only three minutes after you jettisoned, the ship blew up — you barely made it to a safe distance.

Afterwards, you found out that Leander’s cover had been blown first, and that he was captured. Both ships were blown up; however, because of your involvement, one of them was destroyed with cargo and some crew and pirates still onboard. UECI doesn’t blame you for the fiasco; in fact they’d love to know how your cover was blown. But you were quickly rotated to a more quiet place in the investigation: Gaspra.

Calvin Hobbes is the local UECI boss on Gaspra. He has many contacts with the locals, having been here a long time, and a number of other things to do for the UECI that you may be able to help with.

Mike Stanislov is the local executive at the Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd. lab on Gaspra. He’s also an active frontman for Blue Flame. Two weeks ago, you were “transferred in” to the Gaspra lab as a researcher. You’re keeping an eye on him. Intel has led the UECI to believe he will be receiving the nanites on Gaspra soon, before the press corps arrive on Sunday. Reports say that the highest bidder was GreenWar, an accomplished group of ecoterrorists. They will likely try to take delivery of the nanites before the press arrives, as well.

You personally can understand GreenWar’s philosophy, and they know how to put real effort into what they do. You’re just not at all a fan of their particular methods.

Your job is to find out who Stanislov’s contacts are. In particular, the UECI wants to know who in GreenWar he’s talking to. You’re then to keep an eye on them, and try to trace any other GreenWar contacts. You’ve been instructed to help Hobbes keep an eye on who is moving what where. Don’t try to take down Stanislov; you may need to lay low enough to maintain your current position for awhile longer.

Speaking of your current position, you’ve been dropped into this engineered wheat project the Megatronics lab is trying to finish. You remember some scientific basics from your schooling, but not enough to really follow through here. You’re going to need to find help to at least assist the project’s completion, so you don’t get outright fired. Also, UECI has instructed you to obtain a copy of all results from this research for them, and do so without blowing up the lab or the labrats. You figure this is penance. If you do end up needing to stay on Gaspra for the longer-term, UECI will probably be able to get you “repositioned” outside of actual research work (but you still need to maintain appearances, if not outright success, for now).

### **Contacts**

- Calvin Hobbes (Andy Menard): Head of Gaspra operations. A really nice guy. Stuck out here due to politics. Hopefully he hasn’t gotten rusty and he can handle the upcoming week.
- Lael Suzuki (Grace Kenney): UECI technical analyst, ferrying some kind of important device to Gaspra.
- Mike Stanislov (Ryan Brown): The local fence for either Blue Flame or Night Angels, according to your sources.
- Marleigh Silas (Tilly): Your new junior researcher at Megatronics. You will have to convince her to do most of the work, since you are not skilled in biology.

### **Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- United European Community Intelligence
- Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd.

**Greensheets**

- Hacking
- Social Engineering
- Torture

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Disarm
- Restrain
- Pickpocket
- Hide Weapon
- Electronics
- Mechanical Engineering
- Hacking 2
- Social Engineering 1
- Torture Question

**Items**

- Gun
- Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynt*
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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**James Nyberg**

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*"No one stays at the top forever."*

— tagline, *Casino*(1995)

You never meant to become respectable.

You were going to go out into Space, get rich, and retire to some tropical island. You had read all about it. Asteroid mining. It was the wave of the future. Head out, detector in hand, riding your own rocket engine, and find yourself the motherload. Like the gold rush, but this time getting rich was a sure thing, because not everyone could handle it.

You couldn't handle it.

It was the toughest thing you ever did, getting that scooter back to Gaspra. Space was just so big. Out there alone. You had been on the scooter before of course, for training, but only in Earth orbit. There was always a space station nearby, and Earth down below. It wasn't so empty. As you set out from Gaspra for the first time, trailer full of gear in tow, you began to understand why some men had trouble with space, with being alone. But you kept heading out, figuring the feeling of fear would pass. Then you started to zone out, staring ahead. You snapped out of it when an alarm notified you that you were going to run out of air. Who knows how many hours it had been. Luckily you kept it together enough to swap in a new cylinder. Just barely. You dropped two of them, they just spun off into nowhere. This stuff was dangerous. At that point you decided to head back. Two days later (yes, days) you made it to the station.

You had meant to retire to a tropical island, of course, but once you got back to Gaspra, you didn't get on the first ship home. You were still too shaken up to go back out into space, even in a real ship. You didn't get on the second ship home. You got a job, working in the casino, running a craps table. It was nice, you met a lot of people. Diplomats and businessmen mostly.

Of course, some of them were diplomats and businessmen of a different type, spies and criminals. Everyone knew that there was a lot of illicit stuff doing down on Gaspra in those days. Sometimes people who asked to many questions disappeared. Or they turned up dead, a curiously unsolved murder.

Eventually you moved off the casino floor, into the cash office. You were respected, a member of the community. After a couple of months, you cashed in your return ticket, and moved into a nicer place. You still think about going back to Earth, but its easier and easier to just stay here. And you're not sure you could deal with getting on a ship.

Working in the casino, you became acquainted with Lawrence Partin. You became friends, and when he started going on vacation regularly, he left the daily operations of the casino in your hands. This was the feeling of power and respect that you always thought great wealth would bring you. You had discovered the virtue of hard work and square dealing.

It was a bit of a shock when Lawrence came to you to tell you he was leaving. It seems that he had played things a little too fast and loose with the mafia, and hadn't quite had the books come out even. So he was fleeing the station. He had decided to appoint you a successor.

In fact, the first couple of years your were acting as Trade Minister, you learned quite a few things about the seedier side of Gaspra. You see, Gaspra was constructed by King Leon Paxton, who already had Mafia ties. The original idea was for a new Las Vegas, far way from the prying eyes of Earth. Every vice known to man was to be available here. But then the Rakeb quarantine came, and the investors decided there was plenty of money to be made by being a diplomatic island. That began the golden age of Gaspra. By the time the quarantine was over, the main Mafiosos had gotten bored, or old, and moved on to other idea. Gaspra was forgotten. Eventually, the spies pushed out the remaining criminals.

The current situation, with spies dominating Gaspra, is not much better of course. There isn't very much crime, and things are generally quiet for the common people. But there is an undercurrent of intrigue. Occationally, people who seemed otherwise decent disappear, or are found dead. You really wish that Gaspra could return to that Golden Age.

More recently, the Security Minister, Jacob Canning, has turned up dead. Kind of sad, you liked the guy. He was fair and kept the peace well. You don't know what to make of his death. He didn't have any public enemies. You think you are safe from whatever or whoever did him in, but how can you be sure this isn't some new revolutionary group trying to take control of Gaspra. Democratic revolution is all well and good on Earth, but up here you need a stable controlling body just to keep everyone breathing. You will need to meet with the Engineering Minister, Joruri Fuwa, to figure out how to go about choosing a new Security Minister. This sort of situation hasn't come up before. You don't even have a good candidate in mind yet.

On top of that, Prince Darien Paxton has shown up. That young punk is here to take back the station. Apparently his father (the original owner of the station, the person who in theory appoints the ministers who run the place) is supporting his claim to the station. And you're going to have to deal with him. But not by letting him be in charge.

The place has been stable all the years his father has been on Earth. It doesn't really need any help. Don't rock the boat, as you always say. But apparently the young rich kid (Darien that is) got himself in some kind of trouble on Earth, and his dad bailed him out. He's here to prove he's got what it takes to be an heir. You should either get him to sit still and let you continue to run the place, or convince him that Gaspra is not the place for him, and send him home.

He's starting out by throwing himself a party tonight, to try and build some popularity with the people, or something. You'll have to make sure you're there and circulating as well. And make sure you appear at any other public gatherings that occur this week, preferably in a way that reminds people you're the Trade Minister, and a darn good one. For instance, if you could stand next to Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes when she gives her speech to turn the asteroid over to the UN, that would be a strong reminder that you're the guy who speaks for the station to the outside world.

You also need to make sure you keep Joruri Fuwa on your side. You've worked with her for years, but she's been here long enough that she remembers Darien's father. You know she has some projects she's been looking to do around the station for ages, though, maybe you can help her with those.

You should also ask her if she knows where Lab 43K is. Station legend has it that that's where Darien's father grew the heroin that he used to ship out of the station. If it's a real place, Joruri Fuwa almost certainly knows where it is. Or if she doesn't, one of the people who works for her will. You wouldn't put it past Darien to be planning to start up the family business again, and that wouldn't do at all. Besides, if you can find the stuff and trash it, you can probably buy yourself some good publicity as the upright and honest guy you are.

And speaking of publicity, it looks like you may have some help in this project. Priscilla Spencer, a new PR person attached to Zandyne, went out of her way just after she got here to talk to you about making some formal alliance between Zandyne and Gaspra, to fund new development and renovations. It sounds like a great plan to you, although you're trying not to rush into it too quickly, in case there's a catch. But at the very least, if you can get Zandyne to throw some money into fixing up the station before the press gets here, that'd be a great thing to do.<sup>1</sup> You should make sure to keep talking to her, and see if you can come to some solid arrangement. And you should keep her from talking to Darien about it. If you can get her on your side, a solid ally in keeping control of the station would be useful.

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<sup>1</sup>If you throw money at making the station generically spiffier, just spend the money and tell the gms how much you spent. You want to be in at least three digits, probably four, before you're talking enough money to matter, although it's the total you spend over game that counts.

**Contacts**

- Prince Darien Paxton (Rickland): The "prince".
- Jacob Canning: The security minister. Recently turned up dead.
- Joruri Fuwa (Jen Selby): The engineering minister. Keeps the place running, a pretty good guy. Too set in her ways though, no aspirations.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): Something of a black marketeer. Useful when you need something and don't have the time to find it yourself.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): The waitress at the diner, a native of Gaspra and very well informed about the goings on. What she doesn't already know she can probably find out, if the money's good.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- |             |                        |
|-------------|------------------------|
| - Knock Out | - Restrain             |
| - Wound     | - Skill With Club      |
| - Assist    | - Social Engineering 3 |

**Items**

- |        |  |
|--------|--|
| - Gun  | - 4000 Spacebucks <i>in your account</i> |
| - Club | - 500 Spacebucks <i>daily income</i>     |

**Stats**

- |                  |   |          |   |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - Delta: | 0 |
| - Lambda:        | 0 |          |   |

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## Y'm Liki Ot

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*"I do not feel obliged to believe that the same God who has endowed us with sense, reason, and intellect has intended us to forgo their use."*

*— Galileo Galilei*

At last. After 34 years, you're going to have a Gift to study. In days, maybe even hours, there will be one in your lab. And when that happens, you're going to examine it within an inch of its life, and then, in three or four years, when you've squeezed every drop of information you can from it, you're going to take it apart, piece by piece, and find out what you can learn from that. Screw the Aera, screw the collectives, and screw anything or anyone else that tries to stop you.

The Gifts are a trap. Wherever they came from - divine spirits, alien visitors, an ancient Rakeb civilization that destroyed itself - You don't know and you don't care. For millenia, they have held the Rakeb back, keeping them divided and fighting amongst themselves, unable or unwilling to move forward as a single, united race, advancing towards the truth through the only path available to you, science. They have been valued for what they can do, their "divine powers," rather than studied for what they can teach, the rules of how they work. In isolation, you suppose, the Rakeb could survive that retardation. But now that there are the Humans to interact with, those old, blind ways must be put aside.

That much has been clear to you since you were a child. When the time came to join a collective yourself, you applied to several of the more liberal and technically advanced ones, and made no secret of your opinions of the Gifts and what should be done with them. Every single one of those collectives turned you down, fearful of the old legends of the Aera destroying those who might damage a gift. Of course, a thousand years ago, opening something that's probably nuclear powered would have caused damage, possibly significant damage. But nowadays, with proper care, a good research lab, remote sensors, x-ray crystallography, and the like, it could certainly be done safely. None of them would listen.

You considered stealing a gift for yourself, but alas, your talents don't really run in that direction. Eventually, you declared yourself a solo, and struck out on your own, doing odd jobs for whatever money you could make. You found you had a knack with animals, and became something of an amateur vet. You would have continued that way, kicking around with no future and no prospects, if it hadn't been for that drunk, in a bar.

He was ranting about the folly of the collective system, and how the Humans were going to destroy the Rakeb because they were united, and the Rakeb were not. You didn't agree with everything he said. At that point, you'd never really thought about how dealing with the Humans entered into anything. But he was willing to take a stand against the folly of the collectives, and that endeared him to you all by itself. You followed him from the bar, and made note of where he lived.

That was your first contact with Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians. In time, you allied yourselves with them wholeheartedly, and they provided you with support and funds. It was with their help that you originally came to Sol, to work for LieselCorp as an expert in Vircan Biology.

You weren't an expert by Rakeb standards, of course, but in this system, you probably know as much as anyone, especially about the Vircan native animals besides the Rakeb themselves. And LieselCorp has been more than willing to provide you with training and education on Terran biology, such that you are a competent xeno-biologist now, as well. If you ever go home, that's a skill you could market for a fair amount of money.

You've also proven to be a competent manager, and are now the head of the biology division of LieselCorp's local office. As such, you managed to divert funds to have a Gift . . . acquired for you. The Gift of Var'n is a moderately powerful Gift. Its most basic function is to heal any Rakeb placed in it. It is certainly supposed to have others, but you expect it will take some time to determine what those are. It's being delivered to you for the last of the five bars of Bar of Platinum that was the agreed upon price.

Which would mean you could finally start on the research you've wanted to do since you were a child, if it weren't for the

annoying auditor coming, to look into what's going on with the lab here. Maybe five bars of Bar of Platinum was more than you should have diverted, but you had to do it to get the Gift! And it's not like anyone actually noticed until these other things went missing. You and Mike Smith and Kevin Tanenbaum will just have to track those down, or figure out how to fake some results of your research. And if the other two start looking too closely at the missing money, you have a plan.

The contact who's delivering the Gift is bound to be a good Rakeb thief. If you can hire him (or her) to break you into one of the other major corporate labs around here, you've prepared a computer file which will make it look like they were the ones who stole the money. Install it, wait 24 hours, and make the run again with Mike or Kevin so they can verify that the other people stole the money. Kevin is probably a better choice, since he's no good with computers. Mike's way better than you are, and might notice your hack work, if he spent any serious time looking. That would get difficult to explain . . .

And while you're dealing with the LieselCorp meltdown, you should also make sure that your connections with Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians are well maintained. Particularly if you're going to need to cut out of LieselCorp sometime in the next year or so, you're going to need those contacts. They currently have you working on two things. First, they want you to look around among the Rakeb here on Gaspra to find "The Green Dragon", some Rakeb who is, or was, a spy for Chinese Intelligence, who you are hoping to convince to assist Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians. The other major thing you were doing for them recently was smuggling a cryo-tube with someone in it, an American engineer who apparently knows something about building battleships in space, back to Vircus. It left Ganymede on schedule, but never showed up here, as far as you can tell. You need to get it back. You're not really a smuggler, but you know there are several around here who should be able to help you. And there's another Rakeb recently arrived on station, Tor Hana Br't, trying to find out more about the PARC Astronomy spaceship that will be launching soon. You should help him as much as you can, and maybe he can help you with the things you are working on.

It's going to be a busy ten days. But at the end of it, you'll have a Gift to study, after all this time. What could possibly go wrong?

### Contacts

- Brefa Hak Joru (Kris Schnee): The member of the Vkarnod collective who should be arriving on Gaspra any moment now with the Gift of Var'n to deliver to you in exchange for one last Bar of Platinum.
- Mike Smith (Andrew Twyman): The top hacker (and sysadmin) at LieselCorp.
- Kevin Tanenbaum (Eddy Karat): The head of LieselCorp's chemical engineering department.
- Kevin Tanenbaum (Eddy Karat): The head of LieselCorp's chemistry department, his "help" would be useful in your plan to frame another megacorp for the theft of the Bar of Platinum you diverted to pay for the Gift that will soon be in your hands. He's a nice guy and not a good hacker, but still very sharp; you'll need to play that carefully.
- Tor Hana Br't (Ariel Segall): A member of the Ha'thra collective and of the Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians, just arrived on Gaspra. You may be able to impose upon her for assistance in your current muddle with your employer.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): While not in Brefa's league, he is quite good at procuring items and information one might find oneself in need of, and he's more familiar with the area.
- Gima M'to Luni (Ross Hatton): Devout follower of the Aera and preacher to the humans. Fortunately, most of them fail to listen. However, he has been flashing about a small item you think might be a minor Gift – perhaps it would be good practice to try out some of the more invasive experiments on a small Gift first.

### Memory/Event Packets

- none

### Bluesheets

- LieselCorp
- Rakeb
- Gaspra Locals
- Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians

**Greensheets**

- Alien Runes
- Hacking
- Biology

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Hacking 2
- Biology

**Items**

- Bar of Platinum
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Prince Darien Paxton

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*"And what is the traditional method of succession to the throne of Macedonia?"*

*"Generally, we smother our fathers with a pillow."*

*— Bill Loeb's Epicurus the Sage*

Never trust a Sicilian when death is on the line. You should have known that when you set Vincent up to take the fall. The little bastard had slept with Grace though, and you weren't thinking straight. You were betrayed. And so you set him up.

*You had been running this genetic therapy drug smuggling operation out of Denmark, working with the Italian Mafia. You'd been in the family business (not your family, quite, but still the family business) since you left school. While other guys from Yale went on to be doctors and lawyers, you took a not unprestigious job as a union "negotiator" in Denmark. A reasonable position for someone who had studied political science, on the surface. Of course, most of the negotiations you oversaw were of the backroom with a lead pipe variety. Of course, you never swung the pipe. You didn't even watch, usually. But you said all the right things at the conference table, wearing a nice suit.*

The cops were supposed to think it was his operation. Your bosses were supposed to think he had tried to screw them. But Vincent went to the cops, and he went to your boss. How did he know? Probably Grace told him. And he didn't take the fall, you took the fall. And everyone knew, when the whole operation came down, it was your fault.

*While the negotiation job was quite clean, it isn't the way to rise to the top in this business. To gain respect, you need to do something really criminal. One of the high-risk, high-payoff operations. And so you manuevred your way into the new retrovirus smuggling group in Northern Europe.*

Of course, you were luckier than some of your people. You still knew people in the Danish police, and as the sting came together, you were leaving for Sweeden on a fast boat. Your boat made it to Sweeden of course, unlike the one with Vincent and Grace on it. You made sure they had an accident. The seas are treacherous, even in this modern time.

*Your marriage to Grace was politically motivated. Her father had a lot of prestige within the Family. The marriage worked well, though it was never particularly warm. However, you were a rising star and she enjoyed being associated with you.*

You kept away from the police, but you still had to deal with the Mob. Your father helped you out there. He had been in with the mob for years, and had made them quite a bit of money. He's the reason you can still breath. Of course, he was pissed at you too. You handled the situation with Grace and Vincent indelicately. Grace's father, also powerful within the mob, wants revenge for her murder.

You ran to your father, King Leon Paxton, himself highly placed in the Mafia. Your father had this brilliant idea, that you could redeem yourself to him and to the mob by going out to Gaspra station. Your father built Gaspra, back during the quarantine, and is still the nominal King. This makes you the Crown Prince.

Gaspra has fallen from its glory days. When Gaspra was the Vegas of the Belt, during the Quarantine, it was also the cornerstone of non-Earth Mafia operations. When the money went dry and the glamour was gone, the big bosses (including your father) left and the spies moved in. The remaining mafia were pushed out by the spies, who found their presence inconvenient.

And so you headed out to Gaspra, with a bankroll from your father, to reclaim the station he built.

You arrived here yesterday. Its a much smaller place than you expected. And dirty. Very dirty. And not in a particularly cool way either. But its going to be home for a while. And you've got a lot to do to make it your own.

When you got to the hotel (if you can even call it that) you hooked up with Javier Brancato. He claims to be the local crime boss, though you are getting increasingly sketched out by that. He seems like more of a small town hustler. In fact, he got a \$10k loan from you to help with some hot smuggling deal he was running. He will be paying you \$15k on Thursday. He better be paying you that anyway. You should keep an eye on him.

The first thing you need to do is announce your presence. You decided to throw a big party, to welcome yourself to the station, and to make sure everyone knew who you were. These are going to be your people after all. Your subjects, if you play your cards right. Its important that you get out among them as often as you can, preferably as the center of attention. You shouldn't miss any chance to do that. For instance, it'd be really great if you could be standing with Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes as the station representative when she gives her speech about the asteroid at the end of the week. But throwing your own party is a great way to start getting some publicity.

The party will be in the Banquet Hall (2-190, pretty small banquet hall, if you do say so yourself) from 9-11pm. You should get as many people to show up as possible, and shmooze with them. You talked to Marlene Kilgore about arranging it, as she owns one of the few restaurants in town.<sup>1</sup> She took to it enthusiastically, and spread the word all over town quickly, so everyone seems to know about it now.

In addition to making yourself known among the populace, you should also meet and greet the three positions your dad put in charge of the station. Joruri Fuwa, the head of engineering, is the same person your dad left here when he went back to Earth. You've only talked to her briefly, but she seems pretty laid back about most things, and not really concerned about how the station is going to be run. You can probably work with her easily. You should see if there's anything you can do to help her, and butter her up, though. It sounds like she has some suggestions for how the station might be improved. And of course, a lot of stuff around here could be fixed up just by throwing some cash at it.<sup>2</sup>

Too bad James Nyberg, the trade minister, doesn't look as if he's going to be so reasonable. Your brief meeting with him did not go well, as he seems to see you as a threat to his position. Which you are, of course, but if he'll just be reasonable about things, you're sure you can work something out.

The third position, Security Minister, is currently empty, because the last one got himself killed a few days back. If you could get some guy of your own in there to be muscle, that'd be great, and help you out a lot. Of course, you don't really have a guy of your own, yet. You suppose Javier Brancato could do in a pinch, if you decide you trust him. And you're not quite sure how a new Security Minister is appointed.

And finally, you want to find the stuff your dad left behind. You know that when he left station, there was a thriving heroin production facility around here somewhere. Without Family oversight, it stopped being used over the years. If you asked around, you might be able to track it down. It was probably in the hydroponics labs, or something. Yeah, lab 43K, you think you remember Dad mentioning that. Someone should know where that is. You'd probably have to pack it up and put it away until after the media circus that's coming next week leaves again, but once they're gone you could get that up and running. It'd make Dad happy to know you're doing that, you're sure.

A lot to do. And you really want to get as much of it done as possible before the press arrives next week, so that by the time they get here, it's already clear that you're the guy in charge on Gaspra, now.

### Contacts

- King Leon Paxton: Your father may not like you right now, and he certainly doesn't want to send you any more money. But if you are gonna get killed, he will probably still save your ass. Of course, you won't have much of a life to continue with at that point. *Send mail to the GMs if you want to talk to Dad.*
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): A local crime boss, or so he says. Owes you \$15k on Thursday. Better pay up, that's a decent piece of your money.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): Runs the local diner. Seems to know a lot of people on station. Certainly, she got the word out about your party really fast.

<sup>1</sup>The gms might get a chance to arrange for food and drinks at this, but aren't making any promises. If Rickland can do it, that'd be great. If not, that's ok too.

<sup>2</sup>If you want to just throw cash at the station, you can do so by leaving a note for the GMs saying how much you throw.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- Badge #273

**Bluesheets**

- none

**Greensheets**

- none

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist

**Items**

- Gun
- Projectile Shield
- 40000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Keisha Saunders

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*Curiosity engenders both science and scandal.*

*– Mason Cooley*

Such an opportunity doesn't come along twice in a lifetime, yet Zandyne is making you fight tooth and nail to take advantage of it. Headquarters is right, in some ways – the almost certainly alien artifacts you and Ned found in the Belt are fascinating, and they shouldn't be hoarded. But the UN will tie them up in red tape for decades: not only won't you be able to study them, no one will, at least not in your lifetime. The very thought appalls you. Far better than Zandyne – and you – should study them, and make what you learn from them available to others, if necessary concealing the source of your inspirations.

So you prevailed upon your superiors to let you keep and study them for a little while, and it seems you may be able to keep two or three for a while longer, if you can demonstrate that there are valuable things Zandyne can learn from them *and* protect the company's reputation.

You can. You have to.

This whole mess started back in January. You'd been working on a crystallography project Earthside that was getting nowhere fast, when one of your co-workers suggested that you might be able to reduce your defect rates by working in zero-G. You did some research: the idea was promising, Zandyne already had zero-G facilities (mothballed for several years, but well-equipped back then) on Gaspra, *and* Gaspra was in the Belt, so you'd have a chance to do some first-hand collecting of asteroids for your rock collection. Perfect! Two weeks and a ream of paperwork later, you were on your way, outside of Earth's gravity well for the first time in your life.

You hadn't realized just what "mothballed" meant. Zandyne still had a minimal staff on Gaspra, but that largely meant someone to sit in the office, coordinating shipments to and from the Belt and the outer colonies, investigate if any of the lab alarms sounded, and allow Zandyne to add one more nation to the list of countries in which they keep offices. The last folks to use the zero-G lab cleaned everything up and locked it down properly, but that still meant there was half an inch of dust on everything – fortunately on the equipment covers rather than in anything sensitive. Your first weeks were spent getting the lab back into usable shape. Much to your surprise, when you were done, every piece of equipment was fully functional and had required only the most trivial of repairs. You appreciated Zandyne's insistence on doing everything properly and thoroughly far more that day than you ever had Earthside, where you'd taken such things for granted.

To celebrate your newly scrubbed and functional laboratory, you took a break, and – what else? – went rockhunting. You hired Ned Staples, Aluminum Ned as he's called by his friends, to take you along on a two week jaunt into the Belt to look for, well, whatever struck your fancy, really. Ned pulled in several chair-sized chunks of metal while you learned about getting around in a spacesuit and collected pebbles and stray bits of space junk. You had a blast. Ned laughed himself silly.

Back in lab, you sorted your finds and decided you could get away with delaying your crystallography project for another day to "familiarize yourself with the equipment", and so you stuck one of the bits you'd brought in, a bracket you guessed might be aluminum, into an analyzer. The readings you got back were pure nonsense. Perhaps you were wrong about all the machinery being in perfect working order.

A week later, you'd analyzed every labeled sample in the laboratory's baseline case and all your pebbles at least three ways, gotten good, clear, consistent data, and still couldn't make heads or tails of that bracket. You sent pictures and data back to your co-workers Earthside; you'd wanted to send a sample, too, but the only way you could even scratch the darn thing was with a laser cutting torch, and the bits you managed to flake off all read as slightly exotic but otherwise comprehensible alloys. They were stumped, too, but one of them did suggest that the markings on the side of the bracket that you'd been ignoring bore more resemblance (though even that was slight) to Rakeb script than any human language.

The bracket was shelved for a while in favor of the crystallography project, but even hidden away in a cabinet, its mysteries called to you. You chugged along through your official research, sent your report back to Earth, and proposed a followup project, all the while dreaming about complex scattering patterns and multi-crystalline structured alloys. Then you called Ned again and arranged another rock-hunting trip, hoping to escape your quandry for a while.

Your quandry didn't care to be escaped. You came back with a sphere the size of a baseball that you had to bag because you couldn't get a grip on it. And more strange markings, perfectly even with the all but frictionless surface.

Zandyne sent their best expert on the Rakeb, James Cortland, out on the next flight to Gaspra, and increased your budget tenfold. Any less would be futile, but any more might draw attention, and any hint of possible alien artifacts getting out might tarnish Zandyne's precious reputation. All communications on the subject were henceforth to be encrypted and restricted to a limited set of personnel.

You've been locked in the lab in a deathmatch with the artifacts ever since, trying to pry out their secrets before the conservatives among Zandyne's management prevailed and insisted you turn them over to the UN. There've been a few moments of brilliant inspiration, but much of the last the last five months has been pure frustration. The best and worst moments have been when Ned has brought you something new to work on – you asked him to bring you anything else unusual that he found in the Belt, and he has, eight more items all told, each stranger than the last. You've paid him well for them, and asked him to keep quiet about it, and so far as you could tell, he had.

Or so you thought. The day before yesterday, Ned sent you a message saying he'd found something big, and setting up a meeting. Unfortunately, you were in the midst of a particularly inspired experiment, and barely bothered to eat for a day and a half, nevermind reading your mail. By the time you got Ned's message, the time he'd set was long gone... and Ned was dead. He turned up dead, shot over a dozen times, within hours of when he'd asked you to meet him. You've heard no mention of any alien artifact found with his body. Likely whomever shot him took it.

*Dead.* Ned, the first person you really talked to here and the nicest person you've met on Gaspra, is dead, probably over an artifact he was looking for because *you* asked him to. You have to find out who killed him, why, what they know. Get the artifact back. Get revenge.

But above all, you can't let all your work and his go to waste. You've got to convince Zandyne to let you keep working on the artifacts. Turning them over to the UN to let them disappear into a diplomatic limbo... you'd rather cut off your own arm. James will help you, he understands how important the artifacts are as well as you do.

You'll do *everything* to Zandyne's exacting standards. And in the long run, all humanity will benefit.

## Contacts

- James Cortland (David Roe): The expert on all things Rakeb, including their alien Gifts, that Zandyne sent out to help you after they realized just how unusual the artifacts you and Ned found really were.
- Priscilla Spencer (Diane Christoforo): The suit Zandyne is sending out to milk maximum publicity from handing your finds over to the UN. Somehow, you'll have to convince her to let you send them to Earth for continued study instead, or at least as many of them as possible.
- Ned Staples: The late miner with whom you found the first two alien artifacts, and who found most of the later ones for you. You want what the last big thing he found was and who killed him, and whether he told anyone else about your finds.
- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast) and Joseph Birnbaum (Rob Ringrose): Better known as Titanium Bob and Molybdenum Joe. Friends of Ned's who might be able to help you figure out what happened to him. They may also already know more than you and Zandyne would like about the artifacts you have.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- Selenadium

**Bluesheets**

- Zandyne Corporation
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Materials Engineering
- Hacking

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Physics
- Mechanical Engineering
- Materials Engineering
- Hacking 2

**Items**

- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Albert Scheiffer

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*“Remember, in a pirate ship, in pirate waters, in a pirate world, ask no questions. Believe only what you see.  
No, believe half of what you see.”*

*— The Crimson Pirate*

Normally, you don't like being cooped up in a space station like this. You'd rather be cooped up on a ship, or “vacationing” at a planetside spaceport. But you've got some work to do on Gaspra.

You are a pirate by profession. Which is to say you are a mercenary, a thief, a saboteur, and even a terrorist, according to some. The reputation doesn't bother you (it doesn't always precede you, either; you don't go flaunting it around in public). You are proud to work in an excellent crew of some of the best mercenaries, thieves, and saboteurs in the system. They're not bad drinkers, either. You are a member of Chernabog, a small, tight-knit band of space pirates.

Chernabog was founded by Leonid Dakhovser, your friend and captain. He and three other founding members (yourself included) met as union spacedock workers on Luna. The four of you did a few odd illicit jobs for the union bosses back then, and found you worked well together. You pulled a couple bigger scores, and found yourselves in business. Leonid eventually named the outfit “Chernabog,” after some old European ghost stories his grandmother told him (something about big scary monster). You just think the name sounds interesting. Anyway, the group picked up a few more members over time; now there nearly fifteen of you who fall under that name.

You travel through Gaspra, maintaining business contacts. The past three years, you've been Chernabog's contact with the Gaspra office of LieselCorp, a large corporation based on Earth. You arrange the occasional shipment or interception of goods for them, most often for things traveling to or from Mars. And there's Ned Staples, also known as Aluminum Ned. He's not actually a member of Chernabog, but he's an accomplished smuggler who's worked a good deal with the lot of you in the past. There's also Sky Fuwa. She's gotten involved with some Chernabog business in the past; both you and Ned have worked with her on a few smuggling operations. She's also the granddaughter of Joruri Fuwa, Gaspra's Minister of Engineering.

Your contacts at LieselCorp are having you move a large shipment. LieselCorp, at least the Gaspra office, has some involvement with illicit activities on Mars, and they're planning to sell five crates worth of gunboat weapon-kits to the Blue Flame. The Blue Flame is a newer, very hardcore spinoff of the Night Angels, one of the largest outfits of space pirates ever. The Night Angels are a full-fledged organization of mercenaries and pirates, involved in just about any kind of illegal activity that has anything to do with space travel. The Blue Flame might as well be a special operations group that splintered. Mike Stanislov, the local executive for Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd., is a contact for them.

The weapon-kits were intended for outfitting law-enforcement ships on and around Mars, for fighting terrorists and pirates. However, some of them were skimmed and sent to Gaspra to be sold to Blue Flame through the LieselCorp office. They're doing it through you, which affords you a good opportunity. Chernabog can use one of the crates to upgrade their main ship. So you're going to try to skim one off the deal without either LieselCorp or Stanislov finding out. Since you're brokering the deal (LieselCorp and Stanislov don't know each other's identities), this is possible, but not easy. You'll need to pull this off somehow.

Normally, you'd get Ned to help you. Except he's dead. He was found yesterday, shot over a dozen times. You'd like to find out what happened.

You should be able to get help from Sky. You've trusted her in the past (though not with something as big as skimming off a deal with Blue Flame), and Leonid has trusted her. She is involved with GreenWar, a violent ecoterrorism group, but groups like that tend to work with your ilk all the time. If she helps you, you should probably return the favor if you can. You're not opposed to GreenWar's ideals; though, you're not into blowing up civilians. That shouldn't be a problem with her - she's not really the violent type. She's just an impressionable young kid.

Another thing you'd normally get Ned Staples to help you with is the shipment of stolen electronics you're receiving. Over

a month ago, Blue Flame hit a couple of cargo ships leaving Luna, and stole quite alot of electronic goods. They blew up the two ships (losing the cargo of one of them, you hear) to get the stuff. Chernabog picked up the remnants of the goods a few days ago, and on Thursday you're going to pick them up to fence. The smugglers on Gaspra (like Ned) tend to do good business selling stuff like this to the various corporate offices on station; the corps tend to be good at finding buyers outside.

When Blue Flame hit the cargo ships about five weeks ago, they apparently captured a spy working for the UEC (United European Community). They cryofroze the agent and basically put him up for sale to mock his agency. About two weeks ago, Molybdenum Joe, one of Ned's fellow smugglers on Gaspra, went through Ned to arrange the spy's purchase. Ned was able to set this up, of course, through Chernabog. You wonder if this is involved with his recent death. . .

So you need to find out who killed Ned, keep all your smuggling jobs happy, skim something off the top for yourself, avoid getting killed. And you should finish it all before the newsmedia shows up.

**Contacts**

- Kevin Tanenbaum (Eddy Karat): Your contact at LieselCorp.
- Sky Fuwa (Stephanie Fried): Local youth who has fallen in with a very bad crowd.
- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): A local, friend of Ned's.
- Joseph Birnbaum (Rob Ringrose): Also a friend of Ned's, and a smuggler.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): A local fixer. He can help you get what you need. Of course, it will cost you.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): Another fixer. With a bit better manners.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- none

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Electronics
- Social Engineering 1

**Items**

- Gun
- 3000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Marleigh Silas

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*Stone is heavy and sand a burden,  
but provocation by a fool is heavier than both.*

— Proverbs 27:3

It is so hard to stay patient when traveling in the world of sinners outside the Dome of the Saints. Take your trip to Gaspra. One of your fellow passengers, Lael Suzuki, spent the entire trip looking at you, and the rest of the passengers, suspiciously, as if you were going to give him the plague, or something. It was terrible. You wanted to scream within a day of embarkation, but that would have drawn attention to you. And one of the things a good spy never does is draw attention to herself.

Especially not when you're traveling under a fake name, to a job you're not really qualified for. That's a particularly bad time to draw attention to yourself. You left Mars, and arrived on Gaspra, under the name Marleigh Silas. Your real name is Sarah Webber, but that name might be remembered, or show up in a computer search. It was as Sarah that you were involved in stealing \$13,000,000 from the Australian government, and they've been looking for her ever since. Fortunately, they didn't get a good description of what you looked like, but you haven't been able to use your real name since then, for fear someone would turn it up. Still, a name is a small sacrifice for the five square miles of extra habitable space the Dome of the Saints was able to expand to cover with that money.

And traveling as someone other than yourself does have advantages in some ways. For instance, the real Marleigh Silas, currently enjoying a pleasant month-long vacation in a cryotube in the Dome of the Saints, is a scientist working at Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd. With her access codes, and a set of faked IDs, you should have no trouble passing as her initially. You should make sure to hack their computer system to check for any references to what she really looks like, though, and replace them with your picture. Gaining access to the Megatronics labs and their work on a new type of wheat that should grow much better on Mars is your principal mission on Gaspra. Of course, you're going to have to get the other employees to actually finish the research for you, since you're not much of a scientist yourself. Hopefully that won't be too difficult, as they've been working on it for some time already. You'll just have to nod knowingly when they ask you for help.

You also need to find some materials that were boosted from Jerval's mainframe. It's evidence that some property Jerval wants to buy from Zandyne has substantially higher mineral content than Zandyne currently thinks it does. The evidence is supposed to be coming in on one of the next few shuttles from Mars; you need to try to intercept that from getting to Zandyne, if you can. You'll have to try to get connected with the local smuggling scene fast, to work out how to do that.

You should also contact a couple of local Saints, Kevin Tanenbaum and Dolores Aramia. They may be of help in your mission, and you have been asked to assist with their task, locating and acquiring a new manufacturing device. You're not certain exactly where it came from, but you understand it would be most helpful in providing a small, easily managed production base for the Dome of the Saints. Certainly you'll provide them with whatever assistance you can.

And on a station with so many Rakeb, there are probably a few of the more religious ones, who actually understand the plight of the Saints. There's a strong religious thread to their culture, not like the secularization that besets humanity in the modern era. The more strongly religious Rakeb have been known to provide assistance to the Saints on occasion in the past, and you would be happy to return the favor, if there is anything they need. Assuming you knew who they were. . . .

**Contacts**

- Kevin Tanenbaum (Eddy Karat): Longtime local Saint spy. Pretty hardcore. Might be a loose cannon.
- Dolores Aramia (Meredith Peck): A saint recently returned from studying on Vircus, the Rakeb homeworld. New on Gaspra.
- Blake Nielson (Drew Rae): Your new senior scientist coworker. Don't let him find out you aren't a scientist; do get the research finished and steal it.
- Mike Stanislov (Ryan Brown): Lab manager at Megatronics. You don't want to cross him, at least not without a gun handy.
- Lael Suzuki (Grace Kenney): Another passenger on your flight to Gaspra, who kept looking 'round at everyone suspiciously.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Mars Colony
- Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd.

**Greensheets**

- Hacking
- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Hacking 2
- Social Engineering 1

**Items**

- Gun
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Kim Song

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*“If it can't be expressed in figures, it is not science; it is opinion.”*

*— Robert Heinlein*

*“Measure twice, cut once.”*

*— Old Wives' Saying*

You *hate* doing things at the last minute. Proper engineering requires careful planning and meticulous execution. Procrastination and delay are the enemy of any proper project, and the rush to completion is sure to lead to omissions and errors.

Nonetheless, once again you will have to save the day at the last minute. The pencil pushers have their schedule, which must be followed, even when it means the Navigator is heading to Gaspra with neither its construction nor its destination fully settled. So PARC Astronomy has hired you for the next ten days, to ensure that their oh-so-expensive project actually finishes on time. The curse of a reputation as the best contractor in the Belt.

Not that your reputation's undeserved, if you do say so yourself. For thirty years, you have worked on space ships and space stations in the Belt. You've repaired miners' shuttles, corporate transports, pirates' raiders, and FTL drives. And you've built a reputation for doing work on time, and on budget, and discreetly.

So when PARC Astronomy needed someone to help their local Gaspra team finish the work on the Navigator, their new FTL ship that they intend to explore the stars with, they turned to you. Fool that you are, you said yes, without realizing just how unfinished this project actually is.

Oh, the ship flies. But it needs its engine refitted to accommodate a new Energy Cube, a new life support system, more radiation shielding, and a new sensor array. Any one of those could take a week, and you only have 10 days to do everything. So you're going to have to pull off a miracle. It won't be the first time.

At least the people you're working with seem competent. Normally, when you're called in at the last minute like this, the local team is to blame for the screw-ups in the scheduling that required you to be here. This time, however, it looks like the problems were all Earthside, and the local team's done everything it's supposed to, and more. Which is good, because you're going to need all the help you can get on this one. Especially if you're going to have to deal with distractions.

“Distractions” in the form of Li Tsing.

Over the years, you've kept an eye on various things in the Belt for the Chinese Intelligence Agency, sending word home when something needed their attention, making longer reports on the occasions of your trips home, to see your brothers and sister. Its been a supplement to your income, and a means of assisting the Middle Kingdom in maintaining its proper role on Earth, and in the Belt. Many of the long term Belters, particularly the settlers on Ganymede, have lost track of their home, and their roots, but someday, you still intend to return to Earth. Once it is time to retire. And so you keep your ties with China strong.

But now they are asking you to do more than just “keep an eye open.” Li Tsing is one of their top agents, and on his way to Gaspra to take care of some business here. The Chinese Intelligence Agency has asked you to do what you can to assist him in his tasks. He will contact you on arrival and provide more details. It is not a request you can refuse, if you want to retire comfortably in China someday, so you will provide what assistance you can. But it had best not interfere with your real work. Your reputation as a miracle worker is too important, and this contract is too high profile, to fail the Navigator.

Being on Gaspra will give you a chance to rub elbows with Joruri Fuwa, which you aren't quite looking forward to. Joruri is famous throughout the system as a deep space engineer specializing in getting things built on time, under budget and safely. Of course, she acts like she is “just” a foreman, but everyone sees right through the false modesty. Joruri has more consultation offers than she can even get around to turning down. Elitist. Maybe you will have an opportunity to show her up.

**Contacts**

- Li Tsing (David Kern): Big man in the Chinese Intelligence Agency.
- Joruri Fuwa (Jen Selby): "Engineering Minister." Thinks she is the best thing to happen to deep space construction since the lifeline.
- Sasha Nacherad (Daniel Bates): Coworker at PARC. Hopefully he will be useful to you.
- Qat Tyn Izit (Sie Hendrata Dharmawan): Rakeb expert on FTL travel.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- Selenadium
- "the star of Vircus has an unusual spectrum for a star supporting a habitable and inhabited world, with a particularly high proportion of its energy in the high-wavelength green range."
- "singularity in ZZ678X1"
- "all known complex living systems find their basis in carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen"
- "development of technologies beyond the most basic requires access to a variety of metals"
- "searing heat of a dying star has killed many a planet"
- "assessment of subterranean mineral deposits via reflective spectral analysis"
- "analysis of all known forms of photosynthesis, both terran and vircan, and their light requirements"
- "variations in temperature and conditions induced by the angle of the axis of rotation . . . are key in the development of complex lifeforms"
- "encompasses the shortest arm of the galaxy, and the density of both habitable worlds and intelligent life there is exceedingly low"
- "at the edges of the galaxy life and even intelligence is almost common . . . towards the core . . . lifebearing worlds become few and far between"
- "The Devison Labs"
- "Gravitic Alteration"

**Bluesheets**

- PARC Astronomy
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Planetary Selection Criteria
- Social Engineering
- Hacking
- Materials Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Electronics
- Mechanical Engineering
- Social Engineering 1
- Hacking 2
- Materials Engineering

**Items**

- Gun
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Priscilla Spencer

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You deal with people's shit.

Your family taught you many things growing up. Among them was patience. You needed to be patient to deal with all the crap your older brother put you through. You used to get angry or cry when he'd destroy your things or tease you for being a friendless geek. But over time, you learned to ignore it. Now you've grown up (but let's face it - you were always mature for your age), you realize that he only did it because he was intimidated by you. You were the model child - you followed the rules, kept things clean, and brought home only the top marks in all your classes.

After graduating from college, you went to work for Zandyne, one of the big megacorps. It's nice because you finally get recognition for being calm, collected, and logical when things go wrong. You're one of their top PR reps because you always manage to cover things up in time. Your last promotion came when you dealt with Greg Dixon's (a top Zandyne executive) death. The media would've had a field day with that one... he overdosed while in the arms of an underage Rakeb hooker. But with quick action (and a few payoffs), you kept the company image clean.

You've been sent to Gaspra to clean up yet another of Zandyne's messes. They've been collecting alien artifacts from an unidentified source – not Rakeb – for a while and storing them on Gaspra, despite the law that all artifacts should be turned over to the UN. Zandyne can't afford the negative publicity they'd get (the fines are trivial) over such news. So they sent you. There's about ten artifacts or so in the warehouse. The scientists on station are in charge of figuring out which are the best ones, and getting them off station to another Zandyne lab. But they don't expect to be able to get them all off, and you don't want them still in the lab when the media gets here. So you need to get ready to turn at least a few over to the UN, with the asteroid. You need to explain where you got these, and why you haven't turned them over before. Unfortunately, your bosses already publicized that you'll be making an announcement on the 29th, or you'd just say that you'd found them since Trenton-Hobbes brought in her big rock.

If you can find something *else* to announce, though, you could just slip the artifacts in as an afterthought, something that you'd found recently and were turning over. Currently you have two thoughts, although one's clearly better than the other.

The better one, if harder, is to be announcing a new revitalization of Gaspra, in partnership with Zandyne. You've spoken with James Nyberg, the minister of trade, about this issue, and he's definitely interested, although he's trying to play it coy. That would be a perfect announcement, grand PR for Zandyne Corporation just as people's interest in space and the Belt is being rejuvenated by Trenton-Hobbes's discovery, and the Navigator's departure for the stars.

At least, it would be a perfect announcement as long as Nyberg is in charge around here. The problem is Prince Darien Paxton. The son of the original owner, he's recently arrived, and seems to be trying to take over. At least, that was the impression you got from Marlene Kilgore when she told you about the party he's throwing. That wouldn't do at all. Prince Darien Paxton, and his father, are both rumored to have serious Mafia connections. Getting in bed with the Mafia will *not* be good for Zandyne's reputation in the slightest. For right now, though, Nyberg seems to be more in charge, and with Zandyne's support, he should be able to stay that way. You'll just have to see that he gets that support.

And if somehow that plan fails, a less grand plan fell out of the sky into your lap just this evening. A *new* painting by Lon Wa Sha Pier. Who was killed on Ganymede not more than a month ago. The diner owner, Marlene Kilgore, of all people, had it, and let you pick it up for a song. It looks to be part of a set. If you could find the rest of the set, you could announce that you were auctioning them off to raise money to establish a foundation to study the asteroid. You'd probably need Trenton-Hobbes' ok on that, but you can't think why she'd withhold it. Still, this one just isn't as impressive an announcement, and might raise some eyebrows about why your bosses bothered with the pre-announcement announcement. If you can do the other plan, that's just better, but getting the rest of the set as an emergency back-up would be clever.

You have one more thing to deal with: your dear Uncle Robert. He mines in the asteroids, coming on the station to get drunk and brag about the rocks he brings in. The last thing you want is for him to be connected with you. In fact, you woke up in a cold sweat last night after having a dream where he called you Priss on system-wide television. It's not that you don't love him. On the contrary, you really do love the old guy. You've already picked out a plush retirement community on Earth where he can relax in comfort. But he insists upon mining and drinking - two things he wouldn't really be able to do at Rosewood. But you know what's best for him, and you really think he should be taken care of in his old age.

No sweat, right? You've dealt with PR issues like this before. Maybe not on such a short notice, but hey, that's why you're the best. As for Uncle Robert, you'll just have to ensure he doesn't embarrass you. So many things to do and so little time... better get started.

**Contacts**

- James Cortland (David Roe): A vice-president of the Vircan Import/Export department at Zandyne. Technically he outranks you, but practically speaking he's a scientist and an advisor rather than an executive. You should have no trouble handling him.
- Keisha Saunders (Jennifer Chung): A material scientist who's engaged in studying the artifacts, and was been responsible for bringing them in to begin with.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): He's done some "work" for Zandyne before, and has many resources at his disposal. Perhaps he can help you move some of the artifacts.
- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): Your embarrassing uncle. You love him, but... you really don't want to be associated with him publicly.
- James Nyberg (Tony Camire): The trade minister, with whom you hope to announce the renovation of Gaspra

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- Zandyne Corporation

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Fencing Illicit Items
- Social Engineering 3

**Items**

- Painting: New Home on Ganymede.
- Bar of Platinum(×2)
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 200 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Robert Spencer

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*“We’re not just doing this for money. We’re doing it for a shitload of money!”*

— *Spaceballs*

People on Gaspra sometimes call you “Titanium Bob.” This is because, seventeen years ago, you dragged in an small rock that contained a good deal of titanium. Titanium is pretty rare in the belt, especially in such good concentration. So you got a little bit of local fame for that.

Now, the funny thing about titanium is that, while rare in the belt, it’s not the most valuable metal in the solar system. You didn’t exactly retire from belt-mining on the money. Of course, the funny thing about you is that, while you do a bit of rock-hopping to pass the time, you not mostly a belt-miner. You’re originally from Sagan City, Mars. Your father was big on the “live free or die” way of life, and it sort of stuck on you. Living on Mars the past few decades hasn’t been very friendly to this concept. While your older brother, Jack Spencer, eventually left for earth, you decided to get “involved.” So you’re involved with the “Free Mars” movement. You may not be the youngest rooster in the coop, but you still pull your weight with all the energetic idealists.

Which is not to say you don’t get around. Not long after you came of age, when you were still working as an orbit-jumper to Ares I (orbital station on Mars), you started to learn your way around customs agencies. You’ve become a pretty good smuggler in your time. So when you moved out to Gaspra in ’49, you took up rockhopping as a hobby. Kinda like fishing. Not that you *tell* anyone that. It’s almost like your “cover.”

For the most part, all that is “night work.” Make no mistake, Mars is a passion for you, but you’re no more a drone for the Revolution than you are for any of those corporations sapping the red planet. What you enjoy most is a good beer with a friend or two, or the look of the sun shining past the can you live in, while you fly in to dock. And not much compares to the feeling you get when you’re out there, standing on some godforsaken rock, with nothing but a pressure suit between you and the void. Times like that, when your rockhopper looks both out of place and the only thing close to home. When you tap into the big piece of dirt, looking to see if it’s worth dragging home or blasting apart. . . That’s a real kind of piece.

Take Molybdenum Joe. He’s a bit younger than you, and into a few more profit ventures, but his heart’s in the right place. You started calling him “Molybdenum Joe” as a bit of a joke on your handle. He’s been one of your best friends on this deep-space can. He’s also an accomplished smuggler, like yourself. He’s currently got a running deal with one of the Gaspra labs, run by NWFusion Incorporated — he regularly does jobs for them. It’s not exclusive, of course.

Then there’s Aluminum Ned. He’s another smuggler, and he’s a pirate. Well, you should say “was,” as he’s now dead. He was found yesterday with a dozen bullet holes in him. He was another best friend of yours, and you’re still getting used to him being gone. Yep, of course, he picked up the “Aluminum Ned” handle from you and Joe (his real name is Ned Staples). Wouldn’t have the famous Titanium Bob without his two partners, Molybdenum Joe and Aluminum Ned. Being a pirate (hooked up with some crew of mercenaries by the name of Chernabog), he was into a bit more excitement than you really have been. Could be that’s what did him in. You’d sure like to find out what happened to him, and set things right. You bet Joe would, too.

Your niece, Priss, has come to Gaspra. She’s Jack’s daughter. Priss is a good kid; she works for Zandyne Corporation, doing marketing of some sort. She’s preparing the local lab for some sort of announcement to coincide with all the reporters showing up to see Anabelle’s find. If you can help her out, you will. You bet she’d love to see you, her “famous” uncle, go on Video saying what a great job she’s doing.

Of course, if Priss is going to come here, she’s probably going to start talking about retirement again. This comes up every time. The way you see it, Gaspra is a nice place to live, you won’t want to retire someplace with lots of old people, great big lawns, and all the gravity. Here you have friends, booze, and work to keep you busy. Of course it looks like James Nyberg is going to try to take all that away from you and turn Gaspra into some kind of Disney World. If that happens, you might just let Priss have her way. Better that than watch the place go down. Of course, if you and Joe have anything to do with it, Gaspra will

be staying just the way you like it.

You, Joe, and Ned operate a small smuggling ring out of Gaspra. (Well, you and Joe, now; here's to you, Ned.) You have a hunch business will be up over the next week or so; lots of the sketchier population of Gaspra will be wanting various things on or off the station before the press arrives. And of course, there's your regular business — every shuttle or so, you pick up a collection of smaller illicit items (small-time contraband, mostly). These you tend to fence to the various corporate interests on station; they tend to be able to find a buyer somewhere. Why, you've even sold a few things to Zandyne Corporation; though, you're not sure that's the sort of thing you want Priss hearing about. Except she may end up giving you some business herself.

**Contacts**

- Priscilla Spencer (Diane Christoforo): Your niece, Priss, who works for Zandyne Corporation on Earth, but will be on Gaspra this week.
- Joseph Birnbaum (Rob Ringrose): Your good friend Molybdenum Joe.
- Ned Staples: Your late friend Aluminum Ned, whose death you would very much like explained.
- Amalinda Camert (Aletta Wallace): A fellow miner, your protege. And a fellow member of Free Mars.
- Sasha Nacherad (Daniel Bates): Amalinda's boyfriend, who she recruited into Free Mars. You're not convinced that was the most clever of plans, but he has made himself quite useful.
- Dr. Nick Varakas (Antonio Vincente): Last year, he finally convinced you to let him try out his cybernetic ear implant on you, as you'd gone nearly deaf in your right ear. It's... interesting. You can hear a great deal more than you could without it, but half of what you can hear is gibberish, as if you were picking up two radio stations at the same time. Fortunately, your left ear is original equipment.
- Arthur Winslow (Alya Asarina): Head of Milton Salt Industrial Technologies on station, and a big consumer of stolen goods, particularly unusual high-end technical items.
- Mike Stanislov (Ryan Brown): The Megatronics lab manager. You've moved a few things for him when he was in a hurry.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): Front for many of the other corps on station. Of course, you would rather cut out the middle man where possible.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- "Richard L. Kennedy"

**Bluesheets**

- Free Mars
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Contacts
- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Skill With Knife
- Cybernetic ear implant
- Contact: "Guy at the Docks"
- Social Engineering 1

**Items**

- Gun
- Knife
- harmonica
- Gold Antique Pocket Watch (15987)
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating:	2	- Delta:	0
- Lambda:	0		

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**Mike Stanislov**


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*“I am not a pirate! It so happens that I am a lawyer!”*

— Hook

This was supposed to be just another week, with just another week's worth of business to attend to, but Trenton-Hobbes had to bring in her blasted artifact and draw all this attention. Now you have a long list of important things to get done early, all before the presshounds arrive.

You work for Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd.. You're the local executive at the Gaspra lab; you oversee the research that goes on here and make sure supplies are delivered on time. The execs back on Earth seem to view you as some sort of drill sergeant for labrats. The truth is, the labrats tend not to have motivational problems, at least not any worse than anyone else who works for a living in this giant can in the middle of nowhere, so you have relatively little official work to do.

Not long after you got this illustrious job, you decided to do more for yourself, primarily through working with shadier types. This wasn't hard; corporations often secretly work with undesirables in the interstellar age. You personally became involved with space pirates: hiring mercenaries to hinder the competitions interplanetary shipping business, moving smuggled goods for large sums of cash, and supporting various organizations whose actions suited your needs (and the needs of Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd., of course).

In the last year or so, you've been dealing heavily with a few groups within the Night Angels, a large organization of space pirates and mercenaries. Through you, Megatronics has hired them for various tasks. Doing non-Megatronics business with some of them on the side has proved very useful. You've gotten quite involved with a new splinter group of pirates called the Blue Flame. They're quite skilled and ambitious. They've been getting very proactive as well. You developed a relationship with Blue Flame as a fence — you help them move some of their stolen goods. The risk is high, but they are good allies (or perhaps you should say “alternative employers”).

Unfortunately, because of the rush caused by the incoming press, you have more work than usual to do for both your company and your contacts.

Headquarters is breathing down your neck to get the engineered wheat (or, as you've liked to call it, spacewheat) research done in time to announce to all the rabid reporters who'll be here to look at Trenton-Hobbes's find. Both of the original lead researchers on the project left Gaspra in the last month, one missing, the other merely delayed in her return – that does seem fishy, when you have a time to think about it – so the lab will be hard-pressed to get this done. Provide the two new hands what help you can.

Nearly two months ago, the Blue Flame raided an arctic lab on Earth and stole a prototype nanotech system (Experiment 42) for removing impurities from ice. They put this item up for auction, and last week the organization known as GreenWar made the winning offer. (GreenWar is a group devoted to essentially ecoterrorism.) 100,000 space bucks payable in 10 bars of platinum. The nanites are being smuggled to Gaspra, and will arrive in a few days. Philip Zi is the local representative for GreenWar who will bring you payment for them. Once he delivers the cash, you are to deliver the prototype to him. Neither you nor Blue Flame wants the prototype to remain on Gaspra any longer than necessary, so GreenWar's claim is of limited duration. If they cannot make payment by Wednesday the 25th, you should look for another buyer.

Finally, you are collecting several crates of weapon-kits for Blue Flame. Albert Scheiffer, a local intermediary, is brokering a deal with you. The crates he is to deliver contain kits for outfitting gunboats with weapons – crates supposedly “gone missing” from somewhere on Mars. Blue Flame intends to use these to arm more of their own ships.

**Contacts**

- Blake Nielson (Drew Rae): Now the senior of the two scientists at Megatronics, which is to say, he's been on Gaspra for a whole two weeks and was briefed by Valery Shaw before she left.
- Marleigh Silas (Tilly): The new junior scientist at Megatronics only arrived this morning, and still needs to be shown around the lab and review the research.
- Albert Scheiffer (Tommy Rhyne): The gent brokering the deal that will bring Blue Flame weapons with which to outfit more of their ships, and you a tidy profit.
- Philip Zi (Dexter Chan): A member of GreenWar, who has until the 27th to produce the cash to pay for the prototype nanites before you are authorized to find another buyer.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): Something of a black marketeer. Useful when you need something and don't have the time to find it yourself.
- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): A small-time smuggler, but useful when you need to move something quickly and quietly.
- Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes (Susan Dorsher): You barely know her, but she's the rock-miner who dragged in the big artifact that's causing all the attention.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd.
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering
- Torture

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Fencing Illicit Items
- Wound
- Social Engineering 1
- Assist
- Torture Question

**Items**

- Gun
- Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynt*
- Experiment 42
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- Bar of Platinum(×3)
- 200 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## Lael Suzuki

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*“You worried about saving your own skin?”*

*“Yeah, I am. It covers my body.”*

*— Ronin*

You'd never seen someone killed up close before. So it's understandable that you weren't thinking clearly. And it's all because of that damnable Stewart — all her fault.

You work as a technical analysis specialist in the United European Community Intelligence's Paris office. You joined the UECI knowing full well that espionage and its trappings are in no way romantic or adventurous. The job requires discipline and patience, not flare. You have no ambition to be a James Bond or a Cardinal Richelieu.

Three weeks ago, an undercover UECI squad raided a suspected Chinese spook-shop (base of espionage operations) in the Lambert-Price settlement on Mars. Apparently the only thing of interest taken from the place was a strange device of unknown use — otherwise, very little came of the mission. The Chinese Embassy on Mars made little noise about the raid and no noise about the device, so whatever it was, they weren't talking about it, at least publicly. Since the UECI wasn't publicly stating they did the raid, they certainly weren't about to ask the Chinese what the device was for.

So the device was shipped to your office for analysis. You saw pictures of it while it was in transit from Mars: just a little gray box stuffed full of unknown electronics. Whatever it was, it looked custom-made. You didn't crack it open as soon as it arrived, either — it sat in storage for a few days while the right papers got processed. It was during that time you met Justine Stewart.

In hindsight, you should have been suspicious. But you weren't. Stewart claimed to be a visiting lab-tech from Turkey — she flashed an ID for it, anyway. She said she was here to see the box, having heard it just got shipped in. After a few drinks, you decided to take her into the lab when you got the all-clear to open it up. The two of you went after-hours, when the whole lab was mostly empty. Rather than wait for the extra clearance for a visitor, you just brought her in.

Once you pulled the device out of its locker, Stewart pulled a gun on you. Once you got over the surprise, she said she wanted to make you a deal. Stewart would give you two \$10,000 bars of platinum, and you would let Stewart take the device. But that wasn't all — she pulled what looked like the same device out of her bag, saying she would just switch them. You said you were in no position to object, what with the gun pointed at you. So Stewart switched the devices and handed you a cash-card.

Stewart then suggested you remove the logs of letting her in. She was starting to look nervous, so you agreed. While you were working on that, Abid Jackson, a coworker, happened to walk in. Stewart motioned for you to keep hacking. Stewart started to talk with Jackson, but Abid started to get angry the fact that there was an intruder in the lab. Abid then started to leave to call security, and Stewart fired. Abid slumped to the ground, and Stewart told you to keep typing. She waited for you to finish, executed Abid right there, said it was nice doing business with you, and left. Soon the alarms went off, almost certainly set off by Stewart using the fire exit.

You were able to convince security that you had walked in on a dead Abid and didn't know what had happened. You're still a bit surprised how easy that part was. The investigation was still ongoing, only two days later, when the order came in for you to take the device to Gaspra. Calvin Hobbes, a UECI operations head on the station, requested it. Apparently, some organization wanted to trade for the device (Hobbes should fill you in on the details once you arrive). Before you left for spaceport, you saw on the news that the body of Justine Stewart, apparently a security contractor, was found shot dead in her hotel room in Paris.

So it seems someone wants the device. And possibly someone else is willing to kill for the device. And your agency wants you to deliver the device. You never got to figure out what the real device did, and it's likely the switched device you have now is a fake. If people who want the device are on Gaspra, there's some chance the real device has also headed there. Meaning you've probably shared a space-flight with whoever killed Stewart. If that's true, maybe you have a chance. You certainly don't want the

UECI finding out what really happened; you'd be jailed for certain. Your professional life would be over.

So you need to find out what's going on, and who wants the device. And who has the real device, if it's here. You need to do this without being caught by Hobbes, or anyone else in the UECI.

**Contacts**

- Calvin Hobbes (Andy Menard): The head of UECI operations on Gaspra. You should report to him as soon as you arrive.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- Selenadium - ID #342
- ID #315 - ID #427
- ID #392

**Bluesheets**

- United European Community Intelligence

**Greensheets**

- Hacking - Materials Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out - Electronics
- Wound - Hacking 3
- Assist - Materials Engineering

**Items**

- Gun - Bar of Platinum
- Knife - Bar of Platinum
- Research Device 37b (42378) *The fake device Justine Stewart left with you.* - 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2 - Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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**Kevin Tanenbaum**

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*“God helps those who help themselves.”*

Kevin Tanenbaum. He's a nice guy. Plays in the Gaspra bowling league. Owns a dog. Will chat with you about your day for an hour, or lend you ten bucks until your next payday. You really like Kevin Tanenbaum. It's a pity you made him up.

Your real name is Mitchell Davison. You're a Saint. A Mormon, to the uninitiated. For fifteen years, you've been in exile from the Dome, the spiritual home of the Saints. Your job is to keep an eye on the outside world, acquiring resources and neutralizing threats to the Saints and the Dome.<sup>1</sup> For ten of those years, you've been Kevin Tanenbaum, a Chemical Engineer, a nice Catholic boy from France, near Alsace-Lorraine, working for LieselCorp here on Gaspra. You hope you can stay him in the future.

The problem is, your cover and current job are at risk from the LieselCorp auditor arriving to look into what the local lab has been doing. You haven't produced much, partly because your work is fairly theoretical, and partly because you've been devoting more time to your work for the Saints than for LieselCorp. But Kevin's a good cover, well placed to divert contracts and resources to other Saints or the Dome, and to keep an eye out for any interesting scientific developments taking place at the LieselCorp labs, or at any of the other corporate research labs around here. It'd be a shame to lose him.

For instance, LieselCorp is the way you got the guns – more like kits for spaceship-mounted weaponry – that you're going to sell to the Blue Flame. They're a pirate organization in the Belt that the Saints do business with occasionally. Your local contact is Albert Scheiffer. You don't think he's actually a member himself, but he's in contact with them, and will be getting you the money for the guns you're passing along. Diverting the guns here was probably a mistake, since they seem to have drawn more attention to what's going on in LieselCorp than you like, but the Saints didn't want them getting to Mars and arming the factions there. A nice peaceful Mars with no fighting going on, while the Dome is quietly built up and expanded, is the goal. Still, you'll have to finish the deal with Albert Scheiffer fast, and get the guns out of your hands, before someone realizes you're the one who got them shipped here from Earth. That'd screw your cover as Kevin Tanenbaum even if you did manage to keep the auditor off your back otherwise.

You're certainly going to try to keep the auditor from closing down the office. You're even thinking about giving them the wheat research, if you can get it. Of course, if you give it to LieselCorp, it will be much harder for the Saints to market it productively. If you can find other things to convince your LieselCorp bosses that you've been doing a good job, that would be better. You know Y'm has something in mind, too, to do with a device a friend of his recently brought in from Rakeb, a medical kit of significantly more potency than the normal ones, or something. And maybe the two of you can track down where the missing money and the biological supplies went, too.

You don't think Mike Smith, the third ranking member of the local LieselCorp lab, is going to be much help, though. He also had a plan, something to do with rumors of a Rakeb with advanced cybernetic implants here on station. You don't know much more than that about it, though, and you're unlikely to find out, as Mike's missing. Y'm doesn't know it yet, but you don't think Mike's coming back from his vacation.

Mike's the local computer guru, and he's been selling you information for years taken from the LieselCorp satellites around Mars. The Dome uses the information to monitor nearby construction, and avoid conflicts with any of the other governments established on Mars. You also got him to fake some surveillance data that went to Zandyne Corporation a while back, so that they'll sell you some land near the Dome for a lot less than it's actually worth. Mike was supposed to sell you the latest installment of data just before he left, but he disappeared, and didn't contact you. As far as you can tell, he never actually left station. You

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<sup>1</sup>While it's a sin to lie, steal, or murder, you have a special dispensation from the Elders of the Church allowing you to do so in furtherance of the purposes of the Church. You can extend this to other Saints at need, and have done so for Dolores Aramia recently.

haven't told Y'm about the disappearance, as far as you know he thinks Mike's just on vacation. If you possibly can, you should find someone to hack into the computer system and get you that information as soon as possible.

Maybe one of the new Saints on station is a hacker. Until recently, you've also had a partner in your work here on Gaspra. Valery Shaw, a biologist working for Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd.. The two of you had been working on stealing the project she'd been working on for Megatronics, a special strain of wheat, designed to grow in low gravity environments, which could be greatly useful to the Dome, both for feeding its own and as a commodity for sale to others. But she was called away by Megatronics upper management, and your people were unable to prevent it. She has been temporarily replaced at Megatronics by Marleigh Silas, another Saints agent using the identity of an actual Megatronics employee currently enjoying the hospitality of the Dome. Unfortunately, Marleigh Silas is not the biologist Valery was, and may need assistance finalizing the wheat research. Y'm Liki Ot could probably help, but then you'd *have* to turn the stuff over to LieselCorp.

And finally, there's another Saint on station at the moment. Dolores Aramia. She's recently returned from Rakeb, where she was studying there religion, and has brought half of a prototype Selenadium Rakeb manufacturing device with her. A cheap and efficient way to manufacture Selenadium would be a great boon to the Dome, and very useful for military applications. She was supposed to buy the other half of it here, on Gaspra, but the contact has not shown up. You need to get the other half of that device, make sure it works, and get it off station, to Mars.

It's a lot to do in ten days, but with God's assistance, and your gun, you won't fail.

### Contacts

- Dolores Aramia (Meredith Peck): Saint recently on station, in possession of the partial Selenadiumdevice.
- Marleigh Silas (Tilly): Saint recently arrived on Gaspra to work for Megatronics.
- Y'm Liki Ot (Jamie Morris): LieselCorp's expert on Vircan biology. A better manager than biologist, but not terrible at either.
- Mike Smith (Andrew Twyman): LieselCorp's sysadmin. Braggart, but almost as good as he claims.
- Albert Scheiffer (Tommy Rhyne): A Blue Flame member, or perhaps merely in contact with them, to whom you are selling the gun kits you diverted from Mars.
- Joseph Birnbaum (Rob Ringrose): Molybdenum Joe is a fairly good bowler, but more to the point, he's an excellent person to talk to when you need things shipped about the system quickly and quietly.
- Calvin Hobbes (Andy Menard): One of the senior spies on the station. You still haven't figured out who he reports to. You're in for the long haul when you settle down to raise kids at the listening post.
- Randolph Burgess (Joe Foley): One of the senior ex-spies (now a pirate) off the station, or at least he was off until yesterday, when he returned for the first time in three years.

### Memory/Event Packets

- Selenadium
- Biotech Supplies

### Bluesheets

- Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Mars Colony
- Gaspra Locals
- LieselCorp

### Greensheets

- Materials Engineering
- Social Engineering

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Chemical Engineering
- Fencing Illicit Items
- Materials Engineering
- Social Engineering 1

**Items**

- Gun
- Gunboat Outfitting Kit (in crate)(×5)
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes

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*“People tend not to fall in love with other people who try to kill them.”*

*“Boy, YOU haven't been in a lot of relationships.”*

*— Genis and Marlo, Captain Marvel v3 #15*

All the important things in your life have come in threes. Three parents, Mom, Dad, and Step-Da. Three children, Bo, Luke, and Daisy. Three men. Donald Tarkins, who you followed out to Gaspra when you were a young girl of nineteen. Calvin Hobbes, the man you married here, the father of your children. Randolph Burgess, the man you've been having an affair with for the last five years. And now three discoveries: First, an unidentified alien artifact, the first officially found around Sol. Everyone knows about that discovery. Second: the fact that it's only the first *official* find, but that others have been found before. The only other person you know of who knew that is dead. And finally, a painting by Lon Wa Sha Pier, the famous Chinese artist, hidden away in a remote corner of the station. You're sure someone knows about that, but who it is, you have no idea about. Gaspra hasn't been this exciting in years.

When you first got here, 28 years ago, the station was still pretty busy. The Embargo had only been over for a couple years, and Gaspra was still being used as a stopping point for most of the travel between Earth and Vircus. It was an exciting, cosmopolitan place for a young woman from small town Tennessee. It reminded you of the days in DC, when your father was still alive, before Mom remarried and took you to Darius, where Step-Da worked in one of the last of the Appalachian coal mines. Mom followed Dad to the grave a few years later, a ship accident from flying drunk, leaving you alone with Step-Da.

He tried. He really did. When he was on the wagon, he was a great dad, enthusiastic, energetic, and interested in whatever you were doing. But he had his own problems with alcohol, and sometimes with violence. Still, you learned from Step-Da how to hold your own in a fight, how to cheat at cards, and how to dig a lode. All skills that have served you well since then.

By the time you were eighteen, you were out of there, and out of Darius entirely. A year of college, studying history, art, all the things you that you couldn't get in Darius. That was where you met Donald. He was a professor, fifteen years older than you, and a genius economist and political scientist. He was also a slime ball, a bastard, and a traitor, although you were too young to realize it at the time. The attention of a handsome and important man swept you off your feet and into his bed. When he asked you to come to Gaspra with him your sophomore year, an “Independent Study Opportunity,” you jumped at the chance.

He was working with the American Embassy, back when there was an American Embassy on Gaspra, and you were working with him. Your work was mostly on odds and ends, none of the big picture stuff of how humans and Rakeb were going to get along that Donald was working on, but still, you were twenty, and living on a space station, surrounded by important people and exciting aliens. It was a dream come true for a small town girl, until the day you came back to your room and caught a strange man going through your desk.

You took him out before he realized you were there, and had a gun pointed at him when he woke up, tied to the chair. The next hour was pretty tense, but he convinced you (with the help of the ID sewed into the lining of his wallet), that he was an agent for the Feds, trying to track down a leak in the Embassy that was feeding information to the Chinese. You convinced him that *\*you\** weren't the leak, and for the next two weeks, you helped him track it down. You felt stupid when it turned out to be Donald. He'd been helping the Chinese, some dumb theory that Communism was totalitarianism was actually a superior political philosophy. You felt even dumber when the “Fed” you'd been helping disappeared, and the scandal hit the papers. Seems he didn't work for the Government after all...

The next two years were tricky. You were stranded on Gaspra, without a way home or a job here. You'd been cleared with the Embassy, but it closed down after the scandal, and the U.S. hasn't had much presence here since. Eventually, you began using the mining skills Step-Da had taught you, working in the belt, and realized that you actually enjoy it. You've been doing it ever since. A few days or weeks of solitude, out in the belt, and then back to the station, to relax and blow off steam, and mingle

with the Rakeb, whose lives and culture you still find fascinating. If you've never quite fit into one of the cozy cliques of friendly miners, like Joe and Ned and Bob, you're liked well enough, and respected. It's a life you're comfortable with.

Comfortable enough that when a way out was offered, two years after the scandal blew over, you turned it down. Your "Fed" was back, and he had cash in hand to send you home, if you wanted it. He said it was because he felt guilty about how you'd been stranded, but you've always suspected it was because he didn't want you around on station, knowing he was a spy, now that he was being posted here long-term. You started making a point of looking him up and figuring out what he was doing, between mining trips. To begin with to annoy him, and try to find a way to pay him back for what had happened to you, but eventually you found yourself doing it because you wanted to see him. Eighteen months after he came back to Gaspra, you and Calvin were married. He's been your husband ever since, the father of your three children, and the local head of United European Community Intelligence, the group you finally got him to admit he works for. He's gotten the occasional offer of relocation, but neither of you has wanted to leave.

It's been a good marriage. You complete each other in important ways, and he's been a wonderful father to your children. You can't imagine wanting to marry anyone else. But somehow, over the years, the passion has burned away. It's not that you don't still love him, you do. But you're not *in love*, anymore. Not like with Randolph Burgess.

You met Randolph five years ago. There was a mix up involving the Night Angels, a pirate group who were regularly raiding an American shipping company that you'd been selling some asteroids to. After about a four way shoot-out (you and the corp on one side, the Angels on another, Randolph coming in the back door, and some side you never worked out fleeing from the Angels' hideout while you took the Angels out), you and he were the only ones left standing. You burned a couple of medkits patching up the corp guys you came in with, while he grabbed one of the dying Angels and made off with her.

You met him again two days later, when you spotted him at the docking bay, heading off station. You grabbed him and tried to get him to tell you what the hell he'd been doing. He wouldn't say anything about it immediately, but in the interests of keeping you from making a scene, you both headed off to Marlene's diner to talk. One thing led to another, and you spent the afternoon with him. In bed. And have been seeing him, off and on, ever since. He still hasn't ever told you why he was there, or what he did with the girl.

It's been harder to see him since Joruri Fuwa caught you together in one of the machine rooms three years ago, though. You managed to keep her from telling Calvin (In fact, you are pretty sure he still doesn't know about the affair), but Randolph got kicked off station by Jacob Canning after that, and you've only been able to get together when his ship, the *Lady's Choice* is nearby and you can arrange to take your mining shuttle out to meet him. You were there yesterday when the ship's engines broke down, and you had to tow the *Lady's Choice* back to Gaspra for repairs. Hopefully his crew won't mention to Calvin that you were on board, and not just passing by...

But it does mean that both Randolph and Calvin will be on station when you present the artifact (a large asteroid made of strange metal with a hole in the side) to the UN Saturday night. You'd like to have Randolph by your side, but, of course, you can't reasonably do that with Calvin here. At the same time, you don't think it feels right to have Calvin with you, especially if Randolph might be there and watching. You've thought about avoiding the issue by picking someone to be there as a representative of the station, but you'd need to make a choice there too. Prince Darien Paxton is the crown prince of Gaspra and, thus, is officially in charge. But Darien just arrived yesterday and James Nyberg has really been running things before that. If you chose one of them, the other one will probably get mad. You've also considered trying to get one of the scientists to represent the scientific importance of your discovery.

You've also thought about just making the presentation on your own. But you're not really one for speeches and it'd be nice if you could get away with just saying a few words and then passing off the podium to someone else. Of course, you'd need someone fairly official who had something useful to say.

Whatever you choose, there is still the issue that this is your asteroid, dammit, and you want to make sure that the fact that

you found it doesn't get overlooked. You'd also really like to be involved in the eventual study of it. The Rakeb have always intrigued you as an alien race and you'd like to know more about whomever built this thing. (You suspect that it wasn't the Rakeb that built it. It's far too old for that).

Fortunately, there is an obvious place for you to start. There are these strange inscriptions on the walls of the inside of the asteroid. They probably give some kind of instructions for what the thing does, or did, and even if they don't, they'll give you some sort of clue about the makers of the darn thing. But you haven't even been able to get started on them. If you could just start, you're sure you could get something useful figured out about them. And if you can get something useful figured out about them, hopefully the UN will agree that you should come along with the asteroid to Earth, to keep working on the translations, and otherwise examining it. After all, it is your asteroid. You found it.

You've talked to Calvin about your plans, and he's happy to leave Gaspra with you. You've also talked to Randolph about it, and he's also heading to Earth. Now if you can only keep them from finding out about the other's plans.

You might also see if you can figure out who has the other artifacts that came out of the asteroid. You found yours because you figured out that Ned Staples had been making money without bringing in many asteroids recently. You followed him out a few days ago, and searched around the area that he'd been in until you found the asteroid. But he's been getting money, so he must have been bringing *something* in from around there, and there was a big hole in the side of the asteroid that stuff could have leaked out. You just don't know what, or who he sold it to. And someone didn't want him talking, because Ned Staples turned up dead yesterday. So maybe you don't want to look at that too closely after all...

And finally, you should really do something with this damn artwork. It was a pure accident that you stumbled across it, and it doesn't belong to you. So you should figure out who it does belong to, and give it back. But why it was being smuggled to Gaspra in the first place is beyond you, so you should try and figure out why it was being smuggled, as well, and make sure you're not going to hurt America, or Gaspra, or the United European Community Intelligence, by giving it back to whoever it came from. You suppose you should talk to Calvin about it, but it'd be more fun to do it yourself...

### Goals

- Learn as much as you can about the asteroid and try to translate the strange writing.
- Decide who you would like to have with you when you present the asteroid.
- Try to keep Calvin from finding out about Randolph.
- See if you can figure out what Ned was dragging in and selling.
- Figure out what to do with the painting.

### Contacts

- Calvin Hobbes (Andy Menard): Your husband of 23 years.
- Randolph Burgess (Joe Foley): Your lover of 5 years.
- Aluminum Ned: A (now deceased) miner and the man you followed to find the asteroid.
- Titanium Bob (Pete Gast): A miner and a close friend of Ned Staples.
- Molybdenum Joe (Rob Ringrose): A miner and a close friend of Ned Staples.
- James Nyberg (Tony Camire): The casino manager. He's been running the place, and hasn't been doing all that bad.

### Notes

- Your oldest son Bo is 22 and on his own. Luke is 19 and at college. Daisy is 17 and currently away at boarding school.

### Memory/Event Packets

- "Richard L. Kennedy"

### Bluesheets

- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Alien Runes

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Disarm
- Restrain
- Knife-Throwing

**Items**

- Gun
- Painting: Mother and child on Ganymede.
- Throwing Knife
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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## Li Tsing

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*"If I'm curt with you, it's because time is a factor. I think fast, I talk fast, and I need you guys to act fast if you want to get out of this."*

*— Pulp Fiction*

It's started already. Not even on station a full hour yet, and already you've been attacked. You're not sure why the guy did it, or where he recognized you from, but one of the dockworkers came at you with a spanner, not fifteen minutes after you'd gotten off your ship. You pulled a gun and shot him before he got in reach, but you didn't have a medkit on hand to patch him up again and ask what this was all about. His ID listed him as Deng Zou, and in the corner behind him, he had a box of some metal, that was apparently being smuggled onto the station. You grabbed that and got out of there, but you need to figure out who he was and what he wanted. Failure is not an option.

Failure has never been an option.

You've been one of China's top agents for the past fifteen years. You fix problems and clean up messes. And now you're being sent to Gaspra to deal with a set of issues that the locals aren't ready to deal with.

Gaspra station is not normally a hotbed of espionage, at least not any that China cares about. There're a couple of eyes and ears here, but neither of them does much more than file reports occasionally, and neither of them knows about the other. It's a listening post more than anything, a place to keep an eye on what other people are up to, without doing much in the way of active work. The big Chinese Intelligence Agency base in the area is on Ganymede, trying to keep the People's Liberation Front of Ganymede under control, and Gaspra's secondary to that.

This week, though, it's a little busier than usual, and you've been sent to take care of the things the locals aren't ready for. First, there's been some trouble with the results of China's *last* live operation on Gaspra. About a month ago, a visiting Ganymede agent ran the NWFusion Incorporated lab here on Gaspra, to retrieve some device that Intelligence home base wanted. Apparently, it got shipped to Mars for analysis, and was stolen from the lab it was in there. The home office thinks it's likely on its way back here for sale or return to NWFusion. You need to intercept it, or, worst comes to worst, run the NWFusion lab and steal it *again*. Of course, the device is just a circuit board of some sort, so it may be something of a challenge to identify. Must remember to ask questions first and shoot second.

While you're here, you've been informed that Ganymede recently noted a cryotube, with someone frozen inside it, passing through Ganymede's port. You're not sure exactly who it contains: all that the Ganymede station managed to figure out was that he'd been kidnapped by the Rakeb, and was going to be shipped to their homeworld on the next flight out, which is scheduled to depart from Gaspra. Ganymede base figured out when and where the cryotube would be showing up on Gaspra, and bribed the relevant guards to deliver it to you, so you need to get the tube, find somewhere to hide it, and then make arrangements to ship it back to Earth, where someone in the main office will have him defrosted and find out who he is and what he knows that the Rakeb care about.

And if you can, you should find out why the Rakeb wanted him, without giving him up. Their governmental structure has defied fifty years of analysis by the best minds in the Chinese Intelligence Agency. Anything that will give those researchers more data to work with in that area is always desirable, something to refute the ridiculous claim that they're just hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of independent corporations with no government at all. For enough information on their real governing structure, you might even give the guy back. . . .

Ganymede also reports a problem with one of your contacts on Gaspra. Mike Smith, a LieselCorp employee here on Gaspra, has been selling China surveillance data from the LieselCorp Mars Satellite Systems for years. He's not a full agent, but his information has been useful in the past. This week, he's supposed to be on a vacation from LieselCorp, visiting Ganymede, where he was going to talk to higherups at the Chinese Intelligence Agency base there. He never got off the shuttle. According



**Items**

- Gun
- Knife
- Projectile Shield
- Crate of Gormansium
- Bar of Platinum(×10)
- Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynt*
- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 3
- Lambda: 0
- Delta: 0

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**Dr. Nick Varakas**

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*"The coroner — I'm so sick of that guy."*

Dogs and ferrets just don't mix.

Not that you haven't tried - it's been an intriguing combination for as long as you can remember. You always imagined what it would be like: a creature with the size and power of a St. Bernard and the agility of a ferret. It would truly be a sight to see.

But you were never able to accomplish it. As a child, you tried putting the two in a cage with some soft bedding in the hopes that they'd make baby dogrets. But no luck. Once you got a bit older, you tried doing genetic manipulation but the results weren't so good and you were forced to stop because the neighbors started complaining about the noise. So you sold off your experiment to a circus. It's probably for the best. You really didn't want Bitey running around loose. But you were fascinated by the thought of putting things together. And if that meant you had to take them apart first, why then you got to see how it worked! You seemed to have a natural talent for this. Of course, some people were envious and said you must have sold your soul to Satan.

Medical school was great! You just had won of those winning smiles that could get you out of any trouble you happened to fall into. You weren't very good at classes, but you made up for it in lab work. Of course you were occasionally in trouble with the human experimentation committee (once or twice a term), but once you started getting large corporate grants they quieted down. It was a small school after all. Eventually they even presented you with a degree.

By then you had discovered cybernetics. While it wasn't as open ended as genetic manipulations, it also didn't violate any significant international law. And you liked the hands on approach. You didn't have to keep waiting for your new experiments to grow to adulthood, you could just keep reusing the same subjects.

About twelve years ago one of your big corporate donors, NWFusion Incorporated, lured you away from the university setting. No only would you not have that pesky human experimentation committee to contend with, there wouldn't even be international investigators coming through your lab. You would be left free to do the work you loved.

Gaspra is a good place for you. Lots of people pass through the station, allowing you a steady supply of test subjects. Not to mention all the residents who you try to convince to get implants. In fact, two of your most satisfied customers live here - Bob and Joe. Their implants aren't your neater models, but hey, they're working.

You also continue to be fascinated by the Rakeb. They are so unlike humans, and yet so similar. You would really love to get a Rakeb corpse to dissect, or a live Rakeb to experiment on. Sadly, even on Gaspra, they are so scarce that one would be missed. And most of them have these big collectives that watch out for them. So unlike humans.

You have worked quite a bit on one Rakeb, a Gaspra local by the name of K'w Suna Kruzo. You were happy to see that your natural talent extended to non-humans. He was dying of some bioaccumulative disorder, some amino acid or other (you never got around to reading the lab results to find out which one). You built him a liver (Rakeb don't have livers) and it's been working out pretty well for him. Of course, he has still been going down hill, but much more slowly. It's been ten years, but these days K'w is in your lab at least once a week and is self-medicating heavily. It may be time for a new, more drastic solution to his problem.

Working for NWFusion has been pretty good to you. As promised, there have been no committee meetings and no investigations (at least no investigations that you have heard about). You just stay in your lab, relatively well funded, and work on what you want to work on. At least, that was how it was at first.

These days management is pushing for all kinds of results. They no longer care about ground breaking work in how many functioning limbs you can add to a human. They just want what they want, as soon as they can get it. Their most recent kick has been mind control. As if the brain was particularly interesting. It just sits there, it doesn't do anything. And it is awfully complicated.

But they own the lab, and you like the lab, so you do what they say. You are working with a Rakeb scientist named D'o Lika Mim, who is all over this brain stuff. You tend to let him run with that. You mostly build apparatus, which reminds you of doing cybernetics. You get to insert all kinds of probes and tap into nerve endings. You have actually made some interesting advances in artificial electro-neurological connections. Of course, you also killed a lot of test subjects. Ah, science.

You continue to work with D'o on this project, though the loss of your calibrated Research Device 37b (42379) was something of a blow. You just really don't want to deal with tuning another one. Hopefully you can get it back.

In other news, NWFusion (through Jeff Labonte) got their hands on this amazing artifact. It's made by the same alien race that made Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes's stuff. But unlike hers, yours is small enough to keep a secret. You're tempted to make it your own personal secret, but NWFusion would never forgive you. Even so...

Although it isn't as interesting as your cybernetics, you still provide your discount surgeries for the locals. It brings back fond memories of your time at med school. And now, you know not to leave your watch on. It kept getting caught on things.

But if only you could get your cybernetics to do what you want!

**Contacts**

- Jeff Labonte (Clint Lohse): The head of your organization on Gaspra. Good at finding research victims, but you really want to stay on his good side.
- D'o Lika Mim (Kevin Chen): Rakeb scientist you are working with at NWFusion. Very focused on neurology, which you have to admit you find kind of lame.
- Joseph Birnbaulm (Rob Ringrose): You gave him an improved wrist. He likes playing darts.
- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): He's wearing your cybernetic ear. Sadly, he wouldn't let you install the expanded external pickups.
- K'w Suna Kruzo (Aaron Finck): Rakeb to whom you gave an artificial liver.

**Bluesheets**

- NWFusion Incorporated
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Biology

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Bionics
- Electronics
- Biology

**Items**

- Research Device 37c *The replacement interface, untuned but vaguely useable.*
- 1000 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 100 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## Arthur Winslow

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Europe is the future. England is the future. Milton Salt is the future. The Chinese are going about it all wrong; the terrorists are even worse.

Unfortunately, you happen to be stuck on a rusty tin can in the middle of deep space. On the one hand, this does mean that you are basically working on your own and it will be easy for you take full credit for your successes. This may prove essential to getting promoted to a more respectable facility. On the other hand, you are stuck on a rusty tin can in the middle of deep space.

Speaking of someone to take the blame, you have menial employee Daud Kutaiba who has caught your eye recently. He has something of a sketchy past, and you think that will help when it comes time for him to fall down. This is not to say you want to kill him. He's been very useful so far and, besides without his connections you will be doomed at instigating terrorism against the Chinese Gormansium mines. But you may want to be careful around him.

On the bright side, you have got at least one good leash on him. If he is working for one of the terrorist groups that he claims to have infiltrated, he probably wants the weapons. This means he can't take any action against you before he gets them. You'll probably want to string him along until you've found out everything that you need to know before completing the sale.

Besides, this is also a matter of pride. The Winslows have served Milton Salt Industrial Technologies for seven generations, starting with your great grandfather's grandfather Trevor Winslow III. Your not about to let down the family tradition. You were sent here to Deal With The Ganymede Problem, and deal with it you will. No Winslow has failed Milton yet and you won't be the first.

Of course, weapons still cost money, you aren't going to give them away for free. And the terrorist group does have money. You wouldn't want to give something away for nothing. If they hit your targets for you, then you can part with the crates for \$80k each. If you can't get them to take out the Gormansium plant, you still probably want them to have the weapons, because anything bad on Ganymede is good for Milton. In that case, getting fair market price of \$120k for each crate would be acceptable. Of course, more is always nice.

In addition to your little terrorism project, you have several other leads on good business for Milton Salt Industrial Technologies. The biggest is a Selenadium fabrication device. You were approached by Kyrk Velour, who said he had a device to sell you, but then he turned up dead. It's only been two days, so you think the device is still on the station. Whoever has it might be willing to do business. Accomplishing a major piece of industrial espionage would certainly make you stand out, and help you get promoted. You also have something that he promises is very interesting coming in with Randolph Burgess, but you don't know what.

On that note, you suspect that any number of people from other corporations are going to be moving all kinds of neat stuff around this week, since they have as many messes to clean up as you do. You should keep an eye out for that kind of stuff.

One of the nice things about living on a relatively lawless space station (possibly the only good thing) is that a lot of valuable stolen property passes through the station. Smugglers pick the stuff up cheap and bring it here where it can be sold to enterprising businessmen like yourself without much risk of legal intervention.

This is a very lucrative industry that you regularly take part in to supplement your usual income. However, you've recently gotten word that something big is going to be moving through the station. You know its some sort of painting and that it will probably be arriving around Monday, but that's it.

You have also received word that a secret Chinese research lab on Ganymede is working on a potent new combat drug code named Rosoa. The drug is similar to many conventional amphetamine mixtures in that it is designed to boost memory, tolerance for pain, strength, endurance, ability to go without food or sleep, etc. However, this drug is 40% more effective than the previous best thing.

For added style, you'd like to manage to pull some strings so that that lab is the victim of an "unfortunate accident" after you've stolen the formula. That way, Milton Salt Industrial Technologies would be able to have a monopoly on the drug. You probably don't want to dirty your hands with this kind of work, so you ought to find someone who can take care of things for you. But if something needs to get done, and you are the only one to do it, then you will have to make do.

You've got a lot to do, but if you can pull it all of, you'll make regional director in no time.

**Contacts**

- Daud Kutaiba (Larry DeLucas): Another local employee of Milton Salt Industrial Technologies, the one who has "arranged" a contact with the terrorists on Ganemede who want the weapons you can supply.
- Kyrk Velour: Was going to sell you the Selenadium fabrication device, but now he's dead.
- James Nyberg (Tony Camire): The Trade Minister is a good man to be on the right side of, and Gaspra's taxes are reasonable enough that it's usually cheaper to pay them than to evade them. Good planning on his part.
- Randolf Burgess (Joe Foley): Ex-spy, now smuggler. Very competent. Hasn't been welcome around the station lately, but he is back now.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): One of the station's most reliable suppliers of no-questions-asked goods and information.
- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): Titanium Bob has moved a few shipments for you off the record, and brought in the occasional item of interest.
- Joseph Birnbaulm (Rob Ringrose): Molybdenum Joe is also a small-time smuggler. You're not sure whether he and Bob compete or cooperate, as they're also drinking buddies. Aluminum Ned was also a friend of theirs, but turned up dead yesterday.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- none

**Bluesheets**

- Milton Salt Industrial Technologies
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering
- Torture

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Fencing Illicit Items
- Social Engineering 1
- Torture Question

**Items**

- Gun
- Bar of Platinum(×10)
- Crate of Plasma Cannons(×3)
- Syringe of Clear Liquid(×3) *Verasynt*
- 2500 Spacebucks *in your account*
- 300 Spacebucks *daily income*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 0
- Lambda: 0

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## Philip Zi

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*“My side of the woods abounds in natural scenic splendor. Your side wallows in decay and filth. My territory is infinitely superior to yours.”*

*— Calvin and Hobbes*

Why do people insist on trying to force Nature to change? Asked politely, coaxed properly, she is more than willing to accommodate any reasonable request Man can make. Perhaps it takes a little more time to breed a plant or an animal the “old fashioned” way, but it is infinitely safer than the mad genetic experiments which are the rage nowadays. And there are ideas which are even madder than that...

You make your living studying, and attempting to control, Nature’s creations. As the head of hydroponics on Gaspra, you spend every day trying to keep the balance between species that have evolved over millions of years to stay in balance with each other, and even with all those years of evolution assisting you, it is still a difficult, time consuming task. When Man tries to build something new to do it better, it invariably fails.

The first wave of genetically engineered plants and animals were produced in the late 20th and early 21st century. By 2030, they had all, every one, been proven to cause cancer or otherwise be dangerous to humans. Genetic engineering was banned by the Treaty of Sao Paulo in 2036. It’s still officially banned, at least on Earth, but enforcement of the Treaty largely ended about the same time the Rakeb quarantine was lifted, in 2145. The world’s governments apparently decided that if they were going to allow alien lifeforms onto the planet, genetic engineering wasn’t any more dangerous. They were wrong, of course. 30 years of trying to discover a safe way to genetically engineer *anything* hasn’t succeeded yet, but idiots keep trying.

It was your resistance to that brand of so-called “science” that led you, in a round-about-way, to Gaspra. You were something of a “child prodigy” originally – received your doctorate in biology from the University of Beijing at the age of 22. The government assigned you to work in the Xiao-Sing Institute of Food Improvements, but you refused to help with their genetic tampering. A somewhat difficult period ensued, in which you were threatened with various charges for wasting state resources (the money that had been spent for sending you to get your doctorate), but eventually a compromise, of sorts, was reached.

Apparently, some bureaucrat somewhere in the Government had reviewed your aptitude tests and decided you made a good candidate for the espionage profession. You have no idea what made them decide that, but it solved your problems. You “expatriated,” pretending to abandon your Chinese citizenship, and came to Gaspra to live, getting a job in their hydroponics lab, where you could use your biological training without having to do the genetic work you despised.

You’ve been here for seven years, working for Joruri Fuwa and slowly making your way up from a lab tech to the head of hydroponics. You’ve written monthly reports for the Chinese Intelligence Agency, and occasionally assisted with smuggling something to or from Ganymede. You’ve also gotten involved with the boss’ daughter...

Sky Fuwa. Her mother’s not too fond of the fact that you two have gotten close, but she’s professional enough not to let it affect your job. Can you help it if one of the friendliest, most intelligent women anywhere near your age on station is related to her? Not that you’re really serious about each other – one of these days you intend to go home to China, and Sky is Gaspran, born and bred. You can’t see her leaving.

But for now, you’re good friends, and good company for each other. And being good friends is good cover for your other activities. The two of you have been active in the Greenwar movement for the past five years or so. It turns out that bureaucrat back in China did know something after all about where your talents lie, because you’ve proven to be pretty good at lying, cheating and stealing to help preserve the natural beauty of the Belt, and prevent Man from doing anything to dramatic to destroy it, or wreak havoc on the Natural environment. You haven’t actually killed anyone for them yet, but you think, if you had to, you could. You and Sky have several projects that need to be done this week, and you might finally have to cross that line. You just

hope she's ok with that, if it happens.

Sky doesn't know about your work for China, though, which is going to make things a little more complicated this week. The Chinese Intelligence Agency has several things they want done before the media arrives at Gaspra, much more active than the things you're normally called on to do. And they've sent another agent to assist, since they "know" you're not a field agent, and not up to wet work – he'll be travelling under the name of Li Tsing. Not only does that give you things to do you can't let Sky know you're working on, but China and Greenwar are in fundamental disagreement on one of the issues involved.

China has been working on a plan to tamper with gravity itself, trying to terraform Ganymede. That sort of mad destruction of Nature is precisely the sort of thing that Greenwar opposes, and if you can, you're going to see the lab where that's being worked on destroyed. But you're going to have to make sure that the Chinese Intelligence Agency doesn't realize you were involved in the destruction, or you'll never be able to go home.

And, of course, you need to make sure you keep up with your day job. It would never do for hydroponics to get out of calibration. It could take weeks to fix it, if that happened...

**Contacts**

- Li Tsing (David Kern): The incoming agent from Chinese Intelligence to whom you will be answerable for the next week. You're not looking forward to that.
- Daud Kutaiba (Larry DeLucas): The most militant member of GreenWar on the station. Undercover working for Milton Salt.
- Sky Fuwa (Stephanie Fried): Your current love interest, though her grandmother disapproves, and a fellow member of GreenWar.
- Joruri Fuwa (Jen Selby): Sky's grandmother, who would never accept you. Also your boss. Unlike most of the rest of the residents of Gaspra, you call her Joruri rather than Grandma Fuwa.
- Chandra Moore (Beth Baniszewski): The new girl in Joruri's department, who took up employment here after she got in a fight with the Captain of the ship she'd been working on. She knows her stuff, in life support, and has a bit of a temper.
- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): Titanium Bob is a good man to talk to about having things shipped to and from Gaspra, quietly.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): The sort of man who can get you whatever you need, for the right price.
- Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): The waitress at the diner, and possibly the most knowledgeable person about goings-on on Gaspra.

**Memory/Event Packets**

- "Lab 43K"

**Bluesheets**

- Greenwar
- Gaspra Locals

**Greensheets**

- Social Engineering
- Biology
- Hacking

**Abilities**

- Knock Out
- Bare-Handed Knock Out
- Wound
- Social Engineering 1
- Assist
- Hacking 2
- Disarm
- Biology

**Items**

- Gun

- 2000 Spacebucks *in your account*

**Stats**

- Combat Rating: 2

- Delta: 0

- Lambda: 0

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## Rakeb

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*I, a stranger and afraid  
In a world I never made.*

– A.E. Houseman

Humans are surprisingly much like Rakeb – somewhat oddly proportioned, and the ones that don't have freckles or tattoos look somewhat sickly being all the same color, but they're pretty much people. They keep their stations so cold, though! At least they have a decent appreciation of hot beverages. Those are pretty critical to Rakeb in human habitations – at home on Vircus, you have to worry about keeping cool rather than warm, at least during the day. Here, you put away a lot of extra calories to make up for the chill. Rakeb returning to Vircus after an extended stay in human space have an unfortunate habit of putting on a lot of weight before readjusting.

Human social structures, though – family, employer, religion, nation – they have all these different associations, and there's no telling which ones they're actually serious about. With the Rakeb, it's easy: what matters is your collective.

The majority of official interactions between the Humans and the Rakeb take place between Earth governments and the two dozen or so largest trading collectives, the ones wealthy and ambitious enough to own FTL ships.

\* \* \*

The basic functional unit of Rakeb society is the “collective”, or guild – a lifetime association of mutual support towards common goals. Each collective has its own unique character and functions it fulfills in Rakeb society, and collectives work cooperative or competitively to provide for their members. You aren't born into a collective (though many do choose to join the one their parents are part of, and this is often easier than it might otherwise be – a certain amount of nepotism is in play) – rather, young Rakeb are expected to find one whose functions interest them and in which they could be a valuable contributing member, and petition for membership. Once accepted, the association is permanent; your function in the collective may change, but you will support it and it will support you to the best of your respective abilities for the rest of your life.<sup>1</sup>

Collectives vary in size from dozens to tens of thousands of individuals, and may do nearly anything, covering very wide or very narrow ranges. One might specialize in building, and do everything from architectural design and traffic planning to interior decoration; another might focus on inter-collective interactions and offer courier services, public relations, arbitration and negotiation expertise, security, counter-terrorism, and espionage. There are collectives whose sole function is the maintenance of a single park or holy site, that support themselves by offering tours and prayers and souvenirs or entirely on donations. One tiny and immensely selective collective, which has never had more than a dozen members and sometimes as few as three over the several centuries it has existed, does nothing but create custom scents.

There are a couple dozen currencies maintained by various collectives; two or three of them are still backed by real goods, but most are free-floating and backed by reputation and tradition. Arrangements between collectives for non-trivial exchanges are made by contract; recourse for breach of contract ranges from trash talk to espionage (a favorite) to direct assault. Most such disputes are settled by renegotiation or arbitration, but some resist all attempts at settlement and wear on and on, sometimes persisting for decades at low levels with smear campaigns, theft, industrial sabotage, and occasional bombings or assassinations; a few escalate and wind up doing serious damage to the involved collectives, or hurting bystanders (which usually prompts other collectives to force a settlement) or even drawing in other collectives.

In the last three centuries, two major disputes have grown out of hand, pulling in dozens of large collectives on either side. The first came to a close when the entire governing structure of one of the original parties was wiped out in a series of attacks,

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<sup>1</sup>It is technically possible to have a collective of one; the rare genius or hermit actually does this. People who never acquire sufficient sentience to join a collective often wind up as wards of a collective that does medical work.

leading to the collapse of their alliance. The survivors of the decapitated collective were, after making massive concessions, allowed to reorganize under a new name. The second, far worse, only ended when the production capabilities of both sides had been decimated to the extent that neither could feed itself independently, and one of the largest neutral agricultural collectives spearheaded a movement to refuse to sell to either side until terms were settled under their supervision – including both turning their agricultural lands over to newly formed collectives designed with strictly non-violent philosophies. The repercussions of that, combined with the new forum of competition in the race to contact humanity and exploit the new trade opportunities, have kept things relatively quiet since.

Internally, collectives are run by wildly variable methods, ranging from consensus to massive bureaucracy to appointed dictator-for-life. There are occasional internal shakeups of one sort or another, but these tend to be brief or civil or both, as any extended uncertainty over who is authorized to negotiate on behalf of the collective can do it massive harm. Similarly, claiming authority to negotiate on behalf of a collective when one does not have it is possibly the most harshly punished crime in Rakeb society, being likely to incite argument between misrepresented collective and the one to which the misrepresentation was made over which gets to execute the perpetrator and how.

\* \* \*

The Gifts of the Aera are among the most prized possessions of any collective that holds one, and reverence for the Aera is the nearest thing to what the humans call a religion to be found on Vircus.

The Aera came to Vircus between three and four millennia ago, in an era now called the DawnTimes, of which there are few records other than the Gifts themselves and the stories handed down. The Aera are said to have taught the Rakeb to kindle fire, to sow and harvest and domesticate animals, to use the wheel, to write and figure, and to honor a bargain and shun those who do not. They also gave to the Rakeb Gifts numbering in the thousands, each unique, which perform functions ranging from providing light to controlling the weather. Then the Aera left (for reasons which are hotly debated to this day) and never returned.

That the Gifts were meant for the Rakeb to use and study no one doubts; the question is how, and by whom. Most are jealously guarded by the collectives that hold them, their known functions made available to others by request or for a price, their construction and abilities examined in only the most conservative manner – new functions are found from time to time, even after millennia of study, and examination of the effects of the Gifts has inspired much of Rakeb science. A handful of the Gifts have been subjected to more intensive study (with or without the consent of the owning collective) and attempts at disassembly. None can be taken apart in any obvious way. The larger Gifts that Rakeb have tried to cut or force open have often exploded violently, leaving nothing behind to study and often destroying the building – or town – around them as well. A number of the smaller gifts have been dissected without disaster; all are said to have been found to be entirely solid within, and none have been restored to working order.

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 AWWWL
 

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*"I attempt to convince you to do something you are not now doing. I threaten you with bodily harm. This is known as extortion. I attempt to convince you to do something you are not now doing. I threaten you with eternal harm. This is known as missionary work."*

—Scott Hankin

In the DawnTimes, the Aera came to the Rakeb and taught. They taught you fire, and agriculture, and the wheel. They gave you the law, and writing, and most of all, they gave you the Gifts, the holy artifacts that contain the Aera's wisdom, that have continued to guide you from the day the Aera left the Rakeb until now.<sup>1</sup>

Since the Aera's departure, the care and study of the holy Gifts has been the Rakeb's greatest purpose. The history of the Rakeb race is dominated by which collective has held which of the Gifts and how they have been used. The most powerful of them can control the weather, heal the sick, or turn day into night. Even after nearly 3,000 years of study, new functions are still being found for many of the Gifts.

The question of how to study the Gifts has become a delicate one in recent years, however. The majority of Rakeb still hold to the traditional ways of study, venerating the holiness of the Gifts and employing them in the ways they were intended by the Aera to be used. Your collectives all follow that path, and employ those Gifts which have fallen to you as best you can, to benefit your collective, and thereby the whole. Others, however, a few, here and there, have fallen from this path, and seek to destroy the Gifts to "learn" from them. Since meeting the Humans, these collectives have grown more numerous, and more vocal.

The folly of such a path has been revealed again and again. No great Gift has ever been successfully dismantled, and those who have tried have generally died, and sometimes taken others, even their whole collective, with them. Yes, some of the lesser Gifts have been taken apart safely, but none has ever been successfully reassembled, and the "learning" supposedly gained from them has never been anything that would not have been discovered anyway within a few years.

It is *not*, as the fools who wish to destroy the Gifts complain, that you are "anti-science" or opposed to progress. Learning is a fine and good thing, and you are in favor of it. Indeed, the Gifts themselves are in favor of it, for did they not reveal the ways to contact the humans, when the time came? Did they not teach Urika Iv Gotit, blessed be her name, the secrets of the steam engine, 400 years ago? Did they not teach Sm'l Pocks the theories of vaccination and the germ theory of disease, nearly 1,000 years ago? Study of the physical world is an admirable goal, one that the Gifts, and you, strongly support.

But the Gifts are not completely of the physical world, they are of the spiritual world as well, and to treat them as only physical items is to ignore what has been learned again and again by the Rakeb about the Gifts. We are not the Aera, and their powers are not ours. A Gift, once destroyed, is gone, and cannot be restored. The foolish quest to learn what will be revealed in time, by the wisdom of the Aera, wounds those who pursue it, and costs the Rakeb as a whole the wisdom that would otherwise have been revealed. You must prevent it.

The humans do not understand this. They have repeatedly sought permission to analyze and destroy the Gifts on your homeworld. Fortunately, most collectives have turned them down flat. Now, they have apparently discovered Treasures from the Aera here, in their system. They must not be allowed to destroy these Treasures, as they have sought to destroy the Gifts. Just hiding these Treasures is in and of itself sacrilege of the highest order. How is one to learn from the Gifts if they are hidden? Even the humans have had the sense to require that all Aera artifacts be made public, and given over to their collective called the United Nations.

You have not seen any of these Treasures yourselves, but Ned Staples told Gima M'to Luni that they were present on the

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<sup>1</sup>The exact reason for why the Aera left the Rakeb is widely disputed. Theories include that the Rakeb somehow betrayed the Aera and proved themselves unworthy, that all that could be done for the Rakeb had been done and the Aera moved on to help others in other worlds, or that the Gifts are a test, and succeeding with them will bring the Aera back. Feel free to pick your own favorite theory and have strident arguments with other Rakeb about it.

station. Your best investigation indicates that one of the Corporations has them, and has been studying them. Ned Staples, however, recently turned up dead, so apparently someone is willing to kill to keep the secret of where the Treasures are. You will have to be cautious in locating them.

Other issues have also presented themselves. Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes' discovery is clearly not a Gift, as it was not given to the humans to guide them, but K'w Suna Kruzo believes it may be a Treasure. He wishes to study it to determine for certain whether or not it is a Treasure and if so, what can be learned from it, before the humans take it to Earth. You have agreed to help him with that.

Gima M'to Luni has also told you of an actual Gift, stolen from his collective, the Viruna, on Vircus, which is believed to have been brought here, to Gaspra. The Gift of Var'n preserves and protects the life of the Rakeb. It has taught those who study it much about the ways of the body, what is a good way to live life and what is a bad way. You have agreed to help him recover it, and return it to his collective, where it belongs. Certainly allowing it to be studied by disrespectful humans who might attempt to cut it open or otherwise damage it is out of the question, as you know how disastrous that can be.

And finally, Dolores Aramia has just returned from Vircus, where she spent three years studying with Gima's collective, the Viruna. Her order, known as the Latter Day Saints, is in the midst of attempting to establish security for itself amid the human nations, and has called on her for assistance. She may need your assistance with both those worldly matters, and with reminding the other Saints that material concerns should not override the spiritual.

### **Members**

- Gima M'to Luni (Ross Hatton): The most active missionary among you, Gima has never given up hope of teaching the humans about the Aeray despite finding few willing to listen.
- K'w Suna Kruzo (Aaron Finck): A long-time inhabitant of Gaspra who speaks little of his life before arriving here. He has become much more active since Trenton-Hobbes brought her mysterious asteroid to the station.
- Dolores Aramia (Meredith Peck): A young human of great faith who has just returned from studying theology on Vircus.

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## Gaspra Locals

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James Nyberg (Tony Camire): Gaspra's Trade Minister, since Lawrence Partin handed the job to him years ago. He also runs the bar and casino that's the last vestige of Gaspra's days as a major hub of intersystem travel.

Jacob Canning: The Security Minister. Sadly, he seems to be dead.

Joruri Fuwa (Jen Selby): The Engineering Minister, and one of the original station builders who decided to stay, and has been here since. Nearly everyone calls her Grandma Fuwa.

Sky Fuwa (Stephanie Fried): Joruri Fuwa's granddaughter, an enthusiastic young woman given to getting herself into mischief. She's lived on Gaspra her whole life.

Philip Zi (Dexter Chan): The chief technician in hydroponics, under Grandma Fuwa, for the last several years.

Chandra Moore (Beth Baniszewski): An angry young woman who's worked for Grandma Fuwa in life support for the last year

Deng Zou (Tom Giordano): A dockworker, and an incorrigible flirt who's probably been slapped by every woman on Gaspra.

Kevin Tanenbaum (Eddy Karat): A scientist employed by LieselCorp on Gaspra for nearly a decade, and the champion of the Gaspra bowling league.

Y'm Liki Ot (Jamie Morris): A Rakeb employee of LieselCorp. The Rakeb tend to keep to themselves, but this one more than most.

Mike Smith (Andrew Twyman): Lieselcorp's sysadmin. A bit full of himself and how much of an elite hacker he is.

Mike Stanislov (Ryan Brown): The branch manager for Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd. since they opened an office on Gaspra two years ago.

Alfred Cho: A scientist employed by Megatronics.

Valery Shaw: A scientist employed by Megatronics who left Gaspra for Earth about two weeks ago, and is expected back soon.

Blake Nielson (Drew Rae): A scientist employed by Megatronics who arrived two weeks ago.

Keisha Saunders (Jennifer Chung): a Zandyne scientist with a fondness for rock collecting who's been on Gaspra since early this year, and brought their mothballed zero-G facility back online.

James Cortland (David Roe): A Zandyne scientist who arrived five months ago, and only rarely emerges from the laboratory

Jeff Labonte (Clint Lohse): NWFusion's laboratory manager.

Dr. Nick Varakas (Antonio Vincente): An employee of NWFusion, and occasionally the station doctor, perpetually trying to get people to try out his latest inventions.

D'o Lika Mim (Kevin Chen): A NWFusion scientist, a Rakeb who seems inclined to examine everything, putting little weight on appearances.

Arthur Winslow (Alya Asarina): An employee of Milton Salt. It's well known that he considers himself too good for Gaspra.

Daud Kutaiba (Larry DeLucas): An employee of Milton Salt, and political activist.

Sasha Nacherad (Daniel Bates): An employee of PARC Astronomy who's been working on Gaspra for about five years, and

living with Amalinda for the last three.

Qat Tyn Izit (Sie Hendrata Dharmawan): A Rakeb employee of PARC Astronomy who arrived from Vircus to join the Navigator project about nine months ago.

Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes (Susan Dorsher): A miner, and wife of Calvin, she brought in the big alien artifact that's caused such a stir three days ago.

Calvin Hobbes (Andy Menard): Househusband of Anabelle, Calvin raised their three children, Bo, Luke, and Daisy, here on Gaspra.

Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): Better known as Titanium Bob, he's been on Gaspra longer than anyone except Grandma Fuwa.

Ned Staples: A late miner better known as Aluminum Ned whose bullet-ridden corpse was found yesterday. He was good buddies with Bob and Joe.

Joseph Birnbaum (Rob Ringrose): A miner better known as Molybdenum Joe, and a buddy of Bob and Ned. He has been Gaspra's champion darts player for several years.

Amalinda Camert (Aletta Wallace): A miner, one of the youngest, who's been working here for most of a decade and living with Sasha for the last third of that.

Marlene Kilgore (Janet Leung): The only waitress at Gaspra's only diner, and the center of the Gaspra gossip network. A native Gaspran.

Kim Song (Rachel Greenstadt): A spaceship engineer whose prices are as high as her standards, and worth every penny.

Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): A jack of all trades. Well, all illicit trades.

Gima M'to Luni (Ross Hatton): A Rakeb "missionary" who has settled on Gaspra five years ago for reasons known only to himself, he is generally considered exceedingly eccentric, but harmless, entertaining, and an excellent teacher – Gaspra's few children learn their letters and numbers from him.

K'w Suna Kruzo (Aaron Finck): A ill and melancholy Rakeb who has slid slowly into decay on Gaspra over the last decade, and often lurks around Marlene's diner looking for an odd job, a meal, or a handout. He drinks to excess when he can afford it.

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## Free Mars

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*"It isn't until you begin to fight in your own cause that you become really committed to winning, and become a genuine ally of other people struggling for their freedom."*

—Robin Morgan

Mars. The red planet is your home, your world. You were born there, the first generation of humans born on another planet, the children of builders, scientists, pioneers. Someday, you hope to raise children of your own on the world you were born to.

But Mars as it exists today is no place to raise a child. The original handful of scientific enclaves that were the first human habitations on Mars still exist, barely, but they're now vastly outnumbered by corporate and other privately owned, profit-oriented domes. It's easier to find a five-star hotel room on Mars than somewhere that one can live and work as a private citizen rather than a wholly owned corporate drone. The company town is alive and well and killing Mars. Where there aren't megacorps there are Chinese "research" installations, as they try to take over yet another corner of the solar system – at least UN rules prevent them from claiming the entire planet outright, yet – and where it's not the Chinese, it's the nominally united European nations one-upping each other. Even the original research domes are now used by the governments that built them more as bases for their spies than for science.

There's nowhere to just *live* on Mars. Everything belongs to some uncaring off-planet entity. Mars' children have no place to call their own.

For years you've been talking, agitating, building connections, collecting resources. More than half of the Mars-born are on board, willing to work – and fight and die, if need be – for their world, and you've supporters among long-time Earthborn residents and those from elsewhere in the system, and even sympathy and occasional assistance from Luna and the People's Liberation Front of Ganymede. You're a long, long way from being able to chase the corporations and Earth governments off of Mars, but you are ready to start building your own place. All the materials and tools necessary to build an underground base are ready and waiting, and a site has been selected near several promising areas for mining, where the solar collectors and access points can be readily disguised.

What you need is an opportunity to build it unobserved. Unfortunately, the entire surface of Mars is monitored by a fleet of "weather data collection satellites" run by LieselCorp – and who knows who all they sell that data to. Their network is generally quite well protected, but every system has holes. One of your own who works for LieselCorp on Mars noticed that Mike Smith, the sysadmin at LieselCorp's tiny Gaspra office, had nearly all permissions for the Mars satellite system – particularly odd given that none of his official duties relate to it. All your people on Gaspra would have to do would be to arrange to "borrow" his access card for a bit – not likely too difficult to arrange when he's already arranged himself unauthorized access to the network.

Leaning on Mike Smith didn't go so smoothly. Amalinda approached him, offering good money to arrange to have the satellite data dropped on the floor for a couple of weeks. He not only turned her down, but bolted. Oops. He's out in the asteroid belt somewhere without a suit, now, and you have his access card and data disks. The hard work is yet to come: you'll need to get into the LieselCorp lab, attach a wireless access device to their network hardware and hack into their computers on site to enable it. Then you'll need to re-enable Mike's network access, which was temporarily shut down while he was on vacation, get past the passwords for the satellite network, and open up a back door that your cohorts on Mars can get back in through. And you'll need to cover up Mike's death or keep the local LieselCorp employees from noticing or reporting it, as if LieselCorp goes to permanently shut down his account, they're much more likely to notice both his and your illicit access. (You can't just take out the local LieselCorp employees, though, as their local office falling out of contact will *definitely* attract attention from their headquarters.)

Also, this data disk Mike had. It's definitely data from the satellite system – last week's data, so there's nothing on it that would hurt Free Mars, but it's likely valuable to someone – and you'd like to know who that someone is. People monitoring

activity on Mars are people you're likely to tangle with in the future. Turning the disk, or a copy, into short-term cash wouldn't be bad, either, as you have a lot to do before the media arrives, and resources are always tight. Both would be ideal.

You have heard that someone has and will be selling on station a research device that would allow you to cloak your movements on the surface of Mars from the spy satellite network. If you can find this device, it would be very valuable to you. Acquire it.

A second corporation is in your sights this week as well: Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd. Word is they're developing a strain of wheat that thrives under the controlled environment, constant light conditions maintained in the growing areas of domes and satellites. If so, you want that research finished, and in your hands. Mars is self-sufficient, but barely so, and the population is growing; anything that makes it easier for you to feed your population would be a great help. Having improved food production technology to share with other friendly off-Earth populations (such as Luna or the PLFG) could also be a boon at some later point when you need more help from them than friendly words.

### **Members**

- Robert Spencer (Pete Gast): Local celebrity, old time miner. Moved to the Belt from Mars when Mars got too corporate, but still helps out the home team.
- Amalinda Camert (Aletta Wallace): Came to Gaspra from Mars years ago for personal reasons, but never gave up fighting for her homeworld.
- Sasha Nacherad (Daniel Bates): A local recruit. Not Marsborn, but with skills and initiative to make up for it..

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## Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Mars Colony

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*‘So then you are no longer strangers and aliens, but you are citizens with the saints and also members of the household of God, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, with Christ Jesus himself as the cornerstone. In him the whole structure is joined together and grows into a holy temple in the Lord; in whom you also are built together spiritually into a dwelling place for God.’*

—Ephesians 2:19-22

Yours can be a bitter portion, exiled as you are from the community of Saints to live and work among the gentiles, but it is only for a time, and you know your work helps secure safety and prosperity for your brethren.

When North America turned in upon itself, rejecting the Rakeb and the wars into which it had been drawn, it turned its back on the spiritual as well as the political. No religion was welcome in a land where all had once been free to practice – in the land where your own faith was born. Some went underground, practicing their religion only in private, but most of the Saints left. A handful of the most daring, determined that this should never happen again, went to Mars, to build the Saints a home. That was 20 years ago; today, the Saints’ dome on Mars houses eight thousand men, women, and children. Ultimately, you hope to be able to offer a home to every Saint who wishes it, to need nothing you cannot produce for yourselves, to be recognized as a nation and to be capable of defending yourselves as such.

Now, though, your resources are strained to the limit. The dome is owned and operated by the Jerval Corporation, which is in turn owned by Saints throughout the solar system who are still putting *in* money to maintain and expand the place. The mining, smelting and manufacturing operations that will eventually support the colony are still years from being profitable, your food production is barely adequate, and your only defense is obscurity.

On Gaspra you found promise of an improvement of the colony’s food supply. Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd. has for years been funding scattered research into off-Earth agriculture, so several Saints with relevant training found employment in various of their labs. Valery Shaw, one of your own, was working on Gaspra with Alfred Cho when he made a major breakthrough that looks to be exactly what you need. If you can see that work through to completion and implement it in your Mars colony, your food production issues will be solved in the short term and much easier to deal with in the future. If you could gain exclusive control of the hybrids being developed, you would also have another potentially profitable line of business for Jerval. Unfortunately, Valery had to leave Gaspra on short notice to go to earth in Alfred’s place after he disappeared. You’ve managed to slip Sarah Webber in under the name of Marleigh Silas, the Megatronics employee who was to fill in for Valery. Sarah isn’t as skilled a biologist as Valery or the real Silas, but you can work around that.

Also on Gaspra you’ve found potential warning of territorial encroachment or attack on your Mars dome. Kevin Tanenbaum, who has worked for LieselCorp on Gaspra for a decade, a few years ago went looking for options on obtaining surveillance data for you from his employer’s satellite network over Mars. All the legitimate options were outrageously expensive, and the network is very well secured, but Kevin noticed that someone else had done the work for him already – Mike Smith, at Lieselcorp’s Gaspra office, had well concealed but extensive access to the satellite network. Mike was quite happy to cut him in for copies of some of the data rather than some of his profits. You’d really like to know who else Mike sells that data to, though. And this week Mike slipped off station – presumably to make his other sales in person? – without first getting a disk to Kevin. He is scheduled to be back on station on Monday. If someone else paid him for exclusive access . . . you’d have to do something about that.

This out of the way station is also a convenient place to talk to the more devout Rakeb without drawing attention. Your theologians and theirs have discussed at great length possible relationships between the Aera and the angels who brought your Book without reaching any firm conclusions, but along the way you’ve found that you have quite compatible philosophies, and so you help each other out when you can. (They’re extremely interested in the artifact Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes brought in that started the hullabaloo here.) Also, Valery Shaw and K’w Suna Kruzo were longtime friends, and K’w and Gima M’to Luni help

arrange a scholarship for Dolores Aramia to spend three years on Vircus studying with Gima's Viruna collective.

Dolores just returned from her sojourn on Vircus with a fascinating but mysterious device that she appropriated on the return trip. She came to Gaspra on her return to bring Gima a package from his collective, but immediately upon arriving was contacted with an offer to sell her the other half of the device. She went to the appointed meeting, but promised contact wasn't made as scheduled. Kevin examined the device and determined that it was only part of the equipment necessary to produce Selenadium – but given the offer, it seems plausible that the other half is here on Gaspra. Selling it would be quite profitable in the short term; acquiring the other half could be extremely profitable for Jervalá in the long term, and possibly militarily advantageous as well. So Dolores is planning to stay on Gaspra until the media circus arrives in hopes of doing one or the other. She also has somewhat more leeway in what she does than either Sarah or Kevin, as Kevin will be staying, and Sarah will need to be replaced by the real Silas with a minimum of fuss later.

There is a flurry of activity on Gaspra, and it looks to be increasing, as people shuffle around secret experiments, espionage groups and smuggled goods. Keep your eyes and ears open for things that are worth bringing home. Terraforming technology is particularly interesting.

Finally, while North American Union is barely active outside its own borders, nevermind off planet, their interests will be present here. The most effective way to pressure the Americas is through the corporations. Anything you could find that might offer leverage to force them to allow the Saints there more freedom, or at least allow those of you elsewhere to visit your oldest and finest temples would be deeply appreciated by Saints everywhere.

#### **Members**

- Kevin Tanenbaum (Eddy Karat): An employee of Lieselcorp, and your conduit for data from their Mars satellite system.
- Sarah Webber (Tilly): A long-time Saints agent now undercover as Marleigh Silas, an employee of Megatronics, recently arrived as a replacement for Valery Shaw.
- Dolores Aramia (Meredith Peck): Recently returned from three years' study on Vircus with a fascinating device and some novel ideas.

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## Luna Security Department

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*"There is no dark side of the moon really. Matter of fact it's all dark."*

—Pink Floyd

The people of Luna are the future of mankind. They will lead they way into the rest of the Galaxy. The people of Earth are too lazy, and the residents of the rest of the solar system are too attached to their homeworlds.

Luna is the Frontier. It is where the human race is competing and growing. There is competition there, not like the socialist cesspool that Earth has become. The people on Luna are fighting for survival. The only people that get there are the fighting kind. Of course, they think that they fight all their battles on a level playing field. The reality is that sometimes they need help, and that is your business.

In this time of megacorps and huge governments, the Luna Security Department (LSD) is responsible for assuring that Luna remains free. Of course, you are a super secret organization. The people of Luna would never accept their government running a spy agency. You are underfunded and undermanned. But you are needed, to keep the megacorps at bay. You have a reputation for playing both sides against the middle, and for being decisively violent when necessary.

As members of the LSD posted on Gaspra, your primary duties are to keep track of the spy networks here, to watch the research labs, to make yourselves aware of interactions with the Rakeb, and when necessary to provide aid to friendly entities.

Luna still isn't quite sure what to make of the Rakeb. Ideologically you don't have any problems with them, but they are still something of an unknown quantity. They are very difficult to interact with as a people, because they are so fractious. But if you have the opportunity to be owed favors by one of the more sane Collectives (the Rakeb organize themselves into collectives) that could be a good thing.

Recently one of those evil megacorps, PARC Astronomy, has been causing some real problems for Luna. Seems they bribed a number of government officials into joining a "partnership" where they use technology developed by Luna as part of the PARC Astronomy search for extrasolar planets to develop. This partnership holds no real benefit for Luna, which is not in a position to exploit the worlds that are discovered. Of course the Lunar officials responsible for making this partnership have been dealt with appropriately. But as part of the agreement, PARC Astronomy has acquired a prototype of Luna's new energy cubes, which allow an approximately 20% increase in power over the current model. Luna's principal export to the rest of the solar system is power, stored from the thousands of square miles of solar panels on the surface. Historically Luna has been at a major trade deficit in new technology, because of your lack of universities and big government research labs and because you are perceived as hostile to corporations. This trade deficit has always been a major challenge in interplanetary negotiations. The new energy cubes will allow Luna to lock down a monopoly on power generation for at least the next ten years. You have to get it back, to ensure that your economy isn't damaged by the mass production of the cubes by foreign corporations. They'll learn how to make them eventually, of course, but the final models will have protections against reverse engineering installed that weren't built into this prototype, which was never intended to get out of Luna's hands. . .

You should also work to support the agents of Free Mars. They are a newer world, but similarly pure to the people of Luna. They are working to throw off the yolk of corporate domination, and to grow as a free world. Similarly, if you come into contact with anyone working with the People's Liberation Front of Ganymede you should also assist them, if it doesn't conflict with your work to help Luna.

The primary spy agency you will likely find yourselves up against is the United European Community Intelligence. They may represent governments, but they are often as bad for Luna as any of the corporate interests. Find out what they are doing, and make trouble for them if at all possible. Be careful though, they will be doing the same thing, likely to protect their corporate interests.

Of course, not every corp is evil, just most of them. The one good one you know of is Jerval. They are a front for the collection of religious American-expatriots starting one of the most promising independent settlements on Mars. Because the corp is beholden to their people and (in their eyes) to God, it generally acts decently. The Jerval dome on Mars is a shining beacon of unity, clarity of purpose and self-sufficiency when compared to the earth governments and corporate interests controlling the rest of Mars. If they are in trouble, you may want to help them out, particularly if you can get them to help you in return.

**Members**

- Marcus Lestraad (Nishaal Parmar): Agent just in from Earth with urgent business to attend to.
- Chandra Moore (Beth Baniszewski): Luna's regular agent on Gaspra. Works in Engineering and negotiates with the PLFG.

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## United European Community Intelligence

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In this age of isolationism and interplanetary colonization, the European Union is the last remaining group taking a significant, interventionist role in the affairs of other nations. The United States has turned inward, believing that by placing their head in the sand they can be safe. The Chinese pursue extreme expansionist policies, believing that size will protect them. And the Australians. . . let us not speak of the Australians.

It is up to the people of Europe, who have the historical grounding to know that neither isolationism nor colonialism will solve their problems, to take responsibility for the well being of the human race. As members of Europe's intelligence force, you are tasked with preserving stability in the world. Making sure that those who would disturb the relative calm of the world are kept in check.

On Gaspra, you have many opportunities to observe the comings and goings of spies from human countries and corporations. It is important to keep on top of these developments, so that you may intervene early.

This week, you have heard that PARC Astronomy has stolen some kind of prototype hyperdrive accelerator from Luna. You aren't quite sure what the circumstances of the theft are, but the higher ups have decided that anything these two groups think is important enough to fight over is interesting enough to steal. Find out just what this item is, steal it, and send it home.

Lael Suzuki will be coming to the station, carrying Research Device 37b (42378). This was stolen from a Chinese lab on Mars, and has not yet been fully analyzed, but you will be responsible for protecting it until it can be traded to NWFusion for Leander Stephanopolous, a UECI agent with critical information who was captured and cryofrozen by a group of pirates. Determining what exactly the device is and how China came by it, while not nearly so critical as securing Stephanopolous's return, would also be beneficial.

Blake Nielson arrived on Gaspra two weeks ago to continue his work on an investigation of a new pirate group, "Blue Flame," believed to have split off from the "Night Angels," who are expected to attempt to move a major shipment through Gaspra in the near future. This is a surveillance mission only, though Calvin can authorize action if he deems it necessary.

Also, you'll need to look into what Mike Smith has been up to. He works for LieselCorp, and has access to their Martian satellite network. (He has been using these satellites to collect information on the Martian colonies and on the activities of Free Mars, a revolutionary group trying to unite the non-corporate domes on Mars. Some day they will likely claim they own the planet, and nationalize the other domes. This would be bad for UEC business interests.) You have been buying information from him and sending it home. However, he's late with this week's data delivery. LieselCorp thinks he's on vacation on Ganymede, but as far as you can tell, he never left for Ganymede. You need to find out what happened to him, and to acquire this week's data, and to ensure you'll continue to get it in the future. If something has happened to him, find out who was responsible, and why. If they knew enough to be willing to kill him, they probably have a way to keep the data flowing, or reason to want it to stop. Figure it out. This may require hacking the LieselCorp computer system or acquiring new contacts there.

Of course, you should also find out what Luna is doing. They are a bit of an upstart nation, very headstrong, and always looking to make trouble. They like to think they are the last best hope for the human race or something, that it is critically important that we all live harsh lives out on the frontier, pushing the boundaries. It's that kind of thinking that gets the human race in trouble. Find out what Luna is up to, and slow them down. Or stop them, if it's dangerous.

### Members

- Calvin Hobbes (Andy Menard): The local head of UECI operations, a post he has held for many years.
- Blake Nielson (Drew Rae): Posted to Gaspra two weeks ago, following a fantastic, if unsuccessful, undercover operation among a band of space pirates.
- Lael Suzuki (Grace Kenney): Arrived this morning with the device NWFusion is demanding in exchange for the cryofrozen

agent.

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## Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd.

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Megatronics has always been a major corporate player in Earth markets, but the company has been somewhat deficient in winning market share in off-planet markets (the non-terrestrial industries, as they are often called). Throughout much of the 60's, there had been a very strong push from corporate headquarters to try to break into those markets. A major part of that effort went into finding a niche in non-terrestrial agriculture, as research indicated that this market was underdeveloped.

The initial plan centered around an attempt to leverage the company's core competencies with light weight materials and zero gravity construction in an attempt to provide support for large scale orbital hydroponic farming. Early results were promising, but competition proved to be more intense and the market smaller than Megatronics had initially anticipated. As a result, corporate leaders turned to research in the hopes of landing a patent on something that would give them an edge over the established players in the non-terrestrial markets.

This change in direction led to the formation of the Division for Nonterrestrial Agriculture (DNA<sup>1</sup>) in January of 2174 and the establishment of a large number of small research labs under the DNA. The basic theory was that company needed a revolutionary new insight and that the best way to achieve this was to provide (minimal) funding and equipment to anyone how seemed at all credible, and then by the shot gun effect Megatronics would probably wind up owning three of the next four big things in the market space.

This is one such laboratory. You are the Gaspra Laboratory of the Division for Nonterrestrial Agriculture (DNA) of Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd. The lab was founded just under two years ago, and like most of the other labs under the DNA, you had been operating with little funding and even less respect.

However, things took a big turn for the better about four months ago, when Alfred Cho discovered the phenomenon of enzymatic catalyzation of radiodephagocytosis and realized that it would be possible to integrate a suitable genetic sequence to recreate this effect on a macroscopic scale into the haploid bryophyte stage of monocotyledonic angiosperms. Of course, the practical upshot of all this was that wheat or other grains modified in this manner would likely produce substantially higher yields when grown in a Nonterrestrial domed environment with reduced gravity and continuous light. According Alfred's preliminary estimates, the yields could be as much as 35% higher by biomass and 42% higher by area. Since the sorts of domed environments in which such crops would thrive can be found in abundance on both Luna and Mars as well as on many space stations, the division director was suddenly found he had a renewed interest in Gaspra's lab.

As a result, you suddenly found yourselves with much better funding and equipment in the hopes that you could actually bring this idea to fruition. Alfred's initial estimates said that it would be about six months to prototype seeds, but you were making excellent progress and he thought you could be done early. About a month ago, he was scheduled to go to Earth to make a presentation to the division director on your progress. He missed that meeting, and indeed seems to have vanished entirely. The home office is looking into his disappearance, and seems to think he arrived on Earth, so the disappearance is at least not directly your problem, though they'll be much happier if some explanation is produced. So then Valery Shaw, the other original staff member on the project, was called back to Earth to make the presentation Alfred had missed, and Blake Nielson and Marleigh Silas were transferred to the Gaspra office to fill in for Alfred rather than delay the work excessively. Blake arrived two weeks ago, just in time to spend a day with Valery reviewing the project, but Marleigh had to train up her own replacement on another project first, and arrived only this morning.

Valery's presentation was made yesterday, and greatly impressed management. So much so, in fact, that your superiors have moved your deadline up to the 29th, so that Megatronics can take full advantage of the arrival of the press corps to trumpet your

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<sup>1</sup>Some marketing consultant came up with that one. He has since become very sorry. The "Nonterrestrial" part is because genetic engineering is technically illegal on Earth, under the Treaty of Sao Paulo. No one pays any attention to that any more, though, not since the Rakeb quarantine ended.

successes.

It's most unfortunate that those successes aren't quite in the bag yet, and that Valery won't be back in time to help her two new assistants finish up the project. She can't really even offer advice, as she's on her way back to Gaspra, and suffers space sickness badly enough to require sedation while in transit. However, before departing Earth, she assured you, and the division director, that she has every confidence in your success.

Don't you? Of course you do.

Your lab is located at 56-6. You may enter from 56-4 at the elevator. Your lab is a secure location (see the rules) with decent security; while you are inside security is inactive unless you press the lockdown button (see the sign).

### **Members**

- Mike Stanislov (Ryan Brown): The laboratory manager, he takes care of equipment and supply issues, and excels at finding critical parts even on short notice.
- Blake Nielson (Drew Rae): Having been here two weeks and having been personally briefed by Valery, he's temporarily the senior scientist on the project.
- Marleigh Silas (Tilly): She just arrived this morning, and will need to be briefed on your research and shown around the lab as soon as possible.

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## PARC Astronomy

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### *'Space, the Final Frontier'*

The Rackonimov/Tr'kali FTL drive is a miracle of science. It overturned six well established Human 'laws of physics' and four Rakeb 'understandings of the Gifts,' the consequences of which are still being figured out sixty years later. But in that sixty years, no one has seriously attempted to take advantage of the drive's enhanced speed to seek out other systems with habitable planets. You're about to change all of that.

In ten days, PARC Astronomy will be sending out the first live mission to an unexplored star system ever. You, here on Gaspra, will be the final launching place of the ship from within this star system, the last place the captain and crew of the PARC-Ship Navigator will see other Human or Rakeb faces for five to six years. Everything had best go well, or the home office will have your heads.

Not that it will be your fault, but that won't stop your bosses from using you as the fall guys. If everything was going according to schedule, the ship would have left Earth fully assembled, with a destination finalized. Instead, it left Earth on schedule, three weeks ago, to make a fairwell tour of the solar system and show off PARC's 1,000 person, fully equipped new science vessel for the PR value, while the last bits of the project are being raced to Gaspra station, for installation when the Navigator arrives here. You had hoped that there'd be a window after its arrival for everything to be finalized, but with the Media on its way to cover Jones' damn Artifact, they'll notice if the Navigator is sitting around in drydock for three weeks, and your bosses will explode. Even if not everything is perfect, as long as there's any decent shot at all, it has to go out on the official schedule.

Which means the next ten days are going to be busy. There's basically three jobs you need to do: finish the power system for the ship, prepare some final installations, and finalize the ship's destination.

The ship works already, of course. It's been flying around the system for weeks, and its got a fully functional R/T-FTL drive installed. But for the work you want it to do, the big boys want a better power system in place, more sensor equipment, and better shielding and life support. The home office cut a deal with some group on Luna that has developed a better version of the standard energy cube, allowing for a 20% greater power output. Apparently there was some kind of problem on Luna, and the cube wasn't ready for installation when the Navigator left Earth, but it got here yesterday. You need to figure out how to hook up this prototype to the system already in the Navigator.<sup>1</sup>

You also need to collect three shipments which the main PARC Astronomy office has arranged to have rushed to Gaspra for you, a set of Rakeb equipment for the sensor array, a shipment of Gormansium from Ganymede, and a set of life support supplies. At least, they *claim* they've arranged to have them shipped to you. You have yet to actually *see* any of them. You have no idea what happened to the Rakeb equipment. You went to pick it up at the scheduled time, and it simply didn't arrive. But home base swears it was shipped out. You can't think why anyone would have intercepted it on route, but someone must have. At least it's got to still be here on Gaspra, there hasn't been time to smuggle it off. You just need to find out where it is, and get it from them.

As for the Gormansium, you were told it was coming in on the *Lady's Choice*. Which you suppose it might have. But the *Lady's Choice* wasn't originally scheduled to dock on Gaspra, it was supposed to go straight from Ganymede to Luna. Which probably means the engine damage and fire that diverted the ship here was set, by whoever was delivering the Gormansium to you. But whoever it was, they haven't come to tell you its here yet. And you don't really want to approach any of them about it, because it might be the wrong person, and saying 'Hello, do you have the shipment your ship, that wasn't supposed to be docking here, was supposed to be bring us' to the wrong person would be ... unfortunate.

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<sup>1</sup>You will have a research notebook to do this with.

The life support supplies, you know where they are, at least. They're with Javier Brancato. And he's perfectly happy to give them to you. As soon as you cough up the \$2,000 he was promised.

You've got a rush shipment of some bars of platinum coming in in a few days which will vastly help your financial situation, but it'd be nice if you could get some of the stuff before that.

*Game Mechanic: As you collect these three items, you should put them in your lab, where your NPC assistants will help process them. Processing can happen on items in parallel. The more days of processing the items total, the better off the ship will be. You need a minimum of two of the items to make the planned trip viable at all, with five days processing between them (for example, four days processing one, and one day processing another). If you can get 13 total days of processing time in, it would help make up for any problems with the energy cube or the planet selection process. 20 total days of processing time is really good, and would help with the energy cube and the planet selection process, or a total-failure of one.*

And in your spare time, you've got to find time to do what you can to help with the final selection of destination for the Navigator. There are currently 20 planets still in contention, and only one can be the actual destination when the Navigator heads to FTL speeds on leaving Gaspra on the 29th. Other people around the solar system are also working on this, of course, but anything you can do to help would be good. In particular, if you can get a good luck at Jones' asteroid, there might be some clue as to where it's makers came from, or went. That could help a lot in figuring out where the ship should go.

*Game Mechanic: Only a few (exact number will not be revealed) of the planets on the list will actually result in a successful trip. If you gather any information that lets you rule out various planets, that's good. Each day, the other scientists working on picking a planet will eliminate the worst one still remaining. At the end, you get to pick from the remaining planets where the ship is actually going. (The big bosses really pick, of course, but the consequences of a wrong choice will be on your heads, so we're letting the players pick.)*

You only have ten days left before the launch of a lifetime. Better get to work.

Your lab is located at 37-5. You may enter from 37-4 at the western (closest to Mass Ave) stairwell. Your lab is a secure location (see the rules) with decent security; while you are inside security is inactive unless you press the lockdown button (see the sign).

### Members

- Qat Tyn Izit (Sie Hendrata Dharmawan): One of the best FTL engineers. Certainly the best Rakeb engineer in this system.
- Sasha Nacherad (Daniel Bates): A workaholic, even by the standards of deep space research.
- Kim Song (Rachel Greenstadt): (consultant) One of the finest ship mechanics out here, and a decent engineer too.

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## Zandyne Corporation

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From the start it was clear that the alien artifacts would be both a blessing and a curse. You'd hoped for more time, a bigger headstart, before the existence of such things in the asteroid belt became public knowledge, but you'll pull the best out of the situation that you can – and for the sake of the Company, that'd better be damn good.

Zandyne is an American company.<sup>1</sup> What that means, in this age of American isolationism, is that where most major multinationals can expect their home governments to provide them with everything from favorable tariffs and regulations to suppression of evidence of sizeable industrial disasters, yours considers you to be operating in violation of current American ideals and policy and might well decide to try to shut you down.<sup>2</sup> In response to this, Zandyne has taken great pains to develop a reputation as an excellent corporate citizen with a squeaky-clean image, which has served well in all sorts of situations. The Company has a substantial advantage worldwide in bidding for jobs whose execution requires (or is perceived as requiring, an impression your PR department has become very good at creating) the highest standards of quality and care in execution.

Zandyne has had a presence on Gaspra from the earliest days, and your laboratories here did some of the critical work on human/Rakeb biological interactions that allowed the quarantine to be ended – and your home office did much of the PR work that made that palatable to the average man on the street. The Gaspra laboratories became a lot less critical to the Company after the quarantine ended, and were only lightly manned, but Zandyne did maintain a minimal presence here, primarily moving goods back and forth to the Belt and the outer colonies. Javier Brancato handles a good portion of that work: anything where the papertrail Zandyne's official employees would produce isn't acceptable. His discretion is well paid for and can be relied upon.

About eight months ago, Keisha Saunders transferred to Gaspra to spend a few months working on crystallography project. Being a rockhound, she hired a local miner to take her out into the Belt in her spare time so that she could collect local rock samples, and subsequently spent some time in the lab analyzing her finds.<sup>3</sup> One of the pieces in Saunders's first haul wasn't a rock at all, just a small triangular metal bracket inscribed with a few odd characters that would've gone on to life as a paperweight if she hadn't decided to use it as a calibration sample. Her trivial first sample was nothing of the sort. When after a week she still couldn't make heads or tails of the data she was getting attempting to non-destructively determine the bracket's composition, she resorted to trying to cut off a sliver for a more direct chemical analysis ... and couldn't. After ruining a stack of files and hacksaw blades, she resorted to a laser cutting torch and finally removed a few flakes of metal – and decided it was time to contact some friends earthside for advice. The scattering patterns for the undamaged parts of the bracket were insanely complicated, with the laser-heated sections showing a totally different pattern, irregular and much more characteristic of an alloy; the chemical composition of the removed flakes was a non-standard alloy but nothing exotic; the lettering didn't match any human script, but vaguely resembled some Rakeb scripts.

Fascinating, but overlooked. It wasn't until Keisha produced a second inexplicable artifact that Zandyne headquarters took notice. James Cortland, a vice-president in the Vircan Import/Export division and the company's best specialist on the Rakeb was sent out to Gaspra, and the Gaspra office's budget was increased dramatically. Meanwhile, debate ensued at higher levels of the company as to what to do with the artifacts, particularly in light of the UN declaration that all alien artifacts found in the solar system (Rakeb imports have been carefully exempted) should be turned over to the UN for study. The brass decided to hold on to them for a while to see what Zandyne could learn from them, intending eventually to hand them over to the UN.

Saunders and Cortland have been working with the artifacts for months, with limited success. You have basic chemical analysis of many of the materials, but their internal structures have thus far proven inexplicable. Saunders thinks she is on the

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<sup>1</sup>Canadian, actually, once upon a long time ago, but no one cares about that distinction now.

<sup>2</sup>While Zandyne could reincorporate in another country, this would both cost it access to the American market and substantially tarnish its carefully maintained reputation.

<sup>3</sup>Zandyne is often quite generous about allowing employees to use company equipment for personal use, so long as that isn't disruptive of official work – and such spare time use has resulted in useful finds for the company often enough that it's actually believed to be profitable.

verge of a breakthrough, but this isn't the first time she's said that. Cortland believes the artifacts are related to the "Aeray Gifts" of the Rakeb, but has not yet produced more from that line of inquiry than hopes and possibilities.

Given that, and the announcement of the upcoming PARC Astronomy project to send an FTL ship to a new system, the Zandyne brass decided to take advantage of the renewed interest in alien life by formally handing over the artifacts to the UN representative expected to be at the PARC Astronomy sendoff. Priscilla Spencer was sent to Gaspra to handle the publicity for the handover. The only public statement so far is that Zandyne will have an announcement to make on the 29th. Saunders protested – the UN would let the artifacts be tied up in red tape for years, and all the work invested so far would go to waste – and got permission to smuggle some of the artifacts to Earth, *if* it could be demonstrated that they could be useful, and *if* that could be done without in any way implicating the company. Certainly any rumors that might suggest Zandyne had kept any such artifacts would have to be firmly squelched.

Then Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes brought in her asteroid – from the same general area, it now seems likely, where Saunders found your small artifacts. Her discovery will dramatically upstage the presentation Zandyne had planned. So now Zandyne needs either a major breakthrough on its artifacts or an entirely different project to present. A different project might even be better, as it would invite fewer questions about the renewed activity in Zandyne's Gaspra laboratory, but either way there cannot be any mysterious alien artifacts in the laboratory when the press arrives unless they're being given to the UN.

Entirely unrelated to that, a couple of days ago Brancato got in touch with you to say that he has some information that will be of interest to Zandyne. Apparently someone in your organization falsified Martian mineral surveys. You're not sure of the details, but as Brancato asks for about \$25k for an unaltered copy of the surveys, you will of course want to take a look at them before you go through with the deal.

Your lab is located at 24-B. You may enter from 24-1 at the elevator. Your lab is a secure location (see the rules) with advanced security (due to your tendency to store valuable research and items there); while you are inside security is inactive unless you press the lockdown button (see the sign).

### Members

- Priscilla Spencer (Diane Christoforo): Second vice president of public relations, formal was sent to Gaspra from Earth to arrange the handover of the artifacts to the UN before Anabelle Trenton-Hobbes brought in that asteroid.
- James Cortland (David Roe): A vice-president in the Vircan Import/Export division and Zandyne's expert on the Rakeb, he was sent to Gaspra to assist Saunders with the artifacts about five months ago.
- Keisha Saunders (Jennifer Chung): A material scientist and amateur rockhound whose finds got Zandyne into this situation.
- Javier Brancato (Uriel Klieger): A local with leads on a falsified report Zandyne was given who may also prove valuable in transporting some of the artifacts off of the station. He does not yet know about artifacts, and should not be told about them unless necessary.

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**NWFusion Incorporated**

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You are nearly finished with your research on the mechanisms for the formation of memory, research which will be crucial to NWFusion's plans for mnemonic implantation technology, research which will win you vast acclaim in neuroscience/psychology circles, and great financial benefits from NWFusion.

It is inconvenient that experiments you need to do to collect the data you need for your work are either extremely expensive and difficult, if not impossible, or highly illegal and in the minds of many highly unethical. Fortunately, your employer understands that such trifling problems must not stand in the way of science, or profit.

The theory of mnemonic implantation has been kicked around by science fiction authors for centuries. Made practical, it could be invaluable in fields ranging from education to espionage.

In 2167, NWFusion tasked a research team to analyze this problem, establishing a facility here on Gaspra. The results of that research were that the neuro-feedback parameters required for mnemonic implantation could be acquired through one of two means.

One option is to conduct non-invasive mnemonic experiments on tens of thousands of willing subjects for an extended period and perform exceedingly complex analysis on the results and then maybe, just maybe, you might be able to isolate the exact parameters necessary to progress further with mnemonic implantation technology.

The alternative is something called neurocyclonic transduction analysis. This approach is vastly simpler and vastly more likely to succeed. It is only necessary to perform research on a few subjects and the analysis of the results is much more likely to produce the data that you need – nearly certain, in fact. To pursue this approach involves inserting several dozen chemoelectrical probes into the brain matter of a living human subject. The subject is then subjected to various visual, aural, tactile, electrical and chemical stimuli while their response is monitored. The problem with this is that the experiments are extremely painful to the subject. Furthermore, the experiments slowly degrade the brain tissue of the subject, resulting in their eventual death. Even if this were not the case, it is necessary to extract and analyze the subject's brain tissue post mortem to acquire the final set of data.

The choice was obvious.

You had all the necessary facilities for neurocyclonic transduction analysis set up in your laboratory here on Gaspra, far from where anyone would notice or care what you were working on. You were nearly done collecting data from your second test subject when someone broke into your lab a month ago and stole a critical part, the Research Device 37b (42379), an experimental neural interface. It's not that you don't have schematics for it – indeed, you've even built a replacement – it's that Dr. Varakas and Mim spent a year and three test subjects calibrating the damn thing so that you could get clean data instead of gobbledygook.

You notified headquarters of the theft, and started working on building a new one and going through the tuning process all over again. (You haven't even gotten to the bit where you need a scratch subject yet, that's still a month away.) You can use the replacement to get some data from your current subject, but it's dreadfully noisy, totally unacceptable for serious work. You wouldn't even consider doing that if it weren't for the incoming press corps. But the media is doubtlessly going to look at *everything* on Gaspra while they're here, which means your nice quiet ignoreable lab will be nothing of the sort, and you have to have your equipment and test subject smuggled out to another NWFusion facility in Earth orbit before they arrive.

Moving your test subject presents something of a problem. You've been babying him along since the neural interface was stolen, but putting him into cryostorage for transport will put all subsequent data you collect from him out of sync with your earlier data – you might as well throw him out an airlock for all the good that would do you. Losing him would set you back another three months. You're trying to squeeze what data you can out of him with the untuned interface, but you're not optimistic about the odds of being finished in time.

So what you really need is your original, properly tuned interface device back. You might even be able to get it. A day or two after it was stolen, you were contacted by Justine Stewart, an NWFusion employee who specializes in industrial espionage. She'd been assigned to recovering your interface, and wanted a mock-up of it, something she could use as a decoy if she had a chance to recover the original. You pulled one together and shipped it to her right away. Two weeks after that, you heard from her again. She'd traced your device to a United European Community Intelligence laboratory, a difficult target at best. She would try to recover it for you, but also thought that the UECI had no idea what they had, and that finding something valuable to trade to them for its return was a viable alternative.

Jeff got right on that. A group of pirates had recently captured a UECI agent, put him in cryofreeze, and put him up for auction, but weren't accepting bids from government organizations. Jeff, however, had all the right connections to buy him, and did so, and notified the UECI of the trade you wished to make. The cryotube is currently sitting in your lab awaiting the exchange. You should verify before completing the exchange that you're being given the *real* tuned interface, not the mockup you made up for Justine.

If you can get the interface back promptly, you can finish collecting data from your current subject and extract his brain for later analysis. If that falls through, well, for the moment you can keep working with your untuned interface, but...

You've also had another fascinating project dropped on your doorstep, just yesterday, not that you have time to deal with it. One of those "suppliers" Jeff deals with for you brought him a strange artifact – intriguing enough that Jeff bought it off him, and the company paid him well for it. Mim looked it over, and thinks it's of Aera origin, like the Gifts the Rakeb treasure. You're not well-prepared to investigate it here, but if you could spare time for some basic analysis and write it up for headquarters, they could let you know where to send it.

Your lab is located at 66-5. You may enter from 66-4 at the elevator. Your lab is a secure location (see the rules) with advanced security (due to your tendency to store valuable research and items there); while you are inside security is inactive unless you press the lockdown button (see the sign).

### Members

- Dr. Nick Varakas (Antonio Vincente): A medical doctor with an experimental streak, who works on cybernetic implants in his free time. He's been working for NWFusion on Gaspra for nearly a decade, the first employee on the project.
- D'o Lika Mim (Kevin Chen): A Rakeb scientist fascinated by all things Human, particularly the difference between Human and Rakeb thought patterns.
- Jeff Labonte (Clint Lohse): Your laboratory manager, Jeff takes care of acquiring everything from electronic parts to test subjects.
- Justine Stewart (Marleigh Norton): An NWFusion employee (not usually based on Gaspra) specializing in industrial espionage.

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## People's Liberation Front of Ganymede

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*"It's called taxation without representation, and that's not fair!"*

—School House Rock

For forty years, the government of China has ruled Ganymede from afar. In the beginning, they ensured the willing submission of the population by making it non-permanent, rotating everyone back to China after three years. But the growing size of the colony, and the need for experienced low-gravity workers, eventually destroyed that policy, and for the last twenty years, Ganymede's population has been largely permanent. Only the head administrators and their military police are rotated out, to ensure they remain loyal to China. The rest of the people are on Ganymede for life, kept subservient by China's cruel taxes and outrageous monopolistic prices, which make it all but impossible to get anything beyond the most basic necessities.

In the face of this unfair system, a revolutionary movement has formed, vowing to throw off the ties that bind you to China, and bring about a free and independent state, as Luna did before you, and Mars struggles for even now. Both of those worlds have provided you with assistance and inspiration in the past, and you hope that you can continue to maintain those good relations in the future.

With the aid of some of the smugglers and pirates that populate the outer reaches of the solar system, you have managed to begin bringing more goods to Ganymede's people, and sending some of the products of your labor out to places other than China. While an actual forceful revolution is still some years away, the pressure for it grows, and the invisible hand of history makes your eventual success inevitable.

Still, every year that passes before that success is a year of slavery for your people. Freedom today is better than freedom a decade from now. To that end, you have sworn to oppose China and gain your freedom, however you can.

Several things need to be done in the next few days on Gaspra to bring Liberation Day nearer. Perhaps most important, you have heard that a local cell of the terrorist network Greenwar is seeking to discover the location of the secret Devison Labs. They shouldn't even *know* about the Devison Labs. The labs are based on an asteroid here in the belt, with several top physicists working on theories of artificial gravity, to assist in the terraforming of Ganymede. While they are a Chinese lab, they must be protected at all costs, because for Ganymede to be free it must be terraformed. You're not sure where the leak has been, but you need to find it, and make sure the location is not revealed. Simply keeping it hidden is only a partial victory, however, as Greenwar would still know it existed, and keep looking for it. Better would be to redirect their search and destroy mission to Bubble-X-Delta, the location of several major Chinese installations on Ganymede. You don't have the resources to destroy it. If you could get Greenwar to do it for you, things would be wonderful.

For a contingency plan though, you have a lead on some weapons that you might be able to afford, once you get the shipment of money being smuggled to you. Deng Zou is handling this, but he has mysteriously missed a meeting. He was talking to Daud Kutaiba, though you don't know what story he was telling. Once you have the weapons, you can hold onto them or use them in an attack on Bubble-X-Delta, or some other target of your choice.

Secondly, your propaganda arm recently succeeded in recruiting Lon Wa Sha Pier, the famous artist, to do a series of pieces about the oppression of the Ganymean people, to raise awareness of and support for your cause on Earth. He came to Ganymede to see the situation for himself, and made a set of three pieces, a powerful triptych that will hopefully sway thousands of minds, before China discovered what he was doing and had him killed. Fortunately, his work survived. The first two pieces have already been smuggled to Gaspra, and the third is on its way. You need to arrange a display, and to have the incoming media hordes write a story about them, to sway the people on Earth. There should be several public events happening on station in the next few days, in lead up to the media's arrival. You need to get all three pieces together, and to one of those events, with something written up about the evils China inflicts on Ganymede's population.

And finally, you know China recently intercepted something that was being smuggled through Ganymede, from Earth here

to Gaspra. You don't know what it was, or why China wants it, but they definitely noticed it was being smuggled, and redirected it to be delivered here to Gaspra, probably on Monday. If they want it, you shouldn't let them have it. A good general rule of thumb, really. Anything you can find out about things China wants to do here, you should learn, and stop.

### **Members**

- Joruri Fuwa (Jen Selby): Although Joruri Fuwa has never actually set foot on Ganymede, her anger at China for what they did to her homeland of Japan leads her to support you when she can.
- Deng Zou (Tom Giordano): Your active agent on Gaspra, he has the first two paintings already.
- Alicia Downs (Chana Greene): she was supposed to be headed to Luna, to intercept the item China was smuggling there, if it got past you here. But her ship had problems, and was forced to stop on Gaspra for repairs.

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### Disaster Zone - Australian Intelligence

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MARTY: And he was replaced by...uh....

DAVID: Stumpy Joe - Eric Stumpy Joe Childs.

MARTY: What happened to Stumpy Joe?

DEREK: Well, uh, it's not a very pleasant story...but, uh, he died... uh...he choked on...the ac- the official explanation was he choked on vomit.

DAVID: He passed away.

NIGEL: It was actually, was actually someone else's vomit. It's not....

DAVID: It's ugly.

NIGEL: You know. There's no real....

DEREK: You know they can't prove whose vomit it was...they don't have the facilities at Scotland Yard....

DAVID: You can't print, there's no way to print a spectra-photograph...

NIGEL: You can't really dust for vomit.

—This Is Spinal Tap

You're the only ones left with a sense of humor.

Well, you and the other 50 million Australians. It's the 22nd century. The future is now. The world is paradise by any reasonable metric. Disease has been cured. We have machines to do all our hard work. All that is left is for humanity to sit back and enjoy the fruits of our labors.

But the rest of the world is taking itself too seriously these days. It's as if they can't let go of the idea that they should be fighting each other about *something*. And so even though they have everything they could reasonably want, they are still at each other's throats. China wants Mars, they've taken Ganymede, and everyone from Europe to Luna is harassing them about it. Luna has this high-and-mighty concept of their own independence, and how they are the future of the human race. And the US is off gazing at its navel while mumbling about how it has given up on religion and is ignoring you all. And don't even start about the megacorps, huge companies still competing for material wealth. Who really cares how many hundreds of billions of dollars you have. These people all need to calm down.

Home in Australia people have the right idea. With all this technology, the productivity of the average worker is amazingly high. No one really has to do hard labor any more, most of the work is administrative, telling robots what to do, or telling people what to tell their robots to do. And you really don't need 50 million people to do this.

So about a hundred years ago, people had this neat idea. They started retiring at 40. Now all of Australia has come around to this setup, where the majority of people around age 40 stop doing their job, unless they really like it. It means there is a lot more shuffleboard. More importantly, it means there are a lot fewer angry old people in the government. Since they've been retired for 25 years, even the 65 year-olds are pretty laid back. All in all it's a good thing.

Of course, people talk about how in the good old days the people running things were more responsible. There was less fucking around in general. But everyone agrees that the new way is better. And more people agree that the fucking around is a pretty good thing too. As long as the trains still run on time and the whole place doesn't sink into the ocean.

Of course, the rest of the world thinks you're a bunch of crazy wackos. Eh.

Now, about you. You guys are the representatives of Australian intelligence on Gaspra right now. You're also a band. People said it was a bad cover, but you pointed out that no one in the international intelligence community had used the band cover in years. So you're a band. Originally you were going to call the band "Not Australian Spies" but people said that went too far. Oh well. So you are the band "Disaster Zone."

You've been a band together for about 5 years now. It's been a good cover. No one really respects Australian Intelligence (you cultivate that reputation, it give people a false sense of security) and people respect an Australian Post-Post-Industrial band

even less. The cover has served you well, moving from country to country. You've even managed to run operations in the US without too much trouble, which is tough these days.

Six months ago you were on tour of the Rakeb homeworld, the first Australians to go there. You were on your best behavior, though Mariana did have a brief run-in with representatives of an agricultural collective when she got caught mutilating alien cattle. It was pretty funny. You were there on a purely fact finding mission, to learn about the Rakeb. Since Australia is the black sheep of the UN, your country has been out of the loop on these things.

While you were there, you encountered a Selenadium manufacturing facility owned by one of the Rakeb collectives. Their lead engineer was a big fan (you are, after all, a real band) and you got a special tour. These guys had an amazing setup for Selenadium production, including this little box that did the critical refinement step. The stuff just rolled through and came out annealed, instead of the usual fantastically expensive and long process. With this device, Australia could produce Selenadium in quantity suitable for military applications.

You see, Selenadium is one of the technical advances that came out of the Human/Rakeb FTL drive development. Its primary feature is that it will absorb all kinds of radiation without damage. It is able to store an enormous amount of energy while remaining cool to the touch. And it is able to radiate that energy in a controlled manner. This makes it an important component of FTL drives (its used for containment of the warp core or something). It also makes it incredibly attractive for military applications. But its too expensive.

The Rakeb didn't even realize what they had. They don't have militaries the way Earth does, they do most of their inter-collective fighting with espionage. Historically collectives weren't tied to land, and so armies were never a big deal. So they were going to manufacture huge quantities of Selenadium and use it to build truck engines or something.

Australia could really use this. As a result of being pretty laid back as a country, you aren't much of a military superpower. At times this is unfortunate, particularly with an expansionist China not too far away. People in Australia do spend a lot of time worrying that they will be the next Taiwan. Your current military research is on power armor, because power armor are cool and because you hope it will help you to make the most of your small standing army. Cheap access to Selenadium would certainly help with your plans for power armor.

Together you made the command decision to steal the machine. Actually, you got the guy to show you his lab, and you stole a prototype (stealing the one in the middle of their production line would be conspicuous). It was pretty damn hard, though Rakeb sure do know their security systems, even if they don't do military stuff.

Once you had the machine, you smuggled it off world inside some of your audio equipment. That wasn't so hard. But once you got back to the solar system you found that you were missing half the machine. You had split it into two pieces for better smuggling. Someone had stolen the other piece, along with your antique tube amp that goes to 11, in which you were smuggling it. Bastards.

What's worse, when you got back to Earth, before you had time to check in with the home office, Kyrk Velour took off for Gaspra, with the remaining piece. You weren't going to have any of that, you you hopped a shuttle and followed him here. You caught up with him yesterday and interrogated him before killing him. He was going to get the other piece, the one that disappeared before you got to Earth, from someone on the station, then sell the whole device to yet another party and retire a rich man. The only thing you were able to get out of him was that the seller was from Mars.

Once you were done with him, Mariana Craigie tossed him out an airlock. This didn't turn out to be as final as you might have thought, because someone from engineering found the body after only a few hours and now the whole station knows he is dead. Hopefully they won't connect him with you.

While you are here, the home office also asked you to handle some other business they have on Gaspra. Apparently one of their informants, Mike Smith, disappeared on his way from Gaspra to Ganymede. He was a Lieselcorp engineer who was selling data from the Mars spy satellites. You should find him, if he is here, or find out what happened to him, and get that data. If he's

dead, you should see if you can find a way to keep his information flowing.

And of course, keep your eye out for anything interesting to take home with you. Australia can always use a technological edge.

### **Members**

- George Klein (Philip Tan): Lead bass.
- Mariana Craigie (Laura the Magnificent): Lead vocals, rhythm bass. Mutilates alien livestock.
- Kyrk Velour: Your drummer. Dead, and a defector.

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## Greenwar

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*"There is no reason to think a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens cannot change the world; indeed, that's the only thing that ever has."*

—Margaret Mead

The modern world is run by corporate drones and government bureaucrats who care nothing for protecting and conserving the environment. Four nearly five hundred years, Humans have been raping and pillaging nature, first on Earth, and then in the rest of the solar system. The great rainforests of South America are gone. The hole in the Ozone layer sterilized the penguins, and they only survive in captivity. Over-mining of the Ice Caverns of Mars collapsed thirty thousand square miles of Martian surface, and biological contamination outside the Domes risks destroying the native bacteria which have been discovered there. The list is endless.

Something had to be done. 26 years ago, Marjan Dwitsky, a housewife from southern Serbia, began organizing a resistance movement. Greenwar was "officially" founded 3 years later, when she and 16 followers blew up the Chinese attempt to dam the Ganges. Greenwar expanded under her guidance for the next 15 years, until she was shot and killed while on a mission in 2169. The rapers of the Earth hoped that with her gone, Greenwar would die, but you have continued, and grown stronger than ever.

Your strength lies in the devotion of your members, and the purity of your mission. The despoilers cannot be allowed to succeed, and when one of you falls, a hundred more will rise to take your place. Wherever corporate greed or governmental tyranny endangers the balance of nature, you will be there, to protect and preserve nature's purity.

Here, on Gaspra, there are three things which you need to move forward on. First, you have heard that at least one, and possibly more, of the local corporations are developing a new, genetically engineered brand of wheat, theoretically designed to be more resilient in low gravity and non-earth lighting conditions. That sort of tampering has been outlawed on Earth for a hundred and forty years, since the signing of the Treaty of Sao Paulo, but Gaspra is an independent nation, and not a signatory to the treaty. It has refused in the past to enforce other provisions of the treaty, but you will make sure that this time, no Frankensteins escape from the labs here. You will destroy that research, and any prototype wheat that already exists.

The other project which you have been working on is not as localized, and something which most of the Greenwar members in the Belt have been looking into. China is working on some kind of Gravitic Alteration technology, with which they intend to fundamentally change Ganymede, to make it more habitable by humans. That kind of grand scale tampering is exactly the sort of thing which killed the penguins, technological advances whose unforeseen ramifications that destroy the environment they are used in. Although the existence of the Chinese work on this is a poorly kept secret, the location of the actual laboratory in which the research is being done has not been discovered. When it is, Greenwar is prepared to mobilize an elite strike team of agents to descend upon that lab, and prevent it from finishing its evil designs. The lab is somewhere around Gaspra, possibly on Ganymede, going by the name Devison Labs. It is probably not on Gaspra although you suppose that's possible, but you understand that supplies for it are often shipped through here, and if you can track them to a location, you should be able to direct the strikeforce to the appropriate place.

And finally, a new project has just fallen into your laps. A pirate group, the Blue Flame, hit a research base on Earth a few weeks back, and stole a prototype nano-technology designed to be released into an icy environment, and separate the ice into pure water crystals and the "contaminants" present in it without needing to melt the ice first. You have no idea what anyone could have been thinking, that they would consider that sort of completely uncontrollable release to be an intelligent plan. Fortunately, Greenwar has a moderately good relationship with most of the pirate groups in the belt, and they offered you first refusal on it, for the reasonable price of 100,000 space bucks, payable as ten bars of platinum. Well, relatively reasonable, considering what it is. But you're going to have to do a fair amount of work to raise that much cash by their deadline of Wednesday, the 25th, or else they're going to open it up to purchase by any group that wants it, and you're liable to be outbid by one of the Corporations here on the station. Of course, if that happens, you could always try to raid the lab and destroy the stuff after they've bought it.... Your

contact with the Blue Flame on station is Mike Stanislov. Don't blow his cover or yours.

So there you have it. One actual action, a raid on a corporate lab, once you know which one to go for. One information gathering mission, and one purchase, if you can raise the funds. Not so much, really, to help preserve the environment from destruction.

### **Members**

- Daud Kutaiba (Larry DeLucas): A hardcore, take-no-prisoners fanatic.
- Philip Zi (Dexter Chan): A highly trained biologist who left a prestigious career on Earth behind to come to Gaspra and fight against the monster of genetic engineering that he knows so well.
- Sky Fuwa (Stephanie Fried): A relatively new recruit, Sky is still more a natural-fiber-wearing hippy than an ecoterrorist, but she's learning.

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## Milton Salt Industrial Technologies

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*"If you could have any amount of money... How much would you want?"*  
*"All of it."*

*Milton Salt Industrial Technologies : Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow*

Started in Britain in 1832, a combination of small salt producers in the Middlewich and North Cheshire areas, Milton Salt has grown and prospered until today, in 2177, 345 years later, we are the largest company in the United Kingdom, in the top four in all of Europe, and in the top ten systemwide. By 2200, we will be the biggest systemwide, and **you**, our employees, are the key to making that happen.

*Milton Salt Industrial Technologies : Earth, Luna, and beyond!*

We have 376,000 employees working for us all over the Earth, in 132 nations. Another 45,000 on Luna, and 16,000 on Mars, Ganymede, and in the Belt. We are negotiating with the Chinese government to get in on the ground floor of their new Venus colony, and we are forming strategic alliances with 16 Rakeb collectives.

*Milton Salt Industrial Technologies : Agriculture, Industry, and Techno ;CLICK!;*

Right. That's quite enough of that crap. Yeah, yeah, Milton Salt's a big company, and does lots of cool stuff. *You*, however, are stuck in the ass-end of nowhere, on a nothing space-station, with three crates of smuggled weapons that you have to get paid for and ship out, a missing ceramics shipment, rumors of a Selenadium manufacturing device that your bosses would kill for, and two missing contacts. And ten days to close up the . . . questionable parts of the labs here, and get ready for the media to show up.

First, the weapons. You are selling them off to your pet terrorist organization. Not that the company gets its hands dirty with that. Daud Kutaiba is handling this deal. You will be selling them cheap, and extracting a promise for a hit against the Gormansium production facility on Ganymede. Because, you see, Gormansium is a major source of revenue for your company.

Next, one of your shipments of ceramics has disappeared. You have *no* idea what the fuck that's about. Your ceramics production is a perfectly legit business, the stuff you're supposed to leave running while you clear out the rest of the lab.<sup>1</sup> Well, ok, you tend to smuggle some of it out, so that you don't have to pay taxes on it back on Earth, but that'll stop now. Your last smuggled shipment was apparently intercepted, here on Gaspra, though, and you need to figure out who the hell took it, and why, and get it back, if you can. .

And finally, you were recently contacted by Kyrk Velour, claiming that he had some secret technology for making Selenadium cheaply and efficiently. Selenadium is one of the technical advances that came out of the Human/Rakeb FTL drive development. Its primary feature is that it will absorb all kinds of radiation without damage. It is able to store an enormous amount of energy while remaining cool to the touch. And it is able to radiate that energy in a controlled manner. This makes it an important component of FTL drives (its used for containment of the warp core or something). It also makes it incredibly attractive for military applications. But its too expensive. If Kyrk Velour really had something useful, it'd be worth a lot of money to Milton Salt. He was asking for \$70k, and you were willing to pay it to him, if he could prove his claims. But *he* turned up dead, too. Which lends some credence to his story, really, but leaves you without the device. You need to figure out if it really exists, and if it does, Milton Salt Industrial Technologies needs to have it by the end of the week.

Your lab is located at 36-5. You may enter from 36-4 at the elevator. Your lab is a secure location (see the rules) with decent security; while you are inside security is inactive unless you press the lockdown button (see the sign).

### Members

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<sup>1</sup>NPCs run the ceramics production, you don't have to worry about it. They're useless for any of the illicit work, though. Clearing out the lab requires smuggling all your questionable equipment off station to Earth before the Press arrives on the 29th.

- Arthur Winslow (Alya Asarina): The head of the Gaspra office. His family has worked for the company for generations. He is surely going places.
- Daud Kutaiba (Larry DeLucas): A highly skilled if unconventional engineer. Also willing to get his hands dirty when necessary.

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## LieselCorp

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*"When a distinguished but elderly scientist states that something is possible, he is almost certainly right. When he states that something is impossible, he is very probably wrong."*

—Arthur C. Clarke

*"What do you mean pigs can't fly. Of course pigs can fly."*

*"But pigs don't even have wings."*

*"Oh, OK. We strapped wings to our pigs. Now that we fixed your only objection, you can... what do you mean you still don't believe it?"*

LieselCorp a major player in a dozen fields, but the Gaspra office does primarily in medical and bioengineering work. For the last three years, this facility, LieselCorp Gaspra, has been looking into comparative xeno-biology, trying to learn what useful products might be developed from the similarities and differences between life on Earth and on Vircus. You've had a pretty free hand, running the place without much oversight. Unfortunately, you've apparently gotten too involved in your researches, and not paid enough attention to the expense accounts, and the main office has noticed. In ten days, an auditor from the company will be arriving to go over the books. Unfortunately, there appear to be several big holes in the books that have showed up while you haven't been paying attention. One or more people have been robbing LieselCorp, and you should catch them.

There's some penny-ante stuff missing, that isn't really an issue. But there's three big ticket items gone, that you should track down and get back, or at least figure out what happened to them. One, the first to go missing, is a large payment to Rakeb, eight months ago. Second, a few weeks ago, a shipment of weapons that one of your other divisions was supposed to sending to Mars supposedly wound up coming here, instead. You don't know *what's* up with that, as you certainly never got piles of weapons. You'd notice them if they were in the lab. And finally, just two nights ago, someone broke into the labs and stole a large supply of medical and biological supplies.

You need to figure out where all this stuff has been going. If you can get it back, the auditor can't give you any trouble. If you can at least figure out where it went, you should be able to squeak by, especially if you can show that you've increased the security on your lab so they won't happen again. If you can't even figure out where the things went, well, given the poor state of your current results, you're probably looking at being fired, and probably sued or arrested for losing the funds.

It's not that you haven't been working. It's not even that you haven't learned things. But the problem you're working on is huge, vastly more difficult than you'd expected when you began. Terran animals and Vircan ones can consume each other for nutrition, and share most of the same basic bodily functions. Terran plants and Vircan plants use a similar form of photosynthesis, although adapted for different frequencies of light. For nearly 30 years, the races have mingled, in small numbers, on both planets. But the more you looked into how to predict what would be useful cross-species products, the less clear the patterns became. It's a fascinating research avenue, but not something that will produce valuable products without at least another 10-15 years of intensive research. Which means unless you recover the funds, the project will be closed down, and you'll be dead in the water.

Unless...

Unless you come up with some fake results, to convince the auditor that this is a great project, and they should keep you on even with the accounting troubles. And you need those results soon. The three of you have been putting your heads together, and have some ideas.<sup>1</sup> Y'm Liki Ot has a friend on station, a Rakeb, with one of their "Gifts," a unique one which is supposedly an infinitely reusable medkit. If you spent some time disguising it, so it wasn't obviously a Gift, you might be able to pass it off as a prototype of something potentially profitable. Kevin Tanenbaum has heard that Megatronics Heavy Industries Ltd. is working on a new type of wheat hybrid, designed to thrive in space, and if you could get your hands on that, you might be able to do something with it. It doesn't have anything obviously Rakeb involved, as far as you know, but maybe you could mix it with some

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<sup>1</sup>There's more than three people total working for the lab, but the rest are NPC's, bottle-washers and the like. The three of you are the heads of your respective departments, Biology (Y'm Liki Ot), Chemistry (Kevin Tanenbaum), and Computational Analysis (Mike Smith), and the only ones who know what's going on.

Rakeb foodstuffs enough to fool the auditor, at least. And Mike Smith has heard that one of the Rakeb on station has a permanent cybernetic implant, which his body hasn't rejected for years. Normally, any of the standard cybernetic implants are rejected in a matter of days. If the rumor's true, and you could find the Rakeb in question, you might be able to present him or her as your own work.

Of course, none of these will stand up to serious examination, but if you can get them to work, they should fool the auditor for now. That'll give you time to finish tracking down the missing money and items, or come up with a way to replace them. If you can get past this audit, you'll have at least six months or a year before they'll bother sending someone to Gaspra to look into things again, and that should be plenty of time to get the books cleaned up.

*Game Mechanic: There are six things you can do to please the auditor, as listed. Finding out where a lost item went only counts as a completed goal if you also manage to improve the security on your lab, one security improvement per lost item that's only traced, not recovered. If you get less than two of the six things, you're going to jail. If you get two, you'll be fine, but probably not arrested. If you get three, you're fine. If you get more than three, you may even be in for a bonus.*

Your lab is located at 26-B. You may enter from 26-1 at the southern (closest to 26-100) stairwell. Your lab is a secure location (see the rules) with decent security; while you are inside security is inactive unless you press the lockdown button (see the sign).

### **Members**

- Mike Smith (Andrew Twyman): Mike's currently on vacation, on Ganymede. He's due back on station Monday.
- Y'm Liki Ot (Jamie Morris): Rakeb scientist working with you to research the secrets of the Rakeb gifts.
- Kevin Tanenbaum (Eddy Karat): Chemist, and the most down to Earth member of your band of theoreticians.

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## Cross-Collective Alliance of Rational Politicians

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*"Among other evils which being unarmed brings you, it also causes you to be despised."*

—Machiavelli

The collective is an outdated and unworkable system, which must be disposed of in the modern age. Interactions with the humans have clearly shown that the Rakeb need a single, unified governing body leading them into the future. You will create that governing body.

The collectives served well enough in the beginning. In the early days of Rakeb civilization, the single most important fact of life was who controlled the Gifts, and so groups organized around them. When the groups came into conflict about how a Gift would be used, the solution was to claim the Gift from the other side, generally by stealth or treachery. In time, those groups organized into the structures that we now recognize as the collectives. The humans, in contrast, organized their society around land, as their principal means of production, and in time created the groups they call Nations. The immobility of land caused the humans groups to simply include everyone in a given place, rather than picking and choosing the way early Rakeb society did, and because land could not be stolen, they developed organized groups, "Armies" to fight over who would control the land. And as the humans mastered technologies making it easier to travel, the amount of land that constituted a single entity got bigger, until today it is their whole world, under the "United Nations".

The Gifts have not gotten any easier to control, or to share, and so the collectives have not particularly grown in size, or unified the way the human groups have. The disparate collectives makes all bargaining with the Humans begin from a position of weakness for the Rakeb, as they speak with a single voice which can play our varied interests against each other. The Rakeb must combine, and present a single voice in our negotiations with the Humans.

Not that you expect to finish the process anytime soon, of course. Even the Humans' "United Nations" is only a rough approximation of a true government, and they've had hundred of years longer at this than you have. In truth, there are more like 8 or 10 political entities in Humanspace, including Luna and the other worlds. Still hundreds less than a count of just the largest Rakeb collectives, though.

If only the rest of the Rakeb saw the need for unity as clearly as you do. But most of you cling to the old ways, refusing to see that the time has come for a new, bold path to unity for the Rakeb. You're going to begin the process, despite opposition from both the Humans, who wish you to remain weak, and your own kind, blindly loyal to their collectives instead of the greater good of the race. Someday, in the years to come, your efforts will be remembered.

While you have other allies working on various projects both here in Sol's system, and at home, there are three projects being run from Gaspra that you have particular hopes for as steps to forming a united Rakeb.

First, one of the most obvious things that Human governments have and Rakeb does not is a military. Space warfare has not previously been terribly common, and the Humans cannot get sufficient forces to Vircus for it to have been a problem so far, but one of your agents on Earth discovered that the American government was working on an armed space craft, and managed to acquire one of the engineers working on the project. He was placed in cryo-storage, and sent to Gaspra for loading into a ship to home. He is both evidence that a military is needed, and insight into how to create one, and must be brought to Vircus.

Unfortunately, in transit, he was somehow redirected, so that the cryo-storage unit did not arrive at the warehouse your contacts say it was to come to. Your agent on Ganymede, the last stop before his arrival here, swears that the crate was on the shuttle when it left there, so he must be on Gaspra or on his way here – he's just been intercepted by some group of Humans. Finding and acquiring an item is playing on Rakeb turf, however. You should have no difficulty regaining him, and sending him on to Vircus.

Secondly, again in the realm of space faring, you have been made aware that the Human “company”<sup>1</sup> PARC Astronomy either has developed or is developing a FTL drive faster than the one used in the Rakeb/Human ship designs. The FTL ships are run, on the Rakeb side, by an alliance of several of the most powerful collectives, each with a share of the ships under a complicated set of contracts and treaties. It’s one of the closest things to a government that Vircus has, and you don’t want to see it disrupted by the FTL ships being supplanted. You need to get a hold of the new technology and make sure it is delivered to the Rakeb, rather than held privately by PARC Astronomy. Tor Hana Br’t has a collective member working for PARC Astronomy from whom you might be able to get the information, but if that fails, you may have to simply break into their labs and acquire it.

Finally, there is the matter of keeping an eye on the human governments, to make sure that you can react if they start moving against the Rakeb. You have a few agents in place around the Sol system, but not nearly as many as you would like. Rakeb are too obvious to be good spies on Earth. You really need to recruit, or turn, a number of Humans if you can, but finding Humans with the right skills to approach is itself a difficult proposition. Fortunately, you have recently learned of a Rakeb who might be able to help you locate a number of such humans.

Several years ago, a solo by the name of T’a Si Mang spent several years on Earth, and then was accidentally killed in a traffic accident. As a solo, there was no particular interest or concern about the death, and it largely went unnoticed. One of your agents on Earth, however, recently turned up evidence that the death was faked, as a result of some kind of United European Community Intelligence activity. Apparently, T’a Si was acting as a Chinese Intelligence agent, and was well integrated into their network, until United European Community Intelligence interrupted a mission, and T’a Si faked their death to avoid being killed. Your agent thinks that T’a Si (code named “the Green Dragon”) fled into the Belt, most likely to Gaspra, as the best place in the belt for a Rakeb to hide. You’re not sure if he (or she, you’re not certain) still works for the Chinese but even if they don’t, they still must know a number of Human spies that you could attempt to recruit, or blackmail, or simply spy on directly. You need to find T’a Si, whatever name they’re going by now, and get all the information you can from them.

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<sup>1</sup>“Companies” or “Corporations” are Human organizations, subordinate to their governments, which serve similar roles in their society to that of the collectives in Rakeb society. It is worth holding them out as examples to the Rakeb traditionalists that a government need not mean the end of the collectives.

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## Torture

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*‘Here, take a cookie. I promise, by the time you’re done eating it, you’ll feel right as rain.’*

– *The Matrix*

This greensheet pertains to quick, short-term, chemically-assisted torture. This can only give limited information and may kill the victim. Specifically, this greensheet represents knowledge of how to take advantage of *Verasynth*, a drug sometimes commonly called “truth serum.”

The spirit of torture is that you can get simple answers to a limited number of simple questions. If you think you are using the questioning rules in some clever manner to get complicated information, you are probably violating this spirit. When in doubt, keep it simple. Torture is a potentially complicated interactive mechanic, so when performing it, do your best to not confuse other players. It’s unlikely to occur under significant time-pressure (there’s at least a five minute wait), so you should have ample time to keep everyone on the same page.

Try to roleplay torture. This can be fun for everyone involved. Note that the person being tortured is likely to soon be dead, so it’s nice to give them a chance to have more fun before dying. Remember that you shouldn’t roleplay torture to the point it makes someone uncomfortable. Also, don’t annoy or freak out the NPs (especially by screaming). You don’t want anyone to think someone is really getting hurt.

### Procedure

First, you need a helpless victim. Second, you inject them with *Verasynth* (usually looks like any other syringe of clear liquid, unfortunately). More than three doses of *Verasynth* usually don’t add anything. Then you torture them for five minutes using special techniques designed to compliment the drug (having this greensheet and the Torture Question ability card means you know these techniques). They will fall unconscious ten minutes after you inject the first dose of *Verasynth*, so after the torture, you’ll have about five minutes to ask questions (see below for how to do this). You’ll usually get three questions for every dose you gave them, up to three doses (so up to nine questions).

If you only gave them one dose, they will probably wake up five minutes after they fall unconscious. For the next day or so, they will feel sick. If you gave them two doses, they will be comatose for a day, followed by sick for a day. If you gave them three or more doses, they will die in five minutes —there is nothing you can do to save them without cryofreezing them immediately and thawing them out at a specialized clinic, and that will won’t always work (if this happens, it will be considered a fuzzy post-game issue left to your imagination). The negative effects last for awhile, so giving someone a second dose (and second torture session) within a day of the first will still count as their second dose, and so on.

### Questions

The effects for the Torture Question ability card (required to use this mechanic) read:

*If your  $\Delta$  stat is greater than zero, reduce it by 1. Else, say “resist”; this card has no effect.*

*I will ask you a simple question. You must answer as truthfully and clearly as possible. If you don’t know the answer, give your best guess and describe it as such. If you don’t have a ready best guess, say you don’t know. If there is more than one answer, give the best one and say there is more.*

You play this card on your victim for each question. Make sure they understand the effects. Almost all the limitations of truthing fall under what and how many questions you can ask. All questions must be:

- Logically simple. Do not use complex logic or multiple dependencies in questions. For example, instead of ‘Did you kill

Dick or Jane?" use "Did you kill Dick?" and "Did you kill Jane?" as separate questions.

- Analytically simple. Answering a question should not require significant analysis. For example, "Did you lie to me in the last five minutes?" is not allowed.
- Linguistically simple. Avoid convoluted grammar and clever wordplay in questions. Do your best to not confuse the victim's player—if they don't understand the question, they can't answer it very well.

All of these limitations are potentially flexible in interpretation. If you think you're being overly clever or you're almost crossing the line, you probably *are* crossing the line. When in doubt, send email to the GMs about potential questions you think might not be allowed.

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## Contacts

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*‘For fifty dollars, you can get a guy to pull out her fingernails one-by-one.’*

*—The Last Boy Scout*

This greensheet pertains to the use of Contact: *Name* abilities. These abilities mean you have an NPC contact, *Name*, who you can contact for certain resources listed on the card. This mechanic specifies the kinds of interactions you can have with your contacts.

There are two things you can do with a contact: invoke a transaction and make a query (see below for details). Any use of a contact must be either submitted to `nobody-npcs@mit.edu` by 6am or placed in the GM folder of the Box by midnight. You will receive a reply (by email or the Box, respectively) by 6pm the following day.

In general, the more clear and verbose you are when using this mechanic, the better.

### Invoking a Transaction

A transaction involves a triplet of information: the NPC, the resource being acquired (not necessarily an item), and a price (which can be zero, or some non-monetary value). This information must be explicitly listed in the email/note. If the triplet exists, and the price is fulfilled, the transaction will occur.

You pay the price for a transaction (e.g. you deduct the money from your account) when you send the email/note. If, for some reason, the transaction fails, you get back what you paid. You may always specify a price higher than the asking price; if the transaction is successful, you pay what you specified.

For a limited resource, if more people than there are of the resource invoke the transaction at the same time, those who have specified the highest price win. In the case of a tie (likely if everyone used the listed price), all involved are given another chance to bid for the item. This other bid occurs the next day. Bidding can go as many days as it takes to break a tie.

The only limits to how many transactions you may make with your contacts are availability of resources and price.

### Making a Query

For each of your contacts, you may make one query per game day. A query can potentially add to the list of transactions you may make with your contacts.

A query should be a request for a potential transaction, wherein at least two parts of the triplet (either the NPC and resource, or the NPC and price) is explicitly given. The reply will be a description of the best qualifying transaction, if there is at least one.

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## Social Engineering

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*“But do you know, the Grinch was so smart and so slick,  
that he thought up a lie and he thought it up quick.”*

*—How the Grinch Stole Christmas!*

This greensheet pertains to the use of the Social Engineering  $n$  ability. The ability comes with a level,  $n$ , which is how many “spy points” you have. This is for interacting with NPCs who can do things for you or get you stuff.

There are two things you can do with spy points: invoke a transaction and make a query (see below for details). Any use of spy points must be either submitted to `nobody-npcs@mit.edu` by 6am or placed in the GM folder of the Box by midnight. Your points regenerate at 6am (unspent points vanish). You will receive a reply (by email or the Box, respectively) by 6pm the following day.

In general, the more clear and verbose you are when using this mechanic, the better.

### Invoking a Transaction

A transaction involves a triplet of information: the NPC, the resource being acquired (not necessarily an item), and a price (which can be zero, or some non-monetary value). This information must be explicitly listed in the email/note. If the triplet exists, and the price is fulfilled, the transaction will occur.

You pay the price for a transaction (e.g. you deduct the money from your account) when you send the email/note. If, for some reason, the transaction fails, you get back what you paid. You may always specify a price higher than the asking price; if the transaction is successful, you pay what you specified.

For a limited resource, if more people than there are of the resource invoke the transaction at the same time, those who have specified the highest price win. In the case of a tie (likely if everyone used the listed price), all involved are given another chance to bid for the item. This other bid, which occurs the next day, does not use up any extra spy points; the entire process is considered a single transaction. Bidding can go as many days as it takes to break a tie.

### Making a Query

A query should be a request for a potential transaction, wherein at least one part of the triplet (either the NPC, the resource, or the price, but most likely the resource) is explicitly given. The reply will be a description of the best qualifying transaction, if there is at least one.

For some queries for information local to Gaspra, you may simply receive the information you want (or a hint towards it).

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## Hacking

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*“Let us put your ‘LEAT SKULZ’ to the test.”*

*—Sluggy Freelance*

This greensheet pertains to the use of the Hacking  $n$  ability. The ability comes with a level,  $n$ , which is how many ‘hacking points’ you have. This is generally for getting computers to do things you want and for researching potentially hidden information about the universe on the network.

There are three things you can do with hacker points: spend them in game, try to find out information, or help someone else do these things (see below for details). Your points regenerate at 6am (unspent points vanish).

### Realtime Spending

You may encounter things in game (likely signs and packets) that require hacker points. You must spend all the requisite points at once; you may not spend some at one time and the rest later. The cost must be fulfilled by a single person. See *Assisting* below for how to help someone else hack.

### Questions

By spending a minimum of two hacker points, you can submit a question: either send email to `nobody-hacking@mit.edu` by 6am or place a note in the GM folder of the Box by midnight. Include how many points you are spending (it can be more than two). You will receive a reply (by email or the Box, respectively) by 6pm the following day.

For two points, you may find out information known by someone in the universe who isn't trying to keep it secret. This could include information not publicly advertised yet not kept secret (or perhaps not kept secret by everyone). Spending more than two points can get you more and better information.

See *Assisting* below for how to help someone else find information.

### Assisting

By spending  $2 \times n$  hacker points, you can apply  $n$  hacker points to a task someone else is doing. You may only assist with whole numbers of hacking points. You must do this at the same time they are spending. They must let you see any results (for example, if they are hacking to open a packet, they have to let you see the contents). You may assist remotely by electronic means (such as by phone).

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## Biology

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Understanding of biology in this universe is represented by being able to determine if a set of 4 mathematical symbols meets certain rules.

Valid sets of 4 symbols(i.e. those that meet the rules) are called well formed biological quadruples. Given a set of 3 symbols, a fourth symbol that would complete a well formed biological quadruple is called a complement of the set of 3 symbols.

Occasionally, when doing biological research it is necessary to determine which of several symbols is a complement of a given set of 3 symbols. To do this, one applies the rules to each possible grouping of four symbols.

The rules (known as the Standard Principles of Biology) are based on three properties of symbols.

The first property is vertical symmetry. Is the symbol symmetrical across a vertical line drawn down its center? Some examples of vertically symmetrical symbols are  $\oplus \vee \pm \cap$ . Some examples of symbols that are not vertically symmetrical are  $\subset \oint \leq \sim$ .

The second property is curvature. Does the symbol contain curves, or only straight line segments? Some examples of curved symbols are  $\otimes \uplus \approx \circ$ . Some examples of symbols that are not curved are  $\sqcap \geq \wedge \neq$ .

The third property is connectedness. Do all the parts of the symbol connect, or are there multiple pieces? Some examples of connected symbols are  $\diamond \prec \ominus \dashv$ . Some examples of symbols that are not connected are  $\approx \gg \equiv \supseteq$ .

With those definitions in mind, the rules for determining if a set of four symbols is a well formed biological quadruple are:

- The number of vertically symmetrical symbols must be even.
- The number of curved symbols must be odd.
- There must be at least two connected symbols.

Example:

$\otimes$  is a complement of  $\ominus \vee \oint$  because the resulting set of four symbols ( $\otimes \ominus \vee \oint$ ) contains 2 vertically symmetric symbols (an even number), 3 curved symbols (an odd number), and 4 connected symbols (a number greater than or equal to two).

Note that knowing these rules represent extensive training over a period of months or years, and this training cannot be replicated over a short period of time. Thus, you may not tell other characters the rules. You may freely answer questions of the form "Is this symbol a complement of that group of symbols?" However, you should avoid giving away any more details than that.

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## Materials Engineering

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In this universe, all interesting properties of any given material can be characterized by just 3 properties.

The 3 properties are:

- Zeta Coefficient (Z)
- Weisman Cofactor (W)
- Delambertian Modulus (D)

The Zeta Coefficient is a rough measure of the surface quality of the substance. It encompasses a number of things including corrosion resistance, ability to be polished, usefulness in low friction applications etc. Something like iron has an extremely low Zeta Coefficient whereas gold or platinum have very high ones.

Weisman Cofactor is a measure of the ability of the substance to act as shielding. It encompasses ability to absorb energy as heat, electromagnetic radiation, etc. Materials with high Weisman cofactors are generally good conductors of both heat and electricity. Those with extremely high Weisman Cofactors have military applications in the production of energy weapon resistant armor plating and civilian applications in shielding fusion reactors or FTL drives.

Delambertian Modulus is a measure of the physical strength of a substance for its weight. Steel and titanium have a very high Delambertian Modulus and lead has a very low one.

In general, substances with larger numbers tend to have more valuable applications to industry etc. such that there is a general addage amount materials engineers that bigger is better. A substance typically becomes economically interesting when its Zeta Coefficient is above 18, its Weisman Cofactor is above 14 or its Delambertian Modulus is above 24.

Here is a table of the three values for common substances.

Substance	Zeta Coefficient	Weisman Cofactor	Delambertian Modulus
Iron	6.239	11.287	18.346
Titanium	16.139	8.783	21.649
Copper	9.928	11.287	12.123
Platinum	18.401	13.137	8.729
Gold	18.312	12.873	8.729
Lead	12.118	8.267	6.921

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## How to Blow Stuff Up

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**Mechanics Note: You actually receive this as an in-game communication from People's Liberation Front of Ganymede homebase, but can assume you memorized it and treat it as a greensheet.**

Deng Zou has been killed. We now need the two of you, Joruri Fuwa and Alicia Downs, to take over the negotiations he was conducting with Daud Kutaiba. Details follow:

Daud Kutaiba and Deng Zou have been in contact with each other for some time. Daud Kutaiba has been supplying us with weapons, in exchange for raids on some of the minor Gormansium facilities on Ganymede. Now, however, he is pressuring for an attack on the principal Gormansium mine, located in Bubble 23 Gamma. The destruction of this facility would set Ganymede's economy back at least five years. It would be unfortunate were this to happen.

However, the weapons he is supposed to be providing us are critical to having any chance to take out the Chinese facility at Bubble-X-Delta. We need you to acquire as many of them as he can get you, and anything else you can find, to assist our attack on that facility. Once you have acquired them, you will need to smuggle them off station to us. Joruri Fuwa has a large supply of Bar of Platinum to pay for these weapons.

We have a small strike force prepared to launch an attack. By preference, we will launch that at Bubble-X-Delta, and hopefully weaken it enough that, with the weapons you are acquiring, a second assault next week will destroy Bubble-X-Delta. If we must, we can retarget that attack to the Gormansium facility, but that will seriously weaken the likelihood we can take Bubble-X-Delta. However, without additional weapons, we have no hope of taking Bubble-X-Delta. Let us know as soon as possible whether we should proceed with the attack on Bubble-X-Delta, or if we have to attack the Gormansium mine in order to get the weapons. We will be ready to launch within 24 hours of your notice.

Also, we know that Greenwar is planning to launch an attack on the Devison labs. We believe, however, that they do *not* know that the Devison labs are on Asteroid Krypto. If you can prevent them from discovering that location, and convince them that the labs are actually in Bubble-X-Delta, an additional attack on the Chinese base there by Greenwar would largely guarantee that your two assaults could destroy it, with only minimal additional weaponry.

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## How to Blow Stuff Up

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**Mechanics Note: You actually receive this as an in-game communication from another Greenwar cell, but can assume you memorized it and treat it as a greensheet.**

We have two attacks ready for launch. One needs to be made sometime this week (before end of game), the other can be made anytime in the next two weeks. They are moderately powerful, and the second will be made more powerful by any weapons you can smuggle offstation to any location further out from the Sun than Mars. In order to launch an attack, however, you need to know where the target is.

The main Gormansium mine is in Bubble 23 Gamma on Ganymede. Either attack, with or without weapons, is likely sufficient to take this out. However, the real goal is the Devison Labs, and you do not know where they are, or how well defended they are. It would be far superior to launch both attacks, with whatever weaponry can be supplied, at the Devison Labs. Acquire targeting information for those labs, and let us know. However, if you cannot acquire targeting information, or need an assault on the Gormansium mine to take place in order to acquire the weapons, you can order the attack on the Gormansium mine by sending mail to the gms. It will take place within 24 hours.

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## Zandyne Research Overview

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You're best guess so far about analyzing the artifacts is to start examining them for interesting material properties. Unfortunately, you only have one Spectrographic Materials Analyzer in your lab so this will be a slow process. The NPCs in your lab are working on techniques to build quick hack detectors that will speed this process. Details will be forth coming later in the week. Until then, you will need to think carefully about what properties you choose to study of each object or possibly look into finding another Spectrographic Materials Analyzer that you might be able to use.

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### Planetary Selection Criteria

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About once a day PARC's main processing center will rule out one planet (star system, really), and let you know. If you wish to rule out additional planets, drop a note in the GM folder or send email to the GMs by midnight, and PARC HQ will cease considering that one the next day. If you wish to reinstate a planet you had previously ruled out, do the same. No explanation is actually required, though HQ will ask for one. You get to select the planet to which the Navigator will go from among the planets remaining on the 29th. (Well, the folks at headquarters do, but they'll blame you if it's wrong, so...)

The  $\gamma$  for a system represents information available about its star; the  $\delta$  represent data about the planets in that system, and the  $\rho$  relates to the location of the system in the galaxy. (All systems under consideration are within this galaxy.)

Planet	$\gamma$	$\delta$	$\rho$
Earth	4.28	8.21	3.65
Vircus	6.94	4.76	3.21
1	1.14	2.19	7.05
2	3.77	8.95	1.71
3	6.81	2.93	6.61
4	8.32	7.41	5.71
5	1.83	1.94	8.42
6	9.28	3.27	8.91
7	6.99	4.32	9.24
8	2.47	6.72	8.16
9	7.21	3.97	4.46
10	9.09	4.84	2.71
11	6.25	9.92	5.21
12	4.01	5.15	7.59
13	5.61	1.36	2.19
14	1.47	4.06	4.83
15	4.96	2.41	6.25
16	3.98	8.13	3.14
17	8.31	6.03	1.39
18	8.64	7.90	3.97
19	2.15	9.47	2.61
20	9.60	8.39	6.62

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**Alien Runes**

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You have at least some familiarity with a certain exotic set of presumably alien runes. Any item with “strange inscriptions” or “esoteric markings” will have an attached  $\alpha$  packet, or  $\alpha$  slip among those in its attached packet. Inside you’ll find a cryptogram which can be decrypted into a rough translation of the inscription into English. (This translation may include some technical details which have been abstracted away.)

If you wish to copy down such inscriptions, you should make yourself an item card for papers with esoteric markings scrawled on them, or similar, with an attached  $\alpha$  packet with the actual copies in it.

If you wish to teach someone else what you know about these inscriptions, spend two hours of down time at the same time as them teaching them the basics, give them a copy of this greensheet, and tell them anything else specific you want to about the translations of various characters.