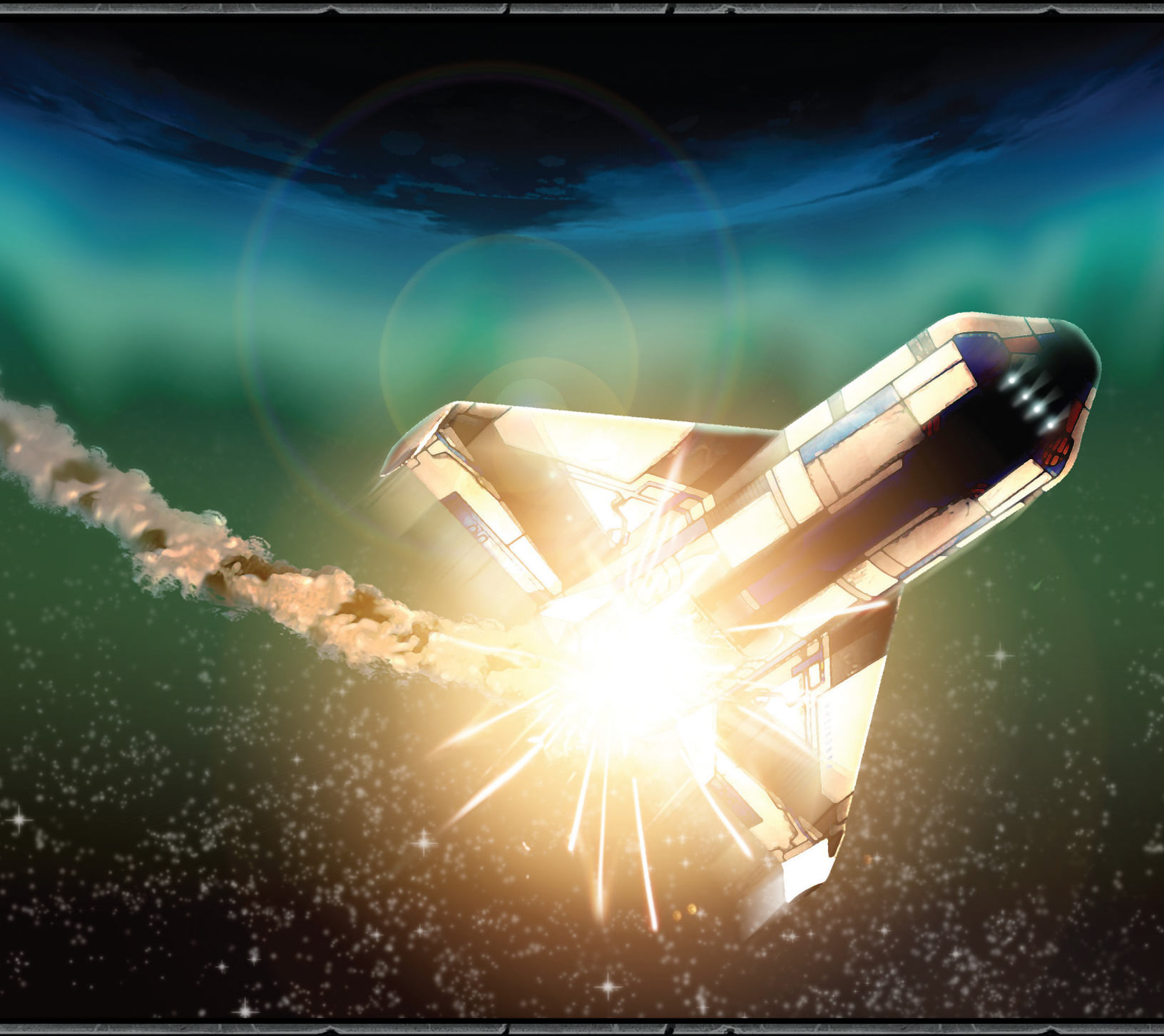


TRAVELLER

REACH ADVENTURE 1 : MAROONED ON MARDUK



SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURE IN THE FAR FUTURE

TRAVELLER

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CREDITS

CLASSIC TRAVELLER

Marc Miller

Loren Wiseman, John Harshman, Frank Chadwick, Darryl Hany, Winston Hamilton, Tony Svajlenka, Scott Renner, Doug Poe, David MacDonald, Wayne Roth, Paul R. Banner.

MONGOOSE TRAVELLER

Author

Martin J. Dougherty

Editor

Matthew Sprange

Layout and Graphic Design

Will Chapman

Interior Illustrations

Amy Perret

3D Model Design

Sandrine Thirache

Special Thanks

Marc Miller, Tom O'Neill, Brian Caball, Aidan Rafferty, Robert Eaglestone, Loren Wiseman, James Maliszewski, Donald McKinley, Constantine Thomas, William Hostman, Martin Costa

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T R A V E L L E R INTRODUCTION

This adventure takes place on the world of Marduk, in the Oghma Cluster which lies at the Rimward (bottom) end of Sindal Subsector (see the Traveller Core Rulebook, page 230). The cluster is on a major trade route but Marduk itself is a backwater stopover– the sort of place that ships pass through rather than heading for.

The adventure is suitable for almost any group of Travellers, with or without a starship. Inventive Travellers can get through this adventure using almost any skills set, though ‘planetside’ skills such as survival and combat skills will be useful. No matter how much weaponry the Travellers possess, they will be deprived of most of it, and will find themselves outgunned if combat breaks out. Clever tactics and use of the environment will be necessary to level the odds.

The adventure begins with the Travellers headed groundside from Marduk Highport. Their shuttle is damaged during an attack by raiders, forcing it to crash-land far from civilisation. With night falling and little prospect of immediate rescue, the Travellers will be forced to seek shelter in nearby ruins, where they discover they are not alone.

Exploring the ruins, the Travellers will learn a little about the history of Marduk and will have to deal with the other survivors of the shuttle crash, whose reactions to the situation may cause more problems than they solve. After braving the natural hazards of Marduk and making contact with a band of locals who are also hiding in the remains of what used to be a proud city, the Travellers realise they are being hunted by raiders who want to enslave them for their technical skills.

If the Travellers can just survive one night on Marduk, rescue will surely come. At worst they face a three-way fight for survival... or can they befriend the xenophobic survivors and team up against the raiders? What might the outcome of such an alliance be?

SET UP

The Travellers are passing through the Marduk system for whatever reason the referee decides; they may be on a liner headed somewhere or on board their own ship pursuing dreams of making a huge trade; it

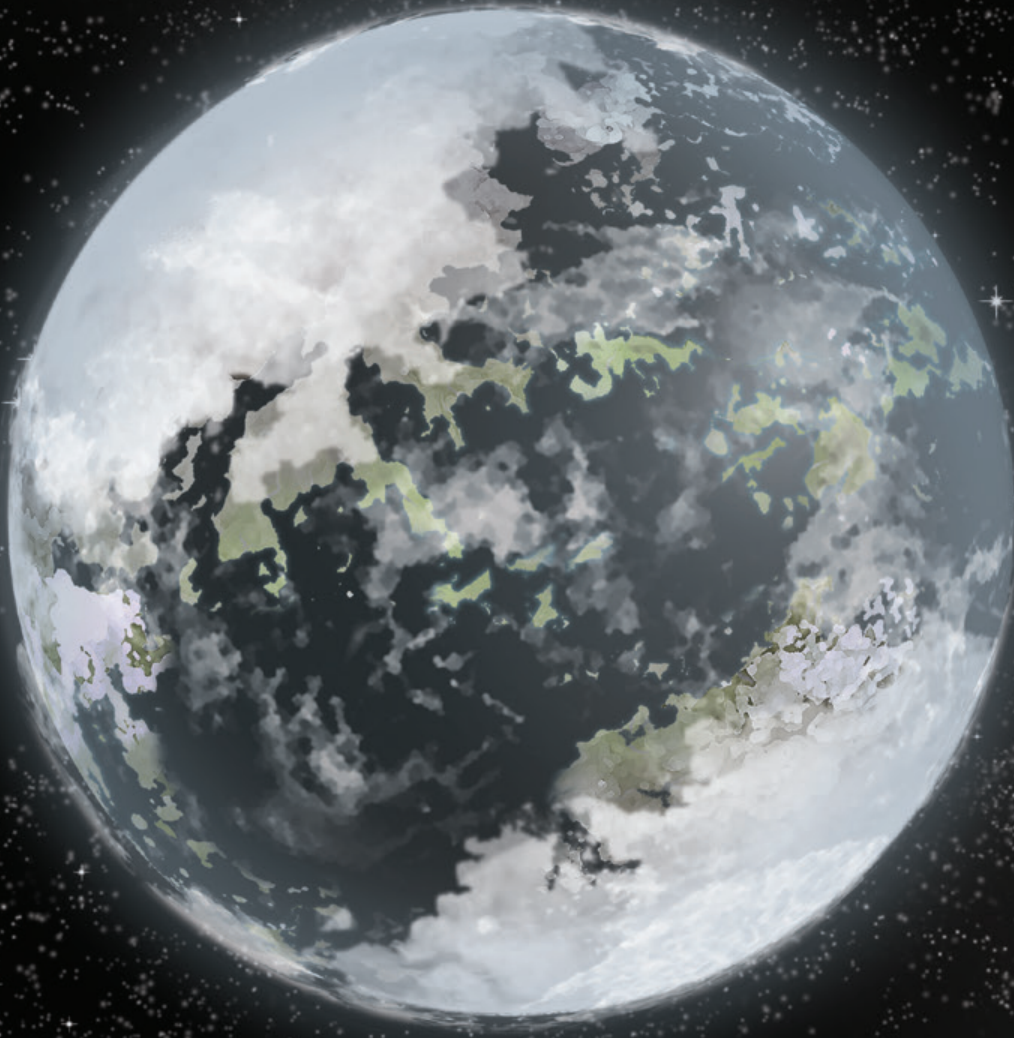
makes no difference to the course of this adventure. If this adventure is to be run as a one-off then why the Travellers are at Marduk does not really matter, though there is a suggestion below. However, if Marooned on Marduk is to be run as part of an ongoing campaign then the referee will need to work a reason into the game's storyline. A modified version of the suggestion below is can be used, or the course of the existing campaign might suggest something more appropriate. There is of course no reason why the Travellers might not be simply passing through the system and decide to take a little recreation time at the starport.

The suggested start is as follows: the Travellers have received an invitation from a GeDeCo official named Alexeis Drabahn to meet with them at his office. He is unable to leave his post at Marduk Downport as he is in charge of an extremely complex operation to expand and replace the port's power system. However, he needs some help with an unrelated project and is willing to offer the job to a band of freelancers. It is nothing illegal and pays well, but he is not willing to say much more than that until the Travellers arrive. He will pay their expenses in getting to his office and a small ‘holiday at Marduk Startown’ bonus even if the Travellers turn down his job offer.

In fact, Alexeis' job offer is not part of the storyline – the Travellers are caught up in other events before they can reach his office. However, if they survive then this can be used to create an additional adventure. The referee can come up with all manner of things a GeDeCo official might need doing, making Alexeis a useful Patron or Contact. As a starting point, what he needed the Travellers to do in this case was look into the disappearances of some of the fishing vessels from the port. Insurance fraud? Raids from Oghma? Giant squid attacks? Ill-fated contacts with hostile locals? There are many possibilities here, and the answer might be more than one of them.

However, as already noted the job offer is merely the reason why the Travellers are headed for Marduk. What happens as they arrive will send them off on a different path.

MARDUK
C377436-5



C H A P T E R - O N E

REFeree'S INFORMATION

The following information is for the use of the referee. How much of it is made available to the Travellers, and in what manner, is for the referee to decide. Much of this data is commonly known or available through data terminals, info feeds to Travellers' comms, and so forth. However, the commonly available version may be incomplete, dumbed-down, or wildly inaccurate for all manner of reasons. The referee has the whole story; if the Travellers want accurate information they may have to search for it or use inventive means.

The Trojan Reach

The Trojan Reach lies between the territory of the predominantly human Third Imperium and Aslan Hierate. To the Imperials it is officially designated Trojan Reach Sector, but locals tend to call their area of space The Trojan Reach or just 'The Reach'.

The Reach was once dominated by the Sindalian Empire, which collapsed long ago leaving remnants on many worlds. Today, the Reach can be a hazardous place, with conflicts between worlds and minor factions as well as the great powers. This fragmented nature also makes it a place of great opportunity where bold and resourceful people can make a fortune or alter the course of history.

The Aslan view the Reach as a perfect opportunity for expansion and annexation of new territory, while the Imperials take a different view. Imperial-based firms operate throughout the Reach, and in some cases have become very influential. However, the Imperium itself does not have designs on the Reach – it has enough territory and enough problems without trying to pacify a region of barbarian kingdoms and pirate havens. However, the Imperium does not want the Aslan to dominate the Reach either, preferring to retain it as a buffer zone against the Hierate's expansion.

Thus Aslan involvement in the Reach tends to be rather direct, in the form of landgrabs by small bands of adventurers and raids on targets that might yield a respectable amount of plunder after a glorious fight. Imperial involvement is more subtle, in the form of trade missions, assistance to local groups opposed to the Aslan expansion and the activities of trade corporations which often have their own agenda.

All of this cross-cutting politics can make the Reach a complex and dangerous environment, and in addition there are bands of pirates, upstart worlds trying to create a pocket empire, and of course a few local powers important enough that even the mighty Third Imperium has to take note of them.

The Third Imperium

Imperial influence does not stop at its borders, nor does its strategic interest. Many Imperial corporations operate across the border, and the navy routinely sweeps nearby space to prevent threats taking root just outside Imperial space. Imperial fashions, customs and the like filter across the border, and local equivalents move the opposite way. Beyond the Imperial border is a 'region of interest' where the Imperium has no official power except by local treaty, but does retain a lot of influence.

Imperial-made goods can be found in the shops alongside local products, and a trade embargo might be very bad for a regional economy. Entertainment shows made by companies within the Imperium are marketed outside its territory, creating an impression of Imperial culture that is both familiar yet slightly distorted. The Imperium as a political entity is a powerful but distant player with many other concerns, whereas closer powers (while much weaker) may be more important in the region.

Attitudes to the Imperium vary beyond the border. Some would like to join, others fear increasing Imperial influence. Still more are Imperial citizens who have migrated for various reasons. These people include former military personnel who retired across the border, successful businesspersons who have moved into the new market, criminals avoiding Imperial justice and many whose life circumstances took them to a new place – often unexpectedly.

Imperial-registered ships belonging to large shipping companies and independent operators can be encountered throughout the Reach, particularly on the trade routes to other major powers. Warships are uncommon away from Imperial borders, but every now and then a task force will make a flag-showing visit to a region or eliminate a threat such as a pirate base. Patrol ships sometimes move along the major trade lanes as well, but away from these the Imperial Navy is not seen much in the Reach. Imperial Scout Service vessels are more common.

The Aslan Hierate

The Aslan have a strong gender bias – males are warriors and leaders; females are facilitators, scientists, merchants and the like. Their culture also has a tradition that first sons inherit everything. Lesser sons, known as ihatei, must seek their own fortune. This results in waves of ihatei spilling out of the Aslan territories in search of new lands to conquer. Although usually on a small scale and rarely very well organised, these waves of colonist/conquerors can be a real problem for societies living along the borders of the Aslan Hierate. This is not least because conflict with ihatei can bring about a clash with the far more potent forces of the Hierate's great clans.

Not all of the Aslan activity in the Reach is ihatei. Many clans within the Hierate maintain trading fleets and may have enclaves or trade missions on worlds far beyond its borders. However, many locals associate Aslan with ihatei raiders first and foremost, which can cause significant friction. It is an open secret that the Hierate intends to annex the Reach eventually, which does not help matters. Thus while the majority of dealings between Aslan clans and governments in the Reach are honourable, there is an underlying current of mistrust.



Aslan trade ships are quite common all across the Reach, especially close to their borders. Small warships are also frequent visitors to places that the merchant vessels go, and it can be hard to tell a clan's navy from its ihatei. A convoy might be a trading expedition or an ihatei invasion, and an incorrect identification can have serious consequences.

Some Aslan clans have friendly or at least cordial relations with powers in the Reach, and may set up regular trade runs. Not all of these powers are what others would consider legitimate – the Aslan may be quite happy to deal with people that human states would consider pirates. This, too, can cause friction and conflict though on the plus side it does allow those with a legitimate grievance to obtain weaponry that might otherwise be impossible to get.

General Development Corporation (GeDeCo)

The General Development Company (GeDeCo) was originally formed in the Imperium, but rapidly found its niche in Trojan Reach Sector. Today, the corporation's headquarters are at Tech-World in the nearby Voidsedge Cluster of The Borderland subsector. Its remit was (and still is) to facilitate interstellar trade and to raise the overall technology level of the region.

This is not a purely altruistic aim, of course. More worlds at the mid-tech to average-stellar level means a larger market for goods and more starships carrying freight between them, which in turn generates revenue for GeDeCo's primary field of interest – starports. Many of the region's ports were built by GeDeCo and sold on or passed to subsidiary operators. Others remain the property of the corporation and are run as corporate divisions. Even those that have been sold on usually retain an element of GeDeCo interest in the form of businesses based there or a quantity of shares owned by the corporation.

Although GeDeCo is not a megacorporation in the same sense as the true Imperial megacorps, it is the single biggest business group in the region and wields enormous influence. GeDeCo has been credited with indirectly holding back the advance of Aslan ihatei by strengthening the ability of local powers to resist and creating a framework for co-operation between groups that would otherwise be overrun, one by one.

SINDAL SUBSECTOR

Sindal subsector was once extremely important in the affairs of the Reach, since it was the home territory of the Sindalian Empire which had its capital at Noricum. The collapse of the empire – and indeed much of its reign – was extremely violent, with nuclear and biochemical weapons used both during the final death-throes of the empire and against rebel worlds during its reign of terror.

As a result, there are remnants of the great Sindalian civilisation across the subsector, often surrounded by wilderness or uninhabitable regions. Many worlds regressed to a level little above barbarism, and some achieved a sort of technological barbarism made all the more nasty by the existence of high-tech weaponry.

Today's Sindal subsector is of little economic importance, though the Sindalian Main (also known as the Dustbelt) runs across the rimward (bottom) end of the subsector and is an important link for starships headed from Imperial space to the Aslan Hierate or the Florian League. This is by no means a safe route; there are pirate havens along the way and worlds whose inhabitants can be extremely unfriendly. It is, however, the most practical route for ships with jump-2 capability. Faster ships can make a more direct transit but for those that cannot cross a 3-parsec gulf there are few alternative routes.

Oghma Cluster

The worlds of Oghma, Marduk and Borite lie within one parsec of one another, surrounded by a gulf that can only be crossed by jump-2 ships or better. These three worlds make up the Oghma Cluster, and like many such jump-1 clusters it became a local economic zone, dominated by Oghma. All three worlds suffered tremendously during the fall of the Sindalian Empire, and today are of no real economic or political importance. The only reason ships from outside the cluster visit any of these worlds is to pass through on the way to somewhere better.

Of the three, only Oghma retained any starfaring capability. Marduk and Borite lost their technological base and were reduced to a survival-and-subsistence basis, whereas Oghma (unfortunately for the rest of the cluster) was able to keep some starships working even though its society collapsed to a techno-barbaric level. Today, raiders from Oghma operate throughout the cluster but are unable to cross the surrounding gulf in their jump-1 ships.

Among the primary targets for these raids are scientist, technicians and skilled personnel who can be forced to keep the ships of Oghma running. Starship components

and any other useful high-technology equipment are also greatly prized, though the raiders from Oghma will also take anything else of value they can carry off.

Marduk

The world of Marduk is a stopover on the Sindalian Main; or rather, its starport is. The world itself is small but habitable enough, with a breathable atmosphere and plenty of water. The main continents are completely uninhabited (officially at least) with the only indigenous population dwelling on several island archipelagos. These were fairly isolated during the collapse of the Sindalian Empire and the wars that went with it, and were spared the bombardment of major cities that took place on Marduk.

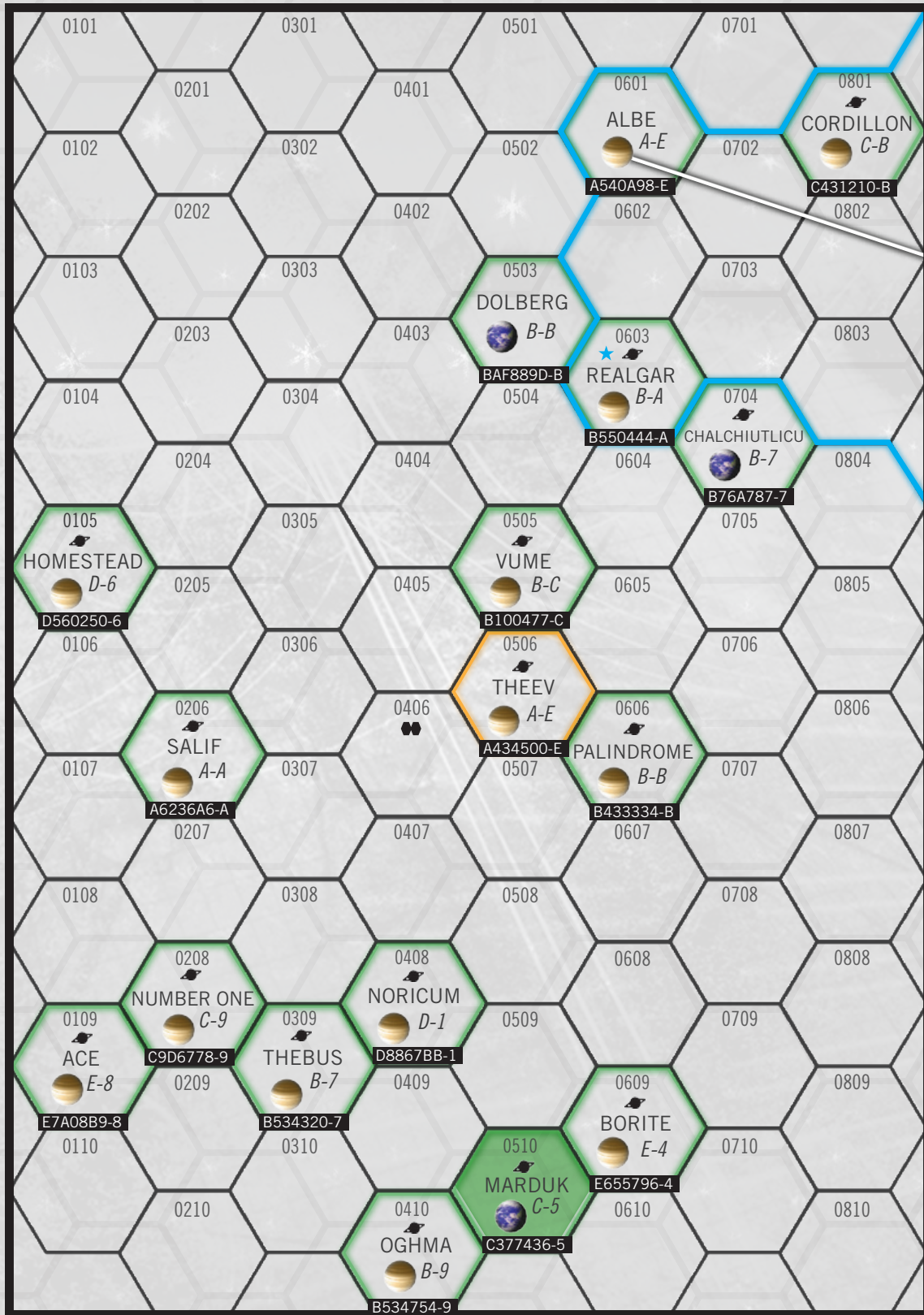
Various accounts exist of what happened to the population of Marduk; it is likely that all of them contain elements of truth. Radioactive fallout, famine, plagues of natural and unnatural causes and a host of other causes more or less wiped out the population on the mainlands, which became taboo to the locals. Once the mainland population dropped below a critical amount, the remaining people died out over subsequent generations, while the small island populations continued to survive at a much simpler level of technology.

Today, these island groups are each home to a few thousand people who have developed separately. Contact with outsiders – including people from other island groups – is shunned, and the islanders have developed very different cultures and dialect that in some cases have become entirely separate languages. Since it is forbidden to learn the tongues of other groups, the divergence continues to this day.

The only contact the islanders have with outsiders tends to be raids from Oghma, which does not encourage them to seek outside contact. As a result, the islander populations are extremely insular and have been known to attack visitors on sight. Most groups are not so extreme, but mistrust is inevitable and, if possible, the locals will avoid contact altogether. A starship landing near one of their villages will usually cause locals to flee to their hiding places. They have become very good at hiding from raiders, so it is quite possible that visitors might think they have found a deserted village or come away wondering what mysterious disaster depopulated the settlement just before they arrived.

The port at Marduk is the only part of the planet visited by most people passing through. It was built from the ground up (actually from the coastal seabed up) by the General Development Corporation to facilitate trade through the Sindalian Main. The port has a modest orbital component and a larger ground station, and is constructed on an artificial island just off the coast of one of Marduk's continents.

SINDAL SUBSECTOR



Gas Giant

B-6 Starport Class & Tech Level

Fuel Dump

Secure System

Imperial Border

X-Boat Route

Amber Zone

Planet (Dry)

Planet (Water Present)

Marduk Highport

The orbital component of Marduk's starport is officially named Marduk Highport, but is usually referred to as Marduk High. It is not a large facility but has been refurbished several times since it was built in the early 700s, with some sections expanded or entirely replaced. The highport consists of a central business, recreation, administration and accommodation section with four docking sections. Each serves a different function.

The Restricted Arm is used exclusively by the highport operator's own vessels. These are all sublight (non-jump-capable) vessels which carry out routine maintenance, convey supplies and equipment from the downport, and undertake similar utility tasks. There are also a couple of rescue cutters which can be used to assist vessels in distress, as well as berths for the Highport Defence Squadron. This consists of two 400-ton system defence boats and a dozen or so fighters.

The Highport Defence Squadron represents a fairly modest combat capability and could not take on a major warship. It is more than enough, however, to ensure that a pirate raid on the port results in enough damage to the attackers to be unviable. The squadron mostly serves as a deterrent but occasionally has to intercept a suspect ship getting too close to the port and its shipping lanes.



The defensive craft are backed up by batteries of missile launchers on the port itself, creating a defended region around the port. However, neither the defence squadron nor the missile batteries have any responsibility for the planet (other than the downport) nor for protecting vessels beyond the station's missile range. An attack on some distant part of the planet would normally be ignored (it happens quite frequently) and there might be no response to an attack on a ship unless it managed to get well within missile range. Missiles are expensive, and the port authority's remit is to protect its own property and ships that are within the defended zone, and nothing more.

The Commercial Arm caters to medium-sized merchant ships and liners. Its passenger terminals are well appointed and comfortable, creating a good impression among visitors. Most ships stop over for a day or two at least, granting passengers a chance to get outside the ship and enjoy entertainment not available aboard. The Commercial Arm has a modest array of shops, bars, restaurants and entertainment facilities, and for many visitors this is enough to occupy their stay. However, those intending to stay for more than a couple of days, or who desire greater variety of food and entertainment, usually take a shuttle to the downport. The shuttle service runs to and from the Commercial Arm, making transit quick and convenient.

The Commercial Arm also has auction houses where cargoes are bought and sold, along with the offices of the port's few freight and cargo brokers. Relatively little cargo changes hands here however; most goods are shipped through to destinations outside the Oghma Cluster.

Bulk freighters and similar very large ships are handled by the LVA or Large Vessel Arm. The LVA can dock only two ships at a time, but it is very rare that more than one will be present at any given time. Most bulk freighters simply refuel and move on, a process that takes a few hours plus however long the crew require for portside liberty. There is no money to be made hanging around backwater ports like Marduk, so most ships stay at most a day before moving on, and grant their crew an extended liberty at major ports where there is large-scale trading or bulk unloading to be done.

On rare occasions, large military ships (generally from the Imperium) come through and use the LVA facility if they choose to dock. Most do not, however, and instead make use of the LVA's extensive shuttle terminal, which is also used by freighters that prefer to take up orbit near the station and make whatever transfers are needed by shuttle.

Small ships and general freight vessels are directed to the Main Arm, which handles the largest number of ships of any of the highport's facilities. Facilities in this part of the station are more basic than the Commercial Arm, since people who travel aboard free traders and similar vessels tend not to be as well off as those using larger commercial vessels. Once aboard the highport, visitors can transfer to the main section or cross to the Commercial Arm and take a shuttle to the surface.

The highport enforces a 'sidearms only' weapons policy, which translates to a ban on any weapon larger than a handgun or of greater destructive power. Pistols and most hand weapons are legal, but any gun held in both hands or capable of automatic fire is prohibited. The same rules apply at the downport, and there is no mechanism in place for weapons to be transferred planetside aboard the port's shuttles. The only place to go on-planet, at least according to the port authority, is the downport which has the same weapon prohibitions as the orbital station.

Marduk Downport and the Near Coast

Marduk Downport was custom-built on an artificial island raised from the coastal seabed for the purpose of housing it. The island is significantly larger than required for a starport, and also houses a small town of a few thousand people plus a small (maritime) port.



The starport component rarely sees actual starships. Far more commonly, ships proceed to the orbital port and personnel who want to go planetside take a shuttle from there. However, GeDeCo ships do sometimes proceed directly to the downport, and sometimes a vessel is granted permission to land if requested. It is normally necessary to either present a landing code (in which case no further questions are asked since the landing has already been authorised by GeDeCo) or give a good reason why it should be permitted.

The downport is still fairly busy, with shuttles going to and from the orbital port every hour and transport barges carrying freight and supplies both ways. Most of this freight is food being sent from the surface to the highport, or imported items such as spares for the port's machinery being brought down from orbit. Security, in terms of customs inspections and related legislation, is fairly light at the downport since almost all traffic comes in through the orbital facility or else has been cleared as a trusted vessel by GeDeCo. There is no real dividing line between the downport's reception terminal and Marduk Startown, as the settlement is called.

The Startown receives a lot of visitors and has a wide range of entertainment facilities. Indeed, much of its income is generated from passing trade, and there is little industry beyond what is needed to support the portside business. The exception to this is the extensive fishing fleet operated out of the maritime port.

Much of the food served in the restaurants of the orbital and planetside ports, plus the supplies bought by passing starships to replenish their galley stocks, comes from the fishing fleet. This consists mostly of industrial trawlers, with a few smaller vessels, and operates over quite a wide area. A deep-sea trawler can be at sea for a couple of weeks at a time, but will almost certainly not visit any of the island groups inhabited by locals. The indigenous population are generally left alone for the simple reason that there is nothing to be gained by visiting them and since they are often hostile, a visit can be perilous.

Occasionally a boat is lost. The sea is always dangerous, and there are rumours of giant squid-like creatures from the deep that may attack a vessel. There is, however, no proof that these creatures actually exist or that they pose any threat if they do. It is known that while raiders from Oghma will not attack the port or anything near it, they have occasionally raided a fishing vessel for its technical crews.

A small maritime transportation fleet also operates out of Marduk Startown. This plies an area between the downport and a natural harbour on the mainland coast. The region around it is simply known as the Near Coast and has a scattering of small settlements. These are not inhabited by locals; they are farms and ranches run by personnel from the downport and provide food for the startown as well as the ports, with a fair amount left over for sale to passing starships. The Near Coast is the only mainland area that has been tamed or even explored. Away from the farmed region the mainland is a wilderness.

Raiders from Oghma

The world of Oghma, one parsec from Marduk, is ruled by warlords who have retained the ability to build jump-1 starships. These are used to raid the surrounding worlds (Marduk and Borite) for personnel who can maintain the warlords' technological base. The Oghmans are violent neo-barbarians whose raids are sudden and savage. Fortunately for their neighbours, they do not co-operate well and thus raids tend to be made by only a handful of ships at most. A single vessel is more common, especially when the target is a virtually defenceless village.

The raiders have learned it is unhealthy to approach Marduk's starport and the area its weapons can protect, but they also know the port's remit does not include protecting ships that are distant from it nor anything on the ground other than the downport, startown and the associated assets such as the farms of the Near Coast. Occasionally a warlord tries to pull a big raid, often in alliance with several others, but the cost is inevitably greater than the gains. However, all of the warlords dream of being the one to establish his dominance by leading such an attack. Inevitably, there will be further attempts.

ARRIVING ON MARDUK

The Travellers' ship (whether it is their own or a liner they are travelling aboard does not make any difference at this point) arrives in the Marduk system after a week in jump and proceeds towards the highport. Traffic control makes contact quickly and efficiently, directing the vessel to a berth on the appropriate arm. The port is not particularly large but is clearly in good repair and well-maintained. A couple of utility craft are busy around the port, and there may be a fighter or two on patrol. Traffic is fairly light, with just one or two ships in system.

It is standard practice for passengers to be given a quick 'how to stay out of trouble at this port of call' briefing by a crewmember or automated announcement before disembarking, and smart Travellers tend to do something similar aboard their own ship. The briefing for Marduk is fairly straightforward, with the following key points:

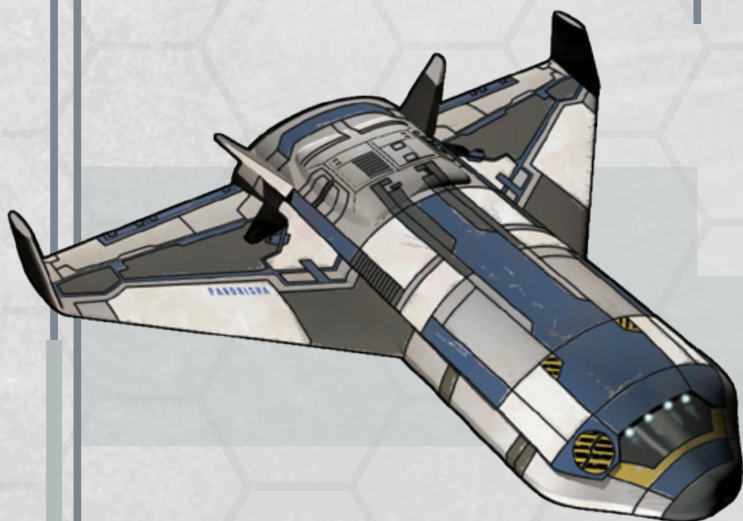
- Transit to the planetary surface is by way of highport shuttles only.
- Sidearms and hand weapons are permitted on the port and groundside, but nothing heavier. Similarly, light personal body armour of a discreet nature is acceptable but anyone trying to come in with cloth or heavier armour will be refused entry.

- The same rules apply at the downport and its associated city, and there is nowhere else to go on-planet.
- A fairly standard list of prohibitions on stealing, violence and murder are in place.
- There are no unusual restrictions on items brought in, but licenses are required to sell sensitive goods such as weapons, starship parts, advanced electronics and the like.

First impressions are generally good. The port's customs and security people are smartly dressed, polite and efficient, and unless the Travellers are deliberately difficult then getting through customs is not a problem. The port does have some good weapons and contraband scanners; it would be very difficult to get anything illegal through but it could possibly be done with a Very Difficult (12+) Stealth check. Customs and entry is quickly handled and the Travellers are then free to explore the orbital station or head straight down to the planet.

The port has a couple of hotels and some longer-term accommodation available, plus the usual assortment of shops, bars and restaurants. There is enough here to keep visitors amused for a couple of days, but little more than that. Anyone seeking a greater variety of entertainment – not to mention fresh air and a chance to go outside – is directed to the downport shuttle service.

If the Travellers want to spend some time at the orbital station, there is no reason not to let them have some fun. Side adventures might present themselves, or the Travellers might make some useful contacts. However, sooner or later they will proceed planetside and the adventure can begin in earnest.



"PANDRISHA"
CR50 ONE-WAY

Heading Groundside

The highport-to-downport shuttle service is safe, cheap and efficient (Cr50 each way), though the craft are not high-performance models. Transit to the surface can take two to three hours, with coming back up taking about 50% longer. The variance stems mainly from the fact that the highport is not in a geosynchronous orbit; it would not be possible to go 'straight up' or 'straight down' even if it were; shuttles loop around the planet in a series of descending orbits that pass over most of the world's uninhabited continents and seas.

The shuttle has a small cargo bay, passenger area and crew section separated by internal bulkheads. Normally only the passenger area is accessible to non-crew, and operations are sufficiently routine that no stewards are carried. Nor do the crew interact with the passengers except to pass on announcements when necessary. The whole setup is as mundane as a bus service, and usually about as exciting.

The shuttle Pandrisha is by no means new, but seems well-maintained. The passenger area has airline-style seating for about two thirds of its length, with a small common area with a drinks-and-snacks machine. Apart from the toilet facilities there is nowhere to go from here – the hatches to the cargo area and the bridge are routinely kept locked in flight. Full details of the shuttle can be found on page 31.

There are three other passengers, as well as the Travellers. Two are humans (a middle-aged man and a young woman) and one is a Vargr. The Vargr population of the Trojan Reach is small compared to the number of humans, but there are still significant numbers living in mixed populations or Vargr-only enclaves on various worlds. The passengers are detailed on page 28; the following descriptions are useful for quick reference and first impressions.

VARGR: EVAN GAR'HARZVN SANDERSON

Evan is a mature adult; humans unfamiliar with Vargr are unlikely to be able to discern his age more closely. He wears a very sober dark grey suit with a particularly garish tie, and carries a hard-copy document wallet as well as a more standard electronic reader. Vargr generally favour bright colours due to their colour vision being poorer than that of humans, but professional-dress grey is professional-dress grey for people of all species. Evan is obviously well-off, probably an office worker of some kind. He does not say much but is civil to everyone and generally well-mannered about things like who goes through a door first or gets the best pastries from the snacks machine. In short, he is a well-mannered gentleman who happens to be a Vargr.



HUMAN MALE: PHYNAN TREVIX

Phynan is a slightly overweight man of middle age, conservatively dressed in brown slacks and a light blue shirt that does not quite go with the trousers. His shoes are very worn, if anyone cares to notice. He talks a lot more than Evan – chatters is a better word – and seems nervous about the shuttle. From his accent, Phynan seems like a bit of a yokel, though he is clearly not from Marduk. He glares at the shuttle bulkheads and tuts every time there is a bump or the slightest change in the drive note, suggesting that he is one of those people who just does not like flying.



HUMAN FEMALE: KARINE LUKOWIAK

Karine is in her early twenties, and by her accent appears to be a Marduk native. She is obviously used to attention from strangers, and tends to reply with vague and bland statements then find ways not to talk further. She has a shoulder bag – too big to be considered a handbag – which she keeps close, and wears a slightly peculiar outfit that is in fashion on Marduk at present. This consists of a short-sleeved tunic worn with one fingerless glove, and trousers that become a beaded fringe about halfway between knee and ankle. Karine's clothing is not expensive, and she has little jewellery. In short, she seems to be a Marduk local returning from a trip to the highport.



Referee's Note: Even if the Travellers have their own ship and request permission to head directly to the surface this will not be granted. They may be tempted to do it anyway, and need to be aware of the consequences. Ignoring traffic control will result in a sharp warning to get back on course. If this is also ignored then the Travellers will be informed they are in breach of local laws. Any starship operator knows that they can be fined or imprisoned for such an offence, and their officers (the ship's captain and pilot) may have their licenses revoked.

The latter has less meaning somewhere like the Trojan Reach than in a large state such as the Imperium. Likewise, in a frontier region like the Reach, there is no interstellar law enforcement agency with the ability to chase down criminals who flee. However, the port operators can circulate a description of the ship and her officers to other official bodies, who will often choose to recognise the punishment. Thus an offence in one system can affect the Travellers elsewhere sooner or later. More importantly, the port operator in this case is GeDeCo, which owns and operates a great many of the ports in the region. Travellers who do something stupid here will find there are a lot of places they cannot go.

The Travellers would know all this, and the referee should make sure they do. The Travellers' ship will be refused permission to land at the downport, and ordered to either leave the system or return to the highport. If

they proceed anyway their vessel will be treated as a raider (not unreasonably, as events will show) and may be fired upon by the port's defences or its flotilla of patrol craft and fighters. The exception to this is if the Travellers are obviously not headed for the downport – the rest of the planet is of no concern to the GeDeCo defensive force. However, a ship that ignores traffic control and lands on-planet will not be allowed to come back to the port, even for fuel.

Thus, if the Travellers decide they can ignore the local authorities, then at the very least they will be arrested and detained for several weeks whilst GeDeCo drags its feet over arranging a trial. The financial consequences for a starship operator can be ruinous, making this an effective gambit in many cases. When the case is finally heard justice will be summary – a big fine, possibly accompanied by suspension of licenses or barring from GeDeCo's ports. And then the port operators will need to carry out a spaceworthiness inspection on the Travellers' ship. This is normally routine, but again GeDeCo uses this as a way to harass those that offend against it, and will nitpick every tiny detail whilst going as slowly as possible.

It is possible that the events of this adventure could begin to unfold as the Travellers are being transferred portside or groundside for a preliminary hearing as a result of their cavalier attitude to local laws...

C H A P T E R - T H R E E DOWNED ON MARDUK

A little over two hours out from Marduk Highport, things start to go very badly wrong. The Travellers have no way of knowing what is happening yet, but one of the warlords of Oghma has managed to convince some of his peers to follow him in their most daring raid ever. Over two dozen ships (albeit small ones, and not well armed) are involved in a massed raid on Marduk starport. Most of the ships emerge from jump quite close to the port and immediately begin firing on it, trying to silence its missile batteries. Others start shooting at anything they can see (including each other in one instance) while a group breaks off and heads for the downport.

The nature of jump is such that most of these ships emerge over the period of several minutes, with stragglers popping up a couple of hours into the fight (or after it has ended). There are enough guns among the raiders to inflict serious damage on the port and its small defensive flotilla, but the piecemeal nature of the raid is such that it will eventually be beaten off. However, this does not stop some of the raider ships fighting their way down to the downport and landing, pouring out enough ground fighters to seriously threaten the defenders.

Ultimately, the raid will be defeated with heavy casualties on each side, and there will be consequences for the warlords of Oghma in due course. In the meantime, the authorities on Marduk have their hands full and cannot be concerned with one shuttle or a straggler from the raid. This is especially true after a point about an hour into the fight in orbit, when a latecomer emerges from jump dangerously close to the port in the middle of an exchange of gunfire, and collides with the Commercial Arm while trying to escape. The resulting shower of debris (from ship, station and craft moored at the Commercial Arm) poses additional hazards and requires a lengthy period of emergency repairs before the port can begin search-and-rescue operations.

The Travellers, of course, do not know this yet. Their first indication of a problem is when the general alarm in the passenger section blares and the shuttle noses over into a steep and violent dive. Everyone not strapped into a seat (and there really is no need to be belted in at this point, so only the most paranoid flyer would be) will be tumbled about the passenger area along with coffee cups, half-eaten pastries and the contents of the rubbish bin.

An Average (8+) Athletics (dexterity) check will be sufficient to grab something and avoid being bashed about, with Travellers taking D3 points of damage if they fail. Anyone with Athletics (dexterity) 1 or better will instinctively secure themselves and avoid coming to harm.

The shuttle continues to make violent manoeuvres, forcing everyone to struggle to a seat or some other means of securing themselves. Getting to a seat and strapping in requires a successful Difficult (10+) Athletics (dexterity) check each round with any Traveller who fails taking one point of damage until they finally manage to reach safety. The referee may choose to impose additional damage on the Travellers or require checks to avoid harm if they choose to remain unsecured, but it is not desirable to discommode Travellers at the very beginning of the adventure. However, this must be balanced against the natural consequences of bull-headed stupidity. Travellers who insist on rushing around the passenger area while the shuttle is manoeuvring violently will inevitably get hurt.

There is little or nothing the Travellers can do during this period – they cannot get to the bridge or crew sections, and cannot control the shuttle from elsewhere. Astute Travellers may notice that Phynan has stopped his usual whining every time there is a bump or judder, and is focusing on survival in a more competent manner than his previous panic-at-every-noise attitude might suggest. After a few moments, the shuttle levels out then makes a sharp turn and begins to dive – but in a more controlled manner. The internal speakers come alive with a breathless and garbled announcement from the bridge:

"Starport under attack... many ships, maybe from Oghma. Strap in, we'll get you down safe...."

After a moment the pilot adds;

"Strap in NOW! Missile alert!"

The shuttle begins to evade violently.

The pilots are second-rate freight haulers, flying an old low-performance shuttle that was never designed to survive in combat. Travellers with the Pilot skill or naval experience will be grudgingly impressed at the performance the pilots put on, completely evading a missile launched by a vessel coming down from high orbit. A second does not even come close, and they almost manage to dodge the third. But only almost.

The missile is a standard ship-to-ship type, with a multifunction warhead that can either penetrate ship armour and detonate inside or, if a direct hit is not possible (as in this case) create a directed explosion that will hurl fragments of its casing at the target. Most of the fragments go right by such a small target, but the shuttle's lifters and drive are fatally crippled by the impact. The bridge goes ominously silent but the shuttle is clearly under control as it levels out and streaks towards the coast.

The shuttle is over the ocean, losing height fast. Ahead is a large land mass, offering the chance for an emergency landing. The shuttle is in daylight at present, but as the coast comes closer it is obvious that it is rushing towards an area that will soon be in darkness.

Anyone with a working personal comm can use it for the first few minutes of the crisis, and will be able to pick up some signals that suggest an attack is underway. The channels are swamped and nobody has time to make a detailed explanation. Indeed, it is not clear if a distress signal has been received from the shuttle. After the missile hit, the shuttle's own communications equipment goes down and since personal comms tend to be short-range units that piggy-back on repeaters like the shuttle's systems, the Travellers are out of contact.

The shuttle's flight is extremely erratic as it crosses the coast, and by the time it is a few minutes inland it is barely under control. Nevertheless, the pilots do their best to make a controlled crash landing, sending the shuttle skidding along in a deep furrow. It fetches up against some rocky obstruction with a horrible crash; experienced Travellers may be able to figure out that the forward bridge bulkhead has collapsed. The shuttle has come to rest at a strange angle and power is failing. Already the main lights are off, though the emergency system is still working. Finally, the doors are blown off by the emergency system, just as the power dies completely. The Travellers have crashed on Marduk but they are alive and intact... for now.



TAKING STOCK

It is obvious that it will be getting dark soon. The air outside is damp and cold, but entirely breathable. The Travellers know they are far from the starport and that their last transmissions may not have been received. There was a battle going on and they do not know who won, but they do know for certain that someone shot their shuttle down.

All three of the other passengers (but especially Karine) are familiar enough with the Oghma raiders to know they are likely responsible. They can supply basic facts, such as this is the first major attack on the port for many years, and it must have been made in force. All three also know that Oghma prizes technicians and spacecraft parts, and a downed shuttle would be a good prize for them, with or without surviving crew.

Checking over the shuttle, the Travellers will find that the passenger and cargo sections are damaged but structurally intact, but without power. The drive section was holed by fragments and is heavily damaged, but would yield considerable salvage if someone had the time (and skill) to dismantle the engines. The bridge section is very badly damaged. Both pilots are dead, presumably killed by the final impact, and few systems survive intact. There are plenty of components to salvage but little of immediate use even if the shuttle had power.

A quick search of the bridge section, which is an unpleasant business, will yield a few small items that can be quickly grabbed, such as the bridge snacks dispenser and a couple of bottles of water the pilots brought aboard (this was not a long flight) plus the bridge medical and survival kits. The pilots' personal communicators still work, but have no greater range than those the Travellers carry. There is also a shotgun on a bracket over the door. It is loaded and there are six additional shells on a holder attached to the sling.

The bridge medical kit is a very small first-aid pack of a sort all craft are required to carry. The survival kit is meant for the use of the crew – there is a kit for the passengers elsewhere in the craft. It contains two personal survival kits, an inflatable life raft and an all-frequencies emergency beacon that will run on its own battery for twelve hours.

The shuttle's survival kit is large and bulky. It is deployed by dragging it out of its holder above the main boarding hatch and configured to be dragged on its cords away from a distressed vessel. The kit is quite ingenious, consisting of several 'personal' kits which can be taken out and used as well as the shared components. The container is a tough bag which can be

used as a life raft by inflating its frame or converted into a shelter by a process explained on a series of cartoon-like cards in the kit. This is notoriously difficult to do, however, to the point that experienced starfarers have several jokes at the expense of these kits.

It is also possible to salvage various tools and small spares, as well as the contents of the snack machine and any luggage the Travellers brought with them.

There is the question of what to do about the pilots' bodies. If rescue is imminent then they will be recovered, but it does seem this is not likely. Karine will suggest they should be buried; Evan agrees on the grounds of basic decency, while Phynan initially argues against this since he is sure rescue is on the



Survival Kit

The kit is designed to save up to a dozen survivors after a crash, and contains the following items:

- Rifle plus 50 rounds
- Hatchet
- Field medical kit
- 12 Personal survival kits
- 12 Sets of emergency cold weather clothing
- 12 Combination masks plus extra filters
- Field rations for 60 person-days (5 days for 12 people)
- 4 Bulk water storage containers with filters
- 4 Cold light lanterns/beacons good for about 100 hours' operation each
- Water purification kit

Each personal survival kit is contained in a small backpack, enabling it to be quickly grabbed in a serious emergency. The pack has a fold-out section that turns it into a emergency shelter/sleeping bag. In addition, each pack contains the following:

- Small knife
- Fire-starting equipment
- Cold light flashlight good for about 24 hours' operation
- 6 Chemical lightsticks good for about 12 hours each
- Blanket/poncho and headcover
- 4 days' preserved rations for 1 person
- Water bottle
- Compass
- Light cord
- Mirror
- Water purification tablets
- Survival manual



way, before allowing himself to be persuaded to 'do the right thing'. However, by this point Karine has realised that if the shuttle was shot down by a ship from Oghma and is far from the protection of the starport's weapons (if they still exist) then it follows that the raiders will send a salvage party to grab the shuttle and whatever can be salvaged from it – including personnel. She then switches over to arguing that they cannot possibly afford to be caught anywhere near the shuttle. She advocates grabbing whatever is needed and getting as far away from the shuttle as possible by nightfall.

This may lead to an argument, and the Travellers might decide to hold a burial anyway. Whatever they do, they have a short while before a vessel can be seen overhead. It is quite high up, and will take some time to descend, but if it is a raider then the survivors need to be well away from the wreck when it lands.

It should not be hard to deduce that the vessel is indeed a raider. She is a 400-ton Type R Subsidised Merchant

(see 184 of the *Traveller Core Rulebook*), one of the designs that Oghma can build itself. Significantly, no vessel of that class was in port when the Travellers arrived. If they choose to ignore the warnings, the Travellers will be spotted as the ship approaches and ordered to surrender using the ship's external loudspeakers. The raiders will not attempt deception – it does not even occur to them that anyone might mistake them for a rescue ship!

If the Travellers flee, they are not likely to be pursued by the raiders. They are much more interested in what they can salvage from the shuttle wreck, which will keep them busy for a while before they decide to see if they can find survivors as a bonus. Thus whether the Travellers make themselves scarce immediately after the crash or are chased off, they have a chance to disappear into the Mardukian wilderness. However, if they decide to hang around and shoot it out with the raiders, they are outgunned and outnumbered, and unlikely to survive.



C H A P T E R - F O U R

INTO THE WILDERNESS

It is obvious that the Travellers need to put some distance between them and the shuttle wreck, and with night about to fall it would be wise to find some shelter. Even if the Travellers' comms are out of contact with the port, they will still function so they can talk to one another. More important, perhaps, is the fact that the basic data package on the comms still works. It cannot query outside sources such as the starport data systems of course, but it can recall information from its own internal storage, which includes a fairly comprehensive basic encyclopaedia.

Most comms also have a feature to download what is sometimes called the 'welcome pack' at each starport it passes through. The welcome pack is often deleted after a Traveller leaves a given world. Some Travellers collect welcome packs and even share them among fellow collectors, but most just use them while they are valuable and clear the memory space afterwards.

Marduk's welcome pack contains background information on the world (not very comprehensive), maps (positively sketchy apart from the Near Coast region) and a great deal of information about the bars, shops and businesses of the starport. Most comms also have a language comparison and translation system, which helps Travellers make sense of heavily

accented Galanglic or closely related offshoot languages. Plug-ins are available for other languages, but the standard comm cannot translate truly foreign tongues. A specialist unit would be needed for that.

Armed with this basic knowledge and whatever they salvaged from the wreck, the Travellers head overland into the gathering dusk. A couple of light rain showers pass over, suggesting that there might be heavier rain during the night. The terrain is complete wilderness, with large areas of spiny bushes reminiscent of brambles. These are extremely resistant to being hacked through and have sufficiently nasty thorns to make macho stomping a bad option. Fortunately, there are plenty of gaps to move through, and the bushes are only high enough to block sight in a few areas. They would effectively hide anyone who crouched as they moved, however.

After slogging through this terrain for an hour or so, the Travellers encounter a change in the landscape. There are strange mounds and oddly regular areas where the undergrowth is small and patchy – as if the soil underneath was very thin. It becomes apparent after a while that this area used to be a city. Very little remains of it now, other than a layer of tumbled masonry and roadbeds on top of which thin soil has been deposited.

MARDUK SPARROW

ANIMAL	HITS	SPEED
Marduk Sparrow	1	1 m
SKILLS	Athletics (dexterity) 1, Survival 1	
ATTACKS	None	
TRAITS	Small (-4), Fast Metabolism (+2), Flyer (Very Slow)	
BEHAVIOUR	Herbivore, Grazer	



GARINAEMBRIGHT

ANIMAL	HITS	SPEED
Garinaembright	29	12 m
SKILLS	Athletics (dexterity) 1, Melee (unarmed) 1, Recon 2, Stealth 1, Survival 1	
ATTACKS	Bite and Claws (4D)	
TRAITS	Heightened Senses	
BEHAVIOUR	Carnivore, Pouncer	

Note: This creature sometimes strikes to wound and frighten, reducing claw or bite damage to 2D or even 1D.



It is possible to see where highways and lesser roads once stood, and here and there a small section of wall has survived. Most are covered with creepers which are now home to innumerable small birds.

As dusk settles, many of these birds are flying home to roost. The landscape feels eerie; deserted yet alive, with oddly familiar shapes softened by vegetation. The wings of many small birds create sudden sounds and movements, making it seem that there is something lurking at the corner of the Travellers' eyes. Everyone is tired and at first jumpy, but soon it becomes too much effort to turn at every sound. It's just the birds again. Isn't it?

IT'S NOT THE BIRDS

Something is stalking the party. It is a local predator about the size of a large dog. It used to have a name, species designation and database entries, but the collapse of civilisation on Marduk caused it to be forgotten. Some of the local populations have words for these creatures, but the players will not know that.

Karine and other Marduk-starport dwellers live on an artificial island and even the Near Coast is tamed to the point where there is little local wildlife other than the herds and a few working animals. They have never seen these creatures and may indeed not have even heard of them. There are obscure database entries in old histories of Marduk, but few modern residents have any real reason to read up on what their world used to be like centuries ago, or what to expect if they venture into the untamed wilderness of the planet – which they are rather unlikely ever to do.

The creature is fast, vicious, and territorial. It is also smart enough to recognise that people are a threat in groups but less so as individuals. It has encountered (killed and eaten) humans before and knows that alone it cannot overcome this group. It could take a straggler, and might well do so if the opportunity presents itself, but it has a preferred outcome. If possible, it will try to herd the Travellers deeper into the ruins where the rest of its pack can make an ambush.

The Creature

The local dialect has a word for these creatures. They are called Garinaembright (Garrin-Aim-Brate with a vaguely middle-European accent), which will be translated by a comm after it is heard a few times as 'extremely clever teeth-killing thing'. This is the best that a comm can do, and is not a direct translation. The Garinaembright belongs to a category of threats known as Behytlect, which a comm will variously translate as 'that which was left over after civilisation collapsed', 'the things out in the darkness' and 'beyond the light'. This term, 'beyond the light' is a local colloquialism for both that which lies outside the safe area controlled by a settlement and any area denied the 'light of civilisation'. Linguists and anthropologists could make much of the local idea that the 'light of civilisation' went out and what was beyond it got in... but more importantly there is a large, dangerous and very cunning predator stalking the group.

The Garinaembright can best be described as a 'bristly-furred, long-legged dog-like quadruped', striped in grey and dingy brown, with long fangs and claws that let it climb as well as gouge and tear. It normally moves quite slowly, almost silently, constantly sniffing the air and searching about with its orange-yellow eyes. When it

wants to, a Garinaembreight can surge into a fast rush or leap a surprisingly long way. It changes direction in a fast but ungainly scuffle of claws on the packed earth. It is not known how this creature communicates with others of its kind when out of sight of them – though it definitely does, and can set up complex ambushes – as its vocal chords are extremely rudimentary.

Garinaembreights can co-operate even when they cannot see one another, so some communication mechanism must exist. They are pack hunters, preferring to push prey into a confined area and then pounce all at once. In the inevitable scramble to escape, prey will impede one another; a small group will be contained and massacred, while a larger herd of prey will usually have some survivors. This strategy seems geared towards taking out other predators as well as prey animals – trapped predators are more likely to scatter and flee than to fight back as a coherent group. The implication of this is interesting, since the Garinaembreight is the apex predator on Marduk. Either this strategy was created to deal with other bands of Garinaembreight that had entered a pack's territory, or else the strategy was evolved specifically to hunt humans.

The Garinaembreight stalking the Travellers wants to herd them into the deep ruins, and will do so by letting them know they are being followed by something dangerous. It sneaks as close as it can then pounces on one of the Travellers, delivering a claw swipe that is deliberately aimed to only wound the target slightly. Ideally, the creature will pounce, knocking the target reeling or off their feet, deliver a weakened claw rake then bound away at high speed as the Travellers react. It wants the group to know there is something dangerous out there and that they need shelter, and is willing to wait for the kill until the group is in the ruins where the maximum number of targets can be taken at once.

Having let the Travellers know it is there, the creature pulls back and begins stalking them, being sufficiently obvious as to let them know it is still present. It knows about firearms, and will not give Travellers a good shot at itself – any chance to shoot will be fleeting; a half-seen moving target only available for an instant, grey and brown against a grey-brown background in the dusk.

The Travellers might still get lucky and hit the creature. If so, it will retreat if it receives more than a trivial wound. However, other members of its pack are already closing in. Whether they wound the creature or not, the Travellers will soon realise they are being hunted by more than one hostile local animal. It is getting dark, and starting to rain more heavily. Obviously, a defensible and sheltered location is desirable.

Moving at night would be a very bad idea in this terrain. It is possible that using lights might make the Travellers obvious to any raiders who are searching for them, although that is unlikely. However, even with everyone carrying a light there are too many things to trip over or break an ankle on in the overgrown ruins, and there are hostile creatures just beyond the light.

Up ahead, a more intact section of the city offers the chance of shelter. Soil deposition and heavy vegetation has turned the remaining buildings into a sort of half-sunken cave system. Only a few buildings have more than the ground floor intact, but there are enough of these to create a three-dimensional maze that must be navigated with great care.

As they enter the ruins, astute Travellers may possibly notice tracks. These are difficult to spot in the dark, requiring a Very Difficult (12+) Survival or Recon check. It is not possible to see what made the tracks, only that someone or something has been passing in and out of the ruins from time to time, and has left a trail of flattened earth and vegetation pushed away. It is not obvious whether this is deliberate trail-making or the result of animals moving around.

As the Travellers get far enough into the ruins to be out of the rain, the signs become more obvious. Someone or something has definitely passed through these ruins quite recently. After a while, the Travellers will begin to think they can smell woodsmoke, and not long afterward they come upon a chamber that has clearly been inhabited by people. The remains of a fire, carefully surrounded by stones, lie in the centre of the chamber. The embers are cold, but it cannot be more than a day or two old.

The referee should play this section of the adventure for tension. There are enough non-player characters (and possibly differing opinions among the Travellers) to create disagreements about what is happening and what to do about it. Remember that it is now fully dark outside, with heavy rain falling and more than one hostile predator out in the wilderness. Rushing out into the night would be extremely foolhardy. Yet staying put might lead to other dangers. If the referee can use one or another of the fellow-passengers to start an argument, the Travellers might become so absorbed in it that they forget to keep watch.

Unless the Travellers are completely distracted, they will see lights approaching. These are dim and not particularly obvious compared to the artificial lights the Travellers have, but they should have at least a few seconds' warning. Whether they do or not, there is the possibility for a tragedy here, as a party of humans enters the chamber. They are moving quickly, carelessly, and are startled by the Travellers.



C H A P T E R - F I V E

RULE THE RUINS

The newcomers are locals. They have a village nearby, one of several on what is thought to be an uninhabited continent. They use the ruins as a base when hunting, and are expecting to find two of their number in the chamber with a fire lit. Since they are moving fast, carrying a wounded companion, and there is a predator in the chambers behind them, they did not proceed with their usual caution.

There are five people; three men and two women. Two men in their twenties are supporting a third, older, man who is clearly badly hurt but berating the others that they can put him down now, he's fine... A woman of about forty leads the group with an oil-burning lamp in one hand and a large pistol in the other. A 12-year-old girl armed with a shotgun brings up the rear.

Trigger-happy Travellers who are expecting raiders might cut loose at this point, and there is a real possibility that the newcomers might, too. They are fleeing from a disastrous contact with a Garinaembreight, which wounded one of their number in an ambush. They are expecting to find a safe haven but instead their two friends are missing and armed strangers are in their camp. There is a dangerous creature behind them, they are stressed and alarmed... things could go badly wrong here.

All of the men (including the wounded older man) are armed with single-shot breech-loading rifles. The leader has one as well as her pistol. The girl has a shotgun of similar design to the rifles. All of them also have a blade and smaller utility knife. They are experienced hunters (even the young girl) but they have never seen outsiders up close.



Outsiders are taboo, and they believe there is a real possibility that the Travellers have killed the two other members of the hunting party. Reactions are mixed – orders and questions are shouted; the leader starts to aim her pistol at one of the Travellers then snatches it off target. The men lower their companion to the ground and begin unslinging their guns as the young girl at the back peers down the passageway and shouts something.

Of course, nobody understands what the other side is saying, but there is a lot of shouting going on. Two more figures enter the chamber from the direction the Travellers came from. They are a boy and a girl in their late teens, perhaps brother and sister. He has a shotgun, she has a rifle. They, too, begin shouting – some of which are obviously questions and answers with the leader, some of it is totally incomprehensible but clearly aimed at the Travellers.

The hunting party is also being herded and stalked by a Garinaembright, which has wounded one of them. The two kids were sent on ahead to last night's camp site to prepare a fire, but spotted the Travellers and took cover instead. The hunters are scared of outsiders in a general sort of way, but much more concerned about the creature behind them. They know for sure it is hostile, and they know about the pack's trick of herding groups of prey into a killing zone. They have never seen it done on humans though.

MARDUKIAN STANDOFF

Assuming both sides are not already blazing away at one another, there is an opportunity here for some very basic communication and co-operation. Smart people on both sides might realise the others are in the same situation – one wounded member of the party, something clearly pursuing them. The hunters will quickly realise this, but the Travellers might be slower on the uptake.

Note that the more local dialect the Travellers' comms hear, the more quickly the translation program will begin to process the dialect and offer interpretation. This will start with the comm suddenly making statements – odd words, fragments of sentences. It may be a moment or two before the Travellers realise what is going on, and the locals will at first be quite baffled by the voices speaking out of the air – though they have no irrational fear of technology, and will be cautiously curious rather than scared or enraged.

The locals do not want to shoot other people. They are quite willing to fight if necessary, but they have no quarrel with the Travellers and are facing a clear and immediate threat. If the offworlders (as the locals see them all, even Karine) do not start a fight, the locals will do their best to make them aware of the situation and see if some sort of co-operation is possible.

This situation has many roleplaying possibilities, both between the groups and also 'within' them as the Travellers and their new associates argue among themselves. Communication might start out as a bizarre pantomime with an element of 'judge my actions' as someone offers medical assistance to the other side's wounded, interspersed with urgent but fruitless attempts at conversation. Then the Travellers' comms begin to chip in with odd words and phrases to everyone's confusion. Soon both sides will be able to communicate with the comm as interpreter, and may find themselves both hearing and yelling "that's what *we're* trying to tell *you!*". Eventually both sides might be able to pick out some words and establish rudimentary communication without artificial assistance.

THE PREY OF THE THING THAT'S TRYING TO EAT ME MAY OR MAY NOT BE MY NEW BEST FRIEND

Communication is a start. Trust will take a lot longer. The Travellers may see the locals as barbarians or yokels; the locals are likely to view the Travellers as heavy-handed and over-reliant on technology, making them a liability unless they can be turned into an asset. Indeed, both groups might end up trying to 'manage' the other. The locals are struggling against their taboo about outsiders, but this is not as serious as in the isolated (and often raided) island communities. Of course, one reason the continental tribe is not raided is that nobody knows they are there, which raises some questions about the future.

In the meantime, there is a possibility for sharing information. The locals can tell the offworlders a certain amount about 'the things beyond the light' and the Garinaembright, but in return they want hear what the Travellers know about their tribe, how they came

to be in the area, and also how their technology works (at least in vague terms). The local tribe is capable of manufacturing items at a cottage-industry Tech Level 4 or thereabouts, but they do still preserve old stories about when 'the light was brighter', i.e. the technological age of Marduk.

It may come as a surprise to the Travellers just how sophisticated the locals are. They live in a hidden village among the ruins of an old city and can make only basic items such as tools and weapons, yet they know a great deal about many things. They can tell that it will stop raining during the night, for example, and they know the meteors they saw earlier was debris from a fight in orbit. They also know a pack attack by the Garinaembrecht is highly likely, and that there are probably around five to eight adult individuals in the pack.

The referee can make as much or as little of this period as seems appropriate. There is a chance here for some interesting roleplaying if the Travellers are so inclined. If not, then once the Travellers know what the situation is, they can begin making preparations to resist the impending attack. There is a limit to what they can do, other than ensure that wounded and non-combatants are away from the entrances to the chamber and that there is enough light to fight by.

Note that all of the locals are combatants, and will find the idea of starfarers trying to put the kids somewhere safe to be ridiculous and counterproductive. The locals are, of course, protective of their children, but they are part of the hunting group and every gun counts. They are expected to pull their weight and in return expect to be permitted to do so.

The pack makes its attack as a rush of three to five individuals. These creatures are fast; they can get into the room very quickly. One tactic they use is to rush straight into someone blocking a doorway, knocking them down and then bounding past. Once the creatures are inside the room it is more difficult to shoot as there may be allies in the line of fire. The creatures do not really understand this but they know that moving fast among their prey is a good way to avoid being hurt during an attack. One thing they do understand is that local firearms normally only shoot once and then are

useless until reloaded, which takes time. The creatures are inclined to make a direct attack on anyone who has just discharged a weapon, which may cause them to rush straight onto the barrel of a Traveller's gun.

The fight will be a confused scramble in semi-darkness, in which the creatures pull back if seriously wounded. As their numbers thin they will break off and dash out of the room until suddenly there are no targets left. Played right, this can have the defenders desperate and confused, looking around for enemies that are no longer there. Note that although the creatures will now be striking to cause full damage, they tend to wound someone and then leave him or her alone rather than trying for a kill.



Low-Tech Does Not Mean Dumb!

It would be easy to assume the Travellers have met a bunch of primitive savages - this is anything but the case. The locals are not educated in the sense understood by offworlders, but they are not dumb. Dumb gets you dead in an environment like theirs.

The locals are highly knowledgeable about their surroundings, and in that sense are more educated than the Travellers. They know which plants have medicinal properties and which will make you sick if you eat them. They can name local animals and their habits, and know good recipes for cooking them. In short, it is obvious that the locals know what they need to, and the more experienced among them are as knowledgeable as a starship pilot or engineer in their own field.

The locals are also not greatly impressed by technology for its own sake. If they are shown something that looks useful they may see the point; they understand the value of good tools. However, they are not prepared to accept that watching vids on a comm screen is as good as telling stories with your friends, and the idea of data storage seems hilarious. Why not just remember what you need?

The referee should play the locals as tough, self-reliant people who value their friends and are willing to meet a challenge head-on. The Travellers may find they have more in common with these people than most of the citizens they met at their last high-tech port of call.



C H A P T E R - S I X

HOLDING ON FOR DAYBREAK

In the aftermath of the attack, everyone has an opinion, and the Travellers' comms are confused by the babble of local dialect to the point where some of the translations are bizarre and even silly. Some are of the opinion that the two groups can hold out if they keep their nerve. Others are convinced that the other group somehow failed to pull their weight and casualties are their fault. One or two proclaim that everyone will be killed if they stay; the only chance is to escape this deathtrap and get out through the ruins.

According to the Travellers' comms, local daybreak is not long away, which will provide enough light to fight more effectively. Right now, being aboveground is extremely dangerous as the creatures can come in from any side, out of the darkness. At least in the light there is a chance to see them coming. However, while the debate is going on the Travellers will suddenly realise there are signal fragments coming through.

The signals are from rescue craft, or so they seem. They are fragmented, which is only to be expected since the Travellers are underground with no repeater nearby. However, with a small amount of effort someone with the Electronics (comms) skill can clean up the transmission enough to make it out properly.

The transmissions wax and wane in strength, suggesting they are coming from a quartering search craft. They repeat, probably automatically, the same message. It is nothing more than a statement that they are a rescue shuttle, and that the wreck has been found. Any survivors are requested to respond – the raiders have been driven off and it is safe to come out.

The Travellers might not believe the transmission at first, but its authentication codes are correct (Karine can be some help here, if she is still alive) which means the shuttle is from the orbital port. It does not, however, respond to any replies the Travellers make. Personal comms are low-powered transmitters, which normally slot themselves into the local repeater network automatically. Since there is no network, their own transmissions will not reach the shuttle from underground, though there is a chance that if one of the Travellers can get into open air, ideally above ground clutter, they will be picked up.

MAKING FOR HIGHER GROUND

Moving everyone might not be a very good idea, especially if some are wounded. There is also the question of the locals. They spend their lives avoiding detection by spacecraft, and are very wary of making contact. However, they are also aware that they need help and can be persuaded to assist. Their most likely role is to look after the wounded and non-combatants whilst a couple of Travellers attempt to scramble up higher in the ruins.

The sky is lightening overhead, but it is still very dark so any movement, even at ground level, is hazardous. Once clear of the rooms where the Travellers took refuge, it is possible to dispense with artificial light. Any locals present will advocate this – better to rely on natural night vision at a very low light level than to confuse the eye with a moving area of brightness surrounded by impenetrable dark. Either way, it is difficult to avoid tripping up or stubbing toes, and climbing is fraught with risk. There is also the chance of another creature attack, though this is a matter for referee discretion.

The pack has moved off to group for its final kill. Exactly how many there are is up to the referee – packs are typically no more than a dozen strong including nearly-adult young. This is probably plenty to overrun the survivors, especially if ammunition is short. For now, however, the pack is waiting... except for one or two individuals that are stalking the communications team. The creatures can climb quite well, and know their way around the ruins. As the Travellers struggle upwards through the wreckage – at times basically free-climbing in a ruined city, in the dark, possibly in the rain too – the creatures close in and pick a moment to attack.

Astute Travellers should be given a hint that they are being stalked, but when the attack comes it will be sudden and ferocious. The referee should stage the fight to be memorable for its awkwardness – shooting at a creature bounding from ledge to ledge whilst dangling by one hand from a creeper; that sort of thing. It will not be an easy fight, and there are many hazards as well as the possibility of being clawed or bitten. Assuming the Travellers survive they can make contact with the shuttle.

RESCUE IS AT HAND! WELL, MAYBE...

The shuttle is indeed a rescue ship; the raid really was driven off. However, the shuttle cannot land in the ruins. The Travellers are likely to be attacked and overrun before an armed party can reach them. The only chance seems to be to make a fighting retreat though the ruins to meet the shuttle.

With some effort, the communications party can get a signal back to the rest of the survivors and inform them of the situation. There seems to be no alternative but to make a run for the shuttle, bringing any wounded along. The shuttle crew has just two personnel; they have the same emergency shotgun on a bracket over the hatch as the first shuttle but no other weaponry. Thus the rescue is going to be a matter of the Travellers' own efforts.

There is also the question of the locals. They are dismayed at the prospect of more offworld contact, and frightened too. But they are tough, courageous and above all pragmatic people who can see they have few alternatives. They can be persuaded to assist the escape attempt and even to get in the shuttle – though there may be last-minute changes of mind about that. If the Travellers bungle their efforts to enlist the locals, they will have to make the dash through the ruins themselves, and the locals will likely be overwhelmed and killed. Likewise, if everyone elects to stay put there is nothing for it but a heroic last stand.

The dash, if it can be called that, is a difficult business. Wounded individuals will need carrying or at least support, and it is still pretty dark. The first clash will be with a single creature, but soon the Travellers will be in a running fight, with Garinaembreight leaping from behind ruined walls to slash at someone then bounding away into the ruins. Once on flat ground the shuttle can come in to pick up the survivors, and one of the pilots may be able to offer covering fire with his shotgun.

For added last-minute drama, some of the locals might balk at getting in the shuttle, or the pilots might refuse to take them. Left behind, they will be overrun and die. The Travellers will need to broker a solution fast if everyone is to get out alive – more of the creatures can be seen closing in from among the rubble.

The adventure finale should be a scramble to the rescue shuttle, fighting off the pack and the newly-arrived creatures until the shuttle is ready to lift off. Finally, the Travellers will be safe and in the air, though this does raise new questions.

WHAT ABOUT THE LOCALS?

The shuttle pilots want to follow their orders – grab any survivors and get them to the downport as fast as possible. They are not keen on transporting a mob of armed locals, however. Similarly, the surviving locals do not want to be taken far from their homes. At the very least there will be an argument; at worst a fight in the passenger section of the shuttle.

Since the pilots want rid of the locals and the locals want out of the shuttle, the obvious solution is to drop them off somewhere near their village. Of course, they have never seen it from the air and cannot be very sure where it is, but this is a solvable problem if the Travellers are willing to try. Afterward, it is a fairly short flight to the downport, and the Travellers can at last reach their destination having already spent one very eventful night on Marduk.



Going Off Script? What Script?

What sets the traditional roleplaying experience apart from video gaming is the complete freedom of choice available to the Travellers. There is no script for the adventure as such, just a series of events the Travellers must deal with in whatever way they choose. If they come up with some completely oddball solution, then they can try it.

This cuts both ways. There is no railroaded script, but this also means there is no clear-cut path to victory. Indeed, there is nothing to say that the Travellers have to win at all. If they made dumb or silly choices then the referee can give them a friendly warning by way of the locals, and if they persist then they will face the consequences.

Similarly, interaction between the Travellers and the locals can go almost anywhere. The locals will not take kindly to being mistreated and may well choose to dissociate from the Travellers if they insist on behaving badly or doing something stupid. The locals are not forced to put up with abuse 'because the adventure script requires it' – there is no script.

That can be liberating, and it can be dangerous. Usually it is both.



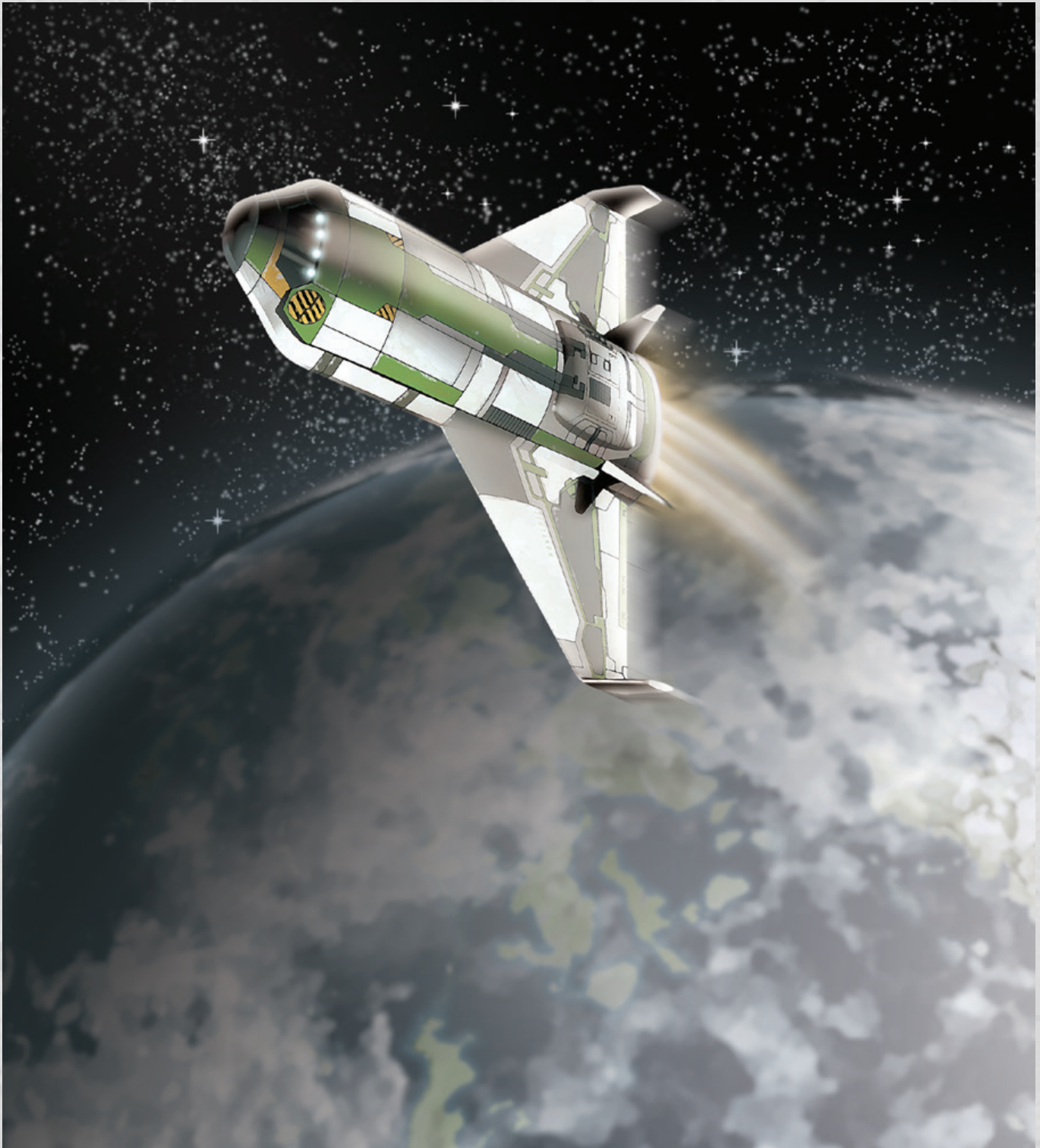
AFTERMATH

The orbital station is damaged, several craft have been lost, and there may be downed raider ships on Marduk. There is also the fact that at least one part of Marduk's continental land mass is not, after all, uninhabited. The implications of this are beyond the scope of this adventure; it may be that the locals will simply be ignored – they are no threat after all – or perhaps a contact mission might be sent to their village. Much

could be learned from these people about conditions on the continents, and maybe some details of Marduk's history that will be of interest to scholars.

The only people on Marduk who have any experience of dealing with the locals are the Travellers, and they may have won friends among them. Who better to lead an expedition to make formal contact?

That, however, is a whole new adventure.



CHAPTER - SEVEN

CHARACTERS

The skills listed for these non-player characters need not be considered exhaustive. Extra skills can be added for variety or to permit the game to run smoothly – an adventure should not grind to a halt because of one missing skill. However, giving a skill to a character should be rationalised. A starport worker might be an ex-marine with vacc suit and combat rifleman experience, but a shopkeeper who knows how to navigate a starship might require a bit of backstory to explain!

THE SHUTTLE PASSENGERS

EVAN GAR'HARZVN SANDERSON

SPECIES			GENDER		AGE	
Vargr			Male		31	
STR	6	INT	11	SKILLS		
DEX	8	EDU	10	Advocate 2, Diplomat 2, Admin 1,		
END	5	SOC	9	Broker 1, Investigate 1, Persuade 1		

Evan is what he seems, a well-mannered fellow who grew up in a mixed human/Vargr population. Like many Vargr in the Reach, he has a human forename and surname, with a traditional Vargr name 'for Sevenday best' as Evan's grandmother used to say.

Evan is a junior lawyer working for a firm based out of Imisaa in nearby Tobia subsector. He has been on Marduk for a few weeks now, as part of a lengthy assignment requiring visits to several worlds in the region. He is not inclined to discuss his business due to client confidentiality, and in any case it is complex and rather boring. Evan's firm is involved in a move towards streamlining cross-border trade with the Imperium, which involves a great deal of extremely detailed negotiation over points of law that are often abstruse in the extreme.

Trying to get Evan to let slip some dark secret by inducing him to brag will not work for two reasons. One is that he really has no dark secrets – he is a lawyer assigned to Marduk to discuss some trade laws, and nothing more than that. The other reason is that whilst Evan is as concerned about his 'charisma' and status as the next person, he does not conform to the stereotypical loudmouth Vargr for the simple reason that such people only exist on vid shows. Evan is much more cultured and subtle in his display of status. He has a tie

pin indicating membership of an elite lawyers' fraternity and his suits are expensive. Anyone who cannot see that this means he is indeed a person of importance is not worth being noticed by.

Evan is very much a city boy, and will not handle the outback well. He is enough of a realist to accept the destruction of his nice suit (if it happens) as a natural consequence of a bad situation, but he does not know how to survive in the outback and has no real idea what to do in a fight. Despite this, he does feel a need to pull his weight and will support what sound like sensible ideas coming from someone who knows what to do. His own instinct will be to stay with the wreck and await rescue, because that is the 'official' instruction on what to do when a shuttle is downed.

Evan has encountered racism from time to time, but it is fairly rare in the Imperium with its very mixed society. Anyone making 'fetch the ball, doggie-boy' jokes will rapidly alienate Evan, who will be genuinely shocked that anyone so crassly stupid could exist. He might even be moved to inept but sincerely intended violence, but is far more likely to wait until the group are rescued, then slap the offender with a lawsuit. If he cannot make a charge stick – Marduk does not have much law concerning racism and has never really needed it – then Evan will find something to accuse the Traveller of. He knows a lot about starfaring trade and planetary entry regulations, so the Travellers might find themselves charged with something very obscure, like discrepancies in their luggage documentation for a stopover three jumps back.

PHYNNAN TREVIX

SPECIES		GENDER		AGE	
Human		Male		48	
STR	6	INT	8	SKILLS	
DEX	6	EDU	7	Persuade 3, Deception 2, Streetwise 2, Electronics (computers) 1, Stealth 1	
END	4	SOC	5		

Phynan is a lot less of a yokel than he seems. When he chooses, he can converse in Galanglic inflected with a variety of accents, or none at all. He can even mimic 'Imperial Court Standard Galanglic' as spoken at the Ducal Court at Tobia, though not well enough to fool

anyone who has spent a lot of time at the court of a major Imperial noble. He is a small-time conman who uses a variety of identities to fleece his marks.

In his present guise, Phynan is claims to be an under-educated hick from a backwater world who inherited a modest amount of money a few years ago and cleverly invested it with the assistance of an old family friend who works for GeDeCo. That investment has just borne fruit, courtesy of a little insider information, and Phynan has come to Marduk to liquidate his investment. Unfortunately he has hit a snag in the form of GeDeCo's policy on... something or other ('bulk disinvesting, whatever that means') and he cannot just get his money. Nor can he stay for long; he has got family back home and sunk all the money he had into tickets to get here....

This is of course a scam. Most of the details are true – there really is a policy on bulk disinvestment over a certain amount. However, Phynan's investment pot is enormously smaller than he claims (though again, it does exist). His plan is to set up a local account into which the investment will be paid in a series of phased disinvestments, and to sell shares in this phased payout to locals. Essentially they 'buy' part of his investment pot a discount (so he can get money in a hurry to get home to his family) and then receive the regular phased payouts. There is enough in the investment account to cover an initial payment into the joint account, but that is all. By the time the second payment is due in a month, Phynan will be long gone.

Although he is a crook and a liar, Phynan is not a violent man. He would fight if cornered, but not well. He much prefers to get others to do things like that for him and is adept at using existing systems – for example by saying the right things to security personnel so they arrest the angry marks he has just fleeced, and give him time to escape. In a tight situation he will always save himself first unless there is some reason to do otherwise. He is very calculating, and might at times balance a risk taken now against the payoff in terms of goodwill among others when he needs help they do not have to give.

Phynan is not in league with anyone and knows nothing of the disaster about to befall Marduk. He is simply there to scam people and move on, and wants nothing more than to get through the situation with his skin intact. He is not actually afraid of flying, merely using this as part of his cover. His ceaseless 'nervous' chatter allows him to feed false information to the people around him, helping set up the scam when he approaches them as marks. He has already decided that Evan is too sharp to fall for his con, and in any case prefers local people to starfarers – but that will not stop him from attempting to fleece the Travellers, even in the middle of disaster.

KARINE LUKOWIAK

SPECIES			GENDER		AGE
Human			Female		23
STR	7	INT	8	SKILLS	
DEX	9	EDU	6		
END	8	SOC	7		
Electronics (comms) 2, Admin 1, Science (Marduk history) 1, Survival 1, Gun Combat 0					

Karine is a Marduk native. Her family, like many locals, mostly work in the maritime port and its associated industries. She has a brother who is an engineer aboard a trawler, and she is apprenticed as a communications operator at the maritime port's shipping control office. Although quite mundane occupations by the standards of those who fly around in starships for a living, these are good jobs by Marduk standards and Karine's family are proud that their kids have done well for themselves. She comes from a background of hard-working, ordinary people and is intolerant of being patronised by big-shot spacefarers who treat her as some dumb yokel.

Working where she does, Karine is used to attention from tough-guy trawlermen and managerial types with nice suits, and tends to shut them out pretty quickly. It can be quite difficult to break through this reserve. Karine is talkative and friendly with people she likes, although trust must be built slowly.

Like others who work in Marduk's maritime industries, Karine has picked up a fair amount of information and the world she lives on. Most of this is connected with weather and climate, but she also knows a fair bit about the world's history and can supply the odd snippet of information as she recalls it. She has also undergone the standard 'surviving if your ship goes down' course offered to all personnel, as a result of a stint as the comms operator of her brother's trawler.

Karine has been on a trip to the highport, visiting some friends who work in the shops and bars there. Her bag contains a couple of changes of clothes, a few rice-and-fish bars... and a gun. This is a small-calibre revolver that she routinely carries, along with six spare rounds. Like other locals, Karine is entitled to own and carry a weapon for personal protection. Most do not – there is little violence most of the time – but her over-protective brother gave her the gun and showed her how to use it. She has never even had to show it to anyone, and would be hesitant to use it.

Karine could easily be dismissed by the Travellers as a clueless local kid, but she comes from a family who make their living in the deep-sea fishery industry. She is tough and determined when she needs to be, and knows the value of simple, common-sense actions in a crisis. She is actually the most likely of the three passengers to do something useful if disaster strikes.

THE LOCALS

The locals belong to a small tribal group which subsists at roughly TL3-4. They have no contact with the various islander groups, and are somewhat less xenophobic as they have not been raided by Oghma. They are a tough and resourceful people, not entirely ignorant of high technology though they cannot replicate or use it. They are certainly not impressed by the 'heap big magic from the stars' act, and are not frightened of devices like flashlights and comms. They are, however, impressed by repeating firearms.

The locals' guns are large-calibre breechloaders, firing a single shot using a crudely made but entirely workmanlike metallic cartridge. Rifles and pistols use the same ammunition, while shotguns are smoothbores firing a larger-calibre shell. Locals are sparing with ammunition and rarely carry more than a dozen rounds for their gun.

THE LEADER - EMILYA

SPECIES	GENDER		AGE	
Human	Female		38	
STR	8	INT	9	SKILLS
DEX	9	EDU	4	Survival 3, Leadership 2, Gun
END	9	SOC	7	Combat (slug) 1, Melee (blade) 1, Recon 1, Stealth 1

Emilya is the leader of this group by virtue of being both a good hunter and a cool head in a crisis. Although she can react instantly to danger, she prefers to watch and wait if at all possible, making her decisions based upon as much information as she can obtain rather than rushing into an unknown situation.

THE OLDER MAN - LORRNN

SPECIES	GENDER		AGE	
Human	Male		51	
STR	5	INT	8	SKILLS
DEX	8	EDU	4	Survival 4, Gun Combat (slug) 1,
END	6(1)	SOC	7	Medic-1, Melee (blade) 1, Recon 1, Stealth 1

Lorrnn is, ironically enough, the group's best medic. Fifty is quite old to be still working with hunting parties, but Lorrnn can pull his weight and has a great deal of knowledge about the environment and the creatures that live within it. He was wounded in the initial attack; not mortally, but enough that he requires help to move at more than a slow hobble. He is both grateful and outraged that the others picked him up and ran to safety with him when he was hurt – his dignity has been wounded but he knows they did what they thought was necessary to save his life.

THE MEN - BORX & ALTYN

SPECIES	GENDER		AGE	
Human	Male		22 & 25	
STR	8	INT	7	SKILLS
DEX	7	EDU	3	Stealth 2, Survival 2, Gun Combat
END	9	SOC	7	(Slug) 2, Melee (blade) 1, Recon 1

Borx and Altyn are brothers, both experienced hunters. They are more prone to be hot-headed than Emilyya and may rush into a situation that she would stand back from. They are used to following her lead, however, and will do so even if she is at odds with their father, Lorrnn.

THE GIRL - ECLYA

SPECIES	GENDER		AGE	
Human	Female		12	
STR	5	INT	7	SKILLS
DEX	8	EDU	3	Recon 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1,
END	6	SOC	7	Athletics (dexterity) 1, Gun Combat 0, Melee

Eclya is the daughter of Emilyya's dead sister, and at twelve years of age is an accomplished scout. She has been on several hunts and is not prone to panic – and is quite willing to use her shotgun.

THE TEENAGERS - HAF & YSK

SPECIES	GENDER		AGE	
Human	Male & Female		17 & 19	
STR	7	INT	6	SKILLS
DEX	7	EDU	3	Recon 1, Stealth 1, Survival 1, Gun
END	8	SOC	7	Combat 0, Melee 0

Although they look very similar to an outsider, Haf and Ysk are in fact not related. Anyone assuming they are brother and sister will get a puzzled and possibly angry reaction since they are in fact a couple. A local could easily see whose kids they are from subtle characteristics, and the idea that someone might not be able to see the differences is a bit baffling to them. Haf and Ysk act as scouts for the party. They have taken kills in the past but are normally assigned to supporting roles. Both are keen to show their worth as hunters, and can be a little reckless as a result.

CREW

PILOT, CO-PILOT

RUNNING COSTS

MAINTENANCE COST:

Cr338/month

• • • • •

PURCHASE COST:

MCr39.69

POWER REQUIREMENTS

10

MANOEUVRE
DRIVE

1

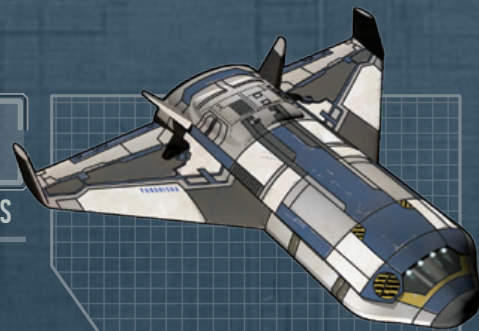
SENSORS

19

BASIC SHIP
SYSTEMS

38

HULL POINTS



PASSENGER SHUTTLE

TL10

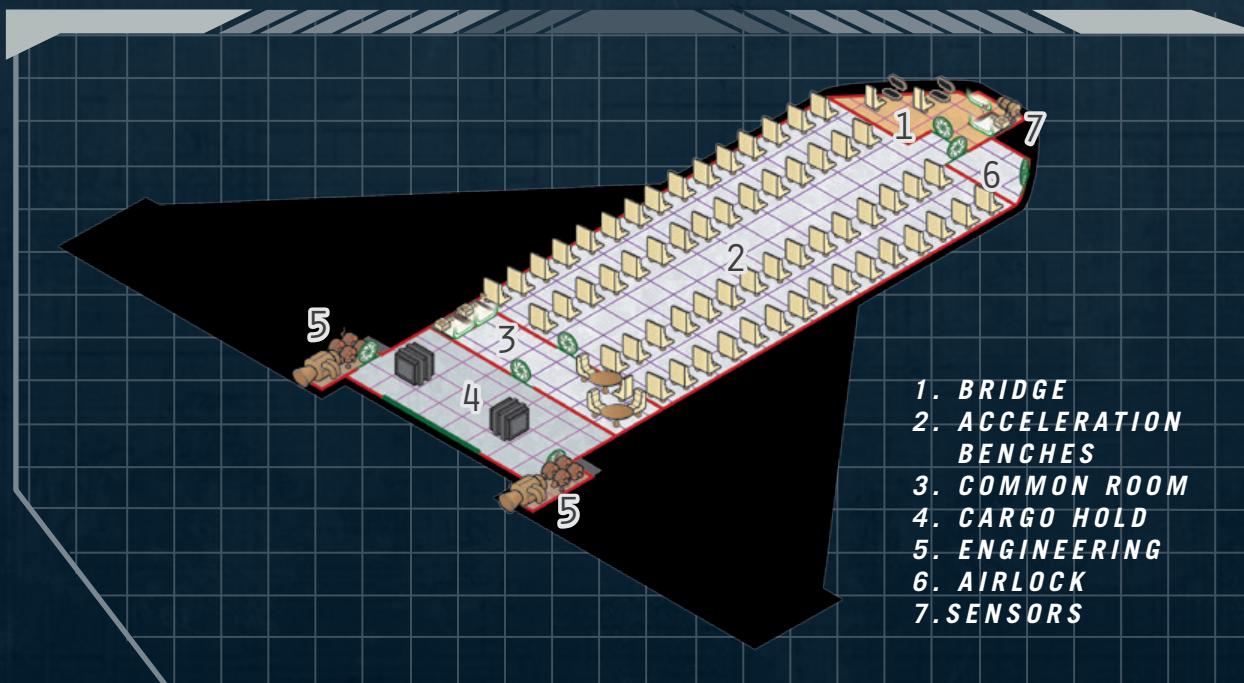
TONS

COST (MCr)

Hull	95 tons, streamlined		5.7
M-Drive	Thrust 1	0.95	1.9
Power Plant	Fusion (TL8), power: 30	3	1.5
Fuel Tanks	12 weeks of operation	1	-
Bridge		6	0.5
Computer	Computer 5	-	.03
Sensors	Civilian Grade	1	3
Accel.Bench	X60	60	30
Systems	Airlock	2	0.2
Common Area		8	0.8
Software	Library	-	-
	Manoeuvre/0	-	-
Cargo		13.3	

TOTAL: MCr 14.967

Intended for routine passenger transport this shuttle fills the need at a reasonable price point. Capable of carrying up to 60 passengers, the shuttle has a small cargo bay, passenger area and crew section separated by internal bulkheads. Normally only the passenger area is accessible to non-crew, and operations are sufficiently routine that no stewards are carried. even the crew rarely interact with the passengers, except to pass on announcements when necessary.



1. BRIDGE
2. ACCELERATION
BENCHES
3. COMMON ROOM
4. CARGO HOLD
5. ENGINEERING
6. AIRLOCK
7. SENSORS

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