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K'kree Passage
Fiction by William H. Keith

Feature Article
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2300AD:
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"What major race — if given the secrets of jump drive instead — would not have faded away like all the rest? The Aslan, in conquering the worst of all potential handicaps, demonstrated they are among the greatest of the Major Races..."

— Akidda Laagiir, 1113, from 'The Aslan: Their Ultimate Conquest'
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Editors' Digest

FROM THE DESKS OF GARY L. THOMAS AND JOE D. FUGATE SR.

Well, it's time for another issue of the Digest to hit the streets. Last issue (TD17) really got people's attention, with the long-held Aslan secret finally made public. We've gotten a lot of feedback on last issue, and now just a few months later the issue is almost gone — selling out that soon is a record for us.

Speaking of records, also notice that the Aslan adventure in last issue beat out the MegaTraveller adventure — which is the first time that has happened in four issues. All-in-all, the Aslan revelation has turned some heads and seems to be producing an even stronger interest in MegaTraveller.

The mail feedback on the Aslan revelation has been mixed: some like it, some don't. This secret is so fundamental to the Aslan race and what Traveller is all about that we arranged an interview with Marc Miller on that very topic, and printed what he had to say on the pages immediately following this editorial. We think you'll find his answers perhaps a bit of a surprise, for there is more to the Aslan Revelation than meets the eye.

Another recent development in the MegaTraveller background is the return to the "real-time" clock. Those of you who have been with Traveller since the old days remember when the game calendar used to move at a one-to-one rate with the real calendar. The rebellion changed all that. For a time, the calendar didn't matter as we did a fast-forward through rebellion events, giving the broad scope of the Imperium's breakup.

As of January 1, 1990, the one-to-one rate with the real calendar is back. January 1, 1990 equals the Traveller date 001-1120; January 1, 1991 equals 001-1121; and so on. The Traveller News Service in Challenge magazine and all GDW and DGP modules are going to reflect the real-time date once again. And all events from this point forward will occur according to the real-time clock. This sets the stage for some interesting Rebellion events we have planned, so stay tuned...

DGP has an ambitious product release schedule planned for 1990, so we are (as always) interested in some of your closet writers and artists stepping forward and becoming published. We are willing to work with you — just send us samples of your work and a letter outlining what you'd like to write or draw. The magazine is a good place to start, since we can always use articles and illustrations for it. Once you prove yourself, if you have an idea for a full-blown product that you'd like to do, then we can discuss it.

If you have any inclinations toward getting published, send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope and ask for our contributor newsletter, and we'll send you our latest issue. Plus, we'll add you to our mailing list for future newsletters. This newsletter covers all our current needs, as well as hints and tips for producing work that will get our attention. So send in that SASE, all you proto-contributors!

And what about the 2300AD question from last issue's survey sweepstakes? We decided that we needed to receive a conclusive pull it vote from our readers on the 2300AD section for us to take it out of the Digest. We defined a conclusive vote to be a two-thirds pull it vote on the survey. What we got instead was a decided 50-50 split between pull it and keep it.
The Aslan Question

A DIGEST GROUP INTERVIEW WITH MARC W. MILLER

In issue 17 of the Travellers' Digest, we revealed a long-standing "secret" about the Aslan race — the fact that they did not invent jump drive on their own, but that they copied their first jump drive from a crashed Terran starship. We have received many comments about this revelation, running the gamut from excited to disgusted. Since this secret was born almost as the Aslan race was conceived, it is nearly as old as Traveller itself. We first learned about this great secret when we formed Digest Group Publications in 1985. To explain the history behind this great secret, and to explain its potential ramifications, we thought no one could do better than Traveller's creator, Marc Miller.

DGP: Doesn't the revelation about the Aslan in issue 17 of the Travellers' Digest change the very fabric of the Traveller universe?

MARC MILLER: Actually, I expected that sort of question when Strophon was assassinated. The very nature of the Imperium changed when Dulinar challenged the emperor. Since we are talking here about the Aslan and the last issue of the Traveller's Digest, I know you are referring to the Aslan and their major/minor race status, but I did not expect that phrasing. I don't think that the fabric of the Traveller universe has changed one bit with this news.

To understand what I mean, we have to look back into several different subjects: the Zhodani, the established texts about major/minor races, and even the basic philosophies of the Traveller material itself.

DGP: The Zhodani? Why the Zhodani?

MARC MILLER: The Zhodani were originally portrayed as the evil psionic masters, the enemies of the Imperium. Remember the Imperial propaganda? And the stories of the Tavarchin — the infamous Zhodani Thought Police? But on closer examination, it became clear that the Zhodani considered themselves paragons of virtue, and we learned that that outlook was not totally without foundation. Indeed, by many outside criteria, the lives of the Zhodani are happier and more fulfilled than most Imperials. I agree that few of us would trade our lives for theirs, but the reality of Zhodani society was hardly equal to the stories that were put out by Imperial propagandists. When the reality of the Zhodani was revealed, had the fabric of Traveller truly changed? Or was it that your perceptions had changed?

DGP: Good point! The Zhodani were nefarious enemies once upon a time, but now they seem almost benign.

MARC MILLER: Exactly.

DGP: So, what about the major/minor race question?

MARC MILLER: The established texts on the major/minor races make it clear that the concept sprang from the Vilani of the First Imperium. Originally, there was only one "major" race; the Vilani. They dominated everything they could, ultimately virtually eliminating technological advances in order to maintain their hold on the subject races, those that they considered "minor" races. They used the minor race tag to oppress the races they met. The approach worked because the Vilani were the first jump-drive users in their part of the galaxy.

Usually the races that the Vilani met were pre-starfaring; it was easy to apply the minor race label to them. When they finally met the Vargr, the Zhodani, the Solomani, and even the Aslan, they were forced to acknowledge other major races. Imagine their reluctance at first, turning to acceptance as they discovered that the presence of other major races merely reinforced their own standing as a major race. Minor races took the existence of other major races as proof of the concept, and of their own inferiority.

But what an unlikely set of major races! The Vargr discovered jump drive on their own. Yet they cannot maintain a viable interstellar empire of any size. They are obviously genetic manipulations, and to many that is enough to disqualify them as a true race, let alone a major race. Indeed, a good argument can be made that the Vargr are merely a sub-race of the Solomani.

The Droyne discovered jump drive on their own. But actually, they owe everything to Yaskodyr — Grandfather — and clearly are not at the forefront of scientific or social developments. They, even more than the Vargr, are incapable of maintaining an interstellar empire befitting a major race.

The Solomani discovered jump drive on their own. They set out to conquer the universe, only to discover that it was already claimed by the Vilani. So they just took it from the Vilani. They are clearly a major race. Equally clearly, the Solomani were lucky the Vilani did not discover them first and force minor race status on them.

The entire major/minor race concept was created and fostered by the Vilani as a tool with which to oppress other races. And they were very successful at it.

DGP: You mentioned a third concept...

MARC MILLER: The basic philosophies of Traveller materials.

DGP: Yes. How does that affect this discussion?

MARC MILLER: Traveller materials have always been philosophical in nature. The GDW design staff has never been very good at parodies, satires, and jokes. Instead, our Traveller material has been a serious and logical attempt to describe a coherent universe. That seriousness is reflected in a philosophical message that I summarize as "Be careful with labels. Look beyond the stereotype for the reality."

When you follow that instruction, you find great adventure in both a role-playing and a cerebral sense. Where does that logically extend us?

Look at the Zhodani and notice the difference between perception and reality. Also consider the Hivers. They carefully log manipulation attempts and then claim victory when a manipulation works. But what would stop a Hiver from logging ten different outcomes to a single manipulation, and then claiming the right outcome when it finally occurs?

And look at the Solomani. We spent years developing the idea that the Solomani were a laughingstock. Here is a race that has pretensions of ruling the galaxy (or at least charted space), and yet was only ineffectively plotting to recover its homeworld. The situation changed in an eyeflick. When the Rebellion began, the Solomani swiftly conquered several sectors. Stop and count the sectors they control; compare that number to the sectors anyone else controls. The Solomani have the largest human empire in the universe. And they are no longer a laughing stock. Yet this was a logical outgrowth of any decline in the power of the Imperium, rather than a radical change in the fabric of the Traveller universe.
The Travellers' Digest—Number 18

A DGP Interview with Marc W. Miller

What other aspects of the Imperium are not what they seem?
DGP: Obviously, our discussion must return to the Aslan. Can you address that directly?
MARC MILLER: As you (and a few others) know, the basic concept that the Aslan received the jump drive from Terran humans has been with us as a secret background idea for years. A careful analysis of things like the Aslan module and several calendars shows information that is consistent with that entire thesis. Compare the maps of Terran expansion with the maps of Aslan territory, and it is clear that Terrans had settled in what is now Hiatele space well before the Aslan achieved jump drive. Compare relevant dates, and it is equally clear that the Aslan jump drive discovery and their first meeting with Terrans takes place at about the same time. That's because the idea was developed early in the development of the Aslan race.

The revelation of the secret, however, can have several different effects, and they are not all mutually exclusive.

Many Aslan will simply reject the idea that they did not invent jump drive on their own. Any lie repeated enough times gains a truth of its own. After two thousand years, one simple fact cannot invalidate centuries of history.

Others will question the definition of major race itself. The label tends to be defined by the races it describes. Do they have big empires? Then they are a major race.

Finally, there have always been other definitions of major race. One that comes to mind is the Droyne coyns. If they were given to the Droyne by Grandfather himself, it implies that major race status can only be held by the races shown on the coyns. The Aslan are one of those races!

DGP: What about non-Aslan? How will they react?
MARC MILLER: No race will react as a group, so there will be diverse reactions. But we can assume that everyone will react in their own self-interest. Their reactions will be colored by their own goals and perceptions. I think the established major races will continue to accept the Aslan as a major race. To reject an established major race based on new-found data after accepting them for two thousand years makes the other major races look foolish. Many minor races, on the other hand, will applaud these new-found data because it is another step toward eliminating the artificial and oppressive major race/minor race distinctions.

States bordering on the Hiatele will find it in their own best interest to ignore or reject this new information. Otherwise, they risk offending their neighbors and possibly re-opening the Border Wars. Would it be worth it?

And do the Hivers or the Zhodani or the K'kree really care about major race status? Probably not.
DGP: Some players are complaining that this discovery has ruined the Aslan — that their favorite race will never be the same. Can you say a few words about that?
MARC MILLER: This new revelation is certainly explosive. It gives insensitive people (players, player characters, and non-player characters) ammunition with which to criticize the Aslan in much the same way that an article many years ago gave derogatory names to call Zhodani.

But it is always important to look beyond the stereotype for the reality. Assume every fact in the story is true. Nevertheless, the Aslan have created, through their own drive and initiative, an immense, star-spanning empire. To do it, two very powerful rival clans had to put aside their differences and work together to build a jump drive (even though it was modeled on a working prototype from a Terran ship). They fought the Imperium to a standstill in the Border Wars. They were (and still are today in 1120) accepted as equals in the "Big Boys Club". They created their empire on their own terms rather than modeling it on a human empire. An Aslan ambassador was standing with Stresh in the assassination that sparked the Rebellion — surely Stresh knew this whole story and accepted him anyway.

The Aslan rose above a potentially crippling handicap and succeeded. That simple fact makes them, in a very real way, more than the rest, not less.

To use an analogy, remember that until just recently, there was a "rule" that US presidents elected in certain years would be assassinated. No one knows who wrote the rule, but it had a certain validity based on experience. The fact that President Reagan survived his term of office forces a re-evaluation of the rule. In the same way, I think that the new facts about the Aslan force a re-evaluation of the major race/minor race rule.

DGP: Do you have any final comments?
MARC MILLER: I would love to keep talking. I can think of several other subjects that really need to be discussed, like the Traveller computer game, where the Rebellion is going, Digest Group and its Traveller publications, the spread of Traveller worldwide (for example, the Spanish translation has just appeared), our efforts to have a series of Traveller novels produced, and even some rambling discussions of what it is that makes Traveller so appealing.

If we can get together again, I think talking about any of these subjects would be extremely interesting.

Terra Traveller TIMES

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AKIDDA LAAGIIR, JOURNALIST

STATS:
858AAB age 50 8 terms Cr21,000
Interview-5, Streetwise-3, Grav Vehicle-1, Wheeled Vehicle-1, Admin-1, Brawling-1, Computer-0
Holocrystal Recorder
Starport A, Large, Dense Atm, Wet, High Pop, Mod Law, High Stellar
Born: 319-1059

Position: Current recipient of the Travellers' Digest Touring Award.

Akidda Laagiri started at age 18 as a copy boy with the Mora World Review; his friendly face and ability to gain the trust of others contributed to his steady career progress.

Living on Mora, with its charismatic dictator, the Duchess Delphine the Matriarch, is sometimes a trying experience for any journalist, which may explain his occasionally iconoclastic actions. He is slightly prejudiced against "the system", preferring fresh ideas and fresh ways of doing things. This boldness (especially in interview situations) has also contributed favorably to his career.

His admin skill was learned while moving up the ranks, but it is a skill that he would just as soon not need; he much prefers cutting through to the heart of a situation. While he is sensitive to the needs of others, he has a well developed self-preservation instinct that allows him to quickly adapt to a strange locale or culture — a skill that has saved his neck on more than one occasion.

Like most writers, he is consumed with curiosity, and when the Travellers' Digest journalism contest was held again in 1998, he was among the first to apply. His piece was entitled "The Imperial Frontier: The Next Millennium". In it, he discussed the spinward frontier sectors of Deneb, Spinward Marches, Trojan Reach, and Reft as well as their role in shaping the growth of the Imperium in the next 1,000 years. On 258-1099, he received the announcement that he had won the coveted Travellers' Digest Touring Award.

Akidda has been travelling and submitting articles of his travels for over seven years.

Roleplaying Notes: Akidda's strong interview skill indicates he has a real nose for a good story: to play him otherwise would be untrue to his character. His natural curiosity makes him likely to pursue "trouble" rather than run from it.

The counterbalance to Akidda's tendency to seek out such trouble is his streetwise skill, which enables him to lessen the harmful results of an otherwise awkward situation. His streetwise skill may enable him to "stumble" onto a valuable source of information the others would overlook.

Keeping this in mind, the referee should use the NPCs encountered by Akidda as those with the most valuable information to the group, as a result of Akidda's abilities. Akidda's phenomenal interview-5 skill gives him tremendous insight when dealing with people.

DUR TELEMON, EX-SCOUT

STATS:
A7A5B age 42 6 terms Cr10,000
Auto Pistol-3, Survival-2, Pilot-1, Grav Vehicle-1, Engineer-1, Gambling-1, Brawling-1, Computer-1, Vacc Suit-0
Auto Pistol
Starport A, Large, Dense Atm, Wet, High Pop, Mod Law, High Stellar
Born: 038-1068

Position: Ex-Scout (on reserve status).

Dur Telemon was born into the Scout Service. His father was in the Scout Service while Dur was growing up, and both of his grandfathers had served in the Scouts in their younger days. Dur enjoyed nothing more as a boy than to sit and listen to their tales of adventure.

The Fourth Frontier War broke out when Dur was a teenager — his father's service in the war was a source of pride for the entire family and deepened Dur's love for the Scouts.

Dur's individualistic nature meshed well with his duties in the Exploration Office of the Scout Service. In his first term, a "routine" mapping expedition on Pannel/Rhylanor suddenly turned into a hostage rescue operation, and it was then that Dur happened to save Dr. Krenstein's life. Neither of them is overly emotional about it, but it was that initial chance encounter that grew into a respect and friendship between the two men over the years.

Dur's second and third terms were spent in District 268 and Five Sisters Subsectors doing various planetary surface and orbital surveys. During these surveys, Dur learned much about staying alive and living off the land in unusual environments. Halfway through his fourth term, he was transferred from his field post in the Exploration Branch to a bureaucratic position in Fleet Support.

Dur has resigned from the Scouts and has been travelling with his uncle, Akidda Laagiri.

Roleplaying Notes: Dur is the brash adventurer of the group and as such he is the least likely to fear physical confrontations or physical discomfort. He is also the most likely of the group to act without giving due consideration to the consequences. He has genuine concern for others and is the most likely to risk his life to save someone.
DR. THEODOR KRENSTEIN, SCIENTIST

STATS:
485FCB age 66 12 terms Cr 300,000
Robotics-5, Leader-3, Electronics-2, JOT-2, Laser
Rifle-1, Grav Vehicle-1, Medical-1, Mechanical-1
Hand Computer (TL15), Electronic Tool Kit,
Robot AB-101
Starport A, Small, Vacuum Atm, Wet, High Pop, Mod
Law, High Stellar
Born: 173-1043

Position: Graz Rednz Chair of
Computational Robotics at Rhyl-
anor Institute of Technology —
on sabbatical leave.

Dr. Theodor Krenstein is a gifted,
multitalented scientist, with interests from
anthropology and archaeology to xenol-
yogy and zoology, including most of the
"ologies" inbetween.

Born on the planet Rhylanor, he
entered the Rhylanor Institute of Technol-
ogy at the age of eighteen, eventually
receiving advanced degrees in computer science and robotics. He went on
to serve three terms as Dean of the School of Robotic Science at Rit, after
which he was appointed to the Graz Rednz Chair of Computational
Robotics, a prestigious and coveted position. He is the author of 12 hol-
crystal publications and over 100 articles in technical and scientific journals,
in addition to holding more than 250 Imperial military patents for his inven-
tions and robotics work. Despite his academic success, he has become
bored with what he has been doing, and realizing his age, took an extended
sabbatical from teaching in order to make forays through Deneb
Sector.

Among his many pursuits, Dr. Krenstein has aided the Scouts in develop-
ing robots for planetary surface surveys. During a test in 1090 on Pannet/
Rhylanor, members of a disgruntled anti-technist group kidnapped Dr. Kren-
stein and threatened to kill him if the Scout Service didn’t meet their
demands. A young Scout named Dur Telemon was part of the all-volunteer
riding team that finally freed Dr. Krenstein; in fact, Dur was the first to
reach the doctor.

After this incident, the doctor conducted his servant, bodyguard and
experiment in synaptic learning, “Aybee”.

Dr. Krenstein has been travelling with Dur Telemom and Akidda Laagir
since their chance meeting five years ago.

Roleplaying Notes: Dr. Krenstein, the “Mr. Fix-it” of the group, contributes
valuable analytical skills. Together with Aybee, the doctor may contribute
unusual insights Dur or even Akidda might otherwise overlook.

The doctor is slightly mischievous in the manner in which he conceals
Aybee’s true robotic nature — a source of much fun if roleplayed com-
pletely. The doctor seeks new experiences and knowledge for both his
robot and himself, so he will pursue adventure suggestions readily.

Keep the doctor’s age in mind — he is the least able of the group physi-
cally, although Aybee helps to make up for this.

AYBEE WAN OWEN

APPARENT STATS:
8D0C0B age 19 0 terms Cr 0
Medical-1, Linguistics-1, Grav Vehicle-1, Laser
Welder-1
Starport A, Small, Vacuum Atm, Wet, High Pop, Mod
Law, High Stellar
Born: 049-1081

Actual Pseudobiological Robot Profile:
Constructed in 1091 by Dr. Theodor Krenstein
56142-A2-PM027-FDC7(C)Gr11,970,800 319kg
Fuel:27.1 Duration=21.7 TL=15
7J/7 (Jack)

Head (10%), 2 Lt arms
2 Eyes (+1 light intens), 2 ears, voder,
touch sensors
Pwr int, brain int, TL 15 hole recorder,
Lt laser welder
Medical-1, Linguistics-1, Grav Vehicle-
1, Valet-1, Laser Welder-1, Rescue-1,
Emotion Simulation

Position: Personal servant and
protégé of Dr. Krenstein.

AB-101, or “Aybee,” is a pseudobiolog-
ical robot designed and constructed by Dr. Krenstein. Aybee’s
apparent UPP is what Dr. Krenstein wishes Aybee to project to others
based upon his programming (he is actually capable of much greater
values); his intelligence and education are estimated from his com-
puter hardware and software; and his social class is based upon his
position as a knight.

Although Aybee’s programming gives him certain basic abilities, he
lacks true artificial intelligence and thus can make errors in judgment;
in abstract situations, this effectively lowers his true skill level. Aybee’s
“weapon” is a light laser welder, built into his right arm. Many Imperial
worlds specify standards for robot-installed weapons, and Dr. Kren-
stein has designed Aybee so that his arm (ostensibly used only as a too
) can pass inspection by officials, since laser welders are generally
not restricted by local law levels; however, voice overrides controls
allow Dr. Krenstein to use Aybee as a weapon at short range.

Roleplaying Notes: Without a doubt, Aybee is the most unusual of
the quartet. He is also the most difficult to roleplay effectively.

Aybee is the most valuable piece of equipment the group has. He
can record situations in 3-D hologram form (10 minutes’ worth, after
which it is relegated to 2-D storage), then play them back for future
study at the group’s leisure. He will quietly observe a situation and
report his findings to the doctor, keeping the doctor’s safety as his
priority.

Aybee is a good source of logical analysis, although his conclusions
are devoid of any creativity or revelations beyond the obvious
(although sometimes the obvious can seem like a revelation). Perceived
him as a naive, knowledge-hungry character. He should make errors in
judgment when a situation relies heavily on intuition. He is likely to
miss subtle innuendos that humans are so prone to use.

Strangers who find out that Aybee is a robot may react negatively
(increase the difficulty of any interpersonal task one level). Most will
never suspect from casual observation that Aybee is nothing but a
machine.

To determine Aybee is a robot at close (1.5m) range:
Difficult, Robotics, Interview, 2 min

Referee: Roll once during the first encounter. Thereafter roll daily if
the character constantly spends extended periods of time near Aybee.
Otherwise, ignore this task — there is no chance for detection.

Aybee’s power plant is a closed hydrogen/open oxygen fuel cell.
Aybee carries his own hydrogen supply, but the hydrogen is oxidized
by oxygen from the air. Aybee is thus much like a true human in this
respect — if he loses his oxygen supply, his power plant will not func-
tion. After an accident at the Shududam Robotics Conference, Kren-
stein installed a half-hour supply of oxygen for emergencies. Aybee’s
fuel cell produces a harmless waste by-product which must be elimi-
nated from time to time; pure water.
Clan and Pride

ADVENTURE NUMBER 18
—by Nancy Parker

INTRODUCTION
This adventure takes place aboard an Aslan armed merchantman, the Ewkhe, in Ellaliyasiw Sector. It involves a Traveller's Digest journalist and his companions in a clan war.

Dates: All dates in this adventure correspond to the Imperial calendar. The starting date of this adventure is 0781110.

Place: The adventure begins in jump space en route to Oahtel (Ellaliyasiw 0707).

NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS
Eiskoleyah, Captain, Aslan Male
B78979 45 ftahaa

(40 years) 3 1/2 terms
Leader-2, Pilot-2, Grav Vehicle-2, Dewclaw-1, Gun Cbt-1, Tolerance-1, Vacc Suit-1

Eiskoleyah is a proud being, convinced of the greatness of his race and of his clan. He tolerates humans if they perform their jobs well, but considers their manners beneath contempt. His understanding of human culture is minimal, and though he speaks adequate Galactic, he rarely uses it. On the other hand, he avoids quarreling with subordinates unless greatly provoked.

Yuraale'atəl, Medic, Aslan Female
A97CB85 52 ftahaa
(45 years) 4 1/2 terms
Language-3, Medical-3, Tolerance-3, Admin-2, Liaison-2, Wheeled Vehicle-2, Computer-1

Yuraale'atəl is an intelligent, well-travelled, and well-educated Aslan. She may feel that the Aslan way is best, but she understands many of the different ways of humans. She has been extremely patient in teaching the Trokh language to Krenstein. Unlike most speakers of the language, she will attempt to use simplified constructions to match human thought patterns if she is determined to make herself understood. She speaks Galactic and two other human and alien languages frequently used in the Ewkhe's area of space.

Eshkoakhyeyaoirtl, Chief Engineer, Aslan Female
878886 40 ftahaa
(35 years) 3 terms
Engineer-3, Electronics-2, Computer-1, JOT-1, Mechanical-1, Vaccum Suit-1

Eshkoakhyeyaoirtl speaks only the Trokh language and has little time for humans who cannot do so. She is a very competent engineer and concerns herself with little else. She has no plans to marry or acquire business property.

Yoskheile'a, Engineer, Aslan Female
755868 28 ftahaa
(24 years) 1 1/2 terms
Engineering-1, Grav Vehicle-1, Tolerance-1

"Yoskhe" is a relative newcomer to her engineering position, like Dur. She speaks only Trokh but is interested in learning Galactic and is friendly with Dur. Progress in the other languages, for both her and Dur, has been slow these past few months.

Yarkhyahwaalih, Purser, Aslan Female
969676 64 ftahaa (56 years) 6 terms
Admin-3, Broker-3, Trader-3, Bribery-2, Computer-2, Tolerance-2, Laser Carbine-1

Yarkhyahwaalih has a part-interest in this ship, along with two unmarried sisters who do not usually travel. She has been working as purser for some thirty standard years and thinks she knows all she needs to know about her job, but this new assignment has taken her and the ship out of familiar territory.
Ouellsullurea, Navigator, Aslan Female
747AA9 44 tfahe (38 years) 3 1/2 terms
Navigation-3, Dewclaw-2, Computer-1, JOT-1, Long
Rifle-1, Pilot-1, Vacc Suit-1
Ouellsullurea is native to a lightly-settled planet belonging to
the Hlaotiyoho clan, where her relatives hold land. She her-
self is in love with space and intends to travel all her life.
She speaks little Galanglic and thinks poorly of
"barbarians".

Ehttea, Cargo Handler, Aslan Male
C58955 32 tfahe (28 years) 2 terms
Ship's Boat-2, Laser Rifle-1, Steward-1, Tolerance-1,
Wheelie Vehicle-1
Akkida's fellow worker is a muscular young Aslan male
who aspires to marry a rich female and get out of the cargo
class. He is friendly with Akkida but thinks human
behavior is weird and amusing.

Iwhroryhtl, Chief Pilot, Aslan Male
87449B 46 tfahe (40 years) 3 1/2 terms
Pilot-3, Gun Combat-2, Grav Vehicle-1, Leader-1, Vacc
Suit-1
Iwhroryhtl is the most intolerant of the Ewkhie's crew. Only
Ayybee's skill and his robot-perfect language and manners
have convinced him that Ayybee is an acceptable relief pilot.

FOND MEMORIES
Opening Dialog
"Doc, what in the Imperium and the Hierate both are you
doing with Ayybee?"

Dur was staring at the scene from the door which he and
Akkida had just entered.
Ayybee spoke up, "You don't have to worry, Dur. This is fun!"
Dur's jaw dropped. "Fun?"
"Certainly. It challenges my abilities, calls for a flow of
concentration, and still permits successful completion."
Ayybee sat on Krenstein's empty bunk muttering, "It's not my
definition of fun."
Krenstein inquired, "Ayybee, where did you get that
definition?"
"Human Emotion as a Function of Cognition, Nathan
Hewitt, Amersand and Goethe Electronic Press, published
1863. Did I use it correctly?"
"Yes," Akkida said impatiently, "but that still doesn't
answer the question. What is that mess?" He pointed to
a pile of hologrystals and circuitry on the lap table in front of
Ayybee's opened abdominal panel.
Ayybee replied again, "The Doctor is making me smarter."
Krenstein took up the explanation. "You know how Ayybee
likes to stay up late at night and read — and he doesn't forget
very much of that either. Ayybee's twenty years old now, and
his memory's filling up. The algorithm for his synaptic pro-
cessor functions more effectively if his memory is sparser.
He complained to me the other day that his online storage
was getting full. So we're experimenting with external linear storage
for some of his factual memories. Practically speaking,
he doesn't have as much true memory as a human brain has,
so we have to make allowances. Remember when he was
fluent in Vargr? Now he doesn't know a word of it, but his
Aslan is progressing nicely.

If he can access those data with his synaptic, problem
solving brain, I'll find a way to incorporate them into his
appearance. Maybe he will get 'fat'. Anyhow, his mind will
then be the most complex pseudobiological brain in
existence...unless someone has beaten me to it back at
Rhylanor."

Dur said, "I'm beginning to have some hope that we may
actually live to get to Rhylanor. We've worked aboard this
ship for 30 jumps, and traversed over a year all told, without
a peep from the Aslan. I think we may have outrun the
hounds...I mean lions!"

Akkida persisted, "What will you do if one of them knocks
and comes in here?"

Ayybee calmly set a book upright on his table, hiding the
circuitry. He worked with his concealed hand for about ten
seconds, then let the book fall. Everything looked normal.
"You see, Doctor Krenstein was just explaining some of this
circuitry to me. Um...she's quite good at it."

Dur shook his head. "I must have been drinking jeyyos,
Ayybee. I thought I heard you call the doctor 'she'."

Krenstein replied, "But that's what I am...to the Aslan.
They judge by skills. Ayybee, as a pilot, is male to them.
You, Dur, as an engineer, and I, as a medic's assistant, are
different. Akkida, as muscle, could be either, but I think he's
got them confused. He's male."

Ayybee was reconnecting his external brain. Dur sat,
turning red all the way to his slightly receding hairline, while
Akkida howled. Krenstein finished, "And of course, it's
important to study the mindset of a race or culture when
you learn its language. I'm surprised you hadn't paid atten-
tion, Dur."

"So am I," grumbled Dur, imagining what his Scout com-
mader would have said.

Ayybee offered, consolingly, "Cheer up, Dur. It's quite a
bother to be a male to an Aslan. You remember that cargo
drink? I told the purser she shouldn't try to sell it at that
human enclave two jumps back. The library data said it was
a religious community. Ayybee sounded aggrieved. "She patted
me on the head, called me a clever cub, and told me to
go about my duties. You know what happened, of course."

Dur forgot his embarrassment in a snicker. "First time I ever
saw an Aslan come aboard with his tail between his legs."

Ayybee nodded, "That night in jail hurt their egos, and the
fine hurt their finances, but she wouldn't listen to me
because I was 'male'!"

Akkida frowned, "Their finances will be a lot worse if they
don't start selling more of their cargo. About half the hold by
now is stacked with crates we've picked up weeks ago and
ever sold."

Ayybee looked up sharply, "Really, Akkida? I was not
aware of that fact. Perhaps it will fit the pattern."

"What pattern?" asked Krenstein.

"It seems to me," Ayybee explained, "that our recent
course through this sector has not been chosen for optimum
financial return. At some stops we haven't even
touched down to buy or sell. The captain seems to be going
somewhere quickly, while deliberately keeping us away
from the main spacelanes. This pattern began about ten
weeks ago, shortly after a coded transmission was received
while I was on pilot duty."

Dur and Akkida looked puzzled by this new mystery but
Krenstein had other things on his mind. He asked softly,
"Where did you get the data on the spacelanes for that
conclusion, Ayybee?"

Ayybee looked blank. His hand hovered, then came down
on one of the holocrystal units. "Right here."

Krenstein's somber face lit up with a grin. "It works!"
REFEREE'S SYNOPSIS
Our characters have signed on an Aslan merchant vessel to hide from the searchers sent by the Twenty-nine (the ruling Aslan clans). The alarming discovery made by the characters on Kusyu could mean their deaths if they were caught. Their conversations with officers of the merchant- man give them some reason to suspect that they have been found out, and even more reason to suspect that their employment is about to involve them in a war. They can attempt to leave, but will be caught and punished. After the scheduled battle for which they inadvertently signed up, their employer will be told by the enemy clan who the characters are, and they will have to explain themselves in a way that will save their lives.

THE PATTERN
(Visiting an Aslan estate)

Player's Impressions: At the next breakout into normal space, several hours later, Aybee is on duty at the pilot station. You are in a backwater system (Oahte, Eallasiy 0707 E4446N3-7) where the navigator claims to have close kin. She asks the captain's permission to address the crew before disembarking. For the first time in your employment, you are invited to spend your layover at an Aslan estate rather than on the ship.

Referee's Summary: Little of significance can be learned at the estate, though the relatives will suggest, if asked, that the ship is choosing its route to stay with relatives. This idea may be disproved by characters' memories of previous stops. This nugget gives the characters a chance to practice Aslan etiquette, and possibly to overhear something interesting.

Tasks:
To make polite inquiries at the estate:
Routine, Int, Aslan Linguistics, 3 min, (uncertain)

Referee: This assumes that the character is still using a translator. Without the device, only Aybee has sufficient grasp of the language (skill level 2, by now) to keep the task from increasing in difficulty. Dur's Trokh is the worst of the company's, being limited to technical terms. Mishaps cause the hostess to become quite chilly.

To understand the hostess' farewell:
Difficult, Ed, Liaison, 5 sec

Referee's Details: Alert players will accept the offer of hospitality with their best Aslan manners, learned from Adventure 17. The estate is small by Aslan standards, a mere fifteen square miles, but the hostess, on seeing the whole crew, including alien guests, seems determined to put on a good show. She points out the herds of siosae in the fields and shows pardonable pride in her conservatory of rare plants.

At least one evening the navigator stays up late talking to her cousin, and when the party leaves, the hostess wishes all of them "Go with honor." The characters may be able to recognize this as a farewell usually used before battle.

MYSTERIOUS BOXES
(If Akidda investigates the unsold crates)

Player's Impressions: Akidda, you now find that the number of unsold crates has again increased. Any inquiries are turned aside; cargo is the purser's business. But you
Traveller Feature Adventure—Referee’s Summary

Aybee can read from his sensors at the pilot’s station that there are five ships within hailing distance.

Aybee can either sit out the shift before attempting to tell his friends what he heard, or he can try to get permission to leave the bridge briefly (to use the fresher, perhaps?). This will be granted (on task success) with poor grace and comments on human weaknesses. Certain of the bridge crew make it plain that they would be better off without “barbarians” underfoot.

THE SICK BAY
(Krenstein’s duties, some time in Jump space)

Players’ Impressions: Krenstein, your superior, the medic, is having some trouble with his medical computer. “I want it in best condition for our mission,” she says in the slow, simple Trokh she uses to talk to you. “Can you repair?”

Referee’s Summary: Krenstein gets to do what he does best, but gets an unusual reaction from his boss. He can try to pump her about the “mission” but will get sketchy and misleading information at best.

Task:
To adjust the medical computer:
Difficult, Computer, Electronics, 10 min

Referee’s Details: The medic is quite pleased with Krenstein’s work. She offers him a drink (a safe one for humans) and makes small talk before asking him, “How much you think the Twenty-nine pay to have you?”

This alarming question is actually a compliment, implying that Krenstein could make his fortune working in the Hierarchy, but his halting Trokh encourages the medic to use words he knows even if they convey her meaning poorly. As referee, exploit this capacity for misunderstanding. If Krenstein tries to turn aside the question, the medic should persist, “You can go back; we take you when we go back.”

Any further argument from him causes her to drop the subject with what he thinks is equivalent to a shrug and an unreadable facial expression (simulate a task roll and tell him he has no idea what that look on her face means.)

As far as her reference to a “mission” goes, she seems to regret having said it and evades questions. If Krenstein will do what she asks him to, she says, he will be doing his job under any circumstances.

CROWDED CONDITIONS
(At Arlyasol)

Players’ Impressions: Following your next jump, your ship lands and takes on twenty surplus crewmembers, whose role is said to be the same as yours (eayerklye’i). Accommodations are suddenly very crowded and you are confined to the ship until takeoff. You have no chance to find out if this confinement is general or applies only to you. The newcomers are all male and apparently young and healthy.

Referee’s Summary: The ship has acquired a complement of mercenaries to further alarm the players.

Referee’s Details: If the characters ask, they will learn that the newcomers are not all of the Hlaatiyo’ho clan, but from two other clans also. They will swap stories with any of the characters who can understand them, and these stories will have a distinctly military flavor to them.

Incidentally, a clue to the source of the characters’ troubles may be found in the fact that the newcomers identify themselves by the same term (eayerklye’i’) as that on the
contracts the characters signed to join this ship. (Use cards to inform players of this when they talk to the Aslan.) The humans think it means "temporary crew", but to an Aslan it also carries the meaning "mercenary". Talking with the newcomers is safer than most human-Aslan conversations, since the mercenaries have orders not to duel until the assignment is over.

The number of ships apparently accompanying the Ewkhie is now ten, according to Aybee's sensor readings when in normal space.

WHERE DO WE TURN?  
(Referee's Information on player options)

The characters now have enough data to suggest one of two unpalatable conclusions: they are about to be handed over to the Tiaukhu for a reward; or they are about to be involved in a battle they have absolutely no interest in.

Characters may elect to:
1. try to get off the ship at the next stop (if that isn't in the middle of a battle).
2. confront the captain or some other officer with their questions.
3. assume that the captain's intentions are honest and go on as if they knew nothing.
4. question their crewmates.

The characters' signed contracts are valid for another three months. Breach of contract is virtually unheard of among Aslan and would be a serious offense against honor. Nevertheless, if the characters choose, give them a chance to try to jump ship at the next stopport. See Going Somewhere?

All of the Aslan, both crew and mercenaries, are aware that they are soon to participate in a clan war with the Hlyueawi, but they are travelling under the equivalent of sealed orders; only the chief officers know any specifics. Thus, questions from the humans are put off with "you will be told when you need to know".

The officers will give a similar response to questions about future plans. However, any direct question about what is to happen to the characters is a bit more risky. If it is in terms of military action, such a question suggests cowardice. They are told, "You too will fight; how else could it be?" Mentioning that they are wanted by the Tiaukhu precipitates the events in Who's Afraid of the Imperium?

GOING SOMEWHERE?  
(If the characters try to jump ship at any time)

Players' Impressions: At the next stopport your ship unloads its remaining salable cargo and takes on supplies for its enlarged crew. It also exchanges some of its cargo with other ships that land nearby. You are all called upon to help so as to speed you on your way. The Aslan stopport is not very busy or well populated. The warehouse of the agent to whom the goods were sold is set on the north side of the port.

Referee's Summary: The characters may try to elude their shipmates, but port security measures defeat them and they must answer to their captain.

Tasks:
To escape surveillance from the ship's crew:
Routine, Int, Stealth or Streetwise, 1 min

To avoid port security personnel outside the warehouse:
Formidable, Int, Stealth, 2 min

Referee's Details: If desired, a map of the stopport can be sketched to impress the players. This is not a very high-tech stopport, but there are plenty of hidden electronic devices around the perimeter and the buildings to warn of unauthorized persons. Once arrested, characters are easily identified as the humans from the Ewkhie. Their captain is summoned to claim them, and he is most displeased.

The captain challenges both characters that he perceives as male (Akidda and Aybee) and orders the navigator to challenge the others. These are not intended to be deadly duels, but to punish the characters by publicly humiliating them. The duels must be fought; apologizing ahead of time is not acceptable. The captain will not surrender at first blood but the characters would be well advised to do so.

Play out the duels individually. Characters not fighting at the time are watching, under guard. At the conclusion of all four duels, they are taken aboard and guarded until littoff. (Any wounds are attended to at this time.) The possible discovery that Aybee is a robot will cause a brief commotion, but the Aslan are not prejudiced about robots working as living beings and the matter can be smoothed over.

The captain expects this to end the matter, in the manner of Aslan justice, but the medic has more curiosity as well as more empathy. Once in jump space, she visits Krenstein and Aybee's stateroom (if she did not see them in sickbay to treat injuries) to ask why they behaved as they did. Her manner is reassuring even if she can provide no more information than was previously available.

ORDERS AT LAST  
(Just before the battle)

Players' Impressions: In jump space a few days before Aiyar (0803 E7595L-8), the plan of attack is revealed in an all-ship briefing. The first target is an important industrial site on the moon of Aiyar.
The second target is an important Hlyueawi leader who is known to be taking a hunting "sabbatical" on the planet. The location of his home base is known and his usual hunting "stands" are known so the raiding party will try to capture his home base and take him prisoner for ransom and for information. (They do not want to kill him. They need him for psychological and ransom value.) The intelligence on this Aslan has been put together and is being updated by a team of professional assassins who have been hired for their stealth and information gathering capabilities.

Third, the rest of the forces are to launch ground assaults to capture sites and subdue Aiyar (by defeating its security forces). Two of the task force ships will be dealing with ships in orbit and in atmosphere.

Referee's Summary: The battle is planned and carried through.

Tasks:
To avoid being detected as attackers:
Difficult, Leader, Intelligence, 1 min

To fulfill one combat objective:
Difficult, Leader, Gun Cbt, 30 min
Referee: Roll 1D/2 for NPC skills for this task.

Referee's Details: The ship that our heroes are on is assigned to hit the industrial site. Aybee and Akidda are assigned to a combat team, Dur drives the vehicle (commandeered at the landing site) that carries them, and Doctor Krenstein is there with the ship's medic to handle casualties.

For the sake of simplicity, you can roll single tasks for the other objectives being hit by NPCs, or simply assume success. It is the characters' combat that must be resolved in detail. If Ewkhie falls in this objective, the characters should be taken alive.

Enemy Capabilities:
The industrial site has about 25 guards armed with laser carbines and auto pistols. There are also two heavy weapons emplacements in case of space attack.

At the hunting lodge are five bodyguards and the hunters themselves and their guides, totalling 30 Aslan.

On the planet there are about 1,500 security, police, militia, and so on. These are not professional soldiers like the mercenaries. Five armed couriers orbit the planet. The spaceport is quite primitive, even for a tech 8 world, but has 60 security guards.

Friendly Capabilities:
Ewkhie has about 25 crew and mercenaries available for ground action. There are 12 other ships accompanying it, mainly large armed merchantmen to allay suspicion. Ten of them are carrying mercenaries to be landed (about 75 each). The two other ships are heavily armed to handle the space fighting.

Running the Battle:
The Ewkhie should bluff its way down as a peaceful cargo ship or attempt a fast, skimming landing trajectory to avoid being shot at. Roll the above task for the captain for the bluff succeeding.

Use the diagram for running the combat. One of the secret weapons in the hold is a chemical (gas) for incapacitating the scientists and technical personnel of the plant as they are important assets that shouldn't be wasted or killed. The armed guards, however, should be met in plain combat.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE IMPERIUM?
(After the battle)
Referee's Details: If captured, mercenaries not belonging to one of the warring clans must be released by Aslan custom; this includes the characters. The Hlyueawi are, however, aware of whom they have captured and give them up reluctantly.

Whether the characters are captured and released, or the Hlaotiyollo win and have prisoners for ransom, someone is going to tell Captain Eiskoleiyah that the characters are wanted by the Tlauku for unspecified crimes. Since the captain does not wish to cooperate with the Tlauku clan that his clan is attempting to depose, nor does he wish to harbor actual criminals, he will refer the problem to the nearest Hlaotiyollo VIP on board one of the accompanying ships. This personage demands that the characters tell him what they did.

It is most likely that the characters will protest their innocence, but this alone will not do. If they admit that they inadvertently discovered a secret and promise not to spread it all over the Imperium, he will still insist on knowing what they discovered. (He has an ulterior motive, of course; his clan is trying to displace one of the Twenty-nine. Maybe their secret will be useful to him. "Tell me this 'something'," he prods. "I would like very much to embarrass the Twenty-nine."

The best thing the characters can do is to tell the truth. On hearing the tale and its probable significance, the VIP leans back and yowls. This alarming sound, joined in after a pause by any subordinate Aslan present, is recognizable to the characters after so long on the Ewkhie: the VIP is laughing!
"The fools!" he finally exclaims. "To spend 3000 years worrying what barbarians would think! Have we not conquered as many systems in 3,000 years as they did in 10,000?"

The Aslan will want the knife (if the characters are still carrying it) and holorecorded testimony from them, which he hopes to use to discredit Tlaukhu policy. The characters are then free to go on to the Imperium under his clan's protection, and he encourages them to tell the story — his way. (See Akidda's quote on page one.)

(This clan will, in fact, win its place in the Tlaukhu, and its more belligerent, superior-race attitude is partly responsible for the growing troubles between Imperials and Aslan during the Rebellion era to come.)

ASLAN INDUSTRIAL SITE DIAGRAM
The Travellers' Digest—Number 18

Dangerous Passage

MEGATRAVELLER SOLO ADVENTURE
—by Nancy Parker

The Travellers’ Digest—Number 18

Dangerous Passage

MEGATRAVELLER SOLO ADVENTURE
—by Nancy Parker

The date of this solo adventure is 320-1117. Imperial power in Corridor Sector is waning and Vargr corsairs are becoming steadily bolder. The Scout Service remains dedicated to holding the Imperium together, no matter who ends up running it, and the xboat network is a crucial link between the Imperial core and the spinward sectors.

This adventure is intended for an experienced Scout character. If the player does not have his own Scout persona, he can use the following character:


1. Your xboat, Phillipides, breaks into normal space with a splash of multi-colored light. Yours is the first xboat out of Twophur (Corridor 2908) in a week, and there is no telling when others will arrive, but even one ship getting through Corridor is of value these days.

You are approaching the tender at Uughrae (Corr 2806 A766387-D), and your piloting is up to its usual high standard. With your current vector, in about an hour you will pass within 500 meters of the tender. "How's that, guys?" you gloat as you send your call signal to stand by for message transmission. "You'll hardly have to move to catch me!"

There is no answer to your signal. A quick check reveals nothing wrong with your equipment; there just isn't any answering signal to receive.

This could be real trouble. Your xboat has no maneuver drive of its own; it depends totally on the tender in each system. You also have no fuel for another jump; the fuel is on the tender.

Do you
a. wait to be contacted? Go to 2.
b. radio the planet? Go to 3.
c. try to get to the tender in your vacc suit? Go to 4.

2. Waiting can get awfully boring, so you haul out some study tapes to distract yourself. Your vector swings your ship past the tender and on toward the inner solar system. If nobody catches up to you, you'll end up as a short-period comet. Air and food could become a problem, of course.

On the third day of your flight, your radio comes to life. "Identify yourself. This is Watchful Hawk, approaching to intercept. Identify yourself and your origin."

The voice is harsh and somewhat accented. You should know that sound. Roll this task:

To identify the nature of the voice:
Routine, Ed, Survey, Instant
On success, go to 5. On failure, go to 8.

3. Your radio signal will take 30 minutes to reach the one inhabited planet of this system. In the meantime your ship
passes the tender, still without getting any response to your signals. It's hard to tell, visually, but you think the tender looks damaged. Not long after, the planet's answer reaches you.

"Ughhre calling xboat Philopides. As your tender seems to be out of commission, we are sending a vessel to intercept and take you aboard. It will reach you in two days. Please acknowledge."

Roll the following blind task:
[Difficult, Int, Carousing or Leader, Instant]
On success, proceed to 29. On failure, go to 8.

4. Your vac suit has directional jets to guide your jump. You could carry a pack of supplies with you, though it would slow your acceleration. Normally, the tender is well-stocked. Be sure to leave the automatic beacon going to guide later recovery of your craft. At closest approach the tender is a nice, fat target. Roll this task:
To cross between ships on suit jets:
[Routine, Vac Suit, Zero-G Env, 5 min]
On success, go to 7. On failure, go to 6.

5. The voice is that of a Vargr. You have a little time before the ship arrives to decide what you will do and make any preparations.
If you wish to surrender when the Vargr arrive, go to 12.
If you wish to fight, go to 14.

6. The xboat tender slides out of your sights as your jets propel you at an angle to your proper course! You must not have centered your weight properly. Roll the task once more to correct the improper vector. On success, go to 7. If you fail again, your jets soon sputter and die, out of reaction gas. You are headed roughly toward a bright star many light years away, and your chances of detection and rescue while your air supply holds out are next to nil. This looks like THE END.

7. After an alarming moment or two as you continually correct your course, you touch the skin of the tender with your magnetic boots and absorb the shock with bent knees. You slowed yourself as you approached, of course, so the landing is as soft as your training instructor could have asked. The lock responds to your signal and you pull yourself inside.
Halfway to the bridge you encounter the first body. Outside the bridge entrance are several more, apparently dead of laser shots. They have been dead for only a few days, from the look and smell of them. You can tuck them into low berths to preserve them or bury them in space with such ceremony as you can manage. Near a body in engineering is a damaged laser rifle with alien markings on the stock: Vargr words.
The flight computers look OK from the outside, but the message computers have been totaled, as have the turrets.
Supplies have been ransacked and some are apparently gone, but for just one person the remainder would last months. The instruments still working report a half load of fuel. There are no empty xboats waiting in the bay. There are also not enough bodies to make up the usual crew of a tender.
You need to be sure certain things are working before you do anything more.

To diagnose damage to an instrument:
Routine, Int, Electronics, 5 min
To diagnose a damaged computer:
[Difficult, Computer, Electronics, 10 min]
On success, you have found the damage and can identify the necessary spare parts in stores.
To repair instruments:
Routine, Dex, Electronics, 5 min

To repair a computer:
Routine, Dex, Computer, 10 min

If these tasks succeed, you have the options of flying the tender to the planet, catching and refueling your own xboat and jumping out, or jumping the tender to the next planet. The tender can jump only one parsec but can maneuver and even land, with difficulty. The xboat can jump up to four parsecs but is dependant on a tender to retrieve it insystem, which limits your options on destination.
If you go to the planet, go to 10.
If you jump out of the system, go to 11.
If you try to catch your xboat, go to 28.
If the repair tasks fail, you can fly insystem or catch your xboat, but not jump the tender. You also have the option of radioing for help. (Go to 3 to call help, but success on the task in 3 is automatic.)

8. You acknowledge the hail and prepare to meet your rescuers, still in the dark as to what might be wrong on the xboat tender. Oh, well, perhaps an accident forced them to evacuate. When the approaching ship is near enough, it grapples yours. The airlock signal sounds and you go to meet whoever it is.
The person who meets you is a vac-suited Vargr with a laser rifle trained on you. Another is crowded in the lock behind him.
If you surrender, go to 12.
If you try to fight, go to 13.

9. You have reason to believe that the entire planet is not subdued. From your cell in the occupied starport, you hear occasional gunfire and explosions. If you could get out, you might be able to join up with other humans and fight back.
Your cell is merely a starport hotel room with the lock altered to be operable only from the outside. When your interrogator visits you, he must signal another Vargr outside the door to let him out when he's ready to leave. This has possibilities. You watch for your chance.
After a few days, the Vargr decide to try the nice guy act. A different officer comes to see you, without the muscledogs.
To overpower the Vargr officer:
[Difficult, Strength, Brawling, 1 sec]
On success, read on. On failure, you get yet another beating and go back to square one (choices at end of 12, that is.)

With the officer unconscious, you give the signal you have seen the others give and the door opens. You kill the guard with the officer's weapon and grab his weapon as well.
Do you
a. sneak out of the starport alone? Go to 17.
b. check for other prisoners in nearby rooms? Go to 26.
c. attack the Vargr at the starport control room? Go to 27.

10. You have to take the places of two people to handle this ship on maneuver drive — and that's after you start the power plant.
To prepare a multi-person craft to be flown singlehanded:
[Difficult, Pilot, Engineering, 1 hour]
On success, continue reading. On failure, you can wait (go to 2) or radio for help (go to 3).
The trip to the planet takes a little over two days. You are coming into a polar orbit when your radio suddenly comes alive with challenges. You are instructed in no uncertain terms to land at the starport and make no false moves.
If you land at the port, go to 20.
If you try to land promptly in a wilderness area and hide, go to 19.
11. Jumping a ship with one crew member is going to be tricky, to say the least. Fortunately, the bridge computers are smart machines. You can program them to accept your commands from the engine room, where you will be very busy with the power plant.

To prepare and execute a jump singlehanded in a multiperson ship:

Formidable, Pilot, Engineering, 5 hours

On success, go to 22. On failure, go to 21.

12. The Vargr shoves you ahead of him into a cell. He leaves you locked in for an hour or so, then another Vargr with his lieutenant's insignia comes in with two henchmen.

"Your name and rank, human?" he demands. If you do not answer, the henchmen will beat you soundly. (Apply 1D damage.) He continues to question you about your service history, recent stops, etc., with rough treatment following any refusal or backtalk. You are free to lie, as he will have little chance to check most of your answers.

(If you fight the henchmen when they try to grab you, go to 13.)

If you plan an escape, go to 9.
If you wait and resist passively, go to 15.
If you join the Vargr cause, go to 16.
If you pretend to join the Vargr while lying to your interrogator, go to 18.

13. You are unarmed, but you tackle the Vargr and knock him backwards into a wall. You have the opportunity to grab his weapon, but before you can bring it to bear, a second Vargr has you in his sights and that is THE END.

14. You have only your personal laser rifle and surprise on your side. Xboats have no weapons of their own. A Vargr airlock will not mate with yours; any would-be boarders will have to exit their airlock and cross to yours in vacsu suits. You also have a vacsu suit. You could rig some cover near the lock behind which you could stand to fire. Or you could be outside the ship when it is grappled, hiding on the curve of the vessel, and fire from there. Outside the ship you will have surprise; by the airlock neither side will have surprise but you will have cover.

Your laser rifle is TL 14 and inflicts 3 damage points through vacsu suits — enough to incapacitate an average Vargr, but two more shots or a pinpoint hit are needed to kill (assuming the fight is inside either ship, in atmosphere). Any hit with a laser in vacuum is going to take the target out of action and if left outside, he will die of asphyxiation even without a coup de grace. Their rifles are TL12 and inflict 1 damage point through your vacsu suit. Your hit points are 4 to incapacitate, 5 more to kill.

For each Vargr encountered, roll a "hit" task for your shot and, if you miss, for his shot at you.

To hit with a laser rifle at short range:

Routine, Dex, Laser Rifle, 1 combat round

Cover makes this task Difficult. Beyond five meters the task is also Difficult.

Two Vargr are in the boarding party, armed with laser rifles. Six more are scattered around the ship, armed only with pistols and dressed in vacsu suits without helmets. Inside the Vargr ship you have surprise until an alarm is sounded mechanically. Each Vargr you surprise has the following chance of reaching an alarm switch:

To raise an alarm in a surprise attack:

Difficult, (assume +1 DM for skills)

The surprised Vargr have the following task:

To hit with a pistol at short range:

Routine, Dex, Handgun, 1 combat round

Beyond five meters, or if you take cover, this is Difficult.

A pistol cannot penetrate your vacsu suit but could knock the wind out of you. If you give the Vargr a chance to grab heavier weapons, you have a major advantage. However, once the alarm is given, the remaining Vargr will arm themselves with laser rifles and converge on your location.

If you kill or capture them all, you can steal the ship and either fly to the planet or jump outsystem. If you choose the planet, go to 10. If you jump, go to 11.

If you lose, well,...THE END.

15. After a week in your cell (a converted hotel room at the starport) you hear approaching gunfire and shouts shortly after midnight. The door of your room flies open and an armed human beckons you urgently out.

"Come on, grab a gun and get busy. We're taking this place back!"

Prisoners are being released from rooms all along the corridor. Some others are in Scout uniform, very likely the missing crew members from the tender.

Do you
a. join the battle? Go to 25.
b. hang back and refuse to fight? Go to 24.

16. You have, you presume, joined the winning side. After all, with the Imperium in fragments, other interstellar governments offer more stability. Your new comrades are not immediately trusting. You still sleep in a locked room, but you are given a job repairing some of the damaged ships around the port. Go to 15.

17. In an isolated area far from the starport, almost any house is a potential site for resistance. You approach cautiously, hiding your tracks, and knock softly.

The door opens. A young woman looks you over as you do the same to her. Not pretty, but capable and probably strong-willed, you think.
22. Your jump proceeds smoothly and takes you to Kifrusis, one parsec away. No Vargr have attacked here, and your report goes promptly to the Navy, who can assist the neighboring planet. You are cited for courage and continue your run across dangerous Corridor Sector. Congratulations! THE END

23. Luckily, it's high summer on this planet and you can live rather well while prowling the edges of towns and watching for signs of Vargr activity. They don't seem to control most of the planet.

After two weeks, roll 1D. On 1-3, you are spotted by humans and invited to join the resistance. They take you with them when they attack the starport in force. Go to 25. On 4-6 you are found by Vargr and taken to the starport as a prisoner. Go to 12.

24. The man stares at you with disbelief and growing hostility. "Traitor!" he spits out. "Vargr-lover!" Another armed man behind him hears and takes aim at your heart. THE END

25. You storm through the complex, killing individual Vargr and taking their weapons to arm the released prisoners.

To capture sufficient weapons for the released prisoners:
Routine, Int, Brawling, 1 min
Success makes the subsequent combat task Routine.

Finally you meet about 40 Vargr making a stand in the communications room. You can resolve this with one task as follows:
To defeat the Vargr:
Routine, DMs, 5 min
To determine the DMs for your group, roll 1D twice. If the result is 4 or 5, DMs = 2; if 6, DMs = 3. Add the two DMs for skills and characteristics and proceed. On success, several of your companions are killed or wounded, but the Vargr are finally wiped out. Ughrae belongs to humans again. On failure, the humans must withdraw and try again later.

Alternatively, use the accompanying diagram and play out the combat with miniatures or markers. There are 30 resistance fighters and 22 released prisoners. A standard Vargr NPC has hit points of 3/5 and a weapon skill of 2 with a TL2 laser rifle. Typical human fighters can be played with hit points of 3/5 and skill levels 1 to 3 with laser rifles (captured ones are TL2, rifles brought by resistance fighters are TL 13). Half the resistance fighters are wearing armor from the planetary police.

Whatever the outcome, THE END

26. You open the nearest door, keeping yourself hidden in its recessed entryway. A bewildered man in an engineer's coverall looks up.

"Come on!" you whisper urgently. "We can get out of here now." Understanding you, he takes the spare gun and, wisely, hides the dead guard in his room. You proceed down the corridor, keying every lock, and end up with a party of the following: four Scouts from the tender, 10 engineering and maintenance personnel from the starport, five communications specialists, and three administrators. All are healthy, considering the treatment they've gotten.

Now do you sneak out with the whole crew? Go to 31.
Or do you attack? Go to 25.

27. Berserk charges are for Vikings. You manage to take a few Vargr with you, but their numbers quickly overwhelm you and you go down with numerous fatal wounds. THE END

28. You have to take the place of two people to maneuver this ship — and that's after you start the power plant.
To prepare a multi-person ship to be flown single-handed:

Difficult, Pilot, Engineering, 1 hour
On success, keep reading. On failure, you can wait (go to 2), or radio the planet for help (go to 3).

It takes five hours to match course and speed alongside your drifting xboat. You open the bay doors, shoot grapples across, and gently guide it into the bay. Fueling and resupplying is simple.

When you are ready to leave, you secure the tender as best you can, instruct the computer to eject your boat and close the bay after a short time, and get aboard *Philippides*. Once free of the tender, you select the nearest xboat station, set course, and jump. Your selection is much influenced by the presence of a Naval base at Kifrusis. This is not a one-man problem.

Flying your xboat is much easier than handling the tender alone.

To prepare for jump in an xboat:
Routine, Int, Pilot, 10 min
On success, go to 22. On failure, go to 21.

29. The voice is that of a human male, apparently under considerable stress. A coarse sound in the background turns out, when you listen closely, to be Vargr words.

If you acknowledge the hail, go to 5 and choose your actions.
If you keep quiet and jump for the now-receding xboat tender, go to 4.
If you continue a conversation with the radioman at hour intervals, go to 30.

30. The radioman will not acknowledge openly that there is any trouble on the planet, but his voice becomes almost panicky when you question his situation. After a few exchanges (at hour intervals), he does not reply again. A ship is supposed to change its way to pick you up, and you can guess who's aboard. Go to 5 and choose your actions.

31. Your whole party leaves the starport, hugging the shadows and killing any Vargr you meet as silently as possible. Once in the city, you seek out the home of some friends of the starport personnel. One of the communications specialists knows some men who are likely to be involved in any resistance movement.

Sure enough, preparations are in hand for an attack in force on the starport, and you're all invited. Go to 25.
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A Concise History of the Third Imperium

by Clayton Bush

SYLEAN FEDERATION (-650 TO -30)

Established on Sylea in -650, the Federation grew slowly, absorbing several surrounding worlds and increasing trade and interaction between worlds, putting an end to the Long Night in this region. The Sylean Federation would eventually grow to become the Third Imperium.

Industrial Base: Shudusham was the first worlds to join. Its rich mineral ores formed the backbone of the new Federation’s industrial and military power.

The noble Shishuginsa family founded the Zirunkariish megacorporation in -425. The oldest records of Tukera’s and GSBAG’s existence are agreements with the Sylean Federation. Since LSP was a megacorporation when it settled Mora in 60, it must have grown with the Sylean Federation. These four comprised the Sylean industrial base.

Technology: In -112, a terrorist attack using a courier robot as an unwitting bomb killed the premier of Fornol (Core 1715) aboard the 90,000-ton Sylean battleship Empire’s Banner, which was on a goodwill mission. This led to the Shudusham Conords of -110, which regulated use of and responsibilities for robots.

Only Sylean ships had meson screens. The Sylean Federation had a solid tech level of 12, and a definite lead over other interstellar states of the period.

EXPANSION (-30 TO 0)

By -30, the real power in the Federation was an industrial consortium headed by Cleon Zhunastu. Cleon used his family’s industrial base and the support of other families to obtain control of the Federation. He began an active campaign to increase the number of worlds under its control. He succeeded beyond anyone’s wildest dreams, restoring trade and communications between hundreds of worlds. The Long Night was finally coming to an end.

A firm industrial base, a strong interstellar government, and high population pressure provided the impetus necessary to establish an empire. Zirunkariish was a major source of funds for Cleon’s campaign. Thirty years of diplomatic maneuvering, public relations campaigns, active commercial warfare, and occasional military action extended Federation control to the edges of Core sector.

The Sylean Federation Scout Service (SFSS) was largely responsible for turning the Sylean Federation into the Third Imperium. The SFSS was established with two main functions:

- Exploring neighboring regions, and re-contacting their inhabitants
- Using advanced Sylean technology to lure systems into the Federation.

CREATION OF THE THIRD IMPERIUM (0 TO 75)

The tightly-controlled, highly-centralized Federation government was not suitable for a large interstellar state. A more suitable form would allow greater local autonomy, but maintain cohesion over large distances. To claim all former territories of the First and Second Imperiums, Cleon founded the Third Imperium.

One of the last claimants to the throne of the Second Imperium had made Sylea his capital. Cleon traced the legitimacy of the Sylean Federation backwards through this emperor to the Second and First Imperiums.
In the 651st year of the Sylean Federation, the Grand Senate of the Federation "persuaded" Cleon to accept the Imperial crown. He was crowned Emperor of the Third Imperium and proclaimed the 651st year of the Sylean Federation to be the Year Zero of the Third Imperium.

The Imperium initially bypassed areas unwilling to join, while expanding to encompass as much former Imperial territory as possible.

Vi'lan participation in establishing the Imperium: Vi'land joined the Third Imperium soon after its formation. This allowed the Imperium to expand into the only frontier available: Corridor, Deneb, and Spinward Marches sectors.

The Imperium also benefited by bringing the three Vi'lan megacorporations (Naasirka, Makhidkarun, and Sharurshid) under the same banner as the Sylean industrial base, working to expand the Imperium and their markets. All segments of the Imperium benefitted by having three more megacorporations with which to trade.

The Vi'lan were heavily involved in settling Corridor and Deneb sectors, and later with the Pacification Campaigns in Gushemege and Lishun sectors. The conservative nature of Vi'lan society fostered intensive development of nearby areas (as opposed to more distant), while the Spinward Marches were settled almost entirely by Solomani.

The Imperial Government and Nobility Established: Cleon I set down the basic policy that the worlds ruled themselves. Likewise, the rights and duties of nobility may vary between worlds and cultures. This policy naturally helped in convincing different cultures to join.

No interstellar grouping of systems was allowed within the Imperium. The Imperium controlled interstellar space: only peers and nobles (counts and higher) had interstellar authority. All nobles were made responsible for enforcing and affirming Imperial law.

In these early years, Cleon I created the system of nobility that has ruled the Third Imperium to this day. The major orders of knighthood were established in this period. Cleon I established the Order of Starship and Crown in 17 and Cleon II created the Order of the Emperor's Guard in 52.

It has been argued that Cleon I used such distinctions to distract the nobility. As worlds and splinter states joined the Imperium, they fought for honors and positions when they could have contested real political control instead.

Likewise, setting legislative authority at the sector level provided a balance to the abolition of interstellar states. Such states initially formed voting blocs that controlled legislation. Long-term pressures in such a setting guaranteed the breakdown of such blocs as problems separated special interests.

Cleon did not create any organization larger than the sector, except the Imperial bureaucracy. Most Imperial bureaus, in fact, were set up with offices in each subsector. This tended to keep blocs from forming; it also provided more opportunity for local patronage.

Pro-Sophontism Stand: In the 17th year of the Imperium, Cleon I declared, "Any sentient life form within the Imperial borders, regardless of its origin, is a protected being, and thus a citizen of the Third Imperium. One may argue that an intelligent robot is sentient, but it is certainly not a life form."

Abdication of Zhunastu Line: Emperor Cleon II abdicated in 54 in favor of his chancellor, Artemusus Lentuli, and spent the rest of his life as a one-man fire brigade at the edge of Imperial expansion. Emperor Artemusus was responsible for the Pacification Campaigns and the creation of the Domains.

The Spinward Frontier: While the scouts explored the Spinward Marches, the megacorporations established a sprawling base at Deneb. Corporations, independent merchants, and settlers set off from Deneb to the worlds off the mainstream.

The frontier moved into the Spinward Marches sector. In 50, the first contact between the Third Imperium and the Zhodani Consulate occurred. In 53, Imperial scouts contacted the Sword Worlds.

Imperial settlement of the Marches began in earnest when LSP sponsored settlement of Mora in 60 as a base for exploring and colonizing the sector. Between 60 and 160, the LSP explored Deneb and Spinward Marches sectors.

In 148, scouts contacted the Darian Confederation.

In 75, Regina was settled. Imperials quickly settled other worlds near Regina. Increasing trade moved the center of spinward trade from Deneb to Mora.

During these years, the frontier was relatively secure and stable, while the Imperial interior was racked with Pacification Campaigns and ugly little wars.

PACIFICATION CAMPAIGNS (75 TO 120)

By 75, large areas (several approaching a full sector in size) impeded expansion and consolidation. A series of operations forced membership in the Imperium on worlds which resisted annexation. Although the campaigns were predominantly economic and diplomatic, the Imperium used force when peaceful methods failed. Its battle fleets and troops rarely failed when brought to bear.

Vi'lan Pacification Campaign: The Archduke of Vi'land pacified Dagudashaag sector. This campaign targeted portions of Dagudashaag and Gushemege sectors.

Parts of Gushemege were extensively ravaged. They were resettled from Vi'land sector under a special program sponsored by Makhidkarun.

Iliosh Pacification Campaign: Iliosh Domain was easily incorporated into the Imperium for two reasons. First, the populace welcomed a successor to the Rule of Man. Second, the region was still fragmented and disorganized from the effects of the Long Night.

The Archduke of Iliosh pacified Iliosh sector and the Darmine region in Zarushagar Sector. This cultural region, suppressed by the First Imperium, had been independent since the Rule of Man.

The Sylean Pacification Campaign: The Emperor, as Archduke of Sylea, pacified Fornast and Delphi sectors.

The Antarean Pacification Campaign: Antares Domain was only partially absorbed into the Imperium. Most of it had not been part of the Rule of Man.

The Archduke of Antares pacified much of Lishun sector. In 89, the Antarean Campaign annexed the Antares Cluster, twelve worlds lying rimward of Antares. The Imperium failed to absorb Mesian, M'dan, and Amdukan sectors, which had been part of the old First Imperium.

CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGNS (120 TO 175)

As the campaigns ended, Emperor Artemusus created the Domains (a collection of four sectors) as instruments for continuing Imperial expansion. Each Archduke was to reduce resistance in his Domain. Artemusus dedicated the Imperium to incorporating all worlds within the former borders of the First and Second Imperiums.

Rydel Expeditions (153 and 160): Inesh Rydel led expeditions seeking a usable jump route across the Great Rift from Corridor (rimward) to Deneb. A viable route would make the frontier sectors "behind the claw" much more accessible, cutting travel and communications time.
dramatically. The first expedition originated from Sinta (Corridor 2037) and eventually arrived by various routes at Ashishinipar (Corridor 0931). Nearly a year was spent trying to find a way to go further, to no avail.

A second attempt, made by a different route, ended on Ishirdu (Corridor 0338). This proved closer, but not close enough to Yoma/Vast Heavens (Deneb 3031), the closest possible world in this area of the rift.

THE JULIAN WAR (175 TO 191)

The failure to annex the original First Imperium sectors of Meshan, Mendan, and Amdukan was the biggest failure of the Pacification Campaigns. Martin I, frustrated after nine years of negotiations, mobilized the Imperial fleets in 175 to annex those sectors.

In 178, Imperial forces captured Lasla, the capital, and several important industrial worlds deep in Meshan sector. The populace refused to concede. Sporadic fighting along the Meshan and Mendan borders continued until 185.

In 185, concentrated forces of the Julian Protectorate crossed the rift of the Empty Quarter to attack Antares sector. Long range raids virtually destroyed the Depots in Antares and Ley sectors. The Imperium withdrew fleets from the frontier to defend interior communication lines.

Relatively undefended, the Antares Cluster fell to a brief campaign. Using it as a base of operations, the Protectorate carried the war into the Imperium.

After narrowly losing several battles to regain the Antares Cluster, Emperor Martin I agreed to peace terms in 191. The Antares Cluster was organized into the League of Antares, and given autonomous status within the Imperium.

After the bad experiences with Antares, the emperors returned to peaceful expansion and colonization as the primary means to increase the number of Imperial worlds.

VARGR CAMPAIGNS (210 TO 348)

Martin II recognized the growing importance of Deneb and the Spinward Marches. He began the Vargr Campaigns to clear the routes connecting the frontier districts to the main territories of the Imperium.

The coreward edge of the Imperium bordered on established Vargr states of varying sizes. Imperial desire for order and stability conflicted with Vargr interests. The period saw numerous wars, encounters, and disputes between the Imperium and various Vargr states in Vland, Corridor, and Deneb sectors.

These sectors required heavy Vilani involvement. Meanwhile, other coreward areas rebuilt fleets and armies used up or drained during the Julian War.

The major Imperial expansion and settlement of the Spinward Marches occurred between 200 and 400. Regina and six nearby worlds joined the Imperium in 250.

Still, the area remained a frontier. Even in 326, many worlds were at low tech levels. Travel between the few high technology (and well-settled) worlds was a dangerous undertaking.

Cleon the Mad (244-5): Cleon III ascended the throne in 244, and became a homicidal maniac after his confirmation by the Moot. He marched suspected traitors off the sky palace's many terraces. When his advisors contradicted him, he had them shot or shot himself.

Cleon refused to abdicate, and personally shot those who asked him to step down. The dwindling cabinet agreed that he had to go. A secret meeting of the Moot approved the decision in advance.

The Duchess Porphria, Minister of Justice, actually performed the deed. The gunfight lasted less than three minutes. Porphria's heroic action and noble position were enough for the Moot to confirm her as Empress. This action also established the precedent for succession by right of assassination.

Imperial Guard committed to Vargr Campaigns: In 250, artillery and cavalry units were added to the Imperial Guard.

converting it from a ceremonial unit to a highly effective jump division. It was used extensively in the Vargr Campaigns in Corridor sector until 348.

New MegaCorporations: In 221, Lucienne Hortalez founded Hortalez et Cie. This insurance house specialized in loans to planetary governments and underwriting large-scale projects.

Schunnarmann founded SuSAG in 252, with money from new techniques for refining psionic drugs. SuSAG used Schunnarmann's techniques to process other drugs. It engaged in a wide variety of chemical, pharmaceutical, and gene engineering activities.

Sternmetal also grew to megacorporation size in this period. It has always been primarily a mining and manufacturing entity, making power generation and food synthesis equipment.

These three grew by filling basic needs of new settlements: financing, medicine, energy, and food.

Technology and Expansion: Around 300, Imperial technology reached a widespread tech level 13, and rimward expansion reached the edge of the Solomani Rim sector.

In 311, the Gem of Foriol, using the new TL 13 meson scrawls, landed on Sabroys and returned. Prior attempts to contact this world had failed because the race had a well-developed meson gun technology.

Not until 326 was the technology invented that allowed exploitation of worlds with insidious atmospheres (code C).

PEACE ONCE AGAIN (348 TO 418)

By the end of the Vargr Campaigns, the First Imperial Survey was well under way, having begun in 318. With the increasing amounts of survey data, the Scouts needed a place to store it. In 399, the Scouts refurbished the research station on Reference/Core as the repository for Survey data.

End of the Aslan Border Wars (380): Episodic, but continuing, struggles between Aslan clans and human settlers had gone on for a millennium. Gradual Imperial annexation
of the region led to a series of peace treaties (the Peace of Flahart) with the Asian clans involved. These established a thirty-parsec wide buffer zone between the Imperium and the Hierate.

Many Asian worlds had been incorporated into the Imperium by then. As a gesture of peace and mutual respect, the Asian Guard unit was formed from Asian native to the Imperium and stationed at the Imperial Palace.

Ancient Sites: Many new Ancient sites were found during the century-long First Survey. The obvious example is Antiquity in Corridor, the only functioning site ever discovered.

The Deneb, Spinward Marches, and Trojan Reach sectors are the regions in which the largest number of Droyne worlds and Ancient sites have been found. The Imperium has discovered over 200 sites; the Regina subsector alone has three sites. Of these, the two earliest sites discovered were Yori and Beck’s World. The other site, on Efate, was discovered in 354.

THE ILELISH REVOLT (418 TO 435)

Imperial expansion, aimed at increasing the number of worlds under Imperial authority, led to reduced priority for the problems of high population worlds. In 399, several high population worlds in the Ilelish sector began negotiating for an autonomous region in their sector. They felt that greater control over interstellar trade was the key to greater profitability.

In 418, the world of Ilelish declared its independence from the Imperium. Twelve other high population worlds joined it in the following year. By 420, the revolt had spread to six subsectors.

Martin Il posed a blockade around the revolt. Massed Imperial fleets enforced the blockade, and, one by one, locked the rebellious worlds into surrendering without any large-scale violence. Ilelish surrendered in 435. Its equatorial zone was evacuated, and then blasted into sterility. Dian, a loyal high-population world, became the new sector capital. It was hoped this would put an end to such rebellion.

Fringe Events: In 420, the Scout Service released the first astrographic and demographic survey of the Imperium. This publication, more than a century in the making, made the Imperium’s records widely available for public use.

In 421, Asian explored the jump-4 route between Riftspan Reaches and the Spinward Marches. (The Asian had been in Riftspan since 1044. An Asian ship misjumped into the Spinward Marches, discovered dustspice, and returned to Riftspan. Asian merchants competed to find a viable route for getting this product.)

In 426, the Easter Concord, an independent interstellar state in Solomani Rim Sector, finally joined the Imperium, bringing the Imperium one step closer to Terra.

SEEDS OF DISCORD (435 TO 589)

In 475, Empress Nichollette and her immediate family were assassinated. Cleon IV is believed responsible. Claiming that Nichollette had been too weak to govern, he ascended the throne. He based his claim to legitimacy on a distant relationship to the Zhunanuub dynasty.

He did have strong supporters among the nobility. The blackmailed Moot elected Cleon emperor, but he was generally regarded as an interloper. He kept the Moot at bay by threatening violence against its members.

In 554, Emperor Cleon IV was assassinated. Jerome ascended by right of Moot election.

In 582, Emperor Jerome was assassinated. Empress Jaqueline ascended by right of Moot election. She implemented economic policies based on cost-effectiveness that led to expansion of the Imperium’s rimward fringe.

Zhodani Consulate Expanding (Circa 460): In 461, Zhodani traded with Asian in the Trojan Reaches.

Terra Annexed (589): The Imperium absorbed the Solomani homeworld in 588. A later scientific expedition proved the Solomani Hypothesis, the theory that all human races originally came from Terra.

Beginnings of the Frontier Wars: The dearthfulness of non-psionic human races repelled the Zhodani. They felt that the Imperium sought to hamper Zhodanis’ slow, conservative expansion by preempting the best planets.

Imperial expansion between 200 and 500 expelled the minor Zhodani outposts in the Spinward Marches. By 500, the Imperium began exploring into Zhodani territory. By 550, the two empires had intermingled their settlements, sharing systems in some cases. Mutual differences heightened tensions, bringing conflict and then open warfare.

The original Outworld Coalition formed in the early 500s. The Zhodani rallied to their side some of the Vargr in Gvurundon sector. Memories of the imperial campaigns against Vargr states in Corridor sector swayed some Vargr into joining the Zhodani. The Coalition’s early history was of continual struggle for organization. Establishing and maintaining Vargr governments in power fully occupied the Zhodani.

Imperial alliance with the Darrian Confederation alienated the Sword Worlds, who cite the absorption in 470 of most of Vilis subsector as another reason why they, too, joined the Coalition against the Imperium.

THE FIRST FRONTIER WAR (589 TO 604)

According to the battle plan of the Coalition, the Vargr were to harry the coreward edge of the Spinward Marches, especially Regina and Aramis subsectors, while the Zhodani took Cronor and Jewell subsectors. The initial attacks easily expelled Imperial settlements from Zhodani territory in Foreven/Iakr sector. The Vargr’s dismal failure, however, caused the Outworld Coalition to collapse. Fortunately for the aggressors, unpreparedness and communication lapses left the Spinward Marches to fight the war on its own.

Raids against high population worlds deep in the sector characterized the next fifteen years of fighting. The Zhodani confined their commerce raiding to the Imperial worlds in all eight coreward subsectors of the Spinward Marches. Extensive commerce raiding lasted until 597.

The Darrian Confederation allied with the Imperium during the war, after Zhodani ships penetrated the Confederation’s coreward borders.

In 604, Grand Admiral of the Marches Olay haut-Plankwell inflicted a massive defeat on an expeditory Zhodani/Vargr fleet at Zivije following its raid against Jae Tellona. Tremendous losses crippled both sides’ ability to fight. The war ended as a military stalemate.

OUTBREAK OF THE CIVIL WAR (604 TO 615)

The negotiated armistice left the Zhodani in control of the Cronor subsector of the Spinward Marches, but established extensive Imperial claims elsewhere in the sector. It was acclaimed an Imperial victory. Admiral Olay haut-Plankwell simultaneously castigated the central Imperial authority for its lack of support during the war.
The Imperium was ousted from Foraven/Iakr sector. The Zhodani had achieved their aim of stopping the threatening pace of Imperial expansion.

The Frontier War brought a desire for cooperation to the Sword Worlds that led to the first unified confederation in centuries, the Second Dominate. Later annexation of four worlds started the continuing conflict with the Darran Confederation.

The First Frontier War only threw off the spark that started the Civil War. The lag-time in interstellar communication, reduced expansionist tendencies, rivalry for power among major military commanders, and the diverse background of the Imperium's many constituents all combined to fan the Civil War into full flame.

The power struggle lasted through eighteen years and eighteen Emperors. The Emperors of the Flag were all naval officers of flag (admiral) rank. All were genetically pure Solomani. Ten died in battle, seven were assassinated, and one survived — Arbellatra.

The Nature of the Fighting: A succession of pretenders appeared, each commanding a battle fleet that tried to gain control of the Imperium. The fleets and squadrons that resisted them often did so without leadership, instead defending the idea of the Imperium.

Battles were of two varieties: fringe and Core. Fringe battles occurred throughout the Imperium as rival factions recruited forces. Once any power bloc built up enough strength for victory to seem possible, its forces moved to the Core to seize control of the Imperial bureaucracy or wrest it from someone else.

The major battle fleets were jump-3 capable, although some select squadrons were jump-4. Travel from Ryhlanor/Spinward Marches to Capital/Core required 58 jumps. News often travelled even more slowly.

Olav's Reign: Grand Admiral of the Marches Olav hault-Plankwell found solid support for a new government. Dissatisfaction with the lack of support during recent frontier war was widespread in the Spinward Marches. He travelled to the Imperial Core. Jumping his War Fleet to Capital in 606, he forced an audience with Empress Jaqueline I, supposedly for recognition of his war effort.

Plankwell's assault forced most of the Imperial Guard to surrender. The Aslan Guard fought until it was virtually destroyed, gaining fame and its reputation as one of the toughest and most loyal of the Guard regiments. This gave Jaqueline's Escort Force time to prepare its last ditch defense. It died to the last man while futilely defending her.

Plankwell personally murdered the Empress. He proclaimed himself emperor by right of fleet control. His fleet gave the Moot no choice but acquiescence.

Plankwell disbanded the Guard: it was not reformed until after the Civil War was over. It had so decimated his marines and ship's troops, however, that he did not have enough loyal troops to retain control.

In 608, Ramon, Olav's chief of staff, convinced large portions of the fleet to attempt an overthrow of Olav I. In the Battle of Tricanus 5, Ramon's forces were apparently defeated. In a final closing action, however, Olav's flagship was destroyed with all hands. The lack of enough marines aboard Plankwell's flagship led directly to his death in a last minute boarding action.

The Moot elected Ramon emperor.

The First Cosmic Scramble: Ramon inherited none of Plankwell's strengths, and greater weaknesses. The weakness of his position (as an almost defeated pretender) and losses in the Plankwell/Ramon War Fleet made a challenge inevitable. The disturbed times, however, prevented any successor from gaining a majority in the Moot.

Constantius murdered Ramon I later in 609, and claimed to be emperor by right of assassination. The Moot did not support his claim. The fleet sided with Constantius in his attempts to find a power base in the core.

Nicolai defeated and killed Constantius in 610 at the Battle of Rakakaka. The remnants of Plankwell's troublesome War Fleet scattered. The Moot elected Nicolai emperor; he ruled for two years.

George murdered Nicolai in 612. The Moot again did not acknowledge the right of assassination, and George was murdered in 613.

The Second Cosmic Scramble: Between 613 and 615, numerous emperors ruled fragments of the Imperial Core, but the Moot supported no one. The Sylene Home Worlds formed a temporarily autonomous state. Historians hold that there was no break in the continuity of the Imperium, because the bureaucracy continued to function.

Rise of Cleon V: Cleon rose to prominence, and in 615 subjugated the Sylene Home Worlds. Later in that year, a close vote in the Moot finally proclaimed Cleon V emperor. Upon receiving news of the Second Frontier War, he appointed Arbellatra Grand Admiral of the Marches.

THE SECOND FRONTIER WAR (615 TO 620)

The Outworld Coalition reformed in 609, wishing to reverse their defeat in the First Frontier War. The Second Frontier War began with an attack on Cipango (Spinward Marches 0705), and then expanded to engulf three subsectors. Although they again failed to hold any territory, the Vargr performance was considerably improved. This time the Coalition took portions of Jewell subsector.

The fierce initial battles strengthened local resolve, and drew the fighting out. With the meager local and Imperial forces, Grand Admiral of the Marches Arbellatra fought a holding action accompanied by behind-the-lines raids.

The Darrian Confederation allied with the Imperium after Zhodani ships penetrated its coreward borders. It hired large numbers of Aslan at this time. There were unconfirmed rumors that the Zhodani withdrew from Darrian space in the Second Frontier War after uncovering evidence that the Darrians were investigating the possibility of inducing subnova flares in several nearby systems.

After three years of holding off the enemy, the Imperium had again assembled large forces to face the Coalition. The completion of several large dreadnoughts in local shipyards and the arrival of reinforcements from the Marches enabled Arbellatra to fight a decisive battle and force a stalemate situation.

Arbellatra secured a peace treaty by ceding more territory. The Imperium lost Cronor subsector. A dozen Imperial systems in Vills subsector asked for and received release from their allegiance. The peace did establish reasonably secure borders, which would stand for 350 years.

The Imperium occupied 11 worlds of the Sword Worlds Confederation for five years after the war. This only aggrivated anti-Imperial feeling on those worlds.

Fall of Cleon V: In 618, radical nobles in the Moot instigated an uprising. Joseph attacked Cleon V, and killed him at the Battle of Markacht. The Moot proclaimed Joseph emperor by a very close vote. Many nobles refused to swear allegiance to him.

The Third Cosmic Scramble: Joseph was defeated and killed later in 618 by Donald in the Battle of Arakoin. The Moot denied Donald's claim: the radicals held enough influence to deny him recognition. He was the only emperor to
defeat his predecessor in battle and still fail to gain the Moot's support.

Emdirl assassinated Donald still later in 618, but she also failed to gain the Moot's support. Donald had begun a program against the radicals in the Moot, but Emdirl's opportunistic power play failed to gain even their support. She was the last claimant unsupported by the Moot.

619 — The Year of the Five Emperors: Catherine murdered Emdirl, but was later murdered by Ramon II. In the battle of Nivzhine Belt, Jaqueline II defeated Ramon II. In the Second Battle of Arakoin, Usuti defeated Jaqueline II. None of the five ruled longer than three months.

620: Marava defeated Usuti at the Third Battle of Arakoin. After a brief siege, her forces destroyed the Grand Sky Palace of Martin II. Ivan subsequently defeated Marava in the Battle of Sultgami.

621: Martin VI defeated Ivan in the First Battle of Zhimayway. He was murdered by Gustus, who then took the throne.

END OF THE CIVIL WAR (620 TO 629)

Arbellatra, like Olav, jumped her fleet to the Imperial Core. After several months of cat-and-mouse maneuvering, she defeated the putative Emperor, Gustus, and the remnants of the Central Fleet at the Second Battle of Zimayway. She did not seize the throne, but instead held power in trust for a rightful successor.

This act, giving the image of patriotic responsibility, brought the first trickle of legitimacy back to the Iridium Throne. Her selection as Regent ended the Civil War.

Arbellatra granted an imperial absolution for all military actions fought during the Civil War. She also replaced the Archduke of Antares with Admiral Soegez, for the treason of not supporting her as Regent. The search for Jaqueline's heir continued for seven years. During her Regency, Arbellatra impressed the Moot and established a broad power base. Ultimately, the Moot approached her to take the throne herself.

STABILITY (629 TO 760)

In 629, in one of her first acts, Empress Arbellatra reformed the Imperial Guard, drawn from all regions of the Imperium. She began a third floating Grand Palace which was finished in 633. Its sheer magnitude, a one-kilometer sphere, was meant to signal that a new era of power and progress had begun.

In 660, the Imperium stabilized at its present size. The Imperium turned its attention inward, devoting resources to internal development and consolidation.

In a sense, the illusory Revolt had finally succeeded. The Imperium focused on the problems of member worlds instead of on continued expansion. It was, however, true that post-war policies ended the unstable period which began with the illusory Revolt in 418 or the assassination of Empress Nicholle in 475.

Post Civil War trends: In the stability following the Civil War, several trends began to emerge.

Vilani resurgence: In the troubled Civil War period, Vilani leaders and industrialists began to challenge Solomani dominance of the Third Imperium. The reaction was the formation of the vocal Solomani Movement.

Solomani Movement: Solomani influence at court peaked after the Civil War, and then began to decline. In 679, Emperor Zhakirov (a Solomani) married Antima Shishugina (a Vilani noblewoman), and banished the more vocal Solomani from the Imperial court.

Following fights at court, the Imperium established the Solomani Autonomous Region (or Solomani Sphere) in 704. It then ignored the region, allowing it to develop independently while the Imperium concentrated on its coreward frontiers, the Spinward Marches, and Gateway Sector.

Domains de-emphasized: The post-war emperor de-emphasized the Domains. This reduced the power of the Archdukes, but was also motivated by belief that the domains had completed their function of expanding the Imperium.

The Domains ceased to be a level in the naval hierarchy. The title Grand Admiral of the Marches became obsolete.

Psionics: The Psionic Institutes campaigned for more interest between 600 and 800. After 650, psionics underwent a tremendous boom in popularity. It reached its peak in the latter half of the 700s. In the 790s, however, the crest of popular opinion broke with the revelation of scandals in the Institutes.

Technical Achievements: The Imperium attained tech level 14 around 700. Makhidkarun developed the first TL 14 robot brain in 711.

Xboat network: In 624, Arbellatra established an express boat system to enhance government, commercial, and private communication. It covered the entire Imperium by 718. Typically, communication routes connect, or pass within three parsecs of, worlds with A or B starports.

Battle riders: In the 700s, the Imperial Navy began experimenting with battle rider squadrons. Between ships of equal tonnage, the one without jump drives (and tanks) will mount more armament and protection. A BatRon of Riders will therefore defeat an equal tonnage squadron of jump-capable battleships.

The initial concept focused on the number of line ships, usually around 10 per battle squadron. Consequently, initial squadrons consisted of 3 carriers with three riders each to make nine line-of-battle ships. Later the Navy settled on the current concept of one carrier for all riders in the squadron.

Two New Megacorporations: In the post Civil War years, two new Megacorporations emerged.

General Products: Formed by merging several smaller manufacturers shortly after the end of the Civil War, it produced mainly spacecraft at first. There was a boom time for shipyards after the Civil War. Merchant and military losses were replaced, the xboat system was being established, and there was a general economic boom. General grew to megacorporation status through timely diversification.

Instellarms: Founded by Axel Murdoch. He used contacts in the Imperial military to purchase excess equipment cheaply, but he still had to have raised billions somehow. Instellarms came to dominate the interstellar mercenary arms trade throughout the Imperium in two centuries, mainly because of the risks it was willing to take.

MINOR CONFLICTS (760 TO 800)

After a prolonged period of great stability, minor conflicts began to surface again in and around the Imperium.

Kamurlimar Rebellion (760): This rebellion, in Gushmaeg sector, was suppressed by the Imperial Navy.

Emperor Tomutov (767-768): Although he came to the throne eagerly in 767, Emperor Tomutov soon found the world of power politics to be beyond him. Try as he might, he could not adjust to the pressures of the crown, and he gave up office in 768.

Darrian War (788): In 788, a short war between the Darrians and Sword Worlds Confederation resulted in the Darrians recovering four worlds lost in the First Frontier War. Resulting outcry caused the collapse of the current Sword Worlds Confederation, and led to governmental instability until 852.
Droyne Proved to be a Major Race: In 790, Imperial scientists confirmed through archeological evidence that the Droyne had used jump travel before the modern dominant races entered space. Subsequent cross-checking pushed the date they had jump travel farther and farther back.

PSIONIC SUPPRESSIONS (800-828)
The revelation of scandals, both financial and ethical, at the Psionic Institutes led to widespread suppression of psionics. Psionics had been increasingly popular in the Imperium; public opinion now became strongly anti-psionic.

In 800, psi drugs were declared illegal, all plants engaged in their manufacture within the Imperium closed, and all stocks were confiscated and destroyed. A general order to the realm “suppressed” the institutes. Over the next ten years, 65 suppression orders temporarily suppressed their charters, and then 65 more revoked the charters.

POLITICAL CHANGES IN THE WIND (826 TO 979)
In 871, the government of the Solomani Autonomous Region reorganized itself as the Solomani Confederation. The Imperial government at first ignored this virtual declaration of independence.

By 900, reports that the Solomani rule of many client worlds within the sphere was over-bearing and heavy-handed forced Empress Margaret to reassess the situation. In 940, by proclamation, she dissolved the Solomani Sphere and re-integrated it within the Imperium. The Solomani resisted, later to be crushed in the Solomani Rim War.

THE THIRD FRONTIER WAR (979 TO 986)
The long period of uneasy peace between the Imperium and the Zhodani Consulate finally erupted into war in 979. After several years of saber-rattling, Zhodani battle fleets struck simultaneous blows in the Querion and Jewell subsectors. The Coalition directed its major effort at Efate, Bouguene, and Pixie (all in the Regina subsector) in an effort to cut off Jewell subsector. This was essentially the same strategy used in previous wars.

Imperial reaction was deficient; initially, although reinforcements were soon brought to the battles. Emperor Styrux, an ex-marine, was more concerned with the Solomani than with the Zhodani hordes.

Eventually, the Coalition launched a drive through the Vilis and Lanth subsectors, supported only by a narrow string of bases. The Zhodani hoped to reduce Rhylanor, and establish a major stronghold, before the Imperium could respond. They gained a foothold at Jae Tellina. From there, both Rhylanor and Poroazo were put under siege. Major forces took Poroazo, and it provided a supporting base for the siege of Rhylanor.

The diversion of large portions of the Imperial Fleet from their main engagement in the Regina subsector brought the war to a stalemate. Rhylanor was the scene of several battles, but neither side could advance. Substantial reinforcements from Sabine subsector finally forced the Zhodani back.

By 981, the war was back on an even footing. Subsequent naval actions were concentrated in Regina and Vilis subsectors. Hostilities continued until 986 with little gain. Fighting focused on planetary sieges less than in previous wars. Commerce raiding, deep thrusts by cruiser squadrons, and harassment of civilian shipping dominated events. Civilian losses and lack of progress led to severe public disaffection with the high command and the Imperial government.

The armistice heavily favored the Zhodani. It ceded systems in the Jewell subsector and allowed Zhodani occupation of several in the Querion subsector. Moreover, the Imperium withdrew from their previous positions, creating a demilitarized region through much of Vilis subsector.

POST-WAR (986 TO 990)
Gram seized control of the Sword Worlds Confederation when the war ended.

In the Imperium there was widespread dissatisfaction with the handling and outcome of the Third Frontier War. With the support of the Imperial General Staff and most of the Imperial Armed Forces, the Imperial Guard under General Nicola Dienne staged a palace coup in 990.

The IESS body guard had to be killed in a brief firefight with the Asian Guard regiment. Styrux was found cowering in his personal shelter. He abdicated in favor of his eldest son Gavin at the point of General Dienne’s gauss pistol.

In 982, Archduke Ovalle of Sol dreamed about a war involving his domain in the near future. He ordered his court moved to Torrel. However, Ovalle died three months after Styrux’s abdication. Archduke Klaxaen, his successor, immediately ended the transfer operation.

Some speculate that the dislocation of Sol Domain contributed to Styrux’s downfall. This may be overstated, but the disruption did positively contribute to the Solomani’s subsequent actions.

THE SOLOMANI RIM WAR (990 TO 1002)
The Solomani hoped to profit from Imperial preoccupation with the Third Frontier War, and the disorganization following the abdication of Emperor Styrux. They re-asserted their claim to the entire Solomani Sphere in 999, including those portions re-absorbed into the Third Imperium.

The Imperium declared war in 990. The war affected all parts of the Imperium. At Capital, the Solomani Rim Guard regiment was disbanded because of doubts about its loyalty. Even in the Spinward Marches, Solomani exiles were apprehended and put in detention camps.

The Solomani Confederation was equipped mostly at tech level 13. The Imperial Navy was equipped at tech level 14, but the Imperium attained a marginal tech level 15 around 1000, during the war.

The initial phase went very well for the Confederation, because its massed fleets were superior to the Imperium’s sizable border fleets. The Solomani took back most of the border worlds lost in the last 50 years, and occupied some worlds outside the Solomani Sphere.

Solomani fortunes were checked in 993 when a large invasion fleet attempted to regain worlds in the Old Expanses sector. Near-fanatical resistance repulsed it with heavy losses.

The period from 993 to 998 was one of stalemate. The Solomani abandoned further expansion in order to rebuild their forces. Inflexibly defending every border world, however, constantly drained their resources. The Imperium’s greater industrial base made its power felt as the Imperial Navy achieved strategic dominance by 998.

The last phase of the war, 998 to 1002, consisted of a near-continuous Imperial advance into the heart of the Solomani Sphere. The Imperials attacked along two parallel axes of advance, while task forces spread out to create a huge pocket. The Solomani were unable to halt the main advances.

Liberation of the Vegan District in 1001 gave the Imperium a secure base in Terra’s subsector. The Solomani responded with a desperate gamble. They united their remaining naval forces into a single fleet, and put their best admiral, Ivan Wolfe, in command.
Ivan struck at the 17th Imperial Fleet first. After inflicting a major defeat on its advance guard at the Battle of Agidda, he then struck at the Imperium's first Fleet advancing out of the Vegan District. The quick reorganization of 17th Fleet and its timely arrival at Dingir was decisive. At the Battle of Dingir, in early 1002, the Imperial fleets scattered and substantially destroyed the Solomani Grand Fleet.

Wolfe collected the remnants of the Grand Fleet and retreated deeper into the Solomani Sphere. The Solomani fought on fanatically.

In 1002, a little-known commando strike eliminated Inhra (Old Expanses 0607) as an Imperial supply source. The planet's environmental controls were concentrated in relatively few control areas. The Solomani commandos shut down those controls, killing billions in a few short hours.

The Imperial Admiralty decided it had to invade Terra to end forever the claims of Solomani superiority and use of Terra as a rallying standard. Assembling an invasion force ended pursuit of the defeated Solomani fleet.

The Imperium committed 14 battleship squadrons and five corps to capture Terra. The invasion began in the second quarter of 1002, and fighting lasted until nearly the end of the year. Before the Imperium conquered the planet, Terra had been packed with Solomani ground troops and planetary defenses. The Battle for Terra consumed so much Imperial strength that the Imperial Admiralty felt they lacked sufficient strength to resume the advance.

The Solomani military commanders, glad for the opportunity to regroup their remaining forces, agreed to an armistice. Both governments, concerned by the strain of the protracted war on their economies, informally agreed to extend the armistice indefinitely. Thus the war ended.

Although scholars debate the wisdom of invading Terra, the war was a major Imperial victory. The Imperium reabsorbed 25% of the Solomani Sphere, set up a vigorous Vegan District to oversee Imperial interests, and largely discredited the central tenet of the Solomani Movement.

Second Survey Started (995): The data from the first survey of the 400s was badly out of date and the current data needed to be corroborated, so the Scouts started the Second Survey.

AFTER THE RIM WAR (1002 TO 1082)

The navy, which had used battle riders since the 700s, largely converted to battle riders after these wars. Replacing war losses and rebuilding the battle line at tech level 15 provided the opportunity to make the change-over.

The improved capabilities allowed by the achievement of tech level 15 contributed to the decision that battle riders had come of age, and were the configuration of the future. It was now possible to make tender-battlerider combinations where one tender could carry all 8-10 riders in a squadron, and the riders could stand in the line of battle.

Mason Rebellion: Khikaba/Shunes. (Lishun 0929) revolted in 1020. The Imperial Navy took twelve years to restore order, in part because fleet assets were tied down in the Spinward Marches and on the Solomani border.

Second Survey Completed: In 1065, the scout service released the second comprehensive survey of the Imperium. It took 70 years to compile, went to greater lengths, and included more world data and more complete astrographic data.

Strephon Becomes Emperor: In 1071, Strephon became the forty-third Emperor of the Third Imperium. He was then 22.

The Rachleian Revolts: The Rachle society, a secret Viliari supremacy group, fomented a major uprising on Pretoria (Deneb/Pretoria). The group favored genocidal policies. An attempt at nuclear blackmail ended in a nuclear explosion that killed 26,000 people and resulted in the imposition of martial law.

Although regarded as a local, if violent, event at the time, the incident has since been cited as evidence of rising militancy among Viliari citizens. Most pro-Viliari (or anti-Solomani) groups advocate violence.

Joyeuse Balkanized: In 1078, civil war broke out on Joyeuze in the Sword Worlds Confederation, and balkanized the world. Fighting has continued off and on since then. Joyeuse had been one of the dominant worlds in the Confederation, but now has little influence.

THE FOURTH FRONTIER WAR (1092-1084)

An incident near Quai/Cronor unintentionally began the war. A series of battles ensued in the Jewell and Cronor subsectors. Neither side was prepared, and the war was little more than a skirmish — compared to earlier conflicts.

Esalim (Jewell 0204) fell in the opening weeks. The Vargr and the Zodhani jointly assaulted Jewell and Regina subsectors, but the initial assaults stalled at the borders. Most of the later fighting occurred in Jewell subsector.

The final battle, the Battle of Two Suns, was fought midway between Yres and Menorb. Losses on both sides were heavy, but the Imperium held the field. Had the battle gone the other way, the loss of both Yres and Menorb would have forced the evacuation of Efate and the collapse of the coreward end of the Regina subsector. Instead, lengthening supply lines prevented further outward advances.

Emperor Strephon delegated war powers to Norris, Duke of Regina. This brought a speedy end to a conflict that otherwise could have been hampered by long delays in communications between Capital and the front. An armistice ended the war after 18 months of fighting. Instructions and reinforcements had not yet reached the Marches from the Imperial capital.

The war resulted in some realignment of accepted boundaries, but in no real gains for either side. Esalim/Jewell shifted from Imperial control to Neutral status. A joint communiqué by the Imperial and Zodhani governments declared Esalim a neutral world in 1098. The Imperium also lost Navar/Chronor, but it gained two worlds from the Sword Worlds.

THE RECENT PAST (1084 TO 1107)

The Fourth Frontier War demonstrated that the Imperium could no longer achieve a clear superiority at all points along the frontier. Naval policy had favored a "crust" strategy, with major fleet elements well forward in potential trouble spots such as the Spinward Marches. This strategy worked for decades due to the Imperium's tremendous technological and material lead over its neighbors.

The Admiralty re-examined the Imperium's fundamental naval strategy, and evolved an elastic defense posture. Colonial forces in the frontier areas were strengthened and centered around "islands of resistance": high population, high technology worlds capable of withstanding protracted sieges. Colonial fleets and armies now formed the Imperium's first line of defense.

The Admiralty reduced fleet strength in border areas, but created much larger reserves. Imperial border fleets were to delay hostile advances and disrupt sieges of key worlds, until major fleet reserves could intervene and re-establish the status quo.

The Imperial Admiralty concentrated all Rider Battalions in the strategic reserves, and filled the frontier forces
exclusively with ships. Rider BatRons suffered disproportionate losses during the early weeks of the Fourth Frontier War. When facing superior numbers, they were unable to withdraw.

**Domains Re-emphasized:** After the Fourth Frontier War and the communication problems it presented, Emperor Strephon decided to reemphasize the importance of the Archduke position as a means of controlling and guiding the Imperium to respond more quickly and effectively. He reestablished the Domain as a level in the Imperial Navy, making it more likely to collect taxes. Later, he gave the archdukes the right to legislate and enforce the emperor's desires on a local level.

**Other Events:** In 1103, the Rachele Society resurfaced in Lishun sector. In a power play at the Dynan Naval Depot, Zid Rachele and his followers attempted to steal several mothballed warships. They were quickly defeated, and Rachele's vessel destroyed.

In 1104, Emperor Strephon appointed Dulinor, one of his closest friends, Archduke of Lishun. Dulinor has actively, and vocally, attacked conservative institutions. He has instituted a universal draft, established policies for the dissemination of technology, and advanced his subjects' standard of living.

In 1105, the Islands Cluster (Rift sector) erupted into general warfare. The hostilities ultimately resulted in the formation of the Rift Republic.

**THE FIFTH FRONTIER WAR (1107-1110)**

Following several years of unrest and provocation, Zodani forces attacked across the Imperial borders, while previously placed guerilla units on selected Imperial worlds began uprisings. Vargr and Sword Worlds forces allied with the Zodani also participated.

In 1107, the Zodani launched a sneak attack on Regina/Rhena. Jewel was besieged, as other worlds in its sector fell to the Zodani. Like previous wars, initial Outworld successes faded as Imperial resistance stiffened.

The Zodani provincial governor had assumed that Jewel would surrender when isolated. It did not, and tied down major forces. The Zodani maintained the siege, but moved ships out of the area in 1108 to prepare another move.

In 1109, Imperial forces defeated both the Vargr and the Sword Worlds in secondary campaigns. Meanwhile, the Imperial and Zodani reserves met.

In early 1109, the Zodani 40th Fleet struck at Vila subsector. It aimed for Rhyanor. In last ditch defensive battles at Rhyanor and Porozi, the Imperial Corridor Fleet defeated the 40th Fleet. The Zodani were forced to withdraw behind the Abyss.

The situation had bogged down to a stalemate. Faced with the prospect of a long war of attrition, the two sides agreed to a negotiated settlement. The war ended with a return to the pre-war status quo.

Although the Imperium eventually triumphed, military experts are critical of the war's direction. Admiral Santanochev has been widely blamed, but some feel a wider look must be taken at the entire command structure.

**CURRENT EVENTS (1110 TO 1115)**

In 1113, Imperial forces soundly routed several Vargr corsair fleets at the Second Battle of Anarsi. On receiving word of the battle, Baroness Sessoi of Donet/Usani stated, "Only villains and criminals dare challenge the Imperium's authority to rule the space lanes." •

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Let us know what you think! Photocopy the survey below, fill it out for the articles you read, and send it to: TD18 Survey Sweepstakes, 8979 Mandan Ct., Boise, ID 83709. Three names will be chosen at random to win a free subscription to The Travellers' Digest. Deadline for entries is March 15, 1990.

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**FOR OUR INFORMATION**

1. Do you use the rebellion background?  
   [ ] Yes  [ ] No

2. We could continue to print one or two sectors in their entirety in each issue. This takes several pages, as you can see in this issue. Shall we print one? Two? Or merely the subsector in which the adventure takes place? Or an entire separate product which maps the whole Imperium?  
   [ ] One Sector  [ ] Two Sectors  
   [ ] Subsector Only  [ ] Entire Separate Product

3. Do you like the new visual nugget format for adventures?  
   [ ] Yes  [ ] No

4. Are you a referee?  [ ] Yes  [ ] No

5. Do you play the adventures or just read them?  
   [ ] Read  [ ] Play

6. How many players in your regular gaming group?  

Name and Address:   Comments:
**Corridor**

**LIBRARY DATA OF THE SECTOR**
—by James Holden, Philip Athans, Mike Mikesh, and David Riddell

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**Corridor: Subsector Key**

Afinajo Fungus: The afinajo fungus, native to Buagki/Strand (1112), reproduces by means of minute spores. The spores act as a powerful psychotropic agent on both humans and Vargr. Results are unpredictable and highly dependent upon the individual. Afinajo spores have been put to many uses. SuSAG is currently attempting to synthesize a variant of the fungus’ psychoactive compound. The megacorporation’s goal is to produce a drug to combat mental illness.

Military agencies are rumored to use afinajo fungi in biological warfare. Illegal ‘najo inhalers have been used for decades, to the annoyance of sector law enforcement personnel.

The Travellers’ Aid Society found afinajo spores sufficiently dangerous to declare Buagki an amber zone.

**Corridor Chronicles**: The Corridor Chronicles is a comprehensive guide to the history, locales, and peoples of Corridor sector. Founded on Kaasu in 183, the Chronicles share similarities with both the Argushighi Admegulasha Bilianid of Vland and the Traveller News Service. However, the Chronicles’ main orientation is toward the history and culture of the sector, whereas the AAB is a true general encyclopedia, and the TNS is a full-fledged news network.

The Chronicles contain information on the worlds of Corridor Sector, their histories, peoples, cultures, and economies, sector nobility, popular ideologies, and other topics. The Chronicles are completely revised every four years, although periodic updates appear more often.

As the sector’s most illustrious civilian information-gathering service, the Chronicles still strive to uphold their motto, “Faithful to the Truth”, despite the political turmoil of the Rebellion. Often, two or more reporters from the Chronicles will be assigned to cover a story from different angles just to ensure unbiased coverage.

**Dabiru, Judsen**: In 1108, Ministry of Justice agents uncovered a ring of psionicists who had infiltrated the government of neighboring Yubitty/Ian (Corridor 0313). Ministry officials tried to keep the affair from media exposure but failed. Most of the criminals were apprehended, but a few — including Judsen Dabiru, the group’s leader — escaped to the neighboring colony of Muugagen/Ian (Corridor 0312).

Since then, the frequency of psionic crimes on Muugagen has risen drastically. Dabiru is believed to have mobilized psionic individuals to wreak his revenge upon the state. An anonymous Ministry of Justice source confirmed fears that Dabiru is expected to attempt a coup in the next five years.

**CORRIDOR SECTOR OVERVIEW**

As of mid-1119, Corridor is a divided sector. Deprived of its naval defenses, Corridor has been cut up piecemeal by human and Vargr alike. Corridor is presently closed to general interstellar traffic; commercial starships and boats can no longer move freely through the rimward region.

Currently, the Dzargh Federation controls the spinward half of Khouth and Ian Subsectors. The Irgkh Manifest has launched a two-pronged attack affecting non-Federate territory in Khouth and Ian, as well as parts of Lemish Subsector and The Narrows. Corsairs harass worlds along the coreward edge of the Great Rift, while ships of the Glory of Taarskoerzn raid the systems near Khukish.

Above these factions are the Vaenggva, Vargr corsairs made supreme by the capture of Depot (Corridor 1511) and coercion of its personnel. By gaining the support of Depot’s commander, Admiral Andreas Xavier, the Vaenggva now dominate the other corsairs and military units from Provence, forcefully uniting all under the banner of the new “Windhorn Alliance”.

At the present, Vargr raiders control the starlanes, despite their inferior numbers. With the sector’s fleet commanded by Lucan to fight Dulinor in the core, only scattered reserves oppose the Vargr corsairs.

Such a situation allows the Vargr to control the sector without having to install their own governments on individual worlds — an impossible task given their limited resources. Extermination of “protection’ from pillage keeps planets in line, while the constant threat of disrupted trade and communication outweighs the appeal of independence.

Corridor’s Imperial citizens have further split the sector, to trailing, the Restored Vilani Empire struggles to isolate itself, while across the Great Rift, “the real Strephon” claims Kivu and Sashrakusha Subsectors, and the nonhuman Brinn terrorize the inhabitants of the Sinta region.

In the midst of this chaos is Sector Duke Criston Lani Rehman. Despite a lack of personnel, starships, and supplies, Rehman continues his fight to restore order to the coreward half of Corridor. Billed as “the man the Vargr couldn’t kill,” Rehman has continually amazed his subjects by surviving attack after attack. Evicted from one system after another, Rehman has stayed “on the run” for months, finding allies and staging hit-and-run attacks whenever and wherever possible.

There seems little hope for stability in Corridor. Norris, beleaguered by both Aslan and Vargr in Deneb and Spinward Marches, can spare no forces. Vland offers no aid, and “the real Strephon” is fully occupied with his bid to reclaim the Iridium Throne. Few messages penetrate Corridor’s borders, so chances of help from afar are dim. Rumors of the imminent return of the Corridor Fleet and Rehman’s use of prototype weapons from the sector’s research stations all appear baseless.

Surprisingly, the only chance for unity in Corridor may rest with the Vargr: The Vaenggva are making efforts to restore a semblance of order. Interstellar trade and even email service have recently become more reliable. Some people now see Duke Rehman as a greater threat than the Vargr; to them, submission rather than resistance offers the best hope for the return to a peaceful existence.
Traveller—Library Data of the Corridor Sector

Gzorraeth/Khouth (0701 A490410-9): Gzorraeth is owned by Ulroidzoe Mining, a major corporation based within the Dzarrgh Federate. Ulroidzoe established Gzorraeth as its first extra-Federate mining operation. The world has become Ulroidzoe's chief supplier of radioactives.

Imperial authorities suspect Ulroidzoe of manufacturing fusion warheads on Gzorraeth and selling them to corsairs. Although the claim has never been validated, many feel that destruction of the Ulroidzoe facilities on Gzorraeth would deal the illicit Vargr arms trade a major blow.

Ighoth/Lemish (1904 A303300-C): Red Zone. Until 1117, the population of Ighoth numbered in the tens of thousands. In that year, however, a mysterious ship entered the system at high speed, apparently on automatic pilot. Vargr system defense forces boarded the giant derelict, found no cause for alarm, and brought it back to Ighoth.

Within a week, contact with Ighoth ceased. Ships jumping into the system encountered orbiting quarantine buoys prohibiting landing. Radio communications went unanswered. EMS scans of the world's surface revealed little or no activity. The logical assumption was that the derelict had carried some sort of virus which had evaded local decontamination procedures and wiped out the planet's inhabitants.

Shortly thereafter, Imperial authorities declared the Ighoth system off limits for fear of spreading whatever virulent epidemic wiped out the local Vargr.

Lemish/Lemish (1808 D979586C-A): Amber Zone. Lemish's starport and industrial capacity were severely damaged by recent Vargr raids. The planetary governor fervently declared his unwillingness to pay protection money to Vargr corsairs. In retaliation, the Vargr mustered a fleet and sacked the planet, specifically concentrating their attacks on the port and manufacturing complexes. The planet's technology dropped three levels. The shipyards were totally destroyed, and the other port facilities were barely functional after the attack.

At present, rebuilding efforts are in progress, but the disruption of interstellar trade in the sector has prevented the inhabitants from getting crucial supplies. Remnants of the Vargr fleet continue to patrol the system, and travellers are advised to avoid Lemish if possible.

Negh Oug/The Narrows (2694 C63A641-9): The population of Negh Oug is an uneven mixture of Vargr and Ojeshodu, the world's indigenous minor race. The Ojeshodu are a race of large, aquatic mammals, unsuited for life on dry land — very little of which exists on ocean-swathed Negh Oug. The technologically unsophisticated Ojeshodu readily submitted to foreign rule when the Vargr arrived; even today, their contributions to the planet's administration are practically invisible.

Interestingly, one Vargr sociologist, Dartsongze, suggested in 972 that the Ojeshodu ran the planetary government, manipulating the Vargr leaders as unsuspecting puppets. Within weeks, Dartsongze was murdered. To this day, it is uncertain whether he had uncovered an Ojeshodu plot or was killed at the request of insulted Vargr politicians.

Tarin Sink/Ashishinipar (1432 DAE3301-5): Tarin Sink is an Imperial client state and site of Corridor Research Station Epsilon. The planet was colonized by nine extended families during the wave of spinward expansion in the late 300s. Most of Tarin Sink's modern inhabitants are their descendants.

Later, the Imperium constructed a separate facility staffed by its own personnel. This station grew until it was officially designated Research Station Epsilon. Epsilon serves as a clearinghouse for unexplained phenomena. Within it are records of bizarre happenings and mysterious relics dating back tens or hundreds of millennia. Untranslated non-human accounts and strange engines predating the First Imperium await the person able to read or operate them.

Many items in the station's collection are so odd that they are freely displayed to the public, although Tarin Sink's position within the Great Rift limits the number of visitors. Imperial researchers, completely baffled by these objects, hope that someday, someone will pass through the station who can shed some light on these mysteries.

Umarag/Sasharakush (2631 C4698CC-B): The ISS base at Umarag has begun legal proceedings against the Naval base at Sumesz/Sasharakush (Corridor 2632).

Naval medics from nearby Sumesz took 120 chirpers for research purposes from a reservation on Umarag, where chirpers comprise over 60% of the population. Scout personnel maintained that such action violated the laws protecting the reservation and the chirpers' right to live un molested.

Initial rulings in 1114 favored the Navy, and the Scouts subsequently appealed the decision. The policies of "the real Strephon", favoring equal treatment of both natural and artificial sophonts, offer a new source of hope for the ISS.

Xapoq: A nonhuman minor race native to Xapoq/Sasharakush (Corridor 3131). The Xapoqi are solitary, fantastically long-lived creatures who subsist on the ultraviolet emissions of their star. Xapoqi have a thick, smooth hide, broken only by sharp spines and many limy feelers, giving them an appearance similar to a spiny, two-meter-tall stone column. The spines are general purpose energy receptors, serving both as eyes and "food" intake.

The Xapoqi, nearly immobile, capable of independent reproduction, and possessing no apparent means of communication, are not obvious sentient lifeforms. They exhibit little technological drive; in fact, they show little interest in their surroundings whatsoever. The Xapoqi are so uncharacteristic of sophonts in general that ISS explorers failed to realize they were intelligent until the 700s, despite the fact that Xapoq was initially surveyed during First Imperium times. This discovery coincided with the adoption of stan- dardized NAS scanning procedures by the Scouts.

The primary puzzle that confronted sophontologists then is still a puzzle today: what purpose does Xapoqi intelligence serve? Neural activity scans indicate a high level of abstract thought, but no one knows what it concerns. Communication with the Xapoqi is too primitive to be useful. Experimental thought transfer devices, now being pioneered by the neurotechnology consortiums of Dagudashaag, may prove valuable in future dealings with the Xapoqi.

Digest Group Publications
Ealiyasiw

TRAVELLER—Library Data of the Ealiyasiw Sector

The Travellers’ Digest — Number 18

Ealiyasiw

Library Data of the Sector
—by James Holden

Codices of Aosilte: A series of books written in the archaic Saktah language, claimed to date back to ancient times on Kusu. Few have ever seen the Codices, much less read them, but the books supposedly contain the complete history of the laki people, among other subjects. The laki clan today rules Eakhta/Hla’ei (1115), a major industrial world. Each lakiko teaches his eldest son the Saktah language and secret traditions, then confers ownership of the Codices.

This occurs before the son assumes the duties of clan patriarch; the would-be k’o must translate and study Aosilte’s works before his ascension to power.

The Codices have been the subject of much speculation. Always hidden and heavily guarded, never translated or revealed to the public, reason would suggest they are more than mere histories. All that is truly known is that they are the laki clan’s greatest treasure.

Eauale/Wasalya (1953 D9528-6): The last remnant of the dying Starla’e clan live on the highest mountaintop of Eauale. The Starla’e have long held claim to Eauale. Recently, however, a combination of natural disasters and poor living conditions have convinced many of the clan’s young people to leave, finding service with other clans. Eauale’s economy cannot support a colonization effort elsewhere, and the 500 older citizens who remain expect the Starla’e to die out within a few generations.

Ftleyluhye/Iherau (2807 D110AEC-3): The 91 billion inhabitants of Ftleyluhye live a lifestyle taught them by Solomani trader and self-styled prophet Shaddaf Thisilos three hundred years ago. Thisilos came to Ftleyluhye by misjudgment; he found an overcrowded world of Aslan packed together in one giant “city.” Duels were frequent and were fought to the death — one method of keeping the population down.

Interpreting his accidental arrival as a commission from a higher power, Thisilos attempted to cure the people’s “spiritual agony.” Attracting a small group of radical followers, Thisilos and company staged an attack on the planet’s primary life support center. As his disciples threatened billions with sure death, Thisilos cried out for change.

His plan called for a 500-year period of social adjustment. Technology would only lengthen the time needed, Thisilos claimed, so self-repair machinery was incorporated into all vital systems. Soon after, the people declared their independence and returned to the pre-industrial lifestyle of their ancestors. The once extensive starport facilities fell into disuse; interstellar contact dwindled to near nonexistence. By this time, all necessary technological systems were automated and capable of taking care of themselves, and the populace was free to fix its own ills. Thisilos remained on Ftleyluhye until his death in 3326 (832 Imperial).

Remarkably, his plan seems to have had a positive effect. After three centuries, the inhabitants of Ftleyluhye appear more at ease, better adjusted to living in such cramped conditions. Hiera sociologists theorize that the slower pace of non-technological life has reduced stress among the populace. Whatever the cause, the changes wrought on Ftleyluhye are unique in Aslan history.

Ealiyasiw Sector Overview

Ealiyasiw lies along the rimward-trailing edge of the Great Rift. Dominated by the Tralleyaeawi, four-ranked clan among the Tiahu, the sector contains property of over 200 clans, including many of the 25.

The commercial and technological side of Ealiyasiw can be seen in Hla’ei Subsector, where manufacturing and business centers like Eakhta and Hla’ei thrive. Hkal Eakht — the name means “Many Worlds” — provides shipping and passenger service to the region, supported by all local clans yet dominated by none. The company enjoys close ties with Reastria, the Tralleyaeawi-backed megacorporation, which carries travellers and cargo through the sector and beyond.

But Ealiyasiw has another, cultural side. Long-settled worlds such as Tohali, Ito, and Airyru’ maintain ancient customs, while independent worlds like Fiao and Ftleyluhye offer intriguing variations on traditional Aslan culture. The human-controlled Islitah Dominante reaches into the sector, injecting its own heritage into Ealiyasiw’s rich history. Numerous minor races make their contributions.

Now, Ealiyasiw is embroiled in a period of change. The Aokhalte clan poses a threat to Tralleyaeawi dominance in the sector. Weakened by the defeat of their Yahlori allies at the hands of Sahao’ legionaries, the Tralleyaeawi have sworn to avenge themselves at the expense of the entire Aokhalte bloc. Full-scale clan war broods on the horizon.

Meanwhile, the Aokhalte are making great efforts to relieve the burden of overpopulation. Under the direction of the self-proclaimed Lakh’ Arlakh (“Lord of New Lords”), Aokhalte colonization fleets are swarming into Imperial territory. Defended by the finest Sahao’ ground troops and Okklo fighter pilots, the Ihele fleets are seizing world after world on the Rift’s far side.

An increased number of assassination attempts against local clan heads suggests someone wishes to subordinate the whole of Ealiyasiw. These covert tactics, frighteningly reminiscent of old Syosius plots, comprise yet another threat to Tralleyaeawi power. The minor clans are caught in the crossfire between these superpowers of the Hierate.

Since the assassination of the Yerlyariuwi ambassador in 3651 (1116 Imperial), Ealiyasiw has seen a rapid military buildup aimed at attacking the Federation of Illesh. Mid-rift refueling bases have been constructed in neighboring Vergy Sector, enabling Yerlyariuwi ships to enter Dulinor’s “back door” and harry Federation shipping.

Together, these events place Ealiyasiw at a crucial turning point. Old alliances will topple, and new ones take their place. Rich territories beyond the borders invite exploitation. Clan patriarchs, whether rulers of solitary worlds or delegates to the Tiahu, now have the ability to shape history.
The Aslan Tlaukhu

Like Vland's Isgird or old Terra's United Nations, the Aslan Tlaukhu stands as one of charted space's great political councils. While lacking true governmental power, the Tlaukhu exerts great force upon the politics of the Hierate. Tlaukhu literally means "the 29." The Aslan words "tla" and "khu" are the digits three and five. In the Aslan base-8 numbering system, the number 35 equals 29 in a base-10 system. The name certainly fits this debuting body composed of the 29 most powerful Aslan clans. So important are the 29 to the Aslan that their calendar dates events from the year of the Tlaukhu's formation (2083 Imperial).

Population, territory, and military and economic power determine which clans belong among the 29. Since the inception of the Tlaukhu, ten clans have been replaced by newcomers. The Hlyueawi, for instance, did not join the 29 until 3120 (652 Imperial); they filled the gap left by the Ua-wardel, who became vassals to the Syoisuis. Other clans have been defeated in war, taken as vassals, or dwindled in number so that their influence waned and their rank dropped.

The clans of the 29 have formed alliances over the centuries. These traditional alliances have created ten well-defined power blocs. These blocs, their constituents, and representative allegiance codes are defined below.

Tlaukhu Power Blocs

Code: Constituent Clans and their Ranks

A0 Yeriyaruwo (1), Hrawoac (13), Esiothyi (14), Forekeath (19)
A1 Khaucarei (2), Esotake (15), Toseatli (22)
A2 Syoisuis (3)
A3 Tlayeacawi (4), Yularah (12), Alheilat (23), Flhalelse (28)
A4 Eselitl (6), Esotakyle (11), Fwywyak (23)
A5 Hlyueawi (6), Isotyrai (15)
A6 Uldawa (7), Lykyasa (17), Fawoac (27)
A7 Ikthealy (8), Tierealy (20), Yetaheh (24)
A8 Seisak (9), Akatolih (18), Weokur (29)
A9 Aokhaal (10), Sahao (21), Ouokhol (26)

The Yeriyaruwo clan and its allies comprise the most powerful power bloc in the Hierate. Dulinor's recent assassination of the Yeriyaruwo ambassador has turned many members of this bloc against the Imperium.

Kakhwi/Airlyryyu' (1308 B5647K6-C): Both Aslan and Droyne inhabit Kakhwi. Nearly a third of the planet's 10,000,000 inhabitants are Droyne loyal to the Okakhwi clan. The Droyne settlement, Nadaybuthu, prospered before the Aslan's coming, but cooperation between races has done even more to bolster the local economy.

Accustomed to the talents of the psionic Droyne, a few Aslan have begun studying these disciplines. Other elements of Droyne culture, especially its mysticism, have also seeped into the life of the Okakhwi clan. The world's unique cultural mix has made it a popular tourist spot recently.

Yal'ahol/Trulhaiw (0106 B2000L6-A): Yal'ahol is the site of an ikthealy-sponsored archaeological dig. The small permanent staff is composed of a handful of scientists and robots, but transient scholars regularly arrive to assist, and the starport is almost entirely automated.

Yal'ahol is protected by four orbiting ikthealy warships; their marines are often seen at the site. The clan's interest in the archaeological proceedings is unknown, although rumors of Ancient finds and other oddities abound. •

THE ASLAN TLAUKHU

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Population, territory, and military and economic power determine which clans belong among the 29. Since the inception of the Tlaukhu, ten clans have been replaced by newcomers. The Hlyueawi, for instance, did not join the 29 until 3120 (652 Imperial); they filled the gap left by the Ua-wardel, who became vassals to the Syoisuis. Other clans have been defeated in war, taken as vassals, or dwindled in number so that their influence waned and their rank dropped.

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The Khaucarei clans are old allies of the Yeriyaruwo, but they refuse to give up their independence to join the Yeriyaruwo camp, preferring to retain their own voice on matters.

A monolithic grouping of several trillion Aslan, the Syoisuis clan maintains its power through an array of vassal clans scattered throughout the Hierate. Generally, the Syoisuis avoid alliances and attend to their own interests.

As a matter of course, the Truyleacawi strongly oppose the Yeriyaruwo. This animosity dates back to a war fought between the two clans from 3077 to 3120 (614 to 652 Imperial). Although the Truyleacawi were not badly defeated, the two clans came to terms with Yeriyaruwo dominance.

The members of the Eshkthyo group own many starship and weapons manufacturing concerns. Consequently, they are outspoken proponents of military campaigns.

Through clever planning, the Hlyueawi arranged the fall of the Uawariw, taking their place among the 29. The Hlyueawi quickly sided with the Isotyrai and are now respectively ranked, despite their status as newcomers.

The Uldawa, Lykyasa, and Fawoac clans strongly support exploration efforts. Most of these clans' assets lie along the Hierate's spinward and rimward borders; consequently, the Uldawa bloc wishes to exploit these frontiers.

The Ikthealy clan and its two associates seek peace with other major interstellar governments. Heavily involved in interface trading, the Ikthealy would suffer greatly from the loss of extra-Hierate trade during a war with humans.

A spirit of unity characterizes the Seisak, Akatolih, and Weokur. Although they hold different opinions on many issues, these three clans typically press for more cooperation, believing that strength comes from a shared purpose.

The Aokhaal, Sahao, and Ouokhol clans are currently faced with overpopulation problems. Quickly running out of room to expand in their territories within the Hierate, these clans have started to look beyond Aslan borders for new land. These clans are principal motivators in the effort being made to colonize Imperial worlds by the Aorokh. •
Eastylias Sector — UWP Survey Data

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In your *Children In Mega-Traveller* article, Infants start out with an intelligence of zero. That doesn’t seem right.

Doesn't an Intelligence of zero mean the person is brain dead? — C. I.

I discussed the very same issue at length with the author, Terry McNiches, while he was writing the article. Should an infant should be intelligence 0 or 1? Here is how we came to the conclusion we did.

Like it or not, the Traveller character stats were originally set up to measure adults, not children. Thus we need to view the values for children as relative to an adult with the same value, not as a general value for any age. How does an intelligence 0 adult behave relative to an intelligence 1 adult? That's the real question.

There is, in fact, a precedent for how intelligence 0 should work for an adult — see the *Traveller Adventure*, in the Acolas section. In that section, it describes what should happen if the intelligence of one of the characters should reach zero: he just sits around all day, has to be led around, and doesn't say much. A newborn infant acts a lot like that.

Further, there is a precedent in Traveller for level 0 to mean "has something, but not yet a lot" — take a look at how skill levels work. Level 0 in a skill is far from meaning a "total absence of skill".

Intelligence in Traveller is largely "the ability to deal with abstract concepts" and "memory recall". An infant has neither. Until at least 1 year of age, we all draw a total blank in our recall of early life.

Yet another precedent is Book 8: Robots. In that book, we specify that for a robot's brain to reach intelligence 0 is a major achievement. All of this points to the fact that intelligence 0 does represent a level with value. Today's tech 8 computers have a negative intelligence level, according to *Robots*.

This means that intelligence level 1 is a significant growth from level 0 — far, in fact for us to feel comfortable giving a newborn a level 1 intelligence.

We must be careful to give even low intelligence values meaning. In an article on what intelligence meant in issue 7 of the *Digest*, Gary Thomas wrote that an intelligence of 2 or less was mental retardation. Mental retardation in this case simply means: childish in thinking. Thus we have only 0, 1, and 2 available for use as intelligence levels that mean "childish in thinking". We could say then, that an intelligence 3+ six-year old is unusually grown-up in his thinking for a six-year old.

Even an intelligence 3 adult can function normally in society, he's just usually dim-witted and thick headed. Intelligence can also be construed to mean "common sense". Again, children don't have a lot of that yet. They are childish in their thinking.

Dür Telemon has an intelligence of only 5. If we were not careful in how we generated a child's intelligence, a 6-year old could easily surpass Dür. That, obviously, is not the way it should work. Intelligence 5 means Dür fails to think things through. That's how we suggest he be played at our inhouse playtest sessions. The minute we attach an intelligence of 1 to an infant, players will suddenly view their intelligence 1 and 2 adults as "nearly vegetables".

So giving an intelligence level 0 to an infant maintains a strong sense of consistency with earlier Traveller writings. And considering an infant's ability to contribute to an adventure, a level 0 intelligence is perfectly acceptable. For purposes of the true nature of children, an intelligence 0 is ludicrous. We need at least 10 more levels between 0 and 1 to truly do it right. However, the gaming interpretation is what is important here. — Joe D. Fugate Sr. and Terry McNiches

I don't fully understand interrupts. Movement speed is listed as a DM. Is this the movement speed of which the Interrupter is capable? The current movement speed of the Interrupter? The current movement speed of the Interruptee? The interrupted unit's turn is considered to be spent for the combat round. This means, if I understand correctly, that if Char A is trying to shoot Char B, but Char C interrupts Char A successfully, then even if Char C misses Char A, Char A cannot shoot at Char B this turn — or do anything else. Correct?

Then we come to the really confusing part of interrupts. "Only one interrupt is permitted per enemy attack or per square of enemy movement." Okay, taking the example on page 68 of the *Players' Manual*:

1. Dür wants to move down the hall. This will require stepping out from cover.
2. Dür steps out from cover, moving 1 hex.
3. The NPC successfully interrupts Dür before he can move a second hex. The NPC wants to fire at Dür.
4. Aybee successfully interrupts the NPC before he can fire at Dür. He wants to fire at the NPC to keep him from firing at Dür.
5. Aybee fires at the NPC and is unsuccessful.
6. Because Dür and the NPC were interrupted, they cannot do anything further this turn.
7. It is a new round. Dür wants to continue moving down the hall.
8. Dür is already out in the open, so the NPC could interrupt and fire at him now. However, because the NPC interrupted last turn, he must wait until Dür moves at least one hex (or until Dur fires).
9. Dür moves one more hex down the hall. He is still in the open. He needs to move one more hex to get cover.
10. The NPC interrupts Dür, preventing him from moving one more hex. The NPC wants to fire at Dür.
11. Aybee wants to interrupt and fire at the NPC now. However, because the NPC was interrupted last turn, Aybee must wait until the NPC fires (or moves at least a hex).
12. The NPC fires at Dür. He misses.
13. Aybee fires at the NPC and is unsuccessful.
14. Because Dur was interrupted, he cannot do anything further this round.
15. It is a new round. Dür wants to step behind cover.
16. Dür is already out in the open, so the NPC could interrupt and fire at him now. However, because the NPC interrupted last turn, he must wait until Dür moves at least one hex (or until Dur fires).
17. Dür moves one more hex. He is now behind cover.
18. The NPC no longer has a clear shot, so he does not interrupt.
19. Dür does not wish to move further, ending his turn.
20. Combat proceeds as normal.

Is all of this correct? Could the NPC Interrupt Dür in order to fire at Aybee? — W. H.
The movement DM is always the current speed of the guy doing the interrupt. In other words, if you want to interrupt, "run out and start shooting." (You get your best chance that way — although you may not live long.)

Interrupts do just that — they interrupt the other guy's turn. Once the interrupting guy finishes his interrupt, he gets to finish his turn as if nothing happened. Thus, your blow-by-blow is wrong:

1. Dur wants to move down the hall. This will require stepping out from cover.
2. Dur steps out from cover, moving 1 hex.
3. The NPC successfully interrupts Dur before he can move a second hex. The NPC wants fire at Dur.
4. Aybee successfully interrupts the NPC before he can fire at Dur. He wants to fire at the NPC to keep him from firing at Dur.
5. Aybee fires at the NPC and is unsuccessful.
6. Because Dur and the NPC were interrupted, they cannot do anything further this turn. ... this is not correct!

The NPC gets to fire next (finish his turn), then Dur gets to finish his turn. But, everyone has used up their turn. An interrupt just gives you a chance to take your turn early — that's all. It does not preclude the other guy from finishing his turn — unless you knock the guy you interrupted out of the action with your interrupt, that is.

And yes, the interrupter can use any excuse to get his chance to shoot at anybody or anything. The NPC could interrupt Dur and then fire at Aybee.

Hope this helps. — Joe D. Fugate Sr.

Page 73 of the Players' Manual covers indirect fire, but what does it include hand grenades as well? I cannot imagine why someone throwing a grenade would use forward observer skill. Old Book 4: Mercenary indicates that grenades have no range modifiers and require 7+ to hit out to medium range. According to MegaTraveller, thrown is formidable (15+) at medium range. That's a big difference. While no skill is applied to the throw, I would let the character apply twice his Dex to the task. But now I'm guessing. I'd rather have a solid rule. — M. M.

You say you'd like a solid rule — my philosophy has always been if the rules don't seem to cover the situation, there's nothing wrong with guessing. I've always felt that RPG rules are meant to help you — not make your life miserable. If the rules are a problem, then just do what you think makes the most sense, and go from there.

A couple of pieces of the original MegaTraveller manuscript we submitted to GDW did not see print because of space limitations. One of those unprinted pieces covered the specifics of hand-thrown grenades. Frankly, I was not aware we had overlooked printing these rules until I researched your question. Here is the material covering hand-thrown grenades which did not see print.

Hand-Throwing Grenades: Hand-throwing a grenade at a target is a special situation, and has its own special task:

To hit a target square with a hand-thrown grenade:
- [difficulty], Str, Dex, absolute: 1 cbr rnd (lative)
- [difficulty]
  - Referee: Use the direct fire thrown difficulty profile when hand-throwing a grenade at a square. If the task fails, the grenade fails to hit its intended square, so it scatters. Contrary to normal indirect fire, a hand-thrown grenade can scatter back into the thrower's square.

If the grenade hits an obstruction (such as a wall, closed portal, or a fence), it stops and scatters no farther.

The final location of the grenade is where it explodes: it explodes at the end of the thrower's turn.

Scatter: If indirect fire fails to hit its intended target, it scatters. To determine direction of scatter, roll 1D and consult the following diagram:

### When Using Squares

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### When Using Hexes

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The distance of scatter depends on the mishap level — with forward observer skill (or strength plus dexterity in the case of hand-thrown grenades) usable as a special minus DM on the mishap table in this case:

- **SUPERFICIAL:** 1D% of distance from attacker to target (minimum 1 square).
- **MINOR:** 2D% of distance from attacker to target (minimum 2 squares).
- **MAJOR:** 3D% of distance from attacker to target (minimum 3 squares).

**Note:** Indirect fire (exception: hand-thrown grenades) can never scatter into the firing weapon's square. If it does, roll for a different scatter direction.

So, as you can see, you were on the right track. A key to understanding the use of thrown weapons is to ask yourself the question: what happens if it misses? In the case of a rock, you missed the target and that's that. In the case of an explosive grenade, if you miss, you need to roll for scatter. It will likely still damage the target.

In other words, trying to hit "dead on target" with a hand-thrown grenade at 20 feet and beyond (medium range) is tough. Use strength and dexterity as modifiers. With a reasonable DM of +3 on the task, you will hit dead on target on a roll of exactly 12. Otherwise, the throw scatters.

But don't forget, if you have a character that did not move this turn and can keep a cool head under pressure (that is, he has a good determination value), then a cautious attempt is in order. That will bring the to hit down by 4, to 8+ at medium range. That's pretty darn close to the original Mercenary rules. — Joe D. Fugate Sr.
The year is 2303. The Kafer invasion has been halted and the alien warships have been pushed back to the frontier. Still, the fighting is far from over. Pockets of Kafer ground troops exist on every single human colony world from Beowulf to Auror. Kafer guerrillas continue to attack the colonial towns and cities. Numerous Kafer warships continue to operate within the French Arm, raiding colonies, attacking unprotected shipping, and ambushing stray warships.

However, these raiders have a weak link — they need to be supplied. Their forward base at Dunkelheim has to be eliminated and Admiral Borodin has put the Americans to the task.

Operation Overlord is the American Marine assault on the Kafer citadel based at Dunkelheim. The adventure follows a group of American Marines from their interface assault landing through a mission which takes them into the heart of the Kafer "Ch*!!"

This book contains information on the colony world of Dunkelheim and the citadel which serves as the Kafer "Safe Place." This book also contains extensive information about the American Marines, their equipment, and their organization.

A modified skills list is even included for characters who enter the career path of the Corps. Finally, a brief update on the Kafer War is provided, describing the disposition of naval forces and of the American Marines following the completion of the adventure.

Operation Overlord serves as more than just an adventure. Its completion leaves plenty of room for further adventures, allowing directors to easily stage a campaign against the Kafer on post-invasion Dunkelheim.

Design ............................................. C.W.Hess

Operation Overlord is a 2300 AD science-fiction role-playing game adventure dealing with the assault on the Kafer "Ch*!!" on Dunkelheim.

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Spicing Up Brawling

THE GAMING DIGEST
—by William Hezeltine

As a long-time fan of Traveller and a part-time martial artist, I have often wondered how martial arts can best be fit into the Traveller universe. At first I thought martial arts should be a distinct and separate skill from Brawling — but after seeing the new Mega-Traveller rules and seeing how the new task system affects brawling in combat, I have revised my ideas. Here is my system for adding martial arts to hand-to-hand combat in Mega-Traveller.

INTRODUCTION TO MARTIAL ARTS

First, let's cover some basic background about the martial arts in the real world. In the system I have learned — the Ko-kondo Karate Association — each belt (or level) must know certain things to be promoted to the next belt. There are five levels of belt ranking: white, yellow, green, brown, and black. Black belt itself has eight levels.

A beginner, automatically a white belt, is assumed to know nothing about the martial arts. To proceed to yellow belt, the white belt must know how to escape from wrist grabs, bear hugs, head locks, and collar grabs.

Next, the yellow belt must know how to disarm a gun put to the chest or back, or a knife put to the throat, to make it to green belt. The green belt must know how to defend against two attackers and to disarm guns, knives, and clubs to proceed to brown belt.

For the brown belt to be promoted to black belt, he must know how to defend against ten consecutive attackers. The black belt must know everything the lower belts know almost to perfection, and must know how to instruct others in those techniques. Each proceeding level of black belt must know each technique with greater proficiency and in combination.

GAME EFFECTS

Brawling in Mega-Traveller is really a collection of techniques: boxing, kung-fu, karate, and judo, just to name a few. The way the new task-based hand-to-hand combat deals with blocking and disarming makes a separate martial arts skill unnecessary.

Thus, I propose that a skill level of Brawling-4 is the equivalent to a kyu rank (white, yellow, and green belts) in karate. Brawling-5 equals a brown belt, or 1st-degree black belt, Brawling-6 is a 2nd-degree black belt, and so on. The reason Brawling skill must be 4 or more to qualify you as a martial artist is simply this: generally, less than 10% of all street fighters have formal martial arts training, even the good ones.

So what does Brawling 4+ get you (especially you armchair martial artists)? An individual with a Brawling skill of 4+ should be able to do more complicated hand-to-hand moves such as disarming and subduing an opponent (that is, rendering an opponent immobile and under your control) or disarming and retaining a weapon. Also, I would include escaping from a subduing hold and turning the tables on your opponent by putting him in a subduing hold.

The Kokondo system that I have learned incorporates judo, the art of unbalancing and throwing an opponent; aikido, the art of using your opponent's force against him; and karate, the art of punching and blocking. You may end up using all of these arts in combination to end a fight.

The greater the skill level of Brawling, the greater number of complicated hand combat moves the character will know. But what we are trying to achieve is the overall game effect and not just pure damage. Let's see how this might work by looking at some examples.

Let's say an individual attacks you in a back corridor at the starport, and you have Brawling-4. How might this work using your martial arts ability?

You might think: "I would like to knock his weapon out of his hand and render him unconscious with three damage points." Or, you might decide: "I will take away his weapon, keep it, and hold him so he can't move." Or, you might even choose: "I want to take away his weapon and kill him with 8 damage points." To stop him for interrogation, you may decide: "I want to inflict three hit points of damage to render him conscious but immobile."

Notice I have always specifically stated the damage points with the effect I wanted to achieve, because in real life it is possible to under- or over-estimate the size of the opponent, and cause too much or not enough damage.

APPLYING MARTIAL ARTS SKILLS

Now on to the nuts and bolts of really using this in the game.

To conduct a hand-to-hand attack using martial arts:

- Difficult, Off= Brawling, Dex= Def= Brawling, Dex, Wpn Def (absolute, hazardous, confrontation)

Referee: A character must have a minimum of Brawling-4 to attempt this task. Before rolling, the player must specify the exact attack, complete with the level of damage (in hits) he wishes to achieve. The maximum hits allowed is the character's brawling skill level x 3. Divide the hits by the armor value of the target to get the actual level of damage (all hits are assumed to be pinpoint hits for the purpose of computing armor).

Success allows the specified effects to be applied. Failure means roll 2D and apply that amount of damage instead. Exceptional failure means the attacker must roll for a mishap.

LET ME HANDLE THIS ONE!
The Travellers' Digest — Number 18

The reason dexterity is used as a DM instead of strength is that the martial arts require a lot of eye-hand coordination. When you fail, you roll for damage, which simulates causing too much or not enough damage. On exceptional failure, you roll on the Mishap Table, simulating a failure in judgment and timing, resulting in injury to yourself (like punching out a wall or having your opponent fall on you).

EXAMPLES

Bruce has Brawling-4, a Dex of 7, and hit points of 3/5. Harry has Brawling-1, a Dex of 8, Wpn Def-1, and hit points 4/5. Harry walks up to Bruce, shoves a dagger in his face and says, "Give me the access code to your starship or you'll die."

Bruce says to the referee: "I'm going to disarm Harry, keep his dagger, and restrain him for the police." Bruce has a +4 for Brawling and +1 for Dex which gives him +5. Harry has a defensive DM of -1 for Brawling, -1 on Dex, and a -1 for Wpn Def, for a total DM on the task of +2. Bruce rolls a 9, +2 totals 11, so he succeeds. Bruce now has a dagger, and Harry is on his way to jail.

Later, Harry is cut on bail and looking for Bruce. Harry finds Bruce, puts his magnum revolver against Bruce's chest and says, "You're a dead man. Any last words?"

This time Bruce says to the referee: "I'm going to take away his gun and inflict 8 hit points damage to kill him." Bruce has a DM of +5 and Harry has a DM of -3, Bruce rolls 3, +2 totals 5, resulting in exceptional failure. Bruce now has to roll on the Mishap Table, and he rolls 8 for a minor mishap (2D) and causes 2 hits of damage to himself instead of Harry, which renders him unconscious and all but dead. Harry shoots Bruce, and runs off, thinking he has killed him, but he only grazed him, inflicting one additional point of damage.

When Bruce gets out of the hospital, he goes looking for blood — Harry's blood. He finds Harry and states to the referee, "I'm going to inflict 10 points of damage on Harry to kill him." Harry wants to perform an interrupt. The task is routine, modified by movement speed. Since Harry and Bruce are not moving, there is no DM for movement speed. Harry rolls a 5 which is less than the routine task (7 or greater). Harry fails his interrupt.

Bruce now continues with his stated attack. Bruce has a DM of +5, Harry has a DM of -3, Bruce rolls a 7, +2, which totals 9, so Bruce fails. Bruce now rolls on the tables for a normal hit, and Harry has no armor. The task is routine with no DMs. Bruce rolls a 9 for exceptional success. He gets to apply 2 times the damage points for hands (1), for 2 damage points to Harry. Now it's Harry's turn...

NOTES: The type of weapon and how it is carried have a bearing on whether or not the weapon can be retained by the attacker after he removes it from the defender. Laser weapons, for example, can be disarmed but not retained because the power cable is connected to the back pack of the wearer. Likewise, bladed weapons held ready (as an Israeli soldier carries his Uzi when he is on patrol), or any weapon attached to the body, such as pistols with a lanyard, cannot be retained. Kicks should be treated as hands for damage and penetration.

Now you have some ideas. Try them and see if they fit, use some common sense and have fun. •

William Hazeltine is a member in good standing with the International Karate Association and holds the rank of Brown Belt (Ikkyu).

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Comparison of Hand to Hand and Martial Arts Combat

![Comparison Diagram]

**SUCCESS TABLE**

**ROLL:**
- Task Level Exactly = 1/2 Damage
- Task Level +2 = Damage x 2
- Task Level +4 = Damage x 4
- Task Level +8 = Damage x 8

**PENETRATION TABLE**

Compare Weapon Penetration with Defender's Armor Value:
- If Pen > Armor x 2, apply full Dmg
- If Pen = Armor, apply 1/2 Dmg
- If Pen < Armor, apply 10% Dmg
In Defense of Brzk

THE REBEL REPORTER
—by Charles S. Kimball

THE CASE FOR BRZK

Although many in the more distant sectors may not think it so, Brzk is a most serious contender for the Iridium Throne. Those who have served under him in Antares and Lishun Sector know of his abilities as a leader. He is qualified for the Imperium's highest position by the following factors:

• Brzk is the only contender who promises equal rights for all sophonts — both major races and minor races. This promise is more than mere words to Brzk, for he has proven over and over in the Antares Domain that he sincerely believes in this fundamental right.

• Brzk is the refined product of a meritocracy. Ever since the time of Soegz, the first Vargr archduke, the Antares archdukes have chosen their most competent descendants to succeed them, rather than their firstborn. No expense was ever too great in order to ensure that each heir received the finest training under the greatest masters of the time.

Brzk is the culmination of this. Ngeaz, Brzk's own father, saw so much potential in his son that he stepped down when Brzk came of age. Ngeaz still maintains today that his own decision to abdicate was a wise decision, stating that his son Brzk is exceptional, even for the line of Soegz.

What a blessed place the entire Imperium could be under Brzk's rule. The results of his practices have brought a degree of confidence in the leaders of the Antares Domain, a confidence unshared by any other archdukes. The prosperity and security Brzk's subjects enjoy have made those of this domain the most happy and secure of all Imperial peoples.

• Brzk is the only faction leader on speaking terms with the Julian Protectorate. The failure of the first emperors to incorporate Meshan, Mendan, and Amdukan Sectors during the Julian War is one of the Imperium's greatest failures.

Brzk is welcome in these sectors and has spent much time travelling among their worlds. He knows the people of the Protectorate states, and has influence in their political structure, particularly with their regent, Garin Karishu. The Julians bear a longstanding mistrust of the Imperial emperors, and a particular antipathy toward Lucan. But they are willing to negotiate with an Imperial leader who sees the universe the way they do, as demonstrated in their many trade conferences with Brzk.

Someday, Brzk may even persuade the Protectorate to rejoin the Imperium — if he can do that, then all the worlds of the First Imperium will finally be united into one state. Can any other faction leader hope to accomplish this?

• Brzk understands what motivates the Vargr corsairs: Oekhos, a charismatic but misguided Vargr leader. It takes a Vargr leader to stop the debilitating influence of a Vargr leader. Most factions will not even claim they can solve this conflict peacefully. Give Brzk a chance, and he can restore the stable peace that the Vargr and the Imperials enjoyed in the pre-Rebellion years.

ANSWERING THE CHARGES

Many outside the Antares Domain who do not know Brzk have charged that he is just as tainted as all the rest of the faction leaders. Let's examine whether these charges have any merit.

By Marun Imigikhap, editor for the Antares News Agency
Date: 133-1118

In just the past two years we have seen the Third Imperium, the most successful interstellar state humaniti has yet produced, ripped apart by various factions as they take advantage of the Imperium's moment of weakness. Many Imperial citizens, plundered by pirates or forced to serve under oppressive leaders, rightly wonder if there is a point in supporting any faction.

Unfortunately, most citizens are confusing their attentions to only those candidates following "traditional" lines of succession. They compare the paranoid Lucan with the ambitious Dulinor and the prejudiced Margaret and conclude there are no "good guys" or "bad guys" in this struggle, no black and white, but only contrasting shades of sickly gray.

In making such an assessment, they overlook the one untainted leader who can pull the Imperium back together, making it a better place to live than it was under any previous dynasty. Before you commit yourself to a faction, consider what the Archduke of Antares can do for you, as a citizen of the Imperium.
Brzk is an opportunist. Hardly grounds for disqualification, even if true. Look at Dulinor, Lucan, Margaret, and the so-called "real Strephon", and ask whether they are any less ambitious.

Brzk is a member of a minority species in a predominately human state. There are no requirements that the emperor be human any more than there are requirements that an archduke be human. Non-human citizens cherish what the Imperium has brought them every bit as much as humanitists do, and perhaps even more so since equality among species was ushered in by our beloved founder, Cleon I.

The Archduke of Antares is indeed a proponent of sophon rights. But do not make the mistake of assuming that this is an overriding priority. Brzk's chief concern is for the stability, security, and prosperity of the Imperium as a whole, not for any one individual or race.

The time has come for a non-human emperor to assume Imperial leadership. The pattern is clear. In the Antebellum period, Solomani humans held every important position, but in today's Imperium non-humans are found in as many high posts as are humans. A non-human emperor is merely a continuation of the same trend that produced the mixed Solomani-Vilani Alkhalikoi dynasty.

Brzk is a traitor to the Imperium. To the citizens of Antares, such a statement is absolutely false! The current negotiations by Brzk to ally his worlds with the Julian Protectorate are strictly a means of providing his subjects protection from Lucan's mad escapades. Brzk's denouncement of Lucan is not an abandonment of the Imperium, only of Lucan. Had Brzk sworn fealty to Lucan, the Antares fleet would have been squandered away in the fruitless war with Dulinor, and Antares would have suffered the same fate as the now pirate-infested Lishun Sector. By doing what he did, Brzk saved countless lives.

If Brzk does not gain the throne, he will still bring Antares back to the Imperium, but under no circumstances will he allow his people to be misused in the way that Lucan has mistreated his own.

THE CASE AGAINST THE OTHER CONTENDERS

Some outside Antares say the other faction leaders are more qualified leaders than Brzk. Let's look at what the other faction leaders have to offer.

Dulinor: Maybe he is competent in his own way, but who can trust one who murdered his own friend? Furthermore, his promises tend to put selfish interests first rather than to benefit the Imperium as a whole. The fact that his family always wears black off world is a danger signal. Black is the symbol of the void of space, chaos, and nihilism. But beyond this, Dulinor's insistence on adhering to Diani custom rather than adopting Imperial fashion is most telling.

Lucan: Lucan is totally untrained for the job he now claims. The Domain of Antares would never have allowed such an incompetent to rise to the highest level of responsibility. His actions since his uncle's murder — including his contempt for the Moot and the questionable death of his brother — tell us that he would bring the Imperium to ruin rather than give the throne to anybody else. Anyone who sides with him is likewise doomed by that association. If you support Lucan, ask yourself: "Does Lucan support you?"

Margaret: A less distasteful alternative to Dulinor and Lucan, but not one who has the rights of all her people at heart. There is growing evidence to support the allegations she has profited from the sale of android slaves.

Many veterans who have lost limbs and organs must rely on artificial parts to lead normal lives. But Margaret continues to foster prejudices that would see cyborgs as repulsive or even as potential slaves. Can such a leader also honestly advocate the rights of non-humans?

The "Real" Strephon: Not a credible choice. Most civil wars in past history have produced impostors who have claimed to be popular but missing leaders. Let Strephon prove he is really Strephon before we give him anything.

Viland: The Vilani have turned their backs to the Third Imperium and all that it stands for. Their desire to revert Imperial space back to the age of Ziru Sirka, with Viland as its capital, is neither realistic nor desirable. Their minds are clouded by nostalgia, and they have forgotten the highly negative aspects of their past empire.

Draw your own conclusions.

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K'kree Passage

TRAVELLER FICTION
—by William H. Keith

We watched them float our passengers on board, twelve huge metal pods leaking white vapor from the liquid nitrogen tanks and supported in massive grav-cargo handlers. That was when my engineer turned to me with those deep brown eyes of hers and said, "I hope to hell you know what you're doing, Skipper."

"Hey, everything's green!" I said aloud. I stifled the I hope that almost wiggled out.

We were desperate. Cold, starving, creditor-at-the-airlock desperate. Drake's Fortune is a far trader, ten years older than me, held together by rust and good wishes, but mine and paid for. We'd managed to make a living of sorts in Fornast Sector, until the Imperium came apart and life got interesting.

We'd dropped into Alar with cargo that had always done well there in the past, but the place had been hit by raiders twenty days before and gotten smoked pretty bad. Somehow, the locals just weren't in the market for luxury goods the way they usually were. Food, antibiotics, water purifiers...that was what they wanted now, and there we were, stuck with thirty tons of shimmersilk, xantha furs, and industrial mirror mylar. We had no buyers, the port berthing fees were mounting up, and I knew if we didn't find some action soon Fortune's new owners would be the Port Authority.

Any good trader will tell you that desperate's a bad way to be. It makes you too eager, too willing to take on jobs better left for some other credit-broke freight hauler with more debts than sense.

I'd done business with Tular Goulfenfen before, and the guy hadn't exactly endeared himself to me with his honesty and charm. When he sat down at my booth in that fashionably squallid little port cantina, I should have known I was in for trouble by the hearty way he shook my hand.

"Darius Drakel!" he exclaimed, oozing a fair imitation of bonhomie. He had a grating, unpleasant habit of mispronouncing my given name, making it rhyme with "nefarious" instead of "try us."

"Hello, Tully," I replied carefully. With this guy, you shake hands and count your fingers afterward.

"Dar, you are just the man I need. My boy, I have got a deal for you that's going to blow your boots off!"

I did my best to conceal my interest, of course. There's no percentage in appearing too eager. Besides, I might have been eager, but I wasn't crazy. Tully was coming across just a bit too cheerful, and that could be expensive.

"Well now, I don't know," I said. "I've got a pretty full cargo manifest and—"

"I know exactly what your manifest's like, Dar," he said. He had a predator's way of smiling, but then he was the local trade factor for Doublestar Import/Export, and a hungry smile is stock in trade with those boys. He leaned forward, letting the smile grow. "Passengers, Dar. Twelve of 'em. And there's a whopping big bonus in it for both of us."

I knew from the way he said it there was something special about the deal. Maybe that should have warned me off into an escape vector right there.
"Passengers, huh? Sorry, Tully..."

I never carry passengers on Drake's Fortune if I can help it. Passengers are large, noisy, demanding, unpleasant, and breakable. Whatever's worse, one passenger takes up four tons of space on a starship, what with consumables, life support, and the space allotted for his stateroom. That works out to Cr2500 per ton, and I could get four or five K for just one ton of some high-profit, speculative cargo like radium or, well, shimmer silk.

And shimmer silk doesn't need to be fed! "Dar, these are low-betthers. No trouble!"

"Fortune has four low betthers, not twelve — "

"That's the best part! These people come with their own low-betther gear! You usually charge...what for a low passage? A thousand? My clients will pay you 15,000 each...that's 180,000 credits, Dar! Ninety now, ninety when you get to Shumduur. And you, all you gotta do is sign for 'em, take 'em there, and it's done! Simple as that!"

"Simple as that, eh? What's your cut?"

He spread his hands. "This is a humanitarian mission. They're stranded here, Dar! Besides, the offer is eighteen thousand a piece and I'm taking three. A sixteen percent factor's fee is quite —"

"You're a true philanthropist, Tully. Who are they, anyway?" Who would pay eighteen thousand a piece for low-betther passage?

"A Kkree merchant and his —"

"Kkree?" My shirk must have carried to Alar's outer moon. "Tully, you are out of your credit-gouging mind! There is no way I'm taking a herd of Kkree on board my ship!"

All right, I admit it. I'm prejudiced. I hate Kkree. Always have, ever since that time on Shudusham when an arrogant, four-legged son-of-a-bishuda basted my knee cap with a well placed kick. Arrogant? Did I say arrogant? Sneering, stiff-necked, stuck-up, self-righteous bigots, every one of them.

But even while I was yelling, I was cranking the figures through my head. Cr90,000 would pay my docking fees and maybe let me take on a little more cargo. Another Cr90,000 at the other end of the run would leave a bit of profit for me and my crew, plus whatever we could rake up for the other cargo. And profit is the name of the trading game, right?

But Kkree! Hell, no! No way! Uh-uh! Not on my ship!

It took a couple of hours to work out the details. They'd float them onto Fortune's cargo deck that evening.

I never did catch the Kkree merchant's full name, which in any case sounded like a bull with a bad cold performing in a gargling competition. Tully said he went by the name of Klirr when he was dealing with humans, and that he was a fairly high-ranking representative for a Kkree trading firm. I gathered he was visiting Alar to study the possibilities of opening regular trade between our neck of space and the Two Thousand Worlds.

Only then the raiders hit Alar and Klirr's ship was reduced to smoking, half-molten junk by a couple of Ramparts on a strafing pass. He was stranded with no way home, unless a ship could be found to take him.

"Look, it's not like you have to run him clear back to Kirur," Tully said, referring to the capital of the Two Thousand Worlds. "It's just to the Kkree enclave at Shumduur...that's 10 parsecs, five weeks for Drake's Fortune. And Klirr and his herd will be sound asleep for the whole trip, tucked into their freezer tubes and dreaming sweet dreams of...whatever the heck it is centaurs dream of. So what could be easier?"

"Low berth...their own gear, huh?" That would take care of the ticklish end of things. Fortune's low berth gear couldn't possibly handle centaurs, and I knew the Kkree well enough to know we couldn't take them aboard awake.

You've seen holos of the beasts, surely; at five hundred plus kilograms, they're the largest of the major races, and their evolutionary origins as prairie-dwelling herd animals give them the quirks that so endear them to the people like me who have to deal with them.

They're claustrophobes, for one thing. Most humans can stand being cooped up in a closet for a time; they might not like it, but they can stand it. A few humans, though—say three percent—feel the walls closing in and decide to leave right now, thank you...and they'll make their own door if the regular one is locked. Down at that end of the claustrophobia tolerance scale is where you find most Kkree, except normal, human-sized rooms are closed to them.

There are a few Kkree — three percent, maybe? — who can tolerate something as cramped and enclosed as a fighter craft or a grav tank...and sane Kkree avoid them for fear it's catching.

The other quirk, of course, is the fact that Kkree are vegetarians. It's not that they simply dislike meat. They dislike meat eaters. That, the sophontologists tell us, is a psychological hangover from something nasty, carnivorous, and very hungry that prowled the Kkree homeworld prairies a few million years back, something scary enough to set peaceful grass-croppers on the road to genuine, cunning, bloody-minded, we-gotta-get-him-before-he-gets-us intelligence. Whatever that critter was, it's not around any more.

The Kkree wiped it out, and they tend to hold the same reasoned, even-handed attitude today for anyone they meet whose breath smells of hamburger.

Now I don't care one way or the other what someone thinks of my eating habits, but I do mind when they show it, and that was the biggest problem with Kkree, so far as I was concerned. You see, we humans and most other hunter-types in the Galaxy have had a few million years to develop manners...you know, those odd social rituals and facial gestures which say, no, I don't have a knife in my hand and I've already eaten and see? I'm not a threat! The closest the Kkree ever came to hunting was when they exterminated all their carnivores, and they did that with a bloody single-mindedness that would appall any self-respecting cannibal. Hey, I've worked with Asian and Vagar both, and both members of my crew are healthy examples of Homo sapiens, the most vicious race in the Imperium, but none of them can touch the Kkree for sheer, arrogant cold-bloodedness.

So I wanted no dealings with the critters. But if they were to be wheeled onto Drake's Fortune already packaged like quick-frozen meal packs, that might just put a different light on things.

And, well, there were those 180,000 credits.

We boosted off-world the next morning at local dawn, paying a fond farewell to lovely Alar and its exotic blast crackers. Our passengers were riding comfortably, if that was the word, secured to the after bulkhead of the cargo deck. Their hibernacula were ungainly things weighing a good three tons a piece, designed specifically for Kkree but wired so Fortune's own computer could look after them.
The furs and the silk were still on board, but I was pretty sure we could find a buyer for them on Shumduur. We had managed to unload maybe half of the IMM film at Alarport. Normally, the stuff is used to rig big — and I mean really big — mirrors, the kind they put in orbit for planetary climate modification, but the Alar government had decided that it might be just what they needed to get a solar furnace going on the planet's inner moon. By shaping the stuff into a shallow bowl, they could concentrate sunlight and zap-smelt iron and titanium out of regolith so they could start rebuilding Alar's factories.

I'd also taken a gamble and picked up five tons of xarak. Well, we were off to visit a K'kree enclave on Shumduur, right? I figured we'd have a market for the stuff there, no matter how bad it smelled. All in all, we actually stood a fair chance of making a profit this time around.

I suppose that's why it couldn't last.

He found me in the common room, halfway through lunch. "Hey, Skipper?"

I sighed. "Whatcha got, Jose?" We were three hours into our first jump and Alar was well behind us. Next stop on the itinerary was Woden, six light years and one week ahead. I felt that curious itch between my shoulder blades, the one that warns that the infamous Murphy is looking over your shoulder.

Jose Diego Sweeney was Fortune's medic-cum-steward. By default, that meant he was also cargo officer and purser, since I had my hands full with both pilot and navigation duties while Carla Desiderio counted neutrons in the engine room. The worried look on his face told me that this was a cargo officer-type problem.

"Skipper, it's those damned Quantech hibernacula. I don't know where those things were dug up, but they're going out on us."

I gave him a hard look. "They all checked green coming on board!"

"Well, we've got amber lights on two of them now. Computer gives Unit Number Four an eighty-percent chance of critical failure in the next thirty hours. Fifty percent for Unit Six."

"Great, just great..."

And I didn't need to ask who the occupants were. I knew. Unit Six was K'tir's senior son, while Number Four was K'tir's! K'tir, K'tir's principal wife.

My mouth was suddenly dry. "How long?"

Jose shrugged. "Like I said, it's a thirty-hour prog. I checked the casing. Number Four is losing en-two."

And it was the liquid nitrogen, of course, which kept our passengers at a balmy minus two hundred degrees. Warm them up and they'd spoil.

"Can we cycle them out?"

Jose looked at me like a wire had come loose. "Wake them? Sure, if the units don't fail in the next few hours. But hell, chief, what then?"

That was a very good question.

K'kree live and die with the herd. Each herd is bossed by a head male — K'tir, in this case — and consists of one or more wives and children, plus servants, bodyguards, retainers, and often their families as well. A K'kree of moderate caste could have twenty or thirty individuals in his herd. K'tir was travelling light, with only one wife, two children, one bodyguard, three servants, and four other females who were probably the flunkies' wives.

You never find one K'kree alone, at least, not a sane K'kree. If we thawed momma and junior out, the odds were very good that they'd both get sick and die... if they didn't panic in what to them would be claustrophobic conditions and bash their brains out against a bulkhead.

How many would we have to wake up for them to feel safe? I didn't know, but I felt pretty sure that K'tir must have been travelling with what he considered to be an absolute minimum.

"I'd better come see."

All three of us gathered on the cargo deck to look things over. By the time we got there, there were amber lights on three more hibe units. One of those was K'tir's, and it was showing a sixty percent chance of failure. Carla did a fast check of the circuits and confirmed that everything was hooked up as it should be.

But those damned K'kree low berth units were dying on us, one by one.

Sabotage.

The same icy thought occurred to all of us at just about the same time. The hibernacula were separate units and built to last. The odds of one going belly up were small. For five to go all at once... oops, six, now...

"Key it through the ship's computer," I told Jose. "Wake them up. All of them!"

"Skipper, we can't!" He looked horrified.

"Damn it, man, they'll die if we don't uncork them!"

"They'll die if we do!" He waved his arm, taking in the cargo deck, crowded with aluminum freight containers of furs and synthetic silk. It was like standing in a narrow, silver-walled canyon, and even I felt a little closed in. "You know what close quarters will do to them? They'll kill themselves... and take us with them!"

I pointed at a winking orange light. "Leave them in those cold storage coffins and it's murder!"

It was murder no matter how we looked at it. Somebody had found a cheaper-by-the-dozen way of bumping off a whole K'kree family.

A bomb in Fortune's engine room would have been cleaner.

Carla looked mournful. "The Skipper's right, Jose," she said. "We can't just stand by and do nothing. Besides, if they die on our ship, guess who gets tagged at Shumduur?"

I hadn't thought about that one. My feelings about K'kree were well-known. If I showed up at Shumduur with twelve dead centaurs, I might find myself with more on my mind than how to collect that second Cr90,000 payment. We'd been set up, and I didn't like that one bit, liked it even less than the thought of sharing close quarters with a dozen angry centaurs for the next five weeks.

Besides, I had an idea.

"Carla," I said, deciding. "You start the wake-up cycle. Jose, you and me have some redecorating to do."

"Redecorating, Skipper?"

"Yeah." I suppressed a cold shudder which rose from the very depths of my parsimonious soul. "Starting with about thirty tons of cargo we've got to dump."

It took a solid ten hours' work, with the deck grays turned down to a tenth G and both of us wearing vacus suits so we could manhandle the crates out the port and starboard cargo locks. With most of the freight jettisoned, the cargo deck was a roomy 24 meters long by 16 meters wide, and it echoed like an underground flitter garage. Another two hours were spent on the preparations that would, hopefully, keep us, our ship, and our "biological cargo" intact.
It was brutal work, and half the time I was alone because Carla needed Jose's medical skills to monitor our passengers' progress. Besides, it took two people to haul one of those monsters out of his hibe capsule.

You don't wake up right off when you come out of low barth hibe. For the K'kree, waking up took six or eight hours of computer-monitored revival inside their hibernacula. When each sequence was complete, the hibe capsule was tipped forward and opened, and a still-unconscious K'kree was spilled out in a huddle and dumped on the deck.

By the time I finished, Carla had half of them uncorked, sprawled out on improvised mattresses of xantha fur. They were as shaky as newborn colts, wheezing and gargling and shaking their heads, making their first tentative efforts to rise to all fours. Carla and Jose were working all-out, trying to get Number Seven on the way to revival, while the first ones were already waking up. I saw Carla kneeling on the deck, surrounded by drunken, half-ton monsters, and I nearly lost it.

"Carla!" I dropped my helmet and strode forward, suddenly scared out of my mind. I'd forgotten just how big a K'kree is, and Fortune's engineer wasn't paying any attention behind her....

A small mountain stepped between me and Carla. I'm tall — a meter-eighty-seven in my stocking feet — but I found myself looking up, up, up into a long-snouted face with wide-flaring nostrils and eyes that burned like twin novas. He was naked, without the usual straps, buckles, and other trappings of his caste, but I had no doubt at all that this was the head centaur, 550 kilos of gray-furred neurons. His upper body angled forward from the hip quadrants and he was still, he hunched and shoulders taller than I, and muscles rippled under that sleek, sleek living cables. He brought up one fore arm; the K'kree hand is an engineering masterpiece, a solidly constructed holf with three flexible digits curled over the top like dry-skinned worms. He had the fingers retracted into the pouch above the narrow wrist when he hit me.

The blow caught me on the chest and somersaulted me five meters across the deck. If I hadn't been wearing my vac suit it would have crushed my chest, but I didn't figure that out until later. Right then, all I knew was that a half-ton herbivore was bearing down on me like a four-legged tank. His leathery lips were hauled back to exi evade me-like incisors in a grimace that did not look like a see? I'm harmless! smile. Those slender fingers were remarkably strong when he reached down and grabbed my suit harness. He hauled me up until I was eye-to-eye with him, and my boots were kicking helplessly a half meter off the deck. I felt a bulkhead slam me in the back and Ki'trr closed in, crushing me under his bulk. His breath was sour and hot in my face. I heard Carla and Jose screaming in the distance, but the roaring in my head drowned them out.

It was getting hard to breathe.

Anytime you're dealing with an alien culture, you get the best results if you use their language. Just making the attempt will convince the other guy that you mean well, that you respect him and his culture enough to try to understand it on his terms. Knowing this, I'd memorized one key phrase of K'kree years before.

"Ki'trr! G'naak hkuu!" I screamed. It took me three tries to get it all out, aspirating on the K-T sound and clacking my tongue loudly on the "hun." It was amazing what lack of oxygen did for my memory of tone and inflection.

Well, I didn't know the K'kree for "Please don't kill me." What I did say means, I'm told, something like "You're thinking like a carnivore!" and may possibly be the most deadly insult the K'kree know. The last time I'd tried it was on a dare after too many drinks at a spaceport bar, and I'd gotten a broken kneecap out of it.

Suicidal? Possibly. But it was gambling. You see, we humans tend to think of K'kree in human terms, calling them claustraphobic or neurotic as though they were a computer program that always acts the same way when you push the appropriate button. What we forget is that they are as intelligent as we are. They may see things differently than we do, but still, they think.

By insulting Ki'trr to his face, I was trying to make him think. He would either kill me, or...

His nostrils crinkled, and that massive head jerked back from mine. "It is you who reek of meat, hu-man," he said in accented Galanglic. "The stench sickens us. But perhaps you have explanation?"

It had worked.

I fought for enough breath to explain the unwelcome change of plans, and Ki'trr backed off while I did it. Looking beyond his intimidating bulk, I could see that the rest of our gamble had also paid off.

Most K'kree ships, I understand, use holography to disguise the walls, a way to get a travelling K'kree herd past its fear of enclosures. Have you ever walked into a room decorated with mirrors on opposite walls? The images reflect and re-reflect themselves back and forth, making it feel like one lone person is standing in an infinite space, crowded with images of himself. We didn't have holography, but we had the next best thing. We had taken those rolls of mirror film we had left over after Alar and stretched them across the cargo deck's bulkheads. It transformed less than four hundred square meters into a vast amphitheater filled with K'kree. While the images wouldn't fool anyone into thinking they were anything other than reflections, the other awakening K'kree behind Ki'trr seemed to be keeping their claustraphobic panic well under control.
Five weeks later we reached Shumduur.

It was a long, hard trip, but the fifteen of us — twelve K'kree and three humans — pulled through. We had one piece of good luck, and that was the load of xrak we picked up on Alar. Xrak is actually a kind of seaweed; when it's dried and processed, the K'kree think of it as a delicacy. I'd left it stowed in the staterooms when we jettisoned the other stuff, still hoping to salvage something when we reached Shumduur. Somehow, in the heat of the moment, I'd forgotten that the K'kree would get a bit hungry over the next five weeks. Oh, they could have made it without food; K'kree have tremendous reserves, and those fatty humps that protect the bend in their spine can serve as a food reserve, same as for drulinaries and camels. But they wouldn't have been happy.

And it was certainly in our interests to keep that lot happy, even as we watched them blissfully chewing mouthfuls of costly xrak.

So the only real problem we had was the carnivorous habits of the ship's crew.

It takes about three days to work the smell of meat out of a human's system. For three days, then, we visited the K'kree only wearing space suits with helmets on and visors down. Carla, Jose, and I all had to become vegetarians; Fortune's air recyclers carry the same scents all over the ship, and if we didn't want a stampedede on our hands, the meat had to go. We froze all the meal packs and lived on canned fruit and vegetables. At ports along the way we stocked up on more greens, and each of us even tried xrak.

Actually, it wasn't that bad. Chewy, sort of, with a peppery aftertaste. But I couldn't eat any more after Carla announced she was getting the urge to moo.

And the profit for the voyage? That part, for once, worked out fine. We got our second ninety thousand, with a healthy bonus from Kit'r's merchant clan for bringing him back from a war zone. It seems that the murder plot — yes, murder — had been designed to stop him from opening that new trade route, one that would have cut into the profits of Doublestar I and E. An investigation was underway, we heard; Imperial authorities were looking for a certain Tular Goulentrin for questioning, though with the civil war on, no one was willing to bet he'd be found. It's a big galaxy, and these things happen.

But Kit'r cared less about that than about the promise of industrial mirror mylar. He reported that its effect was remarkably calming...sort of like the sound of wind in leaves is for us former apes. He showed off samples at the K'kree enclave and was certain that there'd be a market in the Two Thousand Worlds for a cheap, mirror-coated mylar which could make even the lowest-caste K'kree feel like a hard-master.

Kit'r wanted to talk to me about a trade license, and things were looking good.

For me and my crew, though, there was only one thing about the ending of that trip that really mattered. We'd not been grounded at Shumduur's starport for more than five minutes before we were making our way, arm-in-arm up Strephon's Way and hanging a left at Meteor Life. There was this little place I knew in town.

After five weeks of greens, it was steaks for everybody, rare, so rare they were bleeding on the plate. And hold the greens.

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Have You Moved?
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Newmark's Scouts

—by Mark Galeotti

Raoul Newmark, the only son of a naturalized American, French-born family, disappointed both of his parents' career ambitions for him. After a single calamitous year at law school it was clear he was not cut out as a barrister, and as a genetic engineer he was obviously a non-starter. What he discovered he could do, and do well, was fight. He joined the American Marines and soon earned a commission, rising to command one of the elite Pathfinder Recon scout companies. Able and ambitious, he was an excellent soldier, but soon became impatient with the constraint and red tape of army life which contrasted so glaringly with the excitement and drama of the combat he so relished.

As it became clear to him that he was unlikely to rise much further up the chain of command, he followed the example of so many frustrated soldiers before him, leaving government service and striking out on his own as a mercenary.

By dint of military success, natural vigor and shrewd financing, Newmark has been able to build up a full company of reconnaissance troopers which has acquired a reputation for elan and ability, as well as unconventionality and, at times, needless brutality.

NEWMARK'S SCOUT COMPANY

The Company is a specialized formation and will accept only those contracts playing to its strengths and coinciding with its intended role. Most importantly, it is not primarily a fighting unit. Lightly armed and armored, lacking in heavy anti-air and anti-tank firepower, it relies on its mobility and stealth to avoid serious fighting. Instead it is a reconnaissance spearhead designed to identify enemy deployments and intentions as well as the optimum route and tactics for the allied attack.

In a pinch it will fight (though it could — and has — followed the time-honored mercenary practice of "calling white" and going neutral, sacrificing its fee and guarantee bond, but saving its valuable vehicles and its invaluable personnel), but this is often seen as the last option. Then, of course, it will fight well and nastily — the Company is more suited both temperamentally and materially to the ambush and the double cross rather than the "heroic" charge into the teeth of enemy guns.

As an entirely hover-mobile formation, the company will not fight on airless worlds or unsuitable terrain such as forest or jungle. Nor, due to the expense of pressure-suiting and air-sealing, will it contract to serve in non-breathable atmospheres.

Mercenary units are never cheap, but the relatively small size and light equipment of Newmark's force keeps fees reasonable, and ensures that it does not require oceans of fuel and mountains of provisions. As a force multiplier, it is most attractive to several main sorts of employer:

— An army needing but lacking fast, low-intensity scouts experienced enough to be able to react on the spot to changing situations without needing constant supervision;
— A vengeful government eager to hire a unit to spearhead punitive actions against lightly-armed but mobile rebels;
— An army wishing to interdict enemy supply lines by fast, low-intensity raiding;
— Guerrillas looking for a unit able to stiffen their ranks with hardened combat troops not needing excessive quantities of fuel and spare parts, as mobile as the insurgents themselves and who can be quartered and hidden in the rebels' own bases.

Whatever they do, the Company has acquired a name for getting the job done without quibbling and complaint, and for excellence in the grittier, less publicized and glamorized sort of action.

UNIFORMS AND PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

Unlike most mercenary units, Newmark's Scouts do not sport uniforms based mainly on those of their founder's parent army. Barracks dress is a simple pale blue-grey tunic and trousers, with a matching forage cap for officers, beret for other ranks.

In combat they all wear pale grey low-visibility coveralls, with high boots and belts carrying pouches medic supplies, hand radio, combat knife, respirator, and infrared goggles. Vehicle crews and specialists wear padded grey nylon helmets and grey non-rigid flak vests with rank pins on the left breast pocket. They all carry Traylor M7 automatic pistols and some may be issued with Traylor 10 riot guns for close-in defense (characteristically with the stock removed and replaced with a nylon pistol grip to make it less cumbersome). Combat troops wear combat helmets and pale grey inertial armor vests, again with rank insignia on the breast. The standard weapon is the US M-2 assault rifle, though a certain amount of latitude is allowed; shotguns and pistols for short-range defense are frequently carried. A few Quinn Optronics Restraint Carbines are issued on a case-by-case basis for the purpose of capturing prisoners for interrogation. One soldier in every team will also carry a pack with four rifle grenades which can be fired up to 200m from the muzzle of an M-2.
The unit's badge is a very simple red roundel with a leaping white wolf in the middle. This is painted on the sides of vehicles in muted "tactical" tones, and is woven into the bright pennants which fly from vehicles' whip antennas when not on the field.

**COMBAT ORGANIZATION**

Command Platoon
The actual command section itself consists of a suitably equipped N36-R hovertruck (see below), five support staff (two drivers, three technicians), and the troika of Cpt. Newmark, Lt. Singh, and First Sgt. Kline. Another N36-R fitted with communications and electronic warfare systems is used by the signals team: two drivers and four techs under Lt. Serly. Their role is three-fold: to keep the command team in touch with the rest of the Company, to maintain secure contact with the unit's employers and allied military forces, and to provide the company with some — albeit limited — jamming and anti-jamming capability. The bulk of the platoon, though, consists of two small scout teams, used for special purposes and consequently comprising the best of the company: six men mounted on one-man Metzger Aerosport hovercycles for infiltration and courier duties, and 12 men in two Warbird hovercars (two drivers, two gunners for the pintle-mounted machine-guns and two teams of four men each). They are used for all sorts of duties, including the seizure of enemy prisoners for interrogation.

First/Second Platoon
These are identical and represent the main recon assets of the company. The basic element is the team of a Warbird, driver, gunner, and four soldiers, with a Hornisse surface-to-air missile carried in each hovercar. The command element consists of a Warbird fitted with NBC sensors to detect radiological, chemical, or, to a lesser extent, biological hazards and a satellite uplink dish/maser communications system instead of a gun. Along with the driver it carries a technician, the platoon commander (Lt. Daley in the First Platoon, Lt. Christian in the Second) and four soldiers. The two recon squads are made up of two Warbird-mounted scout teams each, while the support section again rides in two Warbirds. Whereas one is a standard team carrier, the other mounts a Striker anti-tank missile launcher, two gunners, two soldiers, and five reloads.

Third Platoon
The First and Second Platoons are fast and light and will avoid combat if possible. Sometimes, though, this is just not practical, or the Company needs to mount a reconnaissance in force. Then Newmark's pride and joy, his seven French-built ABR-76 armored cars, prove

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First Sgt. Michael Kline
The senior NCO of the Company is an amiable and mildly corrupt individual who gets away with a lot for two key reasons. First of all, he is a very good soldier once the firing has started. Perhaps more importantly, though, his relative humanity tempers Newmark and acts as a valuable buffer, keeping the mood of the unit happier. He is an ex-Marine NCO with a wealth of experience.

Veteran NPC. Five Diamonds: interested in money and always amenable to a little "harmless" bribery. Two Hearts: relatively easy-going and amiable.

Lt. John Robert Serly
Serly is American, a Marine who left with Newmark. His importance in the Company is not so much due to his role as a communications officer but to his other function: chief interrogator. A rangy, hard bitten man, he knows all the tricks of the torturers' trade and can do things with a few bits of wire or some pliers better left unsaid. Hardly the unit's most popular man.

Experienced NPC, King Clubs: a sadist. Five Spades: a burning desire to do well, to be given responsibility.

Lt. Kelly Daley
Lt. Daley, an adequate officer, owes his post as commander of the First Platoon to his having once saved Newmark's life in battle rather than to military brilliance. He realizes this and seesaws from a glum awareness of this fact, reacting violently to perceived slurs on his competence, to a wry acceptance of his limitations and an effort to do his best regardless. Personable and fairly handsome, he would rather be in a desk job, but it is not in his character to defy fate, just to roll with the punches.

Green NPC. King Hearts: honest to a fault. Three Hearts: pleasant and helpful.
Lt. Jean-Philippe Christian
An anomaly in this overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon unit, Christian is a tough, Neanderthal-looking ex-French Marine. As brutally efficient as Newmark himself, he does not take kindly to Daley's assumed seniority to him or to his ironic nickname "Smiley". Veteran NPC. Jack Spades: an arrogant and self-important man. Nine Clubs: he loves a good fight, indeed, only seems happy in the midst of battle.

Lt. Bob Dyer
Dyer was a British officer who tired of the Royal Cavalry after one too many feckless minor sons of noble families got promoted over his head. He is eternally rumpled and unkempt, and cultivates an inverse sobriety which can sometimes be very aggravating, but at heart he is essentially decent. The problem is that he is so self-centered that it takes a lot to get through to him. Experienced NPC. Five Clubs: he is a soldier and adopts a soldier's confrontation-centered approach to life. Two Spades: he is also a bit of a boaster and his tall tales are infamous in the unit.

Invaluable. One vehicle is fitted with extra communications gear and serves as Lieutenant Dyer's command vehicle. The other six form two sections of three ABR-76c each.

Fourth Platoon
The Combat Support Platoon is a small formation in which are lumped the Company's remaining battlefield assets. The maintenance workshop is a custom-converted M312 chassis with five technicians. Equally modest, the medical team is a driver and two medics in a Songbird hovercar fitted with a single automated. The artillery squad is also small but is disproportionately useful. Although the Company relies on its mobility more than its firepower, and depends on its bakers' artillery to provide fire support should it be needed, sometimes the need is for immediate and accurate fire and here the artillery squad is used.

Although primitive by modern standards, the mortar is an effective weapon, able to lay down a heavy support barrage while light enough to be easily portable. Of the section's three Warbirds, two carry 105mm mortars with computerized fire-control systems and one carries extra rounds. The complement is three drivers, four gunners, and three loaders. Rounds carried are typically a mix of WASP, concealment and anti-radar chaff. On occasion Newmark has invested in a few IR-homing anti-tank munitions dispenser rounds when fighting armor-heavy forces; but the expense precludes their frequent use. The mortar carriers must be grounded to fire.

PEACETIME ORGANIZATION
Most of the time the Company is not in the field and in this period it must retain its fighting edge, look for business and new recruits, and, above all, continue to be a viable economic enterprise. Off the field, then, a very different organization is adopted.

Management Team
Newmark's closest aides and advisors decide policy, handle recruitment, and finalize and approve the contracts the Finance Team comes up with.

Finance Team

Lt. Singh commands this small team which administers the payroll and finance and liaison with the unit's investment advisors (a branch of Credit Francais) and also advertises the Company in the usual outlets. It runs the "Nightingale" scheme. Many mercenaries unofficially take night jobs as bouncers or bodyguards. Newmark has decided to formalize this both to ensure that the men get "extracurricular" experience to keep in form and to take a cut for the Company. Employers apply to Lt. Singh, and would-be Nighters risk draconian punishment if they take on jobs not through the Finance Team.

Cadre Training Team
Lt. Christian is in charge of CTT, a small collection of experienced noncoms who plan and run the numerous training programs and competitive assignments.

Support Team
This comprises the workshop (augmented with three to six local civilians hired on a monthly basis), the medical team and the artillery section.

Logistics Team
This is largely made up of civilians — as often as possible either family or relatives of Company soldiers or would-be scouts still too early in training to be let onto the field.
"Teeth"

This is the unofficial name for the bulk of the combatants of the Company. They are billeted by platoon and work as teams, training, keeping their equipment in good condition, drilling, and taking part in the very frequent competitive assignments on which most of their leave entitlement and sometimes sizable cash bonuses rest. These can get very fraught, but certainly keep the men on their toes. At any one time at least three teams will be on guard duty.

VEHICLES AND SUPPORT EQUIPMENT

The workhorse of the unit is the Warbird, a militarized version of the Bridgeport Swift Songbird. It is distinguishable by the addition of a small winch in the back hull and a pintle mount on the overhead crossbar. In the Company this typically bears a DunArmCo Mini-12 machine gun. In addition, every vehicle has auxiliary fuel tanks mounted to the rear and infrared headlights for night operations, as well as a radio set. Teams are encouraged to customize their "Tweeters", though, and there may be a number of other features such as storage racks, spotlights, improvised armor, or, increasingly, Pentapod air filters.

The Metzger Aerosport one-man hovercycle is described in the Ground Vehicle Guide. They are not armed and are used more often to scout areas (such as dense forest) impassable to the larger Warbird units. Radios and extra fuel tanks are fitted as standard, but none have the rear-firing 30mm AGL favored by some users.

The Company also possesses seven ABR-76 wheeled armored cars, useful little vehicles with good cross-country mobility and decent firepower. All have additional fuel drums mounted at the rear and Lt. Dyer's also features a satellite uplink dish and maser communications suite.

Both the command staff and the signals section are mounted in Braley Automotives N36-R ACVs, large vehicles similar in size and role to the Explorer ATV, but with appropriate internal equipment and a roof hatch with a ring-mounted DunArmCo Mini-12. Being militarized versions they are capable of limited jump jet flight (to about 3m up) at the cost of 15 minutes' fuel per minute flight.

Finally, the field maintenance team works from a specially built vehicle on a Maurice-Fenderman M-312 combined wheeled/air cushion chassis. Fully enclosed, it mounts a small auxiliary generator, a diagnostic computer workstation, a wide range of tools and spare parts and an extending visual and infrared camouflage canopy to cover a vehicle being worked on from the elements and satellite/aerial recon. Along one side is lashed a special piece of equipment, essentially a grid of iron tubes mounting a wheel at each corner, used to allow easy towing of a disabled hover-vehicle.

ENCOUNTERING THE COMPANY

Player characters may want to join the Company, but it is a brutal, vicious unit and this is not to be encouraged unless the character is of like temperament.

It is more likely that they might meet with one or several members of Newman's Scouts while they are carousing or working as "Nighters". Newman's men are likely to be involved in the Kae War. On Aurore, for example, they would be excellent troops to supplement Tanstaafl's Rapid Response "Ramrod" Team or to fight alongside the Ukrainians in the swamps and tidal flats. War brings strange bedfellows and by accident, necessity, or design, the player characters may be exposed to the Company's distinctive nature. Newman would, for instance, have few qualms about using civilians as bait — how would the PCs react?

This is not a typical force; it weaves back and forth across the generally recognized laws and norms of military behavior. Thus governments and fellow soldiers will treat it with mingled suspicion and an appreciation of the value of such a unit. To some it is the ultimate instrument for "deniable" operations of dubious legality or morality, to others a barbaric atavism to be watched carefully and disbanded at the first opportunity.
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