

Letter from the Primus:

Hi:

Allow me to welcome you to the galaxy's finest training and improvement center for exceptional beings, welcome to the Gordon Universal Academy for Refinement and Development of unexploited potential of extraordinary Individuals And Neutralization of planetary threats. G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N, exists with the purpose of recruiting only the finest of what we call "extraordinary individuals": Individuals rare in the galaxy for their exceptional courage, valor, and might... people like you.

At this point of your life your abilities are at a very early stage but, with the proper guidance and tuition we can (and want, and WILL) help you reach the pinnacle of your potential. Our instalations provide all the facilites needed for just the finest training aviabile: from seamless VR to actual combat. All with one purpose, the safety and well being of YOUR home.

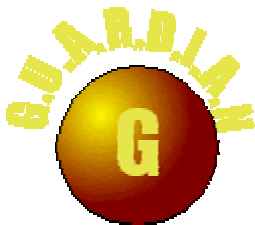
G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N is also part of one of the biggest alliances in the galaxy for mutual protection counting with treaties with more than 30 planets all over the galaxy to recruit any promising exceptional being for tuition on the mastery of his abilities and the better defense of his own home planet (and others as well).

And... "How does the alliance works?" You may ask: Simple, your planet has troubles? 72 hours (mars time) passed and proved the local inhabitants can't handle it, we send the best qualified team for the job.

So c'mon! Don't think of it as an abduction... think of it as a CHALLENGE! Believe me that no place in your planet can offer you what we will: Enjoy the BEST training, travel all along the galaxy, face the strongest oponents this corner of the universe has to offer (friend AND foe); plus, know interesting people... and kill 'em (just kidding here)

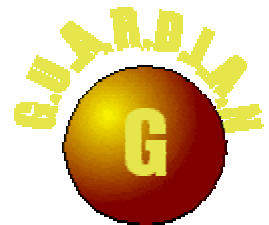
I say farewell to thee, but not before remembering you of the great responsibility all of our members have, for our future now rests on your shoulders. Good luck, we have our hopes on you.

Jhor A Mistalak, primus  
Third lunar cycle, Space year 2070



# G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N

An original Thrash game setting  
by ROMEo (azalin1@lycos.com)



## Introduction

So, you actually DO think that little defenseless bums or no-good monsters whose butt you kick on a weekly basis makes you special, huh?. Well kid, let me tell you something... they don't. So, you have the habit of poking your snotty little nose where you weren't called and always manage to get out somehow, well, so what?. Think yourself THAT good just because you beat the pulp of that big-mouthed clown or because you just managed to make it trough that encounter with that smart-ass energy being that proclaimed himself a GOD?? <--\*Insert sarcastical laugh here\*.

Well kid, let me tell you something... from now on, forget about all of you past meaningless victories, the worthles trophies on your shelf, the beastly skulls on your wall, or what you think you knew... because from now on, all that means d\*ck.

Welcome to the big leagues kid! Ever fought an extradimensional entity? Ever been in space? Ever piloted spacecraft while warping for dear life away from a supernova? Want me to hand you the keys?.

Ok, ok, I'm cutting the crap. As you may have already guessed. G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N is my very first attempt to create a completely new setting for Thrash. To be sincere, the idea of G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N started primarily because I suddenly wanted to run a Ninja High School-like campaign. Second, because this idea of the campaign reminded me of several ideas that were floating in a corner of my head for a long time but didn't pay much attention to, mainly because I had no interested players anyway (hard to live in a population of vampire-junkies only): ideas like hi-tech as a weird power, the introduction of superpowers, and the revision of a LOT of rules. Then, this idea of a setting became my personal playtest campaign for 1) The new rules and 2) Seeing in action my new weird powers in a setting where ALL the weird (and non-weird) powers are present and with absolutely NO restrictions... a free-for-all-anything-goes campaign.

Oh, and BTW, as you continue reading, you may realize (as I myself did after a while of writing) that, even if I wanted at first a NHS-esque setting, I ended up pretty much with a pretty weird mix between Star Control, Dragonball-GT, Heroes Unlimited (a LOT of Heroes Unlimited) and whatever crossed my deranged mind at the moment I guess (well, guess it's better if it is ME who states it FIRST before the critics do, isn't it? ^\_^U).

Oh...and before you start calling me lame, please don't take anything you find here seriously, G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N was meant as a semi-comedic setting of anime weirdness :P

### **ROMeo**

(AKA Israel Reyes, formerly The Learning Lich, formerly Nice Ghoul, and still one mean SOB)

Well, all I have to say, hope you like this setting as much as I liked writing it.

Special Thanx to:

Montalve: For all the material on space situations, generating the character with the most fun background, and serving as a great crack-driver in those unforgettable 4 romantic days with my girlfriend.... oh and for being the only human alive who, instead of getting a red face when embarrassed, only gets red ears.

Octavio "Chaperon del infierno" Granillo: For showing me he cares about my work... and being the only person I know that can make inopportune interruptions during romantic moments and be fun about it.

Ben Dunn: For drawing stories as silly, funny, and parodius as they can get.

Soufle: For creating such august personage as Cheff Peppin.

Antinimicus: For being the dirty old archmagus we all know and love... to get pissed.

Betsy&Gracia: For the Alternity ® books. Also, for being quite the coolest Wraith ® and Mage ® players I know, and for introducing me to all the nutritional traits of the dinochicken.

And, of course, my gaming troupe, for this I wrote for them.

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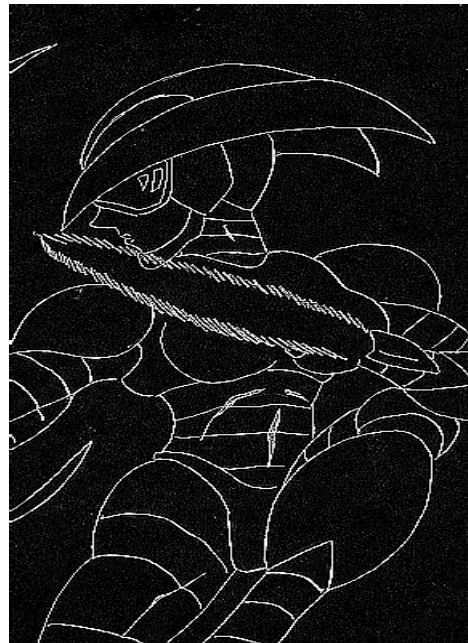
Chapter 3: Charted Space

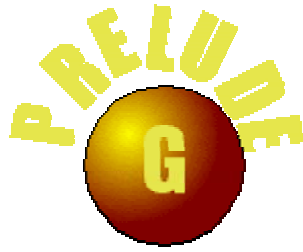
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## Chapter 1: Recruitment

Just the happiest night of Kei's life. Not because tonight he has proven himself as the strongest martial artist in the DragonFight tournament, but because this was the night he finally payed back his arch-rival all the tears he shed when his sister died in his arms two years ago, all the nights spent cursing his name time after time, all the time preparing his final vengeance. It was done, vengeance has been served, his soul finally knows peace... but also, his life has lost meaning. Since the death of his sister at the hands of Typhoon Long, Kei's only reason to live has been vengeance, but now he realizes that, the smile vanishes from his face as he knows now he's empty.

As the wind caress his empty face, Kei dumps the trophy in a garbage dump as he heads for the nearest bar when a desperate scream draws his attention to a nearby alley where he sees a young girl in the hands of a lowlife in a dirty trenchcoat and rags. Instinctively, Kei drops his bag while lounging himself at the molester fist outstretcd, ready to smash him into next week, when suddenly the situation gets an unexpected change as the bum pops out from his trenchcoat an energy weapon that he uses to recieve the incoming foe with a blast that bounces Kei back, making him land of his bottom. As he gets up, the misterious figure takes his victim by the waist and leaps his way from the emergency ladder to the roof. As soon as he gets on his feet, Kei decides to spend a couple of seconds preparing his Karumi-Jutsu and leaps all his way to the roof in one jump. Upon landing, Kei sees his oponent still running across the rooftop with a firm grip on his victim's waist. However, upon realizing Kei's prescence, the figure turns around to face Kei and, striking the surface of the rooftop with the index finger, a huge fissure swallows Kei as the rooftop collapses. As the misterious enemy leaps to the next rooftop, kei manages to get a hold of a remnant of the few still-standing pipework and swings himself up and back to the chase.

<Kei>: Just who is this guy? He's tough but... I have this feeling he's way faster than this, like he was luring me somewhere... what is it he wants?

As Kei lands on the next rooftop his fleeting oponent was escaping into the building trough the roof entrance, but before he could make a move, suddenly, everything went black before his eyes.

<Kei>: What? ¿What is this!? Where the hell did that bastard went to? Huh? What is that? Three prescences??... man, I'm in trouble...

Upon feeling the three strangers aproaching, closing his eyes, Kei adopted his fighting stance and waited for them to make the first move. As the first prescence tried a fast and violent approach, Kei easily sidestepped him recieving the uninvited guest with a quick elbow in the back of the neck leaving him unconscious. The two remaining intruders started surrounding him walking in circles while Kei just waited silent and focused. After a few moments of uncomfortable silence both attackers launch themsleves at the same time in a sinchronized barrage of fisticuffs while Kei defects calmly every single attack from both right and left. A quick iron broom knocked both enemies to the ground, buying Kei enough time to disable the one to the left with an effectvely placed axe kick. As Kei finished bussiness with the second attacker, the one on the right was already on his feet and launching himself again but a Chi-pumped bodyflip propeled him out of the rooftop making short work of him.

...As the darkness dissipates, its again only Kei, the rooftop, and the closed roof entrance...

<Kei>: Ok you wise guy, let's see what else you have in store for me!

With renewed courage, Kei rushes to the front door ready to take whatever comes along. As the door swings open, three fully armored snipers that were inside and waiting open fire from within the darkness with energy rifles blasting an unsuspecting Kei out of consciousness.

<Sniper1>: ...He'll never know what hit him.

<Sniper2>: Guess this one didn't pass the test...

<Sniper3>: ...hmmm... affirmative... affirmative... copy... over and out. Ok boys, let's get movin'.

<Sniper1>: Guess not everybody wins huh?

.....

G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N recruits today what tomorrow will become the elite of the galaxy, creme de la creme. For that purpose, our dedicated staff of seers monitor de stars 24/7 for knowledge and advice on the birth of individuals with a special destiny, individuals with the power to change fate.

G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N prefers raw POTENTIAL over experience. Why? Because newbies are more maleable and can be easily adapted to new circumstances... individuals who already have some time on the bussines already come with a stablished mentality and tend to be more stubborn and reluctant to learn things all over again. In a line of work where each and every new job is a COMPLETELY different environment, fast adaptability is a decisive factor... remember kiddo, in this universe there's only the quick and the dead.

## **The world**

No kid, no, the place is not like your sci-fi movies... no, it's not that different from your neighbourhood. Yes kid, you can carry your motorbike with you but...¿Why? ¿Wouldn't you like a hover cycle instead? ... I knew your reaction would be just that. Yes we have TV. Yes, we have videogames. Yes we have parks and your goddam disco ¿Would you care to stop asking silly questions?.

Well, ok ¿Where was I?... oh right. As you may have already seen, this place is not that different from your homeworld so we expect you to adapt quite quickly to a place slightly more... advanced.

Yes, we are a cashless society, good you figured it out that fast. Oh and BTW, here's your KID, take good care of it... and don't spend too much at once, your credits are limited.

## **Missions**

Well, as you was already told, a lot is expected from you. What kind of things? Easy, to keep your home safe... as well as others. What? Well not exactly, 72 hours is just a conventionalism, we really send help when we see is needed, or when the planet representatives request it from us directly. Yes, there is a Galaxy Police, but they just can't be everywhere at all times, not as fast as us at least ;)

Besides, that is the deal we make with every other planet from which we get recruits from: We provide help from the best qualified team for the job whenever needed and they provide us with new blood.

## **Training**

Of course even if you already have formidable abilities in your homeplanet I guess you will understand that, as you are now, you're still not qualified for most missions. For starters, you could not arrive to a specific planet if I handed you the keys of the ship. Besides, you still have not a grasp of all your potential... and that's where we get in the picture.

Starting today... well, next week ok? we take the duty of helping you realize all you're capable of and help you reach it. What we have? Easy, what you need?. VR training? Covered. Hand to hand? With the best experts in this corner of the galaxy. Training facilities? Simply the best. Field operations? That you will have 'em

like it or not.

Besides, extraordinary beings are a scarce resource in the galaxy, we can't afford to lose any recruits, and for that, we have to assure they are ready to face whatever comes.

### **Leisurely time**

No kidding, fortunately for you this ain't the army. For starters, you will have an apartment of your own assigned (that, of course, once you have earned it) and yes, you will still have some free time. Fortunately, we don't have an emergency every two hours so you can have some time for yourself.

Well, all I have to say, hope you overachieve yourself as soon as possible, for you and the galaxy as well. Oh Did I mention that you have free the first week to adapt to this place? Well, feel free to wander around as you please and explore your new home to the content of your heart. Don't forget your KID, oh and we have put some extra amount in your account for this week, have a blast kid!

## Chapter 2: Galactic History 101

\*\*\*Extracted from the reports of Rezo Hastaru, Galactic Historian.\*\*\*

Space year 2050, a distress signal from the Sadalmelik system is intercepted in Velushia, head of the Planetary Union, the transmission was the coded signal for invasion alert.

### **Invisible Stalker**

Six hours was the time it took to the Velushian Preventive fleet to arrive to Sadalmelik, only to witness the remaining flames engulfing the Beta Aquarius system fade away. The Planetary Union's Borderline fleet now an orbiting belt of junk and debris around Sadalmelik I and II, their communications apparently jammed so not even a single call for reinforcements could be made. The industrial cities burnt to the ground, the resource extracting factories and mines in ruins... the Roxzhar race extinct, all in less than 20 minutes according to posterior studies.

Twelve hours passed and all tracking methods known to the Union failed to give results on the perpetrators' whereabouts or where did they come from, the hours became days, and the days became weeks as all of the Union's Borderline fleet kept yellow alert, not knowing if this was an isolated incident, or if it would happen again... and where. At the fourth week, a distress signal came from the Silara star system... too far a distance from Sadalmelik. Again, the reinforcement fleet arrived too late. Again, a complete race met extinction and, again, the crime's perpetrator vanished.

Incidents kept happening over and over again over the course of six months and 4 planets were obliterated. Like ghosts, the enemy appears from nowhere, jams all transmissions, wipe out the planet, and vanish into thin air just in the same fashion. However, over the course of that six months the enemy seemed to show a special pattern of behavior that the Union's Intelligence department was able to figure out so they could predict where the next attack would be... and this time... the union would be ready and waiting for them.

One month passed away and, as the mysterious attackers started popping out in the orbit of Skat 4, so did the fleets of the Planetary Union, who was already waiting for them to arrive.

However, things were a little... different than the Union expected. Effectively, there were alien ships on the planet, ships that arrived through unknown means as no lightspeed traveling objects were registered... as if they just happened to pop out in place. But, this small fleet by no means could have the destructive power shown on the previous attacks. In fact, it was as these ships were just...

Minutes after the fleets arrival at the Skat system, a massive number of enemy ships appeared a few hundred kilometers from Velushia's orbit, the ships in Alpha Pegasus being only a decoy to lure the head of the Planetary Union's defense away.

When the Union's fleets realized the trap they fell into, they also realized that their LST (Light-Speed Travel) drives didn't work... the Union's hopes for survival trapped in Alpha Pegasus.

Fortunately for Velushia, the planet's force field resisted the siege long enough for the reserve fleets from Erato and Katakis to arrive. Unfortunately, just as the ships started arriving, they started to be slowly decimated by a clearly outnumbering force of already superior ships.

In a matter of minutes, with the exception of a few scattered (and almost non-operational) Union's ships, it was again only the enemy, and Velushia's force field.

The following siege lasted up to 9 minutes until the barrier's inevitable collapse. However, as the first enemy ships made contact with atmosphere, a big explosion was registered just in the middle of their fleet, the source being the enemy flagship, now engulfed in atomic fire. As the explosion of the huge nuclear reactors jammed all communications and navigation systems, the ships of the fleet began either fleeing as they could in the midst of the confusion of being utterly blinded, or crashing among themselves as the huge shockwave kept expanding. As systems began re-establishing, the first images were from the midst of the flaming wreckage of the flagship, where a lone human figure stood standing. Atomic fire blazing flashes in his crimson cape and costume, eyes burning with determination as he paused for one moment as if appreciating his work, then bolting towards the nearest ship of the now chaotic remnants of the enemy fleet and, after a couple of minutes of the anonymous hero's intrusion inside the enemy ship, this ship also exploded into oblivion. The mysterious figure repeated the process on ship after ship after the remaining ships finally fled.

### **The Gulfer and Captain Omega**

Upon arriving on Velushia, the lonesome hero's doing was celebrated all along the Planetary Union as he descended towards the surface of the planet where he was welcomed as their savior. After introductions were made, the name of Captain Omega would be remembered to this day and for ages to come.

Omega declared he was from a system not too far from ours, a star system that was just experiencing similar problems with the Gulfer, as he called our mutual enemy. He stated he was on a mission seeking races with the technology and science to understand and put to good use the gifts he was carrying.

Omega brought us an answer, the answer to how the enemy appeared from nowhere and their overwhelming power, and from him we learned the secrets of hyperspace travel and the principles to a new energy source that would not only prepare our ships for the requirements of hyperspace travel, but would also enable us to increase our battleships's firepower a tenfold. Over the course of their conflict with the Gulfer they were able to gather enough data from captured enemy ships, but they weren't able to make use of that knowledge, for Gulfer technology was by far too abstract and alien for them to understand. They were also able to see through their tricks and tactics, but with their inferior defensive capabilities they could only make use of that knowledge to barely defend themselves, and so, under the most critical circumstances, Captain Omega had come looking for someone who can put all that secrets to use and return to save his homeplanet, before it is too late.

The Gulfer technological secrets were hard to figure out and took time to decipher, but the tactical knowledge was more than enough to start fighting back.

The enemy still had superior fire power, but now we knew how to predict their every move, and as the first secret to uncover was the basics behind the principles of hyperspace, we were able to develop a device that prevented the enemy ships from escaping through hyperspace. The war against the Gulfer had begun... The flashes of alien high intensity lasers and nuclear warfare roared all across the Aquarius constellation as the Planetary Union's strongest armies from Velushia, Katakis, and Erato, waged war against the enemy, pressing them over the course of the 6 following months to that which would be the final confrontation in Captain Omega's homeworld... Omega Aquarius 2.

The battle seemed eternal. In the end, we won, but the price to pay was high indeed. Several planets burnt to cinders, including the very own Velushia, which fell victim to a Gulfer terrorist attack towards the first hyperspace experimental drive. In the same fashion, countless lives were lost to the enemy, including the hero Captain Omega, who sacrificed himself destroying the Gulfer mothership's reactor from the inside so the rest of the enemy fleet could fall as well.

## **The Times of the Reconstruction and the Galactic Pact**

After the fall of Velushia, the Planetary Union was reduced to a bunch of bickering planets with a lots of ideas about how to re-organize the Planetary Union, but no intention of organizing themselves. It was only the coming of a new "foreign visitors" that got their common attention after 3 months of poor bickering, specially now that Katakis and Erato were fiercely disputing for the colonies formerly belonging to Velushia.

The Airu was a race that came from the Andromeda constellation seeking to establish contact with us. From the outside, they witnessed the whole conflict with the Gulfer, and were deeply interested in establishing relations. As a non-bellicous race, they had a non-intervention policy; however, as the conflict ended, they were willing to assist us in every way they could to re-establish our position, economy, and their science, from which we were greatly benefited. In exchange, we shared with the Airu our data about the Gulfer Hyperspace technology, which was finished in a mutual effort of cooperation of scientists from both the Airu and Erato.

With Erato's scientists deciphering and adapting every new scientific and technological wonder coming from the Airu, and Katakis superior diplomatic skills in charge of public relations, the relationship with the Airu ran smoothly. Soon, we were already sending scouts to the deepest corners of the galaxy in order to establish contact with as many races as we could.

Counting already with 30 races, the organizational capabilities of an individual planet to deal with the other 29 started proving insufficient. We needed a specialized organism to put us all together, it was in these times specially when Katakis diplomatic skills and willingness to interact with other races proved vital, for their efforts forged what is now the Galactic Pact Organization.

However, there was still misteries to be solved. For starters, as Omega Aquarius 2 was destroyed before we could arrive to confront the enemy there, we may never know how many of it's inhabitants shared Captain Omega's formidable abilities. ¿Is he a one-in-a-million case or was it a relatively common attribute? If that is the case ¿Will we be ready for the day we have to confront beings of such power?. Whatsmore, the expedition we sent decades ago searching for the Gulfer's homeworld is still searching... and recently, all contact with them was lost.

## **G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N**

Space year 2060. A terrorist force of unknown origin shuts down Katakis' global defense systems just enough time for an A-Bomb to drop on the planet's capital. In the midst of confusion, agents from the Katakis' Intelligence department located the terrorists on katakis' 4th moon. The finest division of operatives was sent ASAP after the perpetrators and reached them just as their escape ship was arriving. Years of training, conditioning, sleep teaching, all was worthless as the operatives were dismembered, limb by limb, by a vastly stronger oponent. The terrorist were what is now known as "extraordinary individuals", members from an alien species with unusual abilities that augment them beyond their race's capabilities, the first specimens we had contact with since the disappearance of Captain Omega, and they were clearly an enemy we weren't ready to face.

However, as our last operative, left for dead by the enemy was watching the enemy ship part, its engines blew as four misterious figures were getting near. The strangers, in spite of their human-like physiology, didn't need space suits to survive the conditions of open space, they also seemed quite confident of themselves, since they just stood there waiting for the terrorists to come out. The display of confidence was not bluff however, with inhuman speed, strenght, and strange abilities, the four strangers made short work of the wreckers as soon as they were coming out of their ship. As soon as the enemy was defeated, the misterious benefactors parted to vanish.

As the first individuals with such abilities since Captain Omega, It was needed to know who they were, however, we had more important problems to take care of, we had one nuclear strike on the frontyard of our newborn Galactic Union and 6 unconscious terrorists to extract information from. Further interrogatory lead us to a not so distant asteroid where we found an improvised temporary base that was taken out with realtive ease. The attacker was from a race enemy of the Airu.

The Situation was quite tense, 6 of these "individuals" was all that took to threaten the security of a whole planet! It was obvious that, unless we started gathering data on these guys (and some in their ranks), we

were at a serious disadvantage. Jhor A Mistalak, 3rd Counselor, took himself charge of the mission and, in an impeccable display of efficiency, passed 6 months, the state department was provided with enough information about the "extraordinary individuals" (in fact, it was until then that the term was established) to safely recruit what is now known as the Katakis Elite Operatives (KEOPS). However, because of a fate's twist, there was no such thing as this kind of beings on Katakis (nor ANY known territory), Mistalak saw himself in need of importing them from outside, and so, he started establishing treaties with as many planets as he could. The deal was simple: a steady supply of promising extraordinary individuals in exchange for protection coming from the elite of the galaxy. Also, there was the problem that, even with all their raw power, it could be probable that these recruits needed to be properly trained for optimum results in combat, and a place to train them.

To this day, G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N counts approximately with 100 operatives and 300 recruits coming from over 30 planets.

## Chapter 3: Charted Space

### The Celestial System

Located in what we of Earth know as Alpha Aquarius. From a distance, this 5 star system is often mistook for having only one star. Having 5 small yellow suns, and the closest three being of a spectral class G, K, and M, Alpha Aquarius is capable of bearing life.

Alpha Aquarius has 6 planets, Lot, Katakis, Eros, Eutepre, Sitak, and Zol.

#### **Lot**

A small planet with an approximate size of Earth's moon, Lot is Celest's red Ruby. Being the closest planet to Celest's five suns and lacking an atmosphere, is no wonder this red planet reaches an unbearable temperature of 500-1000°C. However, once surviving the impossibly high heat and the 100 rads a day, one can find the planet's gravity is quite low (as low as the moon's).

Lot was once Katakis' most glorious mining planet... until it was found out that it wasn't as rich in minerals as it was thought to be. In fact, once its useful minerals depleted, Lot Mining Station has become a ghost construct.

Oh btw ¿Did I mention this planet also lacks natural satellites?

#### **Katakis**

##### *Planet*

Surrounded by a ring system and being the second closest planet to Celest's five suns, this huge planet (10 times the mass of the earth) is quite hospitable.

10 years passed since the terrorist incident in the capital, Katakians have managed to clean their biosphere from the radiation left by the atomic bombing almost completely. However, centuries of industrialized civilization mixed with an atomic bombing left their atmosphere damaged almost beyond saving, the atmosphere reconstruction work is going slowly, and it was just recently that Katakians could finally say goodbye to the radiation suits for streetwalking.

Another problem left by the terrorist incident was the extinction of almost all lifeforms. In fact, the only surviving life forms are man, sealife, and dinosaurs (that btw, in Katakis they didn't extinguish). Until treaties were established with the Sly, Katakis' diet regarding meat was reduced to dinosaur. Not only that, but during those years, as the few remaining animals were heavily protected for saving the species, the dinosaur came to fill the roles of almost all fauna related to mankind: dinochicken, dinopets, small guinea dinos for medical experimentation, etc. Even if the Sly have introduced to their fauna, the dinosaur have stuck in our culture somehow... a dinoBigMac anyone?

Katakis enjoys a moderate temperature, the weather is only slightly violent (like that of the coast) and still enough water to sustain its society for another two centuries or more. Of rugged land and a climate slightly more violent than Earth, Katakis is still a place to live however.



## *Position*

Passed 10 years since the Gulfer incident. Katakis has not only restored itself, but has also grown to a considerable degree. Not only that, their diplomatic talents also earned Katakis the position of unofficial head of the Galactic Pact Organization (GPO)... and they deserve it, after all, almost ten years of dealing with all kinds of alien cultures and organizing them without going mad has its rewards doesn't it?

## *Society*

In this 20 years, Katakis has changed quite a bit. From a society not unlike a near-future earth entering space age to one HUGE megalopolis with nearly 1 billion inhabitants, millions of hovering vehicles constantly circulating over the now virtual highways composed of the first 24 meters height of aerial space in a 24/7 traffic, and towering buildings dozens of meters high in cities that, having finally spent the last extensions of land, were forced to grow, but this time upwards.

## **Natural Satellites**

Katakis has 3 moons, Klio (.05 the mass of the Earth), Kallos (2,000 kilometers in diameter), and Please-don't-give-me-this-crap-this-sh\*t-ain't-no-f\*cking-moon (50 kms diameter)... ¿That name? Uuuuhm, let's just say its a long story concerning the late discovery of Katakis' last moon, an improvised press conference, and a hot tempered astronomist.

## **Klio**

Klio is sort of a "residential area"... a long story that began with some oportunists selling real estate when the first rumors of "moon colonization" began (actually, when the real colonization began almost ALL of Klio was already sold!).

Katakis's liquid resources problems came to an end with their incursion in Klio... for Klio is a complete WATERWORLD. As a matter of fact, all Katakians that bought their real estate there had to manage to pay for the expenses of marine plattformes to build cities (or should I say Islands?), and so, their homes.

Being a residential area, Klio enjoys the benefits of progress without the drawbacks of a civilization that has grown beyond their demographical limits. In fact, Klio is not very diferent from our own 21th century earth. The cities and biuldings are much like our own, green and lush vegetation with an ecosystem not unlike ours and the always beloved blue sky, but the distinguishing factor lies in the technollogy: Hover vehicles and hovercycles are the norm and alien aircraft is seen in the sky as often as news helicopters. The night lights are brighter and, as the population is from a selected group, the crime rate is null. Also, HUGE spacecraft arrive at the docking bays with frequency.

It is precisely in Klio where the G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N HQ stands. This is for two reasons. First, most recruits come from planets not so advanced, and Klio would be less of a culture shock. Second, after the last terrorist incident the council judged it better not to attract so much attention towards the capital.

Klio has an Earth-like orography (or ocean botton, as you like) and a nicely variating weather. Also, besides of the artificial Islands, there are also underwater cities, where most mining and scientific research and testing takes place.

As a special note, when Katakian men arrived at Klio, one of their first impressions after seeing Klio's rich ecosystem was "food, FOOD!. After five years of dinomeat... REAL FOOD at last!"... guess the surprise wasn't nice when they found out what Klio's highest evolutionary level was... yep, dinosaurs, welcome to dinomeat again...

## **Eros**

A small gas giant. With a freezing temperature of absolute zero, a gravity pull that difficults movement, and an atmospheric pressure that makes breathing impossible without the proper respiratory equipment, this planet is sure not hospitable for human life. Eros' atmosphere has a balanced mix of oxygen and hydrogen, but the atmospheric pressure and the biting cold incapacitates painfully any non-native form trying to inhale. A planet of blinding, everlasting mists. In the surface, clear vision is limited to 2 meters, becoming a blurry shadow after

that and everything disappearing at 3 meters. If that is not enough, it is told that very hostile creatures roam the surface (ever seen Giger's Alien?). Eros has 3 moons: Elisya, Sly, and Oh-sh\*t-you-really-expect-me-to-name-a-mother-f\*cking-piece-of-sh\*t-the-size-of-my-head (oh well, guess we shouldn't consult the same astronomist in future discoveries).

### **Elisya**

A frozen world. Elisya's temperature rivals that of Eros itself. A place no one would visit if it wasn't Katakis main provider of the precious greenhouse gases it needs to restore its all-too-ravaged atmosphere. Even if not as hampering as Eros', Elisya's gravity is heavy, and the atmospheric pressure is just as nice. Its half-frozen, sparse hydrocarbon seas are home to a breed of gargantuan, white worm-like creatures, creatures that have started being a problem recently. Elisya's perilous orography is quite useful for protecting the mineral extracting facilities however.

### **Sly**

Even if a bit too hot, Sly was the second friendly place Katakians met on their own. The temperature is quite high (50o C an average), but their oceans are quite vast and the air is breathable. The planet's inhabitants, the Sly, are a race of 4ft tall, humanoid reptiles (well... I'd rather say CUTE humanoid reptiles Remember our acid spitting friend from Jurassic Park? Well, cross him with an Ewok (hairless though), add some big, round eyes, and you got a Sly). The Sly are quite friendly and hospitable, and when we came in contact and they learned of our luck with our own fauna, they immediately let us borrow from their herd, farm animals, etc. However, being an agricultural, tribal community, the sly refuse to receive any of our technology (actually, some Sly say they come from an ancient, highly advanced culture and, in fact, they were so advanced, that they decided to just trash their science, and start over again).

### **Erato**

Coming from the neighbouring stellar system, our first contact with Erato was through received transmissions they used to deliberately send in the past on a regular basis trying to establish contact with another race. Actually, Katakis was their first success, and it was they who helped us develop our space technology.

Being the intermediary between the Airu's technology and the Planetary Union, the hermetically efficient Eratian civilization was indeed the most benefitted from the Airu's science.

Already a planet famous for being a model of efficiency and for its technological breakthroughs, the alien science they received was the boost they needed on several untested theories and unanswered questions.

After the coming of the Airu, the colonies formerly belonging to Velushia were equally shared between Erato and Katakis. However, even that colonies will not be able to sustain Erato's needs for much longer, and Katakis knows it... for they have exactly the same problem.

In scientific affairs, they are second only to the Airu. However, their greatest achievements they keep them to themselves. Erato armorers are widely known as the finest weaponsmiths on the Galactic Pact, their weapons as deadly and efficient as the planet's warships.

Masters of robotic research and bionics, Erato compensates his lack of extraordinary individuals with dreaded armies of cyborgs and power armor troopers. Rumor has it that Erato is starting to take their genetic investigations a step further, experimenting on the creation of psychics and superhumans.

### **The Galactic Pact Organization (GPO)**

Residing on an artificial satellite, the heart of the Galactic Union could be considered the most secure and heavily guarded construction in this sector of the galaxy. Home to each planet in the union's representatives, the satellite is surrounded by heavily armed orbiting asteroids and guarded by the elite fleets of the union. Also home to the Galaxy Police, the union's law enforcement organ.



## Chapter 4: Space Stuff

### NEW SKILLS

\*\*\*Specializations: When a character reaches level 4 in any skill, he chooses a specialization in a special area of expertise. When applying the skill on something the character is specialized on, he receives a bonus to the roll based on his Intelligence attribute (use the "Base Damage" table on the core book and get the "Base Damage" for the Intelligence attribute)

\*\*\*NOTE: Technology skills applied to alien gear have a penalty on its roll from -3 to -6 at GM's discretion.\*\*\*

#### Intelligence

The techniques of the art of war. Intelligence, counterintelligence, and so. When planning an attack or ambush, a successful intelligence roll provides the attacking group with combat bonuses. This skill costs as a discipline at character creation.

*System:* An "average" Int score is calculated with the average of the whole group involved (synchronized teamwork is VITAL). Then, with this new Int score, the Int+intelligence roll is made, the difficulty is twice the Int attribute of the rival group's leader (add his level of the Intelligence skill if available). In case of infiltration into an enemy base, the difficulty is the (Intx2)+Security of the officer in charge of the security. In any case, success on the roll earns the whole group a bonus to all rolls directly involved in the primary activity of +1 per each 2 points the total exceeds the difficulty. However, in the case of a base under attack or a group already expecting an ambush and looking for enemies, the other group can make a counterintelligence roll; in this case, it becomes a contested roll.

\*Suggested specializations: Infiltrations, battlefield tactics, enemy tactics' analysis, counterintelligence, ambushing.

#### Outer Space Survival

Enable characters to build tolerance to long periods in space (even if it is a space ship \*cabin fever anyone?\*), and to make their way in foreign ecosystems.

\*Suggested specializations: Extended Travels, Recognize Potential Food, Find Shelter, Resources Administration.

#### Piloting

This skill must be bought separately for each type of vehicle.

\*Suggested specializations: Hover vehicles, Space Fighters, Battle Cruisers, Interstellar Spacecraft, Submersibles, Heavy Artillery Vehicles, Robots and Power Armor.

#### Space Navigation

Deep knowledge about planetary systems, constellations, and other references that can help a character find his way in space should navigation systems be unavailable (add the level of this skill to navigation rolls when piloting spacecraft).

\*Suggested specializations: Quick Travel, Escape Routes, Dangerous Routes, Interestelar Tracking.

### **Surveillance**

Knowledge on the several methods and systems used for vigilance, security, and surveillance.

\*Suggested specializations: security systems, surveillance techniques\*

### **Weapon Systems**

Skill in the using, repairing, building and sabotaging weapons systems. Be it a starship's, heavy artillery, stationary defense systems, and the like. Each three levels, add +1 to all attack rolls when using any weapon system.

\*Suggested Specializations: Stationary Defense Systems, Spacecraft, Robotics and Power Armor, Heavy artillery Vehicles.

## **NEW DISCIPLINES**

### **Zero Gravity Fighting**

Special training that helps the character getting used to, and adapting his fighting skills, to a zero gravity environment. Each level automatically restores 1 Agility point of the penalty for zero gravity and, should the character succeeds a Zero Gravity Fighting roll against difficulty 18, the character is completely free of the penalties. Only one roll per combat is allowed.

## **NEW DISADVANTAGES**

### **Mistaken identity(-2/-3)**

In a galaxy far far away... but quite recently, there was this guy doing all sorts of things... some good, some not so... the point is, this guy has YOUR face. In the -2 version, ppl confuses you with a specific person (a most general figure), be it a hero (case in which they'll usually expect you to help them with problems FAR beyond your reach), a villain/criminal (just keep running please), etc. The -3 version, on the other side, makes your face quite personable...in fact, in different places and planets you WILL be confused with an infinite number of different persons. In one planet, you may be considered a hero while in the other you are the legendary demon and the next day you're the long lost soldier boyfriend of a lonely girl. In the -3, the player has no control over who will his character be confused with the next time. GM's on shortage of ideas can use this for some funny short stories (just don't repeat the mess-of-the-week cliché too often).

### **Mundane(-10)**

In the context of anime and fighting games, you can be described as a "mere mortal". You are unable of harnessing the spiritual force of Chi, with all its consequences. You can't buy nor use any maneuver or power which uses Chi and are banned from most weird powers (still, mutant animal, cybernetics and hi-tech are still ok). Other than Ki-Ai, the Extra-force modifier, and other examples of things one see in real life's average martial arts practitioners, the character is banned from any maneuver or power of spiritual, supernatural or otherwise not mundane nature. Gunfighters, Hi-Tech characters and almost EVERYONE in the Galactic Pact Organization's planets are usually afflicted with this.

### **Space Criminal(-3)**

Galaxy Police can get quite touchy sometimes. The character doesn't need to be a "space rogue" of sorts, maybe he just did something in his own planet that, unwittingly, had a negative impact in the galaxy. What's worse, as the Galaxy Police is in touch with several planets, you may get into the galaxy's most wanted quite fast.

### **Technophobic(-3)**

The character comes from either a barbaric, pre-technology age, mystically oriented, or otherwise planet without the bliss of technology. Can't choose any technology-related skill.

### **NEW ALIEN / MUTANT ANIMAL / MONSTER TRAITS**

\*\*\*Most of these can also be acquired by Superhuman characters at your GM's discretion.\*\*\*

### **Environment Adaptability (4)**

A character with this advantage has an organism that self adapts to any kind of biosphere (ie toxic, corrosive, too hot, freezing cold, etc). The character can function in almost any biosphere normally with no penalties nor ill effects. Not effective for distinct gravities or vacuum.

### **Incompatible life conditions(-4)**

The alien was born in either a frozen world, a high temperature world, different pressure, etc. As a result it must live inside a permanently conditioned environment (ie a space suit). In combat, each blow delivered has a chance of damaging the suit's life support system rendering inoperative (percentage equals the amount of damage delivered). Outside its controlled environment, the Alien will suffer 5 points of unsoakable damage per turn and all physical attributes are considered half). The suit can either be a regular space suit or be built with character points as a Hi-Tech armor. In the latter case, the character knows automatically how to repair and give it proper maintenance.

### **Low-Gravity world(-3)**

The coming to a world with a considerably heavier taking its toll on the character. -3 soak and movement is half.

### **Radiation Emissor(-2)**

The alien comes from a high radiation world. As a consequence, it constantly radiates low-level emissions which can prove dangerous to its companions unless always wearing a protective suit. Each time the character receives a blow, there is a 25% chance that a rip will open in the suit and, after combat, a chance that the character/s nearest to him at the moment of combat contract radiation poisoning (1%, cumulative each time that ever happened before).

### **Ultra-Gravity world(+5)**

The character comes from a world with a superior gravity than our own which gives it superior strength and endurance under our circumstances. Lower the XP cost of increasing physical attributes as well as the Body Hardening and Iron Fist Disciplines by 25%

### **Vacuum Resistant(+3)**

The alien is immune to all the ill effects of space: vacuum, bare radiation, lack of oxygen (still breaths oxygen \*or whatever it breaths\*, but doesn't suffer from asphyxia somehow), etc. Strangely enough, the character is still vulnerable to poisonous gases, can drown, etc.





## Chapter 5: Systems

### Space Travel

Given our type of setting, characters are quite likely to travel... and a LOT!. In order to do space travel the first thing is seeing if the destiny is common or uncommon (starships already have the coordinates and easiest routes for common destinations like some of the galactic pact's planets and colonies). If the destination is unknown to the ship's computer then one of two things happen: either the coordinates are just set into the computer and the pilot stays on guard for EVERY possible eventuality, or a space navigation roll is made to determine the best choice among all of possible courses, the higher the roll, the sooner the arrival (it is assumed that the trip will be uneventful); a failed roll means a trip that will take longer than expected and a "1" rolled on the die means a momentary glitch at the computer at the wrong turn...the players are lost. Rolls are made by the GM.

### Getting Lost

As aforementioned, momentary glitches at the wrong time can cause your ship to slightly change your course... and ending God-knows-where. In the same fashion, when exploring foreign planets, there's the same chance of getting lost when lacking the proper equipment (a "1" on the navigation roll). GM's should NOT just tell players "Guess what? You're LOST". Players realize they're lost when they arrive at a destination completely different. Once the characters are lost, no further rolls need to be made, they are lost and that's all. When lost in a foregin planet, players just need to wander around until they wind up somewhere.

Being lost in space is considerably more dangerous, as during long travels while traveling in hyperspace a glitch has a slim chance of accidentally taking the troupe in uncharted space... space is virtually infinite, and one can spend lifetimes wandering without finding a single reference point. When lost in space, the first rule is NOT moving until getting a clue of your actual position. Lost characters feed the navigation computer on all possible data with a navigation roll. The higher the roll, the sooner the computer will deliver results according to the following chart:

Roll		Time before results
Abismal	(1 – 8)	Insufficient data
Poor	(8 -12)	1-4 weeks
Inadequate	(13 – 17)	1-8 days
Barely sufficient	(18 - 24)	1d4x10 hours
Competent	(25 – 30)	4d6 hours
Magistral	31+	1d6x10 minutes

As you may have realised, space navigation is not something to be taken lightly. Not any newb can hop unto a starship and take it for a spin, one wrong turn and the crew is automatically in some real hot water. So inexperienced player characters better leave interestelar travel to the pros.

### Uncharted Space

Contrary to what some GM's may think, letting the players getting lost in uncharted space is NOT a good idea for the may never return home, and so, I'm not covering that eventuality (except maybe as the main theme for a story).

## **UNUSUAL CONDITIONS**

### **Different Gravity**

#### *Higher than normal*

All character will have problems moving (and sometimes even standing up). For every two atmospheres of difference (at GM discretion) the characters will lose 1 point of agility. If a character's agility is reduced to zero or lower he is unable to move, but if it is reduced to -5 or lesser in any of the two he begins to receive damage equal to 1d6 per each minus beginning from -5 for each minute that he/she stays in that environment, plus, soak rolls are considered half. Also most things will be heavier (and more resistant) so even picking a small stone in a world with a gravity of 10 atmospheres will be a challenge.

#### *Lesser than normal*

Characters will be lighter than normal and will move and attack more smoothly. For every 2 atmospheres of difference (at GM discretion) the character will gain 1 point of agility. Also, characters will jump easier and higher than in their normal gravity and if they fly they will do it faster.

#### \*\*\*\*Karumi Jutsu and unusual gravity

Characters has the Focus Maneuver of Reduce Weight have a great advantage over those who don't. When the character is using this maneuver in a planet with a higher gravity they are not affected as much as they would be with their original weight, they will only suffer one fifth of the penalties; BUT if he is using the same power in a planet with less gravity than that he is accustomed to he will suffer penalties as per zero gravity (too light to handle).

### **Zero Gravity**

This environment doesn't give nor takes bonuses from the characters Agility rating, but instantly halves it, mainly, because all of our stand, walking, fighting stances, etc. are based in a little concept known as "gravity center" (imagine Terry Bogard trying to "Power Dunk" someone at zero grav.). Most of regular maneuvers will be rendered ineffective, so characters may need to think in new and creative ways to strike opponent (Terry Bogard may not "Power Dunk" in this condition, but he may propel himself bouncing from a wall and attacking opponents with a Burning Fist). Also, characters in zero gravity jump as per the Karumi jutsu maneuver at full speed, however, unless a means of control is present (ie Flight Power, Air Jump, Psychokinesis, etc) inertia will take the jumping character to god-knows-where.

#### *Telekinesis and Zero Gravity*

Psychics will surely find space very much fun when they find what they can do. Psychics with psychokinesis will see their weight capacity increased to demigod proportions (as much as 1 ton per level OR as much as GM sees fit). However, objects propeled at the speed the raw psychokinesis provides is barely enough for doing a messy 1d6 points of damage (the object is virtually weightless ¿remember?). However, crossing a pretty big rock in the trayectory of a starship that is already at a pretty nice speed is sure gonna hurt!. Also, while in space, psychics with psychokinesis can use their level of psychokinesis as the equivalent level of Flight Power.

### **Extreme Temperatures**

#### *Hot Planets*

In these environment the character will continue as normal for a number of minutes equal to the characters stamina (plus body hardening\*2 if aviable), when the time expires the character will have to make each turn an stamina roll (+ body hardening level if appropriate) against 18 or suffer 1d6 of stun damage; character's reduced to zero health points by these means are rendered unconscious. However, if victims of fainting doesn't recieve proper help they die in a matter of hours (as many as their stamina). Other consequence is that characters are at -4 in their base accuracy from the beginning because of the temperature, and they lose another point every time they lose a Stamina roll.

### *Cold Planets*

Same as hot planets, with the difference that characters don't require environmental suits necessarily (sometimes even jackets or alcohol will do!).

### **Poisonous Atmosphere**

All penalties mentioned can be avoided using oxygen masks (and goggles if the atmosphere is of extreme toxicity). There are three types of poisonous atmospheres:

#### *Contaminated*

Feels quite sick but not in real danger. While under this conditions, characters suffer a penalty of -1 stamina, -2 A.P.s and -2 to their base accuracy.

#### *Toxic*

Same penalties that in sickening atmosphere. Each hour a stamina roll must be succeed against a difficulty of 16 or contract a disease (-3 stamina, -1 strenght) that will last 1d4 days or until get proper medical attention.

#### *Poisonous*

Characters exposed to this conditions instantly suffer 1d4 points of damage (non-soakable) and must succeed a stamina roll against a difficulty of 13 or be rendered incapacitated. Further exposure will cause 1d6 points of damage each minute; said damage is soaked with stamina only (add the level of Invulnerability if aviable).

### **Space Survival**

Sooner or later, the troupe will be sent to a mostly inhospitable corner of the universe, call it chasing a mark, crashlanding, getting lost, etc.

The primary thing to check upon arriving to an alien environment is: ¿How long are we gonna be stuck here?. If only landing for minor repairs or chasing a mark not too far from your position then it's fair to assume it will be a fairly uneventful trip (almost). However, if the circumstances demand a somewhat... more prolonged staying, then the troupe may be in need of making use of the resources they have at hand and make sure their staying to be as uneventful as possible (of course this tend to be worse in bad cases of crashlanding where characters need to get ALL of their resources from the environment).

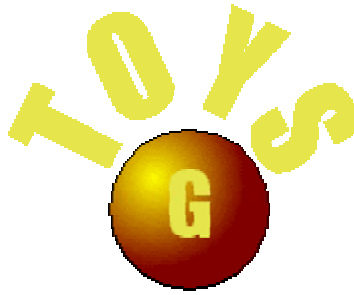
In regular staying cases, the troupe does only the "basic landing routine" like securing the perimeter, some basic surveillance and so. Of course some basic knowledge of planetary systems (provided in the Outer Space Survival skill) helps players from getting into too much troubles.

When crashlanded (ship lost) or otherwise lacking a "formal" base of operations and resources the characters have a lot of work to do (the same work as the above case PLUS setting a camp, looking for food and other resources, etc).

In any case, in order to find out how the troupe is doing roll some percentiles. Characters trained in the Outer Space Survival skill have a percentage of an uneventful day equal to the total of their survival roll times 3. Untrained characters, on the other side, have a slim 25% chance of making it trough in one piece.

Example: Rowen's ship crashes on an unknown planet. She manages to make the radio work to call for help but the ship is rendered inoperative and will be grounded in this planet for a day or two. The first day, she rolls 1d10+intelligence+survival and gets a 20, so her chances of having it easy is 60%... sadly, while picking up combustible materials for lighting a fire she is bitten by a poisonous animal while picking up the materials (she rolled a 75 on the percentiles)... the first day looked pretty grim for Rowen...





## Chapter 6: Space Gear

### \*\*\*Level 1\*\*\*

#### **Katakis Identification card (KID)**

A regular plastic card with the proprietary's data and picture, which also works like cash card, credit card, and the only valid ID in Katakis.

#### **Magnetic Footgear**

Unemcumbering footwear for performing ship repairs on the fly while maintaining a firm grip.

### \*\*\*Level 2\*\*\*

#### **Micro Jet-Pack**

A light and unobtrusive version of the Personal Jet Pack, but with only sufficient power to allow movement in space. Travel speed is equal to the character's regular movement rate. In combat, movement is unimpaired.

Piloting level required: 1

Bonuses: +1 on Zero Gravity Fighting rolls.

### \*\*\*Level 3\*\*\*

#### **Space Survival Supplement (S3)**

A set of magnetic bands for arms, wrists, legs, ankles and neck with its controls either in the left wrist or belt buckle that generates a force field which protects its owner from the extreme conditions of space (radiation frying, vacuum, etc). The user can survive in space in regular clothing for up to two hours with no other aid than an oxygene mouthpiece with a 25cms. tank attached to the side. The force field adds +5 to soak against radiation-based attacks. In the case of an emergency, the suit can engage in an "energy saving" mode that can extend the force field's duration up to 6 hours. Still, while in energy saving mode, the suit won't protect it's owner as effectively from the harsh conditions. PENTALTIES for energy saving mode: -3 on all combat rolls abd -1 for non/combat rolls (pressure defficiency) and either -3 to Agility if away from the light of a nearby star (freezing cold), or a -2 to Stamina if exposed to the light of a star (slow FRYING due to indiscriminate radiation). Also, each hour exposed in these conditions slowly inflict 5 points of stun damage.

### **\*\*\*Level 4\*\*\***

#### **G-S80 Space Suit**

The distinctive space suit worn by the G-Police crimson units. Designed with assistance from Airu scientists, this space suit automatically adjusts to the user's size and form. Plus, it is built to augment the user's strength and speed (+2 Str, +1 Ag.).

#### **VEHICLES**

##### **Hover Cycle**

A very handy (and stylish) vehicle (as well as the rage among young operatives). Useful in planets as well as a low range space vehicle (just remember the S3's)

Speed: 360km/h

Passengers: 1 or 2

Health Points: 30

Soak: 10

Bonuses: +4 to all evasive maneuvers

Weapons: Mounted energy rifle (optional): 4d6

##### **Personal Jet Pack**

A backpack propulsor for flight abilities. Maximum speed is 90km/h. In combat double the character's movement as per the Flight maneuver.

Piloting level required: 3

Health Points: 15

Soak: 9

Bonuses: +1 to Accuracy and +2 to Move on all evasive maneuvers

#### **WEAPONS**

##### **Energy Melee Weapons**

A favorite of flashy adventurers and the classy headhunter. Come in as many flavors as there are melee weapons. Also a cute paperweight.

Clip: 1 hour of continuous use.

Damage modifier: +3 over the original weapon.

AP modifier: -1 over the original weapon.

##### **Explosive Grenades**

Things that make ya go boom...

Blast Radius: 1 hex per each d6 of damage

Damage: from 1d6 to 6d6

##### **G-130 Ion Blaster**

The faithful trademark sidearm of the Galaxy Police. Did I mention that the possession of one of this by non Galaxy cops is illegal?

Clip: 30 shots

Accuracy: +2

AP: 5

Damage: 1d8+1

Special modifiers: -1 AP of weapon maneuvers

## Laser Pistol

No matter what they tell you. In space, it's the gun size that counts.

Clip: 60 shots  
Accuracy: +1  
AP: 6  
Damage: 1d6

## Laser Rifle

The common weapon awarded to the average military over the galaxy

Clip: 15 shots  
Accuracy: +3  
AP: 10  
Damage: 2d6 (light) or 3d6 (heavy)

## Chapter 7: Very Important Persons

### Jhor A Mistalak



Of all of the High Council, he is the most visible Counselor, being often seen in quite a lot of public places (more specifically in leisurely places) besides of his charge as G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N Primus. Easy going yet responsible. Around others (specially in the G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N facilities), he is a big walking smile, always cheering up "his boys" (in fact, he is sort of the paternal figure in the base). Six feet height and muscularly built, his black, skin-tight shirt and beige pants are as easily recognized as his short, black hair and his strong jaw. His nice and caring personality combined with his UNSHAKABLE will and good looks makes him also the ladies' man in his mid thirties. However, this Counselor is no bureaucrat, for when situation requires it, Mistalak can shake mountains to get the job done. Despite his all-too human appearance, rumor runs that before the times of reconstruction he was part of a human augmentation program.

G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N is also his tribute to Gordon Kaalatzum, the man who saved his life.

### KEOPS

Katakis' strong arm. chosen from the galaxy's finest extraordinary individuals, and now they have years of combat experience. With only light modifications, KEOPS standard uniform consists mainly in a full body black spandex and golden polycarbonate gauntlets and boots (+4 to soak on a parry roll) Katakis' secret weapons and the GPO's most lethal enforcers. Mighty confident to the point of arrogance towards almost any non-katakian. All share a nasty habit of pissing off their G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N "little brothers", even if only in a "big bro"'s kind of way (the kind of big brother who likes to beat the crap out of you for hobby I mean). However, just like a big bro, that doesn't mean they don't like 'em. In fact, almost any KEOPS would jump instinctively to protect a little brother in REAL troubles \*\*\*GAME NOTE: Never, and I mean NEVER let the players know this\*\*\*. Most of the actual KEOPS belong to the original team, and so, they didn't passed through a Guardian phase (back then, there wasn't a G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N per se). KEOPS has a personal rivalry with Erato's Victor Corps, and counting Katakis and Erato's constant interference in each other's secret agendas as the two principal power players in the GPO, it's only logical that their oh so frequent encounters is starting to make both groups used to each other.

## Lt. Devon Kitain

It is told Devon was the first extraordinary individual recruited by Katakis' special defense project and trained by Primus Mistalak himself. A seven feet height, powerfully built weretiger (humanoid appearance and facial features, but orange, striped skin) with a military haircut and a ponytail (padawan like =P ), dark orange cat-eyes, and dark orange hair.



Devon takes great pride in what he does. And ¿Why not?. After all, he is not only KEOPS leader, he is also its strongest member and Katakis' most capable combatant. His physical abilities can only be called inhuman and his combat technique (a variation of terran Kempo) excels above all others.

The Alpha male syndrome personified. Devon is always looking for competence. Precisely, the main reason he frequently behaves like a bully is because he is slowly becoming more and more frustrated from still not finding a worthy match in a one-on-one fight. He takes sympathy for promising recruits, a double edged weapon, for he bullies specially those that shows promise hoping the "bitter medicine" to harden 'em until the day they become worthy game (a not so distant future he hopes). Besides the usual uniform, Devon wears in his a metallic shoulder plate on the left shoulder.

Ooh and BTW, just like the rest of KEOPS, Devon will always bully with a sardonical smile on his face.

### Internals

G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N's military police. A much needed department given the newbs tendency to get in troubles almost from the moment they set foot on Katakian soil.

Internals main bussines is monitoring and keeping control of the activities of Guardians and recruits alike. In fact, when a Guardian or recruit get into a trouble that would normally be penalized as crime by katakian law it is Internals who bust him (except for anime-chaotic-project-A-ko-esque colateral damage as it is a cinematic resource player characters can incurr into without fear of retribution \*now that openly wanton destruction, maiming and killing of innocent bystanders is still a crime\*). In the cases when the Katakis' Domestic Security Forces bust a player character first, Internals usually get them out... to put them trough a worse (and usually hilarious and anime-esque) punishment.

### 1st Lt. Atlanta Hope

As the head of Internals, this lady is sure to be the nightmare of many a young recruit. A tall, beautiful redhead in his mid 20's. Her well toned body and lush curves being the product of a lifetime of discipline. She believes in law, order, and discipline, and respects only those who share her system of beliefs (in fact, she was always first of the class) . lcy by nature, she rarely displays emotions and, actually, men fear her and often say temperature drops six degrees when she's near (the rumors of she emasculating an officer who tried to "break the ice" were never proven however). Almost always wearing her uniform, consisting in black leather boots (high heels), skin-tight, blood-red leather pants and a black, short military jacket with the respective medals.

She sees G.U.A.R.D.I.A.N recruits as her private hell and wonders on a daily basis wheter this kids are as much a help as they are a threat... to themselves and everything around them. However, she respects the discipline imparted to the original members of KEOPS, even if there is not much love between them and Internals.

## Mia

"Honor thy instruments and keep them holy". Well, that's Mia's job. Being the single most popular janitor in the base. A short cute girl with short, pink hair and big, round eyes. Always seen in her janitor's outfit, this girl has always work to do... maybe because she's the base's only janitor. However, this cutey needs no help; actually, Mia is an android capable of doing the job of 20 persons... but more efficient, well manered, doesn't go on strike and, more important, as she's part of the base's inventory, she rarely goes out of the base, and so, one less possibility of spies in our own ranks.

Contrary to her cute and harmless appearance, her robotic nature inherits her with superior strength and endurance (After all ¿Why to strain reaching those hard places when one can just lift the mobiliary and easily clean those corners instead? ¿Why to turn off the reactors for maintenance when one is immune to radiation poisoning and resistant to vast amounts of heat?). Also, Mia is a prodigious mechanic, being capable of giving maintenance and repairs to almost EVERYTHING... from a toaster to a nuclear reactor to a battleship, performing almost every job faster than any human and always having the right tool ...a talent of hers, whenever she needs a tool it seems to just pop out in her hands (no, it doesn't "appear" per se, but she seems to already have it ready \*\*\*Hammerspace\*\*\*), from wrenches to welding torches to shojo mallets.

GAME NOTE: Mia only pops out tools she (and only she) needs at the moment for a given job (a regular job, not combat)... so players don't expect her to pop out a weapon or ANY object of suspicious nature (counts double if it's not for her personal use), Mia is intended to be a gag, not a walking arsenal for the players.

Around others, Mia is just the most cheerful girl in the base... sometimes too cheerful, a bad habit when she has problems controlling her own strength (in fact, the first handshake will be quite a painful experience for the players). However, no matter what she does, she is just too damn CUTE for anyone to get mad at her \*\*\*Cuteness\*\*\*. When in the base, one is quite likely to run into her (or is it the other way?)

Mia roll: When in the base, every given time, the GM will roll 1d10. A roll of "1" means Mia runs into the players at an astonishing speed, knocking them all down unintentionally with her giant mop (no dodge, but no damage, just a cliché). After some small talk, Mia will rise her mop and continue her job (GMs may use this to slip some vital clue to the resolution of a problem in the story encrypted inside Mia's chit-chat).

## Cheff Peppin

The base's main responsible for our young recruits and Guardians' balanced nutrition... and the last 3 months' rage for kilts. A charismatic (yet ugly) muscular, tanned italian with curly, short black hair, thin mustache, quite BIG hands and a strong jaw. Good ol' cheff likes to dress light: a pair of crossed utility belts on his torso with all classes of spoons and forks strapped on it, no shirt, shoes (no socks), and a kilt.

Cheff is a widely known master of the culinary arts... and demolitions!. The forks and spoons strapped on his utility belts are registered officialy as lethal weapons (throwing, melee, etc) as well as his kilt, with which he does all kinds of obnoxious things, from deflecting projectile and ranged attacks (a la Tuxedo Kamen's cape, not a pleasant show once found out he is not used to underwear) to parachuting \*\*\*Power of Cloth\*\*\*.

Cheff is basically nice... in spite of his euphoric trips, or his sudden lectures that take absolutely nowhere, or his bad Italian accent, or his just-a-bit-too-LOUD-AND-HORRID singing while cooking, or that bizarre habit of the wind of lifting his kilt during just those dramatic moments (even if indoors!) \*\*\*Dramatic Pose\*\*\*, or his... ok, ok, I think now you get the idea.

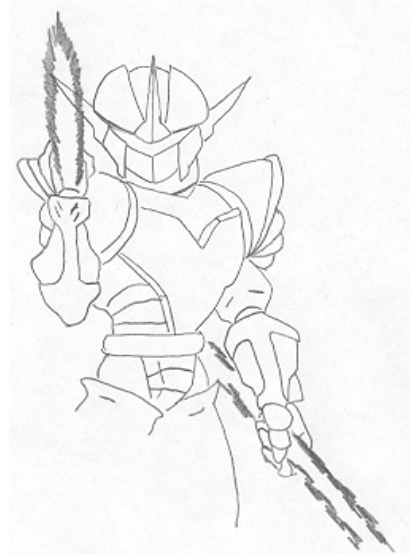
## The Victor Corps

To talk about efficiency is to talk about the Victor Corps. Erato's #1 operatives. Selected among the sons of the finest military operatives and trained to become the embodiment of human achievement. Their primary distinctive is their power armor which enhance their already formidable abilities... the best in the galaxy.

Once an agent enlists in the Victors (and is accepted), he foregoes his life in exchange for becoming the elite of his planet. Victors' training is an extensive, neverending 24/7 martyrdom. Agents don't know anymore life outside the corps.

In combat, the Victor's tactics are just like their home: cold, calculated, efficient, and ruthless.

"Strong is good, smart is better... ruthless, is best".

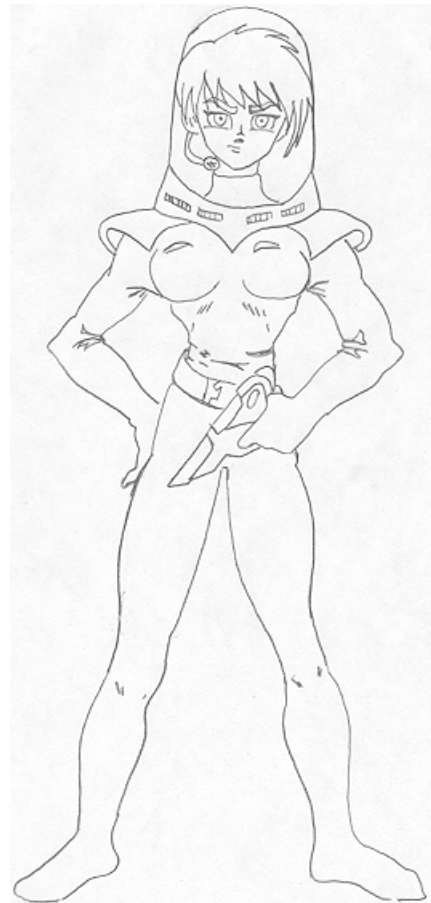


## The Galaxy Police Crimson Units

The GPolice Elite Units and tactical squad. Called almost exclusively for the big cases or when discretion and stealth are necessary. Easily recognized by their form-fitting red spacesuit, its members are recruited from the finest among the Union's planets and they are quite aware of what is expected from them.

As the occasional mediators between the two principal power players in the Union (Erato and Katakis), more than once they have experienced troubles with KEOPS and the Victors, both looking down on them either as "unfit" or "undertrained". However, even with KEOPS inhuman abilities and the Victors' extensive training and power armor, the Crimson Units sure know how to put up a fight.

It is rumored that the Victors leader, Eugene Kodd, has an unsolved feud with the head of the Crimson, Rowen Marshall. No one knows for certain the reasons, but rumor has it that both had a duel... well, it was kind of too much for Lt. Kodd's efficiency record.



## The Airu

The Airu is a race of thin gray humanoids distinguished for their natural psychic talents (ALL of the Airu are powerful psionics) and their COMPLETE disdain for violence. When confronted, the Airu seek a way to escape from hostilities and, in the worst of cases, mind control the subject into stopping all aggression (a last ditch, for they despise all forms of mind manipulation, seeing it as rape).

The position of this race in the GPO is that of mystery. In fact, the Airu science was the responsible for the Planetary Union's rising from the ashes and the existence of the GPO, but once the GPO started activities, the Airu have limited themselves to just watch.

## Captain Omega

Little is really known of Gordon Kaahlatzum. The mysterious hero whose first appearance was to save the heart of the old planetary union from an almost sure defeat. He brought us invaluable information in exchange for help in saving his planet... sadly, the joined forces of the planetary union arrived too late, unable to hold on until our arrival, Omega Aquarius 2 was already a blasted wasteland. It is told that the shock on Captain Omega was his motivation to destroy himself along with the Gulfer mothership.

Omega was a very passionate individual, but slow to anger and quick to forgive. His sole presence evoked awe, and when he used to speak, people would listen silent.

Among his registered abilities, Omega was known to be invulnerable, possess super strength, the ability of flying at astonishing speeds, and expulsion of energy discharges with his hands. That, besides being immune to the vacuum of space.

To date, no extraordinary individual has demonstrated neither all of his abilities nor in the same titanic scale.



## Other Sources

Ninja High School: As aforementioned, the main inspiration for this game setting. Take a hodge-podge of weird powers from all corners of the galaxy, throw them in a high-school teen-movie parody, and you got a comic book that parodies everything from superheroes to Japanese manga to almost everything (just don't take ANYTHING from it seriously)

Star Control & Star Control II: Two of the best PC games about space colonization and escalation war. SC II also gave me many ideas on humorous aliens.

Alternity: Simply the BEST sci-fi RPG to come... the AD&D of modern sci-fi games (written by TSR)... I just hope Wizards of the Coast doesn't dare simplifying the system.

Mecha Thrash: By Robert Pool. GMs will surely find some good use to Rob's rules for mecha and Starship construction

Cosmic Carnage: For the long-dead Sega-CD. My favorite space fighting game, I took most of the spirit of the G-Police Crimson Units from there.