

UNDERCURRENTS

...A GUIDE TO THE ON-GOING COLONIZATION OF POSEIDON.

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A VIEW FROM ORBIT

Biohazard Games is pleased to announce that the Blue Planet Conventioneer's Pack is now available! If you've been wanting to run a Blue Planet event at your favorite convention, or an in-store demo at your local hobby retailer, this packet will give you everything you need to make it a smashing success.

The packet contains Natural Law, a full-length Blue Planet scenario written by Jeff Barber, complete with pre-generated characters. This exciting scenario opens with five convicts and three GEO law enforcement officers stranded on an unnamed island following the crash of their prison transport. The characters have to find a way to deal with each other, as well as the island's own dangers and mysteries, if they are to survive and make it back to civilization. Natural Law has received extensive playtesting and was featured at Origins and GenCon this summer. The scenario provides players with an excellent introduction to the world of Blue Planet and a compelling roleplaying opportunity.

The conventioneers pack includes the complete scenario text, maps, presentation suggestions, character folders, Blue Planet posters, biohazard stickers, sign-up sheets, event announcement flyers and even a prize to be given to the best roleplayer in your group.

How do you get one? Well, we're providing these packets for free, but the expense prohibits us from giving them to everyone. If you're planning to run an in-store demo, your best bet is to send us your request on the retailer's letterhead. When you make arrangements with the retailer for the demo, just mention this to them and they should be happy to provide you with the stationery. If you want to run a convention event, just send us a flyer with the convention organizer's contact information along with your request for the packet. If neither of these options is possible, give us a call or drop us an email and we'll try to work out some other arrangements.

If you just want to get a copy of Natural Law to run for your friends, you can do that too. A PDF version, complete with maps and all eight pregenerated characters, will soon be available for free, on the Biohazard web site.

In other news, Access Denied, the Blue Planet game moderator's screen and scenario hook booklet, is in production and should go to the printer next month. The screen will include charts, tables, and other game information on the moderator's side, and full-color, rendered maps of each of the six major regions of the Pacifica Archipelago on the players' side. The booklet included with the screen will feature new artwork by Brian Despain, the illustrator of Archipelago, and numerous plot-hooks and adventure seeds to inspire your Blue Planet scenarios.

ON THE HORIZON

As one of the few remaining non-Incorporate independent nations of Earth, the United States of America is dominated by the GEO in the international arena and threatened by anarchy at home. With much of central North America still dominated by Free Zones, the United States has lacked the economic resources and political will to launch a major colonization effort on Poseidon. Indeed, until recently, the colony world seemed to offer very little promise for a recovering America. Throughout the post-Blight era, the government has been most concerned with the struggle to restore the nation's economy, and reestablish control over the territories within its borders.

Even with the discovery of xenosilicates in 2185, a US presence on Poseidon was not considered a priority. Despite its promise in the biotech industry, Long John was not considered a strategic resource – it would not, like energy or information technologies, secure an independent nation's global political, military, or economic position. This assessment began to change in 2187 when the vast scope of Long John's potential applications became apparent. In that year, sci-

entists discovered that xenosilicate templates held the key to human immortality, and few breakthroughs in human history could be considered of greater strategic significance.

Longevity therapies promised to not only impact the balance-of-power throughout Earth and the Colonies, but to change the face of humanity itself. Throughout history, mortality had set the ultimate limits on human endeavors. Whether general, artist, or scientist, it seemed that just as men and women achieved true greatness, they grew old and inevitably died. Long John promised to keep the best minds – the best American minds – forever young. What might the greatest scientists and engineers have achieved had their bodies and minds remained young and robust for 100 years or more? What power imbalances might emerge in the global arena if the GEO and Incorporate states secured immortality while the United States did not?

The US government began to address this concern in the early '90s when the president ordered the creation of a Space Task Group whose mission was explicitly to explore options for the expansion of US interests on Poseidon. In 2193, Congress passed a tax bill that provided subsidies and tax breaks for American corporations in the mining of xenosilicates on Poseidon, or the transport of the minerals to Earth. With the US economy still in deep depression, however, these incentives were largely unsuccessful: to date, there is only one US corporation involved in the xenosilicate industry on Poseidon, American Mining Technologies based in Seattle, Washington.

AMT is a major multinational conglomerate with interests throughout the American West and the Pacific Rim. The company began expanding its space operations in the 2170s, establishing mining facilities in the Jovian system and the Belt. AMT arrived on Poseidon in 2195 and secured the mineral rights to an extensive region of the Arc of Fire from the GEO High Commissioner of Trade and Industry. AMT's small company town, Santa Helena, is one of the most remote

human outposts on Poseidon. Thus far, the company's isolated location has been both a blessing and a curse: while it suffers little intervention from the GEO or the Incorporate, the costs of operating on the edge of the frontier have made it difficult for AMT to sustain a profitable mining effort.

The United States government has also established a political presence on Poseidon. A US embassy was established in Haven in 2197, in the North Terraces not far from Government Center. Despite the embassy's location, US diplomatic staff has cultivated a close relationship with the Haven Council and has almost no dealings with the GEO's official representatives on the colony world. Like many of the Incorporate states, the US government does not officially recognize the GEO's authority on Poseidon. Indeed, there is also an American consulate in Santa Elena, and despite AMT's limited success in the xenosilicate industry, the US government continues to develop close political and economic ties with the GenDiver city-state.

COLONIAL COMBO

Having received a lengthy, but very cool NPC submission for this issue, loaded with built-in adventure hooks, we decided to do something a little different. In this special feature we combine both the usual Most Wanted and Colonial Contribution columns. As you will see, the result definitely offers just as much bang for your buck...enjoy!

ANGELIE D' AUGUSTINO-BALLARD

Angelie was born in 2272 in El Dorado, Biogene's Colombian city-state, to Carl d'Augustino and Meredith Ballard. When she was four, the family relocated to Poseidon, where her father was appointed Executive Vice President for External Affairs and head of Biogene's operations on the colony world.

Angelie had the best childhood money could buy, before she was even in the womb. As a daughter of Biogene's Ballard family, she is a masterpiece of genetic design. Her mother's legendary eccentricity – a deep, religious abhorrence of cybertechnology, but a firm faith in bioengineering – led to her receiving all the biomods she might conceivably need in life, but not so much as a neural jack. Only Angelie's intellect and considerable charm were not handed to her by Biogene's

technicians. Those are her own gifts.

Her upbringing was dull and lonely. Most of her father's time was eaten up by the business. While Carl adored his little girl, he could only set aside so much time for her. Meredith was a good Incorporate wife who aggressively socialized to further her and her husband's aims. The perfect Ballard woman, she spared little time for Angelie, leaving her in the charge of an endless string of nannies. These rarely lasted more than a month before Mrs. d'Augustino-Ballard found fault with them. With few peers her mother approved as being of her "station," little Angelie became an introverted, thoughtful child; a voracious reader in two languages with a passion for stories of knights. She was educated entirely at home by exclusive tutors, and Carl allowed her to make up her own program of study. At the age of 24, after several publications and extensive testing by the best educators and intellectuals on Poseidon, she was awarded honorary doctorates in literature and history from Cambridge University, on Earth.

Meredith was horrified when she heard of her daughter's "useless" degrees, especially when she discovered her debutante had chosen military history as her focus of study. When GEO Armed Forces Colonel Maxim Koliznik, one of Angelie's academic evaluators, suggested that her daughter had the makings of an excellent staff officer, Meredith gave up trying to find her a place in the family business. Instead, she set her mind to marrying Angelie off, as she could see no other hope for her future. No Ballard woman, she proclaimed, could be so undignified as to wear a uniform_especially a GEO uniform. Carl, meanwhile, had always encouraged his daughter in her unusual interests. He argued that Angelie could serve the Ballard tradition by being groomed to head Biogene's security forces on Poseidon.

Nobody asked Angelie what she wanted. While fascinated by tales of Greek hoplites and the French Foreign Legionnaires, the great campaigns of nations and the subtle maneuvering of the battlefields, she was morally and religiously opposed to taking life, and wanted no part of it. It was not war that she found interesting so much as the human stories it generated, and the delicate art of strategy. On the other hand, marriage, family, and ostentatious society balls seemed like dead, gaping holes in her potential future. She didn't know what she wanted, but an idle, business-oriented life certainly wasn't it. After much deliberation and soul-searching, she dramatically took charge of her own life.

On a blustery morning in October, 2197, Angelie was smuggled out of Cliffside in a bioplastic cargo container. One pocket was full of identity and credentials expertly forged by a friend in Biogene's computer services department, and the other held a few thousand scrip of hard currency, withdrawn from her savings over the course of three months so as not to attract attention.

Reborn as Sofia Reyes, the cargo ship *Dulcinea* brought her to Haven, where she began to look for a job. At the time, the small community of Nova Mare (UC #1) had just received their latest "grant" from the GEO for taking in Harrison Purser. One of their plans for the money was the hiring of a full-time teacher for their small community. Their CommCore uplink failed fairly often, and daily interactive instructional programs were frequently missed. In exchange for room, board, and a stipend of 400cs a month, the town advertised for someone with at least a Bachelor's degree in any field. On Poseidon, this is a pittance for a valuable educator, and they had run their ad for well over a month without a single response. Sofia sent them a message expressing her interest in the position, and a copy of her credentials. Very quickly, mayor Tadaka gave the double-doctoral Miss Reyes the job.

"Sofia" is 27 now, a tall and striking woman of obvious Latin ancestry. Approximately 1.7 meters in height and 52 kilograms in weight, she has a very well-proportioned, womanly figure. Her hair is dark brown with golden highlights, and hangs in thick waves halfway down her back. Her eyes are large and dark, with a perpetual twinkle and, of late, usually crinkled into a smile. Her face is wide, heart-shaped, and expressive. She dresses as simply as possible, and takes pains to avoid revealing her genetic perfection. For example, while capable of metabolizing seawater, she will always drink from Nova Mare's meager freshwater sources.

Fia, as her friends call her, has been happily accepted into Nova Mare's community in the last year, and recently began to join the adults at their weekly meetings. A friendly, helpful person, she is known to frequently read Thoreau's *Walden*, and has called her worn hardcopy her "other bible." Her beauty, quick wit, infectious laugh, and sparkling, utterly genuine personality illuminate a room like a hearth, and she frequently finds herself surrounded by a knot of chatting, laughing people. At

these times, she will sometimes fall silent, looking around at them in wonder and smiling at where she has found herself. Fia in no way considers herself superior to her neighbors, as other children of the Incorporate might. If anything, she is too humble about her own talents. From another person, her modesty might seem false. From her, it is a statement of a belief that no soul is of greater or lesser value than another.

In adversity, while others may swear, rage, or grieve, she takes a breath and begins to handle it. In truth, Sofia has a huge heart, and her years of discontent stemmed from a long-thwarted desire to simply help people. In Nova Mare, a tiny community facing the wrath of weather, fauna, and isolation, she has found a way to quench her old sense of uselessness. She has found herself, and, in a sense, fallen in love with the community as a whole. She will do anything in her power to better her adopted home.

While she is not romantically attached to anyone, several of Nova Mare's men, two women, and a dolphin are trying to court her. Unfortunately for her suitors, her sheltered, lonely upbringing has left her quite unused to any sort of intimacy or romantic attention. While kind and friendly to them, she is also hesitant, unsure, and a bit more reserved than normal. And the fin's rather frank propositions leave her embarrassed and bewildered.

She runs a free-and-easy classroom, but is an excellent, inspiring teacher, fond of telling stories from world history and mythology, and known to occasionally drop a math lesson to teach the kids how to tango or waltz. Even the most surly of her students have come to like and respect her, and several have developed fine crushes on their luminous "Miss Fia."

She was raised a staunch Catholic, and was brought up speaking English, Spanish, and liturgical Latin. As a teenager, she also mastered Interspec. Mayor Tadaka is the only member of the community aware of Fia's gross - and suspicious - overqualification for her job, but her honest commitment to her students and neighbors has led her to respect her privacy.

Since her disappearance a year and a half ago, Biogene has gone quietly berserk trying to locate her. Not only have trustworthy Biogene security teams been detailed to locate and detain her, but both Carl d'Augustino and Meredith d'Augustino-Ballard have hired discrete, highly paid pri-

vate investigators to find their missing daughter. Ironically, neither have any knowledge of the other's efforts. Carl's investigators, upon locating Angelie, have orders to observe, report, and protect her if necessary, but are told not to interfere with her new life. Meredith's agents, on the other hand, have been detailed to track her down and bring her back to Cliffside - sedated, if necessary. Should either find out about their partner's private efforts, a fearsome and public blowup will arise, possibly more than even Biogene's excellent PR department could contain.

While there is obvious self-interest inherent in their searches, there is also much concern for Angelie's safety. The story of a trip to Earth was used to cover her long absence, but both the media and the other Incorporates are becoming suspicious. There has been no gossip about her in the news from Earth, and a member of the Ballard family simply cannot avoid the public view altogether. Every day, the risk of Biogene's rivals discovering her flight becomes greater. Should the truth become known, it would be very embarrassing to the d'Augustino-Ballards and Biogene. If a rival Incorporate should actually find her, it would be worse. And neither parent would put it past arch-rival GenDiver to hold her hostage. If an ecoterrorist group should find her, it might be worse yet.

Meanwhile, in the bowels of Biogene's Cliffside data processing center, Angelie's hacker friend constantly combs CommCore, diligently erasing any references to Sofia Reyes that might reveal his old friend's new identity. Without his running interference for her, she would certainly have been discovered by now.

Fia's compassionate nature and Thoreau-inspired outlook on life would make her an easy recruit into an eco-protective movement. Hence, she is also a great potential danger and embarrassment to Biogene of her own accord. Her likeability, verbal and literary eloquence, and her unique knowledge of military history and strategy would very likely make her a key player in uniting the disparate native groups, though she would shy from acts of violence.

She is very aware of the danger she is in every day, but it seldom affects her. While she misses her father, she is happy with herself and her life, for what feels like the first time. Given a choice, she will not return to her old life in Cliffside. What fear she has of discovery stems not from the prospect of being brought home, nor from the possibility of being used as a hostage

by one of Biogene's enemies. The thought that will sometimes keep her awake at night is the possibility of rejection by her new friends, should she be revealed as a child of Incorporate elite.

"That's a very interesting interpretation of the Baker, Ryan. Would you please remove that dataspike? Ah, 'The Oxford Annotated Survey of Western Literature.' A classic piece of work. Unfortunately, Ryan, I've read Dr. Stull's thesis on The Canterbury Tales...Look guys, being able to pull the answers off a 'spike is not enough - when you take it out, you won't remember a word. You're going to have to do the readings the old fashioned way, okay?"

Species: Human, Genetic Redesign

Profile:

Origin - Poseidon Incorporate

Background - Wealthy

Education - Graduate Degree (Ph.D. English Literature & Military History)

Goal - Contentment

Motivation - Compassion

Attitude - Holistic

Profession: Teacher

Mental Attributes: Awareness 45, Charisma 90, Education 90, Experience 17, Initiative 60, Intellect 65, Will 46.

Physical Attributes: Agility 70, Appearance 80, Constitution 84, Dexterity 40, Endurance 70, Speed 59, Strength 45.

Modifications: Transhuman, Anti-Poison, Accelerated Neurons, Amplified Hearing.

Skill Groups: Communications 60, Human Sciences 40, Life Sciences 20, Physical Sciences 20

Skills: Bureaucracy 50, Management 10, Leadership 20, Strategy 60, Economics 20, Negotiation 20, Language 70, Oration 80, Persuasion 70, Writing 80, Computer Operation 40, Colonial Culture 20, Incorporate Culture 20, Dance 40, History 90, Theology 50, Botany 30, Psychology 20, Meteorology 30, Jump Craft 20

By Chris L'Etoile
Woonsocket,
Rhode Island,
USA

DIVE IN

FLIGHT HAZARDS

by Tun Kai Poh

– *wherein we keep an eye on the birdies...*

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

This scenario is designed to make use of some of Poseidon's less lethal wildlife as unique obstacles in a challenging race against time and Mother Nature. The action takes place on any remote island, at the crash site of an Incorporate VTOL, mere hours before a devastating cyclonic storm is due to hit. The exact time limit can be set to whatever, you, as the game moderator, find convenient. Hence, this entire scenario can be run during a very short gaming session if necessary. While best suited for an ERT campaign or an independent salvage team, the scenario can also be sprung on any group of characters with a reasonable interest in uncovering some Incorporate secret – journalists, GEO investigators, or even operatives from a rival Incorporate. The Incorporate secret to be found in the crashed VTOL is up to the game moderator to determine as just about any major plot hook can be hidden in the wreckage. Consider your ongoing campaign as you chose what mystery to put aboard.

SPLASHDOWN

An unregistered Incorporate VTOL has gone down near an uninhabited island in the middle of nowhere, shortly before a major Force 4 hurricane (BP 115) is predicted to sweep through the area. Flying low to avoid being spotted on radar, the aircraft accidentally sucked a pair of eel dragons (BP 127) into its engines, and lost power. Despite the highly covert nature of the VTOL's courier mission, the inexperienced pilot broke radio silence to send out a distress call along with the craft's coordinates. The message was cut short as one of the cargo's guards, acting under orders to maintain secrecy at all costs, clubbed the pilot unconscious. The stricken craft then crashed into the shallow waters offshore from the island.

An Emergency Response Team would be obligated to find and rescue the crew, while a salvage operation would be interested in the cargo. The actual goal of, or motivation behind, the scenario depends on the nature of your players' party. Any reasonably fast air transport capable of outrunning the storm – a

jumpcraft or VTOL – should be sufficient to get the party to the island. It should be clear that time is of the essence, for the wreckage could be swept out across thousands of square kilometers of sea floor by the hurricane if it is not reached in time. You are encouraged to set whatever time limit is convenient for your version of the scenario, although the primary obstacles should require about an hour and a half of game time to deal with.

A DAY AT THE BEACH

The wreck is located forty meters off the northern shore of a small isolated island, in waters not deeper than ten meters. The pilot (Incorporate Pilot template, BP 270), unconscious from the blow to her head, remains strapped in her cockpit. She is a squid aquaform which has kept her alive underwater, but she is trapped where she is, and the trauma from her head injury will kill her in less than two hours if she is not treated. The two guards (Incorporate Security template, BP 280, armed with Large Caliber Handguns) assigned to escort the cargo both ejected before impact. One was unlucky enough to have his evac pod land near a cluster of carniflora (BP 126) and is currently being digested, but the other survived the inland jungle and has just arrived at the treeline along the northern beach. At first, the guard quietly observes the characters' arrival. Once he sees that he is outnumbered, he will wait until the characters are preoccupied with the recovery of the wreck and then sneak off to find the aircraft in which they arrived.

A couple of natural obstacles make it impossible for anyone to simply land nearby and examine the crashed VTOL. First of all, a flock of nearly 100 eel dragons is swooping about overhead, feeding in the fish-rich waters off the island's north shore. Any attempt to land a jumpcraft or VTOL nearby could end in disaster as the animals converge en masse upon the noisy aircraft, potentially clogging its fans. Wise pilots would do well to put down as far from the circling flock as possible. This may mean a long trek through carniflora-infested jungle in order to reach the north beach. Anyone who makes a Zoology (Intellect) check

will know that when the eel dragons leave the area, it means that the hurricane is nearing. This should keep the characters nervously watching the skies as they go about their business.

Second, a large blimp (BP 125) has been blown into these shallow waters and its tentacles have entangled a large free-floating seaweaver net (BP 144), which in turn has hung up on the partially submerged wreck of the VTOL. The creature is thirty meters in length and its clusters of stinging tentacles completely surround the wreck. Any attempt to swim to the wreck risks entanglement in the sticky seaweaver net and multiple stings from the blimp. While the creature's neurotoxin is weak, trying to resist a dozen or so stings is unhealthy at best, unless a character has the Anti-Poison biomod (BP 230). Even then, any attempt to rescue the wounded pilot from the wreck while the tentacles are present will almost certainly result in her death. This obstacle is far from lethal, but circumventing it will certainly be challenging and time-consuming.

Shooting the blimp will achieve nothing but a bright burning flash, as its remains will collapse all around the wreck, entangling it even further in tentacles. The best way to deal with the creature is to cut the seaweaver from the tentacles in which it is caught and allow the blimp to blow back out to sea. Since the blimp weighs less than five kilograms, a single swimmer could even tow it out of the way.

Once the blimp and nets have been cleared, gaining access to the warped and bent wreck will consume even more time. If the characters do not mistake the Incorporate pilot for dead and manage to rescue her, she may even be grateful enough to warn them about the guards. Finally, the wreck's mysterious cargo can be recovered and carried back to the characters' vehicle.

Should the characters overcome these obstacles with time to spare, the game moderator may throw in an encounter or two with other wildlife to slow them down. Carnivorous fish (BP 129) and spurts (BP 145) in the water, or carniflora and land lizards (BP 135) in the jungle on the way back to their aircraft are good possibilities.

HEAVY WEATHER

As time begins to run out and the hurricane approaches, the eel dragons suddenly break out into a chorus of alien cries and fly inland to take shelter in the jungle. Meanwhile, the Incorporate security guard is attempting to steal the characters' grounded aircraft, and he will use his Electronics and Computer skills to try to defeat any security systems present. If the characters have not left a guard or some sort of alarm system to protect their transport, they should return with only seconds left in which to stop the guard from taking off. This final showdown has plenty of cinematic potential – the storm winds blow louder and louder as the last of the eel dragons flee into the rustling trees, and the characters try to engage their adversary in a gunfight without damaging their own aircraft...

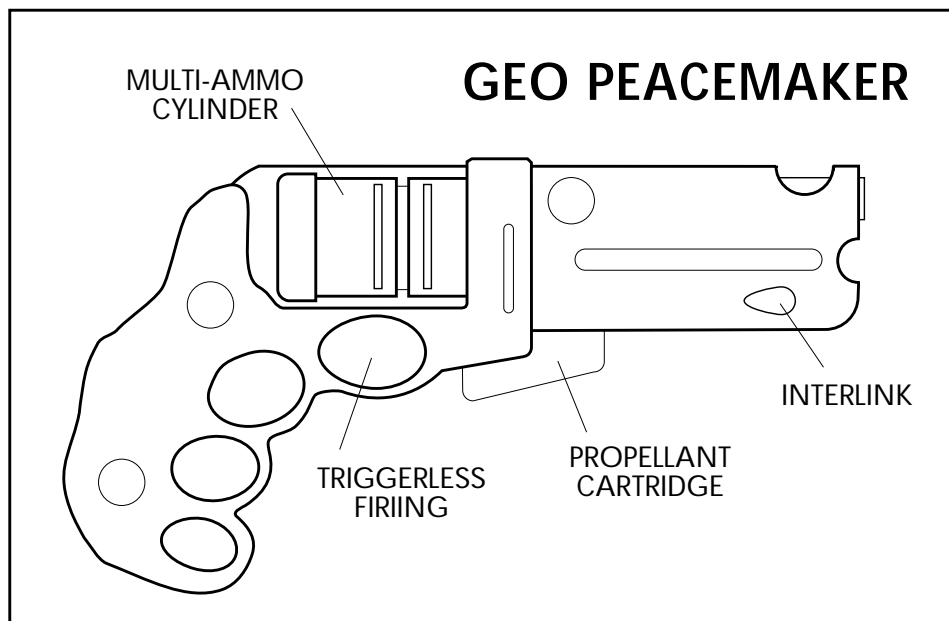
If all continues to go well, the last obstacle in this ordeal is the desperate flight from the island, barely ahead of the leading edge of the hurricane. If the characters seem to be at the end of their rope, and you are feeling a bit sympathetic, you may allow Piloting checks to automatically succeed at this point – they might deserve a break, after what they may have been through. If the characters have recovered the cargo and rescued the pilot, they will have evidence of whatever covert operation you might want them to uncover. They will also have a new ally in the form of the pilot, who might be able to provide valuable information about her former employers.

It may be that any number of things could go wrong on this mission. The worst thing that could happen, regardless of what is recovered from the wreck, is that the characters' escape vehicle could be lost or disabled, either by eel dragons upon arrival, or later, during the attempt by the Incorporate security guard to steal it. Either way, the characters will have to weather a devastating hurricane. Unless they can find a cave, or similar protected retreat, the characters will be exposed the storm's full wrath.

The storm damage table (BP 116) is a good guide to the impact the hurricane could have on the characters. A Moderate or Extensive damage result could warrant Falling or Crash damage to the characters as they are tossed about by wind and waves and are dashed against surrounding terrain. A Severe damage result could even mean instant death. Anchoring a disabled vehicle to the ground and using it as a makeshift refuge is worth only Moderate shelter.

Mother Nature's a beach, ain't she?

CUTTING EDGE



The reputation of the GEO Marshal is a formidable one, made all the more so by the array of equipment at his disposal. However, the most notorious piece of hardware in his gear locker is the special issue Marshal Peacemaker. Though the weapon is hardly the exaggerated cannon with a built-in AI that recent action holovids have made it out to be, the Peacemaker remains an exceptional handgun.

Taking its name from the lawman's gun of choice in another era, the Peacemaker has been part of the GEO Marshal's arsenal for over sixty years. In that time the weapon has undergone countless design improvements and the current version has little in common with earlier models. Designed and built entirely within the GEO defense labs, the exact specifications remain highly classified. The weapon itself is issued only within the Marshal Service, and as a result, is unavailable to the Incorporate or the public, even on the blackmarket.

The Peacemaker is a huge, multi-ammo revolver (BP 217), firing fifty caliber ammunition of various types. The frame and barrel are constructed of laminated ceramics and are virtually indestructible. Each grip is custom fit to each officer, and the various onboard electronics are imbedded within the frame itself. Several additional design features also make the weapon unique.

Access to the targeting interlink system (BP 221) used in the Peacemaker is not restricted to a standard fiber optic or up-link jack. Instead, Marshals typically undergo surgical implantation of dermal circuits that turn the skin of their palms into direct interfaces. This access mode gives Marshals an advantage in situations where standard interfaces are impractical.

This direct interface also makes triggerless firing a practical option in the Peacemaker. The elimination of the trigger provides two primary advantages. The first is a matter of security. The weapon is useless to anyone that does not have a cybernetic interface, and so it cannot be turned on the Marshal, or any other target, without the proper interface codes. The second advantage is that the lack of a trigger improves the weapon's accuracy. The gun fires by digital command, eliminating the need to squeeze a trigger and potentially affect the weapon's aim. Triggerless firing gives the shooter a single additional 1 level bonus when aiming.

The weapon's interactive access chip (BP 203) is as sophisticated as most bodycomps, and in addition to its normal functions, the computer is able to integrate targeting programs that serve to make the user a perfect marksman (BP 222). The onboard computer can also store data and run standard programs, allowing Marshals without implant computers to essentially use these sidearms as such. This has given rise to the disconcerting rumors that Marshals "talk to their guns."

ACCESS DENIED

The sophistication of the access chip also makes the gun virtually impossible to hack. Access signal encryption programs prevent unauthorized interface, making the Marshal to whom the gun is assigned the only one able to fire it. Additionally, failsafe programming can further protect the weapon from unauthorized electronic and physical tampering. If certain physical or digital security protocols are violated, or at the command of the Marshal, a valve in the propellant cartridge opens, and the entire volume of propellant chemicals is mixed. Subsequent tampering, or orders, initiates a violent explosion that destroys the weapon and most likely anyone nearby. A detonated Peacemaker with a fully charged propellant cartridge will cause damage equal to that of a fragmentation grenade (BP 222).

Dimensions: 0.84 kilograms and 1.0 liter

Power Source: Mini cell and binary propellant

Availability: Rare, restricted to the Marshal Service only.

Cost: Classified

Ammo Capacity: 24 rounds per cylinder, 6 each of up to 4 different types

Rate of Fire: 4

Range: Point Blank/8 Short/12 Medium/30 Long/100

Damage Ranks: 1/15 2/35 3/55 4/75 5/90 6/100

BAGGIES

Baggies are an increasingly common item at social gatherings that include cetaceans. They are found at waterfront bars, beach parties, weekends on the yacht – anywhere humans and cetaceans take a load off, relax a little, and tie one on.

Baggie is a general term for an increasing variety of intoxicants, packaged for convenient consumption by fins. Individual baggies consist of a gelatin membrane filled with liquid chemical. The membrane is readily digestible in the stomach fluids of a cetacean, allowing its contents to be quickly absorbed into the fin's bloodstream.

Typically, a bartender loads the baggie with the requested drug and simply tosses

it into the water where it is gulped down by the cetacean customer. Within a few minutes the expectant fin usually begins to feel the drug's effects, and within five minutes the intoxicant is in full effect.

The sorts of chemicals used in most baggies are mild, having the same level of effect on fins that a few beers might have on a human. Cetaceans however, do not seem to enjoy the feeling brought on by alcohol, and so "baggie water" is usually one of several forms of mild hallucinogen. Fins make various claims about how the drugs increase the richness and "fidelity" of the sound pictures they form by echolocation. It is therefore not uncommon for cetaceans that have imbibed a few to echolocate almost constantly. It is a relief that the human ear is not sensitive to most sounds fins use when in this state.

There have been documented cases of a few cetacean drug addicts that use baggies as their fix of choice, filling the membranes with harsher, and more dangerous chemicals. Such fin junkies are uncommon however, as the addictive personality traits that plague humans seem rare in cetaceans.

Humans without anti-poison bio-mods (BP 230) are advised to refrain from consuming the contents of fin baggies. Though there are reports that some humans use baggie water recreationally, there are also documented cases where human use has proved fatal.

Some common baggies are described below:

Hammer – this is a particularly potent mixture, and is analogous to a "double" for a human.

Floater – this is any type of baggie, served up inside the body cavity of a gutted fish.

Spy Hopper – fins respond to this baggie like humans respond to coffee, only with a rather more intense effect.

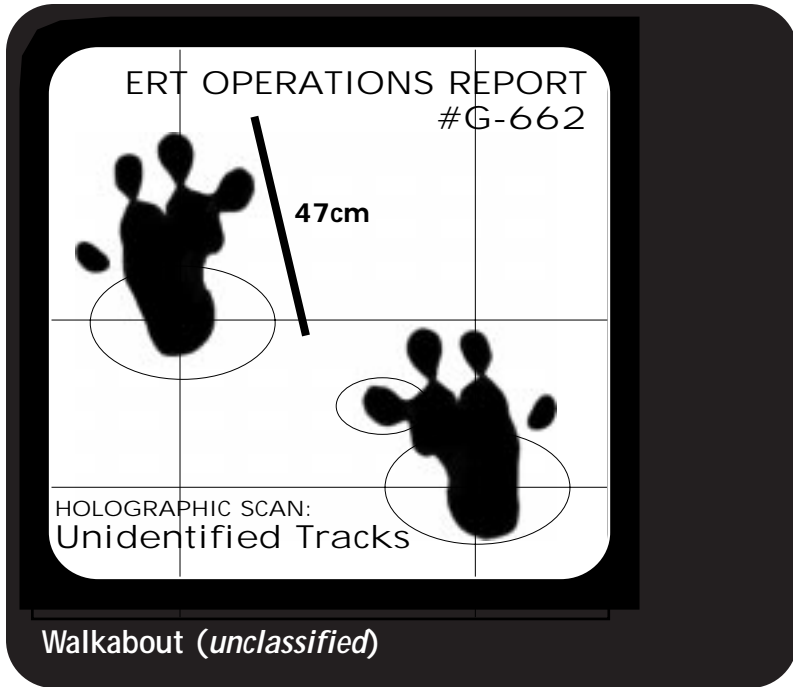
Sleeper – this one puts most cetaceans into a sort of light trance, and is the baggie of choice at musical concerts.

Form: Digestible membrane envelope

Dosage: 0.5 to 1.0 liters

Availability: Common

Cost: 2-5cs



Though very little is known about this species, the Office of Biological Survey is providing this data as a partial entry to Report #POS-103. This is a precautionary measure in response to a recent incident in which the members of an Atlas prospecting team were lost – see ERT Operations Report #G-662. All field personnel operating in the Prime Meridian region should familiarize themselves with this information and operate with appropriate caution.

The only physical evidence of this creature's existence comes from several tracks and numerous blood samples documented and recovered by ERT personnel operating out of al-Mamlakah. Based on track shape and arrangement, the species appears to be bipedal or mostly so. Based on track size, depth and degree of soil compression, the species is estimated to mass between 150 and 200 kilograms. DNA tests of the blood samples indicate that the species is in fact indigenous to Poseidon, though not closely related to any species in survey data banks. This information should dispel persistent rumors that the encounter site was staged by claim jumpers to scare off future Incorporate mineral survey teams.

Recent inquiries made of native guides and at inland villages indicate that this species may have been encountered before. If it is, in fact, the same animal, locals appear to have known about it for some time, referring to the creatures as Walkabouts. Accounts describe rare encounters with brutish, pale beings. They seem shy and elusive, always keeping to the jungle and only ever seen at a distance. Until these claims can be documented this office considers such information speculative.

The verifiable data available for this report is circumstantial, and is based on the ERT's investigation of the encounter site. Responding to a panicked distress call from an Atlas prospecting team operating in Lost Valley (BP 86), the ERT found a ransacked encampment and the bodies of several savaged field workers. Equipment and vehicles were smashed and scattered about and only eight of the twelve site personnel have since been accounted for. It appears that the prospectors did attempt to defend themselves and that one or more of the attacking animals were shot. This is believed to be the source of the non-human blood samples recovered at the site.

Further information may be forthcoming as the ERT doctor has verified that

at least one of the Atlas workers was equipped with a sensory recorder, and that it may contain recordings of his last experience. Atlas officials are claiming the recorder was irreparably damaged in the incident and that any recordings it may have contained were lost.

ACCESS DENIED

Game moderators interested in including Walkabouts in their adventures are directed to (Arch 99).

Range Unknown beyond Prime Meridian

Habitat Mountain forests and lowland margins.

Length Unknown

Weight 150 to 200 kilograms as estimated by footprint compression.

Frequency Unknown, but apparently rare.

Resource Value Unknown

Threat Level Should be considered high until further study.

Movement Unknown

Awareness Unknown

Intellect Unknown

Initiative Unknown

Agility Unknown

Constitution Unknown

Endurance Unknown

Strength Unknown

Rounds Unknown

Attack Unknown

Damage Ranks Unknown

Damage Scale Unknown

Armor Unknown

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