

**WARS**

**THE LOST LEGACY  
OF DOGMAN GALE**

# WARS™

## THE LOST LEGACY OF DOGMAN GALE

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Welcome to our first ever Halloween WARS special! Thanks to the good people at Mongoose Publishing and Decipher Inc., Arcbeatle Press is proud to bring you a brand new WARS short story, as well as an adventure compatible with Mongoose Publishing's WARS Roleplaying Game! We 'll be bringing you more stories, and RPG content in the future, but for now, sit back, and enjoy a tale of spooks and space...though if you want to play the adventure, maybe wait to read the story till afterwards!

PG. 3: WARS Short Story

PG. 22: WARS Roleplaying Game Adventure

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"I thought you said flying in was going to be the easy part!" Blythe Spear-It yelled as Tyrone Gordon, who everyone just called Skrimjaw, tried to yank the ship to the right, "That was before I found out someone was tailing us!" Blythe looked at the flickering monitor that showed the rearmost camera. Their pursuer was Marsian. Gongen? Whatever the people on the red planet were calling themselves these days.

"I'm trying my best, I'm not a combat pilot!" he yelled back.

"Tell em we're not mean!"

He held an incredulous look at her till she averted her gaze, and the ship got rocked by another blast. She stumbled her way back into the hold, metal arm grabbing tight to a support bar as the artificial gravity struggled against the damage. Her friends were holding tight, Victor Cress looked sick, while Overdrive Float kept their focus on a single tile on the floor.

"We gonna make it Blythe?" Victor asked, his voice straining to keep his lunch down.

"Oh yeah. We'll shake this guy."

There was a loud blast, and the sound of metal tearing. The ship tilted, and the artificial gravity went haywire, every few seconds the "floor" began shifting, throwing unrestrained objects, and unfortunately unrestrained Blythes, around the ship. The first hit knocked the wind out of her. The second shift, the automatic safety system in her electronic eye and arm combo kicked in. She hated safety features, she'd tried to disable all of them but...for once she was grateful as hell as she got a (literally) iron grasp onto an armrest. She barely managed to crane her neck, and from the corner of her eye she could see their target, the asteroid they'd been aiming for. That they'd been hired for. This had better be worth all this.

This had better not be the end of her life.

"HOLD ON!" Skrimjaw yowled from the cockpit.

They accelerated. The room got a lot warmer.

And then they hit the asteroid. Thankfully, it wasn't nose first. The shuttle skidded along the surface, tearing off chunks of itself and finally burrowing its nose into their makeshift landing strip. The whole room was hissing.

Blythe stood up, the room was spinning, the gravity was light. She stumbled, moving in slow motion in the low-g's. "Helmets!" she yelled. "We're venting air!" She didn't even know where hers was, but her pals got theirs on real quick. She bounded across the shuttle, grabbing the first helmet she saw, and jamming it down onto her head. Click. Locked.

She breathed in. She was safe.

Well, as safe as a woman on a remote asteroid whose ship just crashed after being attacked by Marsians. "Everyone alive?" She said, hoping everyone's comms worked.

"I think so," Overflow moaned.

"If you can call it that," Victor groaned.

"...Rats. Looks like we should uh, get out of the ship. Now. Now!" Skrimjaw added, rushing out of the cockpit.

"What's going--"

"RUN!" he shouted, and pulled the override on the airlock. The door hissed, and then shot open, pulling Skrimjaw out with it, pawing and flailing his legs to get a footing. The three followed him, bounding out of the ship onto the asteroid's rocky surface.

Blythe looked up, into the deep spangled black, and saw it: the Marsian ship, diving down, bolts of plasma pouring out of it onto their vessel, ripping it to pieces. Metal hunks floating off into the airless sky. She would have cursed, but then the unexpected happened.

Green light shot over the horizon, and ripped through the hull of the Marsian ship. Bodies vented out, and it began to spiral as the pilot failed to keep control over the engines. Down, down, down...right over where they were.

Overdrive pulled on her arm, "Blythe, stop staring and move!"

She ran, legs moving as fast as she could in the strange low gravity.

The ship hit the surface, and she once again lost her sense of up and down. Of anything, really. In a moment, it all went black, and then it all played back for her in her mind:

How the hell had she gotten in this mess anyway?

"I heard about you through the grapevine. Wasn't too impressed, but I'm not too into important people gumming up me getting my creds."

"Cool, thanks," Blythe replied, getting up.

He held his hands up, flashing a big toothy smile. "Wrong foot, sorry. I mean that in the best way, you and your crew know how to keep their heads down. Noses out of other people's business. That's what I'm looking for here."

Overdrive shoved another handful of peanuts into their mouth. Blythe hated that they had the metabolism of an olympic sprinter even though they were the most sedentary person she'd ever met, "What business are you staying out of?" they asked through a mouthful of peanuts, "You still haven't told us."

Blythe shot them a look, "What my pal here is saying, is that we can't accept the job not knowing what it is, even if it's a secret."

Skrimjaw's stroked his prosthetic chin, which unlike most wasn't metal, plastic, or sythflesh: it had a cloth coating that stood out against his dark skin, just a few shades lighter than her own. It didn't seem very practical, but Blythe supposed showing he had the cash to change the cloth out everyday was the point. Or he just didn't know what he was doing. Either way.

"You've heard of..." he leaned in, "the Legend of Dogman Gale?"

Victor's eyes went wide, "The Captain of the Burning Wendigo? The most feared pirate in the solar system?"

"One and the same. Well, was the most feared pirate, he died decades ago, of course. But here's the thing," he leaned in, "the legends are true."

"He really fought a fish-man on Pluto?" Overdrive said, awed.

"...Some of the legends are true."

Overdrive slumped in their seat.

"Dogman gale really did raid the Star Cruise Liner Flying Florida, and steal a million credits from it. And he really did raid the mines of Titan. But his final raid? Well...the legends all tell a lot of stories, But none of them get it all right."

Blythe called over a porter bot, and ordered a drink on Skrimjaw's tab, then turned back to him, "And I take it you know the true secret legend or whatever."

He spread his arms wide, "I do, in fact. It's why you're here." He set a holoprojector down on the table, and up popped a rotating space station.

"We're raiding an Earther space station?" Blythe asked rhetorically. "Cool, hey Victor, feel like dying on this mission?"

“Not really Blythe.”

“How about you, Overdrive?”

“Not top of my list.”

“Great, good luck finding your suicide squad then.”

Skrimjaw sighed, “It's not your target. It was Dogman's last one. The Welles Coronet research center. Whatever he raided from there, the CGC sent everything they had after him. They didn't recover his ship, but they damaged it to the point that no one could have survived. That I learned myself. But what I'm lucky enough to have intercepted is that the CGC learned the location his ship crashed on. One of their ships that followed him crashed on the same asteroid he did, and something jostled it so the homing beacon turned on last week.”

The three Maverick's eyes went wide.

“You're saying that that asteroid...”

“Has the pirate treasure of Dogman Gale. His lost legacy. And I need a crew. Overdrive there is a decent hacker from what I've heard. And better yet has studied older systems.”

They gave a thumbs up.

“Victor is good with a gun in case we run into trouble.”

He gave a wink that didn't look as cool as he assumed it did.

“And of course, your fearless leader, Blythe. Negotiator, techie, and general troubleshooter.”

She didn't give him an affirmation, even though he waited a moment for her, and so he just awkwardly moved on.

“Right, so...uh, are you in?”

“What's the pay?”

“I take 50%, you three split the other 50%.”

Blythe looked at her team, who gave subtle nods, “Yeah. I guess we're in. How bad could it be?”

\* \* \*

“Blythe? Wake up! Come on, please please please...” Someone was knocking on the glass of her helmet and her head hurt like heck...Then she remembered. She moaned, she’d probably broken something, but the spacesuit’s internal motors meant she could sit up without too much effort. Overdrive was kneeling by her side, Victor and Skrimjaw peering over a rock outcropping.

“Oh thank god, we thought you might be braindead or something.”

“You wish.”

“Genuinely, no. Not at all.”

“Don’t get all smarmy on me, what’s happening?”

Overdrive gestured at the other pair, “There’s three other ships on the surface, looks like. We’re going to try hitting up the closest one. Can you get up?”

She nodded, and managed it. A bit woozy, but she’d be alright. The onboard medical computer in the suit wasn’t great, but it knew enough to be chucking painkillers into her bloodstream. Nice. As the four started walking, she actually felt fantastic. Sure, it was the drugs, but she’d take it.

The first ship was old, empty, and a bit disappointing. It was an old CGC ship, and had had an even rougher entry than they had. There weren’t any bodies, they’d all been vented long before impact. They shifted dirt and rocks, trying to find anything useful, when Victor made a cry of triumph. He held up an old pistol.

“There we go, at least I’ve got a weapon.”

“It’s ancient,” Skrimjaw replied, “it probably doesn’t work.”

“Only a few decades old, should be great,” he turned it over in his hands, “it’s got an inscription on it, actually:”

“Captain Damon Ralson, 8th Battalion”

Blythe frowned, “Rest in Peace.”

“There’s nothing here,” Skrimjaw said, “Let’s go find out who our friends are who killed our Gongen pursuers.”

“Is it Gongen or Marsian?” Blythe asked, “I keep getting it confused.”

“They renamed the planet Gongen. It’s weird, but we all have to deal with it. Now unless we have more trivia questions...?”

They didn’t. Time to meet their friends.

\* \* \*

The first thing that happened was the ship shot at them.

The green plasma bolts blew a chunk of rock out a few meters ahead of them, sending them all scampering for cover.

“Not friendly!” Overdrive yelled.

“Yeah, well spotted,” Blythe replied.

Victor peered around the rocks, “It looks like it’s CGC, Fedgrav 77A4 Heavy Freighter. A bit unusual for a military operation, but they probably wanted to try to blend in, not get noticed.”

“Hey Skrimjaw,” Blythe spat, “I thought we were going to beat them here.”

He raised a hand, palm open, “My intel was off. I don’t always get things right.”

Blythe let off a long stream of curses, and looked at Overdrive, “Can you patch through to them?”

Overdrive gave her a dead stare, “With my blown up equipment?”

“With whatever we have—wait, the wreck had a homing beacon that reactivated, we can use that.”

They ran, while trying to keep themselves low, back over to the wreck, and tore open the nose of the old ship, the curved plate of metal floating off into space. Overdrive dug into the mess of ruined parts, ripping things out and letting them float till their hand stopped on something, and they grinned.



“Kiddos, we’re in business.”

\* \* \*

The comm buzzed. That wasn’t supposed to happen. Especially with no one in view on the ship’s cameras. He pulled the blanket up around his legs, being the only person guarding the place was driving him crazy. And saving power meant the ship was freezing. He answered.

“Hello, this is CGC Vessel 726, Black Dragonfly.”

“Hi you just shot at us. We’re not mean!”

He cursed. Mavericks. “I did, and you’d be wise to stay away, or I’ll shoot you again.”

“Look, we just want off this rock.”

“Commander Chakyar will be back soon, and you’ll be in even more trouble then. Move away.”

“Wait, you guys are already on the Wendigo?”

Ah, crap.

“Okay cool, nevermind we’ll go talk to the manager.”

The comm cut off. Damn Mavericks.

\* \* \*

They arrived.

The Burning Wendigo was half-buried in the side of a cliff, but aside from the bits that had directly hit the cliff, it was in surprisingly good shape. The cliff curved up over it, and had protected it from being hit by any space junk over the years. Even from a distance it was clear there was only one viable entry-point: an airlock on the rear of the ship, which judging by the damage was not actually keeping any air in. Reaching it, Victor pulled the panel open, and Overdrive and Blythe got to work: she rewired, they began messing with the interface. It wasn’t long before with a shuddering lurch, the door jerked halfway open.

“Woohoo!” Overdrive cried, “There’s still juice left in it.”

Victor pulled the door the rest of the way open, and after repeating the process with the second airlock door, the four stepped into a tomb. The engine room was a mess of floating debris, and floating bodies. Frozen in the dark, they looked far less old than they should have. Along the wall was a crude painting of a wendigo, covered in fire.

Skrimjaw walked over to the far wall, “There’s a door over here.”

“There’s a door over here to, and that isn’t on the side of the ship that’s wrecked,” Blythe pointed out.”

Skrimjaw winked, “Look sweetheart, I did the research here. That’s where we need to go. I’ve read the schematics of this thing backwards and forwards.”

He went over to the panel, and tapped the open button. There was a pause, and then a creak, and then the door shot open—time seemed to pause for a moment, and it seemed like the wall of rocks the door had opened up to would stay firm, but then just as quickly it collapsed. Rocks flooded down, and Skrimjaw disappeared under them, an arm sticking up the only reminder he had been there. Blythe bounded over, and felt the gravity increase as she got closer to the wall, well, that explained the collapse, and hastily began to shift the rocks. Victor joined in, and soon they found Skrimjaw’s face, and realized it was far too late. The faceplate to his helmet had been smashed in, and sharp rocks had punctured the suit all over. His face was unrecognizable.

Overdrive put a hand on the side of their helmet, “Is he...”

“Yeah. Let’s uh...let’s get that other door open, how about.”

“Shouldn’t we...”

“We need to get off this rock before we run out of air. Let’s keep moving.”

Overdrive got to work on the door, hands shaking, “Hey uh, the door is locked.”

“That’s why you’re working on it...”

“No, I mean...I think someone is on the other side. Hold on.”

\* \* \*

The historian's pacing was driving her mad. Bring Jason Berryman along her superiors said. It'll be a great experience, they said. Instead all he was doing was worry, while they were under siege. Commander Prayuta Chakyar was watching one of her men try to find something else they could shove against the door to strengthen the barricade. She knew that eventually they'd have to go through that door. She wasn't ready for that.

"Could you...Jason. Dr. Berryman. Could you please stop pacing. You're going to make me shoot you."

He stopped pacing. Thank god.

"Hello?" a voice called through the door's intercoms. "Is this the CGC group?"

"What the hell?"

"That's a yes! Guys they're in there!"

"Nice work Overdrive."

Prayuta sighed, "Mavericks."

"Hey, look, so we sort of got shot down, and we kind of don't have a ride back now, and that's not great honestly! So we were wondering if you guys might want to team up, so, you know, we don't all die out here?"

"We're doing just fine, thank you very much."

"Oh, so you didn't lose power to your engines from that Gongen ship?"

"Marsian," she spat. "But you're right."

"He told us it was Gongen!" the voice yelled to someone they couldn't see.

"It is Gongen," a second person yelled back, "they're just corporate scu-"

There was the sound of a com being switched off, "Sorry about that. Look, what you need is at the front of the ship right?"

"How did you know about the Burning Wendigo?"

"No idea, the guy who hired us is dead... but look, if we can get in there, Blythe here is great at jerry-jigging stuff together. She can mash up old power regulators and transfer modules like her life depended on it. Which it does, co-incidentally."

She crossed her arms, she didn't like it, but she knew this wasn't a bad plan. If it was just her, she might die here on a point of pride. But she had six grunts with her, a pilot, and a civilian. She wouldn't risk their lives for this.

"Alright, one final question. My name is Commander Prayuta Chakyar...Overdrive? That's your name?"

"Yup!"

She sighed, "And you don't have a...real name?"

"My parents named me Overdrive Float. My mom's name is Root Beer--"

"Enough. We'll open the door."

\* \* \*

Blythe, Victor, and Overdrive didn't expect much when they opened the door, but they didn't expect seven people to be pointing guns at them. They all raised their hands, and lined up as one of them gestured with a gun.

"Hey now," Blythe opened, "this really isn't necessary.

Their leader, a woman who was wearing far nicer armor than the six soldiers, spoke: "Honored guests, please. Hush. I am holding a gun, and have a squad of soldiers. You do not. There is little to negotiate."

"Totally cool," Blythe replied. "So uh, why is that door barricaded."

"We don't know."

"Okay, uh, we're all on the clock here, oxygen wise, you know."

"I'm aware. Which is why you're going to earn your passage off of this rock. You'll find out what killed the other troops I brought with me, and report back."

The three exchanged looks, "...Killed?"

"Yes. Their armor confirmed life function ceased, though we're still getting readings from one of them. We hope to bring him back alive. Now, if you'd like to save time arguing with me, I don't think you really have any other choice."

The barricade was cleared, and under watch by the armed CGC grunts, the door was opened to a dark hallway beyond. Blythe turned the brightness up on the flashlights mounted on her helmet and, with a gulp, took her first step.

The hallway looked empty, at least empty as far as she could see, which wasn't that far. Across from her was a door, with several others down the hallway. She guessed if she headed all the way down the hallway it would lead right to the bridge. Not that going there now would do her any good till she appeased Commander Chakyar.

"What are you waiting for?" Victor asked.

She was terrified, "Nothing." She reached for the other door, and hit open.

Inside was a cargo room, filled with crates and boxes, and a bunch of retro space suits floating through the room, and a few propped up on the wall. Blythe peered around, and ushered the other two to come in.

"I don't see anything in here."

Victor shut the door, "Yeah, I'm betting those Earthers just got killed like Scrimjaw did, there have to be a bunch of deathtraps in this place."

She cautiously approached a crate, "Sure is a lot of cargo...think there's really pirate treasure in here?"

Victor ripped open one of the boxes, and grinned, "Jackpot."

"Whatcha find?"

He reached a hand into the box, and pulled out a bunch of computer chips.

"Outdated computer chips?"

He laughed, "No you idiot, they're outdated computer chips with important CGC information on them. Information that'll fetch me a pretty penny."

Blythe frowned, "We not me, pal?"

His other hand raised the archaic pistol.

"Or you! That's cool too."

“Blythe, you’ve kept our little crew together for a while now, but I’m sorry to say that’s over. Now, if you play nice you and Overdrive can help my bosses load the ship up when they get here.”

From the corner of the room, something moved in the shadows.

“You’re betraying us? To who? The Cartel?”

“Actually, the Yakuza. Didn’t think their first ship would hit us that hard, or get blown up, but the reinforcements are on their way. Just need to wait it out.”

Something was coming closer. Blythe took a step back, “Hey, how about we all just calm down, alright?”

“I can’t believe you sold us out to the Yakuza!” Overdrive yelled. Blythe let out a hissing breath.

“Oh get off it, me and Skrimjaw were both working for them. This...what are you looking at Blythe?”

She shook her head. Her eyes were getting wider.

“That trick isn’t going to work on me.”

“Victor...Vic turn around. Please turn around.”

“Absolutely not. I’m--” Then he felt the vibration of the footstep behind him.

Slowly, he turned.

There was a spacesuit there, like all the other ones in the cargo hold. The bubble helmet was empty, but it was walking on it’s own, the front of it unzipping, revealing the space for a person.

“What the hell.”

It leapt on him. He tried to fire on it, but it grabbed his arms, the suit moving around him, pulling him inside. The cloth of the jumpsuit stretched, fitting over him, he screamed into the comm until the other two had to mute him. They could see him moving inside the suit, pushing against its walls. After a moment, they dared to turn the comms back on. There was a crunching sound, and the suit seemed to spit out his own helmet, and then the remains of his old suit, in a flurry of shreds and chunks. The pistol dropped to the floor. Victor’s head, a line of blood

running down the forehead, popped up into the bubble helmet, and the suit shrunk down around him.

“...Victor?” Blythe whispered.

The other suits in the room turned towards her and Overdrive.

Victor’s suit began to walk towards them, arms outstretched, he screamed again, “I can’t control it! I can’t control it!” he jerked around like a puppet, crying out as he marched towards his former friends, the other empty suits opening up as Overdrive ran to open the door, but Victor’s suit moved in the way. Blythe scampered down and grabbed the pistol.

“We’ll get you out of there Victor...”

He shook his head, “I’m sorry. I can’t stop it.”

“I’m sorry too,” she raised the pistol.

“It’s too late,” he said. The other suits shambled closer.

She lined the shot up, closed her eyes, and pulled the trigger. When she opened them there was a shattered bubble helmet, the suit feeling the hole in its top. She ran past it, taking that moment, Overdrive on her heels, and barreled into the hallway. She pounded on the door, pressed the open button repeatedly.

The door slid open, and she was once again greeted by six guns. She jumped inside, and dropped to the floor, as the empty suits, and one filled one, came into view and were met with a hail of fire. She didn’t look up, just covered her head and waited for the firing to stop. When it did, she cautiously looked towards the doorway. There was a mess of broken suits, ripped apart, and one body. She wanted to rub her eyes, try to hide the tears from the soldiers, but she couldn’t. It was a problem she’d never thought of with space helmets before.

A hand reached down to her, it was Commander Chakyar. “I’m sorry about your friend. We listened in on your comms.”

She took the hand, not that she really needed it to get up in the low gravity, but the gesture meant something. “Thanks. I guess we better get this done before the Yakuza get here...Geez what a day...” Blythe looked past Chakyar, and saw Overdrive standing over with some of the grunts. They’d made it safely too. Good. “I have bad news though...”

“Other than killer spacesuits?”

“Yeah. I think I know why you’re still getting life signs for your guy.”

Chakyar's eye twitched. She already knew. Blythe left it at that.

A man, who had been standing away from the action, raised a hand, "So uh, I heard about these suits actually."

"Who is he?" Blythe asked.

"Oh, he's a historian. Long story."

"Oh, like Indiana Jones!"

He coughed, "Yes, right. So these are the Welles Coronet Powered Spacesuits, they're sort of a legend. I didn't think they were real, the company tried to cover them up, but a few leaks confirmed they were real. But I didn't think...the legends said the suits ate people."

There was silence.

"So...I guess that's true, in a way. One of you is a hacker?"

Overdrive raised their hand.

"I've studied history, it's like I'm Illinois Jim or whoever it is you keep talking about. We need to talk."

Chakyar nodded, "Take five, then we'll move out. Let's get this over with."

They opened every door down the hallway, occasionally blasting suits they saw, moving or not, till they reached the infirmary. The grunts took position, and the door was opened. There was a single figure in there. A suit with a bubble helmet, a thin fog appearing on the glass before being sucked away with each breath.

"Corporal Nowak?" Chakyar asked.

"Ma'am," a pained voice said through the comm, "I can't get out. It...it covered me."

"I know, now hold still. We're here to save you," she looked at Blythe and Overdrive. The message was clear, *Can we save him?*

Overdrive bit their lip, then nodded.

They carefully stepped closer.

"Corporal, hold tight."



The suit turned, arms out, strong mechanical hands reaching.

Overdrive yelled into the comm, "Everyone grab a limb!"

Four grunts charged forward, two went for the arms, the others dived for the legs, and overdrive went right for the chest. The outer layer of the suit opened up, trying to swallow them too, and they reached their hand inside, And pulled something. The suit stopped moving.

Nowak panted, "Ma'am?"

"Are you okay corporal?"

He nodded.

Chakyar turned to Overdrive, "What'd you do?"

"Dr. Berryman explained the AI circuitry was on the inside, so I just popped it out," they held up a chip."

"You've earned your trip home. Alright then. Let's see what's on the bridge."

Overdrive and Blythe rewired the door at the end of the hallway together, and the final room opened up. The bridge of the most famous pirate ship this side of Jupiter. It was surprisingly pristine, clean even. There was no floating junk. There were no flash-frozen corpses. Just one suit, standing by the front viewport. Then it turned, and revealed a skull as it's face.

The grunt's raised their guns, and Blythe let out a little "eep!" but the skeleton raised a hand.

"Please, I've waited a long time for the CGC to arrest me for my crimes. I don't mean to go down like a dog...man," he chuckled. His skeleton jaw didn't move. The voice was entirely digital. No one fired.

"Are...you a ghost?" Blythe asked.

"Am I a ghost? I suppose so. I should probably say 'avast', but what a vast life I've lived, and what a fast thing it is to realize once again my mortality in death, so let me delight you with a 'yarr' or too. Funny, I assumed when I got a visitor I'd give them the pirate shtick, but all I can do is talk about it, well, avast."

Chakyar stepped forward, "My name is Commander Prayuta Chakyar, of the CGC."

“A pleasure to make your acquaintance, I am Captain Dogman Gale. But I suppose you must all know that. My face is legendary.”

Overdrive coughed, and gestured at their face.

“Oh, I know. I’ve long since rotted away.”

“We need a part from your ship so we can get off this asteroid,” Chakyar said.

Dogman paused, and stroked where his chin would be on the bubble helmet. “Perhaps. But I would like to make a trade.”

Her eye twitched, “We don’t trade with pirates.” She paused, “Or dead people, I guess.”

“Do you think it’s appropriate for a pirate to look at the stars and wonder at the reactions going on within them to create the light we see? Or for a skeleton to remember what used to make his heart pound? I’d shiver my timbers, but I don’t think that can be a physiological occurrence anymore. Still, I like gold. It’s pretty. And I’d like to see the rest of this solar system. I’d like passage off this rock.”

Chakyar screwed her mouth up.

“Ma’am,” Blythe said, raising her hand like she was in class, “Why not? He’s clearly a nice skeleton pirate.”

“He’s dead.”

“I think,” Dr. Berryman cut in, “He’s become a sort of...AI. I heard Dogman had a hard-drive implanted in his head. He must have backed up his own memories. Then when combined with the self-driving suit...”

“If that’s the case, then he’s a unique case that the CGC will need to study.”

The skeleton looked between them, “I will not be a lab rat. I’d rather d...” he laughed, “Well, you know.”

Chakyar sighed, “Dr. Berryman, do you think anyone will believe us about this?”

“Absolutely not, ma’am.”

“Then help us find our part--”

The Skeleton pulled out a power regulator, “Apologies, I listened to your comms.”

“Cheeky for a dead man, alright, let’s move before the Yakuza get here.”

They rushed across the asteroid, packing into the airlock to the transport. As the seal happened, They removed their helmets with relish. Except Dogman, of course.

“Commander, we have five bogies coming in. Marsian ships.”

She cursed, “Get us prepped for launch immediately. We’ll have to run.”

The airlock hissed open, and they barreled into the ship.

“Ma’am, we can’t outmaneuver these ships.”

From behind them, the skeleton laughed, “They don’t make CGC pilots like they used to.” Dogman Gale pushed past them all, “I’ll earn my keep.”

\* \* \*

Victor had sent the signal, and they’d rushed there as fast as they could. Losing the first ship wasn’t ideal, but one CGC ship would be no match for five Yakuza ships. One large transport, four fighters that had traveled latched to its sides. The haul would be worth it, Shimizu knew.

“Master Shimizu, the CGC vessel is lifting off,” the pilot said.

“No issue, we can overtake it easily. Chart the path they’re fleeing on.”

“Master they’re..coming right at us.”

He raised an eyebrow, that was insane. “Get ready to launch the fighters--”

The CGC ship opened fire, and the ship rocked spectacularly.

“What just happened?”

“They’re targeting the fuel tanks on the fighters sir--”

“Detach them!”

The CGC vessel was getting close, too close.

“Open fire on--” but it was too late, the ship kept rocking, and the four fighter icons on the status screen turned to X’s, the hull behind Shimizu tearing open. He would be dead in a few moments, he knew that, but as the CGC ship got close, he could swear he saw death himself at the helm, empty eye sockets staring into his soul.

At least then, he’d died against a worthy opponent.

\* \* \*

“That’s absolute bullcrap.”

“It all happened just like that!” Blythe said.

“No way, absolutely not,” Gingerbreak shook her head, “You’re having me believe that the CGC just let you go after that, and now you’re working for a ghost pirate who is putting a new crew together? I’m out.”

Overdrive looked nervously behind the curtains in the private room they’d rented in the rats nest, “Boss?”

“Is she really the best one for the job?” a somewhat electronic voice said.

“Best around,” Blythe replied.

Gingerbreaks was standing up to leave, when the curtains drew open to reveal a skeleton in a spacesuit, wearing a long pirate’s coat over it. A saber hung at his side.

“Gingerbreaks,” Dogman Gale said, “I’d very much like you for my new crew.”

She sat down. Maybe she’d hear this out after all.

*~the end~*

# THE LOST LEGACY OF DOGMAN GALE

A WARS Roleplaying Game Adventure for 5<sup>th</sup> level characters, by James Wylder

*Long before the rift opened (2308 to be precise), Dogman Gale was the most feared pirate in the Solar System. Starting from humble origins raiding cargo vessels, in 2306 he held the Star Cruise liner “the Flying Florida” Hostage for a million credits, the next year following it up with a raid on a highly valuable mining facility on Titan, becoming a very rich man as he gunned his way through various poorly thought out security, and his final famous raid of an Earther technology research center. Dogman was tough, but after raising that much attention to himself was unable to slip off into the dark of space like he had planned. Fires raged through his ship as he dodged it through the asteroid belt on that final run, the prickling feeling of a radiation leak washing through the ship made Dogman feel queasy as he shoved the dead pilot from the chair and tried to lose the CGC ship that had ripped his ship apart, and crashed into an unnamed asteroid. The CGC ship reported as much before the comm officer said they would be landing to check the wreckage. That was the last anyone ever heard from either of them. The wreck was never found.*

Your players pick up from these events eighty years on, as a mad rush to find the wreck of the Pirate ship “the Burning Wendigo” Begins...

(Note: If you plan on playing as a character in this adventure, stop reading here. Also, though the adventure has a clear end goal it has been structured in a way that encourages exploration and problem solving. If the players find ingenious ways around parts of this adventure, good for them! Thus there aren't set “encounter XP” rewards for this mission, give a lump sum of XP at mission's end equal to perhaps a quarter of what they'd need to level if they did poorly, or half of what they'd need to level if they did great.)

### **Part One: Dog Bait on the Hook**

A maverick man called “Skrimjaw” seeks out the characters, either at their place of residence, or at some public place he happens to see them at. The characters come recommended from an old friend, or he has simply heard of them through reputation, either way he wants to hire them for the job of a lifetime; Skrimjaw has intercepted an Earther Communique detailing the location of the wreck of “the Burning Wendigo”. Characters who can make an average (DC 10) Knowledge: History roll will know all about the impact that Dogman Gale and his raiders had on Earther policy towards piracy, as well as the basic common known facts about his life time. Characters who can make an average (DC 10) Knowledge: Pop Culture roll will know about the urban legends and media portrayals of Dogman. If this gets the character’s attention, feel free to let Skrimjaw fancifully expand on the legend humorously, then lay out his offer. If this doesn’t intrigue the characters, Skrimjaw will lay out his offer fast before any of them have the chance to leave: Dogman stole or extorted millions of credits, and tons of valuable goods, including the raided Earther equipment, which are all waiting aboard that wreck for someone to pillage. He can’t do it alone, and he is willing to split the booty. Pander the spin on Skrimjaw’s plea to your particular group, as the characters are more likely to take the hook. If this hook just doesn’t appeal to your players, consider having them performing another task, like a routine cargo run, and picking up a faint distress signal from the Burning Wendigo, or having a character already close to the heroes reveal the location of the pirate ship.

### **Part Two: The Long Walk**

Once the characters decide to go, the trip over to the asteroid begins. This portion of the adventure isn’t particularly action packed, and groups who go for a more hack and slash feel can simply skip over it. Use the rules for travel in the Solar System (Page 138 of WARS: Battlefront) to calculate the travel time from the character’s starting point to the small asteroid (for simplicity’s sake, use the Asteroid Pallas to determine the approximate location of the Asteroid. It is located in that general vicinity.) Skrimjaw flies a Typical Shuttle (Page 250 in the WARS: Roleplaying Game Core rulebook.) While aboard the characters can plan, and talk to Skrimjaw more about his life, and his role in finding the Pirate Ship. Through conversation, Skrimjaw may let slip that he is afraid of the treasure being booby trapped.

### **Part Three: The Burning Wendigo Lights up**

The wreck of the Burning Wendigo sits on a small asteroid less than a Kilometer across, of which the ship itself is a fair portion, being around 90 meters stem to stern. The ship is half buried in the rock however, and is rather difficult to spot visually (DC 30 Perception roll.) It isn’t the only ship on the small rock however, in fact it is starting to get crowded, as the crumbled wreck of an old Earther patrol ship sits nearby, as does a fresh and newly painted patrol craft of the modern CGC variety.

Searching the wreck of the old Earther vessel proves mostly fruitless, only shards of armor and the occasional broken object remain. An extremely high perception roll (DC 40) will locate a single

archaic pistol (WARS Roleplaying Game Page 228) with the word “Captain Damon Ralson, 8<sup>th</sup> Battalion” engraved in it.

The Earther ship that isn't a pile of rubble is a FedGrav 77A4 Heavy Frieghter (WARS Roleplaying Game page 249). If the characters try to approach it, the ship will fire warning shots to scare them off. If the characters keep moving toward the ship, they will go in for the kill. The pilots aren't blood thirsty, but their salvage mission here is important to the company, and they need to make sure even other Earther's give them a wide Berth. If the characters work for the CGC, simply change the company who has gone to pick up the wreck.

The wreck of “the Burning Wendigo” stands as the real target however, buried a quarter into the face of a cliff, its hull caked in old and unkempt drawings and slogans indicative of a pirate ship, somehow seeming both quaint and foreboding. A cursory examination of the ship (DC10) reveals an airlock towards the rear of the ship. This adventure assumes the characters will enter through this door into room #1, however if another way is found into the ship, there is no reason to stop them.

- 1. Engine room a:** The remains of the engine room are a mess, which isn't helped by the fact that the room is completely decompressed to the vacuum of space. Flash-frozen corpses float through the room, along with chunks of engine that have broken free. A crude painting of a wendigo is slapped upon the wall, the floating tools bumping here or there. Plenty of ship tools can be found in here, however they are all ARCHAIC (see the Statistics and rules section).
- 2. Engine room b:** Opening the door to this room will cause the rocks that make up its wall to destabilize, causing a small avalanche. Anyone who has managed to enter the room must make a DC25 reflex save to avoid the rush of rocks, and anyone in the doorway must make one as well. Success means the character takes half damage, while failure means the character must take 3d6 impact damage.
- 3. Engine room c:** This room is filled with rubble, ruined pieces of junk, the vacuum of space, and nothing of note.
- 4. Cargo room a:** At first, the room seems to be another corpse filled, vacuum vented space, only this time filled with crates of cargo. However, the room has seven AI Suits in it, uncrated, that need new bodies to fill them up. The suits lazily float in the low gravity, and will wait like Venus fly traps to try ensnare any passersby with the devour maneuver. The crates themselves are filled with tons of antiquated computer chips
- 5. Cargo room b:** The room contains a surprise- Six CGC soldiers lead by their Commander, Prayuta. When the characters find them, they will be trying to barricade the door to the hallway between rooms 4 and 5. If the characters have not already gone to room 4 or the hallway, by the time the characters get to the door there will be no one on the other side. Prayuta will confront the characters, and try to avoid fighting them if she can, but will fight to the death if attacked. She wants out of this place, but one of her men is trapped further

up the ship and she can't leave him behind. Along with her is an historian, who is not keeping his calm, but knows nearly everything about the history of the wreck here.

6. **Cargo room c:** The wing cargo room was sealed, like the whole right hand of the ship, but the boxes inside it weren't held down well, spilling their contents of antique computer chips into a giant mound. Underneath it all is the skeleton of a pirate buried under the loot while trying to tie it down, wearing a Coronet space suit. The weight of the chips prevents the suit from moving, but if the characters begin to sift through the chips, it might get enough range of movement to get free, or at least reach an arm out... The suit gets a +10 to its Stealth roll to hide do to its cover in the pile of chips. Also note that as this suit has a corpse in it, it receives +10 to its intimidate rolls.
7. **Auxiliary fuel tank:** The tank is empty, leaving only a manual control and monitoring station looking over an empty pod. The operator still sits his chair, a skeleton wrapped in plastic clothes that haven't rotted.
8. **Recreation area:** The recreation area is filled with treadmills, which have been tossed against the broken walls, and holographic game tables. When the characters enter the motion sensors will go off, triggering the tables to begin playing their primitive holographic introductory holos. Each of the four tables, one of which has been uprooted from its part of the floor will project a green hologram of a man pointing and mouthing threateningly at the entering characters, his words lost to the void of space. A perception roll, difficulty 25, will make out that the figure is challenging them to a game of CGC Strikers-Zeta. If the characters move any further, a large red light will begin flashing from the mess of treadmills in the back of the room. This is a undetonated missile from the attack on the Wendigo. The characters have three rounds to either vacate the area or deactivate the missile, a DC 20 Technical check. If they do not get out of the room in time, they suffer 5d10 damage from the missile (Reflex save DC 15 for half).
9. **Infirmary:** Three hospital beds and rows of cabinets filled with medicine. Enough supplies can be found in order to make ten First aid kits and a surgery kit. However, the outdated equipment in the surgery kit poses a -2 penalty on surgery rolls.  
Prayuta's missing soldier, Wisia Nowak, is here. After getting separated from the group, he tried to hole up in here after sustaining an injury from the AI suits. Unfortunately, the suit followed him in. He's been swallowed by it. Characters will have to either destroy the suit, which will cause the suit to vent into the vacuum, killing him, or find a way to restrain and disable the suit. While Prayuta will not directly blame the characters for his death, she understands these are extenuating circumstances, saving Wisia will give them +3 to convincing Prayuta to side with the players at the end of the mission, while if he dies they will receive a -3 penalty.
10. **Barracks:** Rows of stacked cots fill the room, each one with a small trunk. As it has been depressurized, the mummified remains of a few crew members who scrambled into the barracks to find survival equipment before the ship crashed. Obviously none of them were as adept at sprinting as they needed to be. The footlockers in the room are filled with what



one would expect: clothes, knives, archaic guns, family holograms, antique data-pads and data-cards, the usual pirate gear. Hidden very well in the depths of one of the footlockers, under a false panel (DC 30 to locate) is the encoded data-card that acts as a key to the Bridge (Room 14)

- 11. Crew Storage:** The crew storage room is filled with crates of freeze dried food that is still too old to eat, boxes filled with antiquated ship parts, shelves of lubricants that long ago separated into their component parts. Most of it is useless, though the wine-rack has survived pretty well, and the surviving vintages on the shelf might be worth several hundred credits a piece.
- 12. Mess Hall:** The mess hall has several tables bolted to the floor, and a floor coated with broken plates and the long ago rotten and dried remains of dinner. There are two corpses who appear to have been thrown into the wall when the ship crashed, reduced to skeletons. One has a vial of Arsenic (WARS Roleplaying Game Page 213), and the other a bag of marbles.
- 13. Bridge Defense Divider:** The Bridge defense divider is a security measure designed to prevent anyone who managed to breach the rest of the ship from entering into the bridge, and at the very least prevent the bridge from losing atmosphere. The room itself is an airlock, with only one of its two doors able to be open at once.
- 14. Bridge:** See Part 4:

#### **Part 4: The Long Lived Ghost of Dogman Gale**

*“Am I a ghost? I suppose so. I should probably say ‘avast’, but what a vast life I’ve lived, and what a fast thing it is to realize once again my mortality in death, so let me delight you with a ‘yarr’ or too. Funny, I assumed when I got a visitor I’d give them the pirate shtick, but all I can do is talk about it, well, avast.”*

Accessing the bridge shouldn’t be too difficult. Once the characters enter the airlock bridge defense divider (Room 13), they only need to have the data-card that opens the door (located in room 10), or be able to overcome a technical (security) check DC 25. Attempting to force the door however will cause the divider room to blow a hole in one of its walls—a tactic that would have been more effective on a moving ship, but can still turn a casual stroll to the bridge into chaos. Characters must make a DC 15 Reflex save to avoid being blown out the hole from decompression. Success means they grab a hold of something until the room reseals itself at the start of the next round. Characters blown outside the ship may be rescued by the other players with a jetpack or spaceship, by the Earther ship nearby, or just float off if no one takes any action...

Inside the Bridge is Dogman Gale, no longer really alive, but convinced he is. Biologically, he is a machine, and though his brain patterns are copied into his brain’s hard-drive and the suit he lives in along with his memories, they are simply files, and if the players figure out a way to hack into his suit and have the AI Psychology feat, they can hack him. Alternately, they can also simply blow up the hard-drive under the metal plate in his skull. Of course they can also just fight him normally, but unless the players take instant action against him, Dogman Gale will wish to converse with them.

Dogman is aware he is dead, and in fact believes that he is something like a ghost. Because of this he is motivated by what he believes ghosts of pirate captains are supposed to do; stick around and protect the treasure he amassed here. However, this belief comes more from his rote repetition of this as something to do rather than a real conviction to it. Dogman has calmed down since his Pirate days, especially since the computers in the suit have about tripled his intelligence. He will reference plenty of pirate related media (tailor it to what your players are familiar with) but mostly reference how he planned to be referencing it. Dogman wants to live, but not here anymore, and not as anyone's slave or servant. His "life" goal is to be the system's first real Maverick philosopher, which doesn't mean he won't turn to violence. Dogman would rather die than be a lab rat or a mark-up in an earnings report for the GCG, and if he's going to die there won't be any noble suicide on his part—he'll fight to the finish. He has a problem with anyone taking his treasure, unless they are part of "his crew", whatever he decides that means.

if the characters have the Earthers with them, he will still converse with them and the Earther team, but he will be far less trusting, and constantly insult the Earthers on their failure to catch him for so many years. After all, he was sitting right there for them to find. Commander Chakyar is curious about what Dogman is, and will hold her troops from firing upon entering, but ultimately wants to destroy what she sees as an abomination and be done with it. Berryman wants to bring Dogman back for both scientific study and as a literal museum piece (It's not often one finds a dead pirate that can still interact with wealthy tourists). Chakyar's soldiers however, have orders to bring Dogman back to Earth for analysis in the CGC's labs.

If the players don't engage Dogman in combat, they'll find him quite sociable and ironically poetic, though his life experience doesn't line up with his intelligence (indeed, it's likely he couldn't read before the computer joined with him). Dogman will ask for them to take him to Maverick space (he won't be aware of all of the colonies of course) and if he needs leverage will negotiate using the location of a stash of precious minerals worth 10,000 credits, though that is something of a last resort for him. If the characters side with Dogman against the Earthers, they will need to persuade or kill the Earthers. If the characters side with the Earthers, give them a chance to talk Dogman into going with them before he opens fire.

If the players kill the Earthers that are in "the Burning Wendigo" then the Earther ship will give chase when they try to leave the planet. They will turn back after taking enough structural damage that their CGC higher ups will believe they had to. If they don't kill the Earthers, the Earthers will refuse to loot the ship any more than they have, though will grudgingly let them keep what they have.

### **Part 5: Putting Out the Burning Wendigo**

Let the characters sell their loot, wrap up any goodbyes with NPC's they have grown to like, or who might stick around for a bit, and dole out a nice chunk of experience points for their success. They've now added to the legend of Dogman Gale, and maybe someday they'll sell the holo-film rights.

## **Statistics and Rules:**

### **New Feat:**

#### **Unusual Interest**

You are capable of doing tasks in an area outside of your field to a level that would generally be unexpected. You are the Bean-Counter who drag-races star fighters as a hobby, or the hard-nosed soldier who enjoys Chemical Engineering.

**Benefit:** Choose a skill. That skill is now always a class skill, no matter what class you are in. You get a +1 Bonus to that skill. You may take this feat multiple times, each one for a different skill

### **New Equipment Template:**

#### **Archaic**

Technology ages fast. When characters stumble on old treasures, they don't always need to be better than what is state of the art. Apply the Archaic template to equipment that doesn't function as well as a modern replacement of it.

**Rules: Weapons:** Subtract 2 from the total possible damage of the weapon, rounding to the nearest die type. (for example, a standard Colt-Burton Mk 814 does 2d6 damage, a maximum of twelve. An Archaic Rifle does 1d10 damage however, as its maximum damage has been decreased by 2. The Critical range becomes shorter by one point, though it cannot be raised past 20 (for example, a 18-20 crit range rifle would become a 19-20 one.) Range also gets subtracted by 2 meters, cost is 75 percent of the original.

**Armor:** All archaic armor has one point lower maximum dexterity modifier, and a -2 to its energy damage reduction.

**Other:** items that require skills have a penalty of -2 to all rolls using the object.

### **New Tech:**

#### **Welles Coronet Powered Spacesuit**

Welles Corp tried to market this lightweight spacesuit to workers who had to be both agile and strong in the vacuum of space to do their jobs. Unfortunately, this proved to be a tiny niche and the Coronet Powered Spacesuit was regarded as too dainty for tough jobs, too ungainly for delicate ones, too expensive to be economical, and was a horrible failure for the company. The suits were liquidated, and mostly ended up in the hands of tinkering mavericks.

Other than its machine-enhanced movement, the Suit also contains one unadvertised feature the designers slipped in under the radar. Rather than programming the algorithms for the suit's motion, Welles design team installed an old off-the-shelf AI from a defunct software company called Talinata Softworks into the Suit, allowing the AI to custom co-ordinate the motions of the suit to each individual user. The primitive AI did its job well, but units that were used for long periods of time began to develop quirks, such as starting to perform tasks seconds before users intended too, or in a few extreme cases

walking their struggling owner out into the blackness of space. In the long anarchy of Maverick space, no one files consumer reports, and there were never enough of the suits in existence for anyone to notice a trend. There is more than one old time space who swears by the model though, claiming it can respond to their movements almost faster than their own limbs can.

The suit is a blue mesh fabric with form fitting chromium plates over key areas of the suit (forearms, elbows, knees, shins, groin, etc.) with clear angled bulges where the machinery within the suit breaks the sleek form of the mesh fabric. The suit’s helmet is a fishbowl style, for maximum visibility, with several support bars running through the orb to support it. These support bars contain cameras and microphones for the suit to perceive the world around it. The suit contains an internal comlink, as well as a small data card slot and touch screen terminal on the left forearm.

**System Rules:**

Capable of functioning as either an robot, or an armored spacesuit, the  
As Armor:

Type	Damage Reduction (Energy/Impact)	Max Dex	Skill Penalty	Speed	Weight	Cost
Medium	5/4	+2	-1	Normal	10 KG	1,500 Credits (New) 500 Credits (Used)

-This armor has electro-magnetized gloves and boots, allowing it to grip to metal surfaces in zero-g.

-The armor grants the wearer a +2 Strength Bonus while it is active. Turning off the electronic components of the suit remove this modifier and add a -4 Strength modifier, Reduce Max Dex to 0, and Speed to -4 Meters.

-This armor protects the wearer from the effects of exposure to space identical to the reinforced spacesuit in the WARS Roleplaying Game Corebook (Page 245), and has two hours of internal oxygen storage, with an exchangeable tank.

-If the Suit is purchased new, it will work exactly as armor until it slowly develops consciousness after years of use. If purchased Used, it contains a conscious entity which will fight the user for control of the suit (see AI rules below).

-This suit cannot fit non-human species.

**As an AI:**

If the suit is old enough to contain an AI, the AI may fight for control of “its body” or may simply try to be helpful by doing tasks for its user. If the suit is trying to mimic a task being done by its user, but do it itself, have the AI roll a bluff roll against the user’s perception. If the user wins the opposed roll, then they notice that the suit is moving slightly before the user actually does the movement.

An opposed roll of Strength between the character and the suit will ensue for the character to make any large movements within the suit.

If the suit has no occupant, but an AI, it can still move of its own free will, but desires an occupant due to its programming. As a special maneuver, if the suit has successfully grappled and pinned an opponent, it may take the “Devour” maneuver, and attempt to put the character inside itself. The suit must take a full round action to do this maneuver. The suit will roll opposed grapple checks with the being it is pinning, and if it succeeds the character is now considered to be wearing the suit.

The suits have built in lights in the helmet that turn on when they sense motion and the suit itself is moving, which for most of the suits on the ship illuminate a grinning skull.

Suit AI – Medium Bot

Str 18, Dex 14, Con --, Int 18, Wis 12, Cha 8

Defense: 17, Attack: +10/+5, Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +6, HP: 4d10 (30 HP) Reputation: +0, Initiative: +5

Skills: Perception +6, Knowledge (life Science) +5, Computer Use +5, Repair +4

Feats: Weapon Proficiencies (Melee), Armor Proficiencies (Light, Medium, Heavy), Power Attack,

Equipment: None (Well, unless you count itself)

Special Abilities: Low-light vision

Attacks: +14/+9 Fists (1d4+4 damage, 20 Crit)

## **Dramatis Personae:**

### **Dogman Gale, Dead Pirate (Soldier 10)**

“Do you think it’s appropriate for a pirate to look at the stars and wonder at the reactions going on within them to create the light we see? Or for a skeleton to remember what used to make his heart pound? I’d shiver my timbers, but I don’t think that can be a physiological occurrence anymore. Still, I like gold. It’s pretty.”

Dogman Gale died forty years ago, but his legend lives on. Though his exploits pale in comparison to modern brigands such as Raving Red Jane, Dogman was the first high profile space pirate to capture the public eye. A few holo-films were made of his exploits (posthumously) where the ugly brutish bandit was made into a dashing swashbuckler, each less historically accurate than the first, and he has now mostly fallen out of the public eye.

After failing to outrun his pursuers, Dogman died a slow death on the asteroid he crashed on, or at least he thought he did. He didn’t realize why the soldiers who followed him there looked so horrified when they saw his face through his helmet, or why he didn’t seem to need to eat or change his air canisters anymore. The truth was, he had died before the ship touched asteroid. Dogman had so much cybernetic enhancement, he linked his mental hookup with the suit’s systems in order to speed up his reaction time, which worked especially well as Dogman had a hard drive in his head to “backup” memories and personality after a nasty head wound requires a few parts get lobotomized. The suit’s sensors still registered a brain, even as the living parts rotted away, and slowly Dogman’s memory files merged with the AI in the suit through the neural hookup he has wired in between his brain and the suit. Now

Dogman is a skeleton with metal graftings, held together only by Dogman's near addiction to surgical replacement parts. Still believing the Earthers are out to take his treasure, he has locked himself in the cockpit of "the Burning Wendigo, standing vigil against the oncoming assault. He knows he's dead now, and thinks himself something of a ghost, but only because he keeps telling himself that.

Str 18, Dex 14, Con --, Int 26, Wis 16, Cha 8

Defense: 17, Attack: +10/+5, Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +6, HP: 100 Reputation: +4, Initiative: +5

Skills: Acrobatics +15, Athletics +17, Drive +15, Pilot +15, Demolitions +21, Handle Animal +12, Stealth +18, Survival +16, Ride +15, Repair +22, Knowledge History +21 (note that to Dogman, he will treat much of what is considered "History" as "Current Events". He is still living in the past, and knows nothing of the Shi, Quay, Mumon Rift, or even the Battle of Phobos)

Feats: Weapon Proficiencies (Firearms, Melee), Armor Proficiencies (Light, Medium, Heavy), Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Far Shot, Dead Aim, Weapon Focus, Weapon Specialization, Unusual Interest (Repair), Swift Responses, Stealthy, Quick Draw, Quick Reload

Equipment: Archaic Rifle(1d10 Damage, impact, Crit 20, Range: 28 Meters/14 Squares, Rate of Fire S, 24 Bullets per Magazine, large.

Special Abilities: Ranged fighter +3, Pinpoint aim, Combat Hardened, low-light vision

Attacks: +13/+8 Archaic Rifle, (1d10+2 damage, 20 Crit)

+14/+9 Fists (1d4+4 damage, 20 Crit)

Notes: Dogman cannot suffer any pain effects. He cannot be healed with the treat injury skill, only the repair skill. When Dogman is reduced to 0 Hit Points he is dead, with no chance of stabilization. He can be reasoned with, though he is an odd combination of rage and hard logic personality wise.

### **Tyrone "Skrimjaw" Gordon, Information Broker (Civilian 6)**

"I heard about you through the grapevine. Wasn't too impressed, but I'm not too into important people gumming up me getting my creds."

Tyrone Gordon grew up on the Rim, but didn't have to wade through the gutters like many Mavericks. His family was by no means rich, but there was always food on the table, and Tyrone took advantage of all of that time he didn't need to spend scavenging building up connections. Now, he runs a small but orderly information network. While it will never get near the level of the large Maverick groups, he doesn't want it to. Tyrone likes having his hand in what is going on, and a desk job managing the information he finds would just bore him. He'd rather be out on the job finding it. However, even he can't pass up Ten Million credits....

Age: 32, Gender: Male

Str 8, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 18

Defense: 14, Attack: +3, Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +4, HP: 13, Reputation +1

Skills: Persuasion +20, Investigate +11, Drive +11, Perception +11, Knowledge Streetwise +10

Feats: Confident, Light Armor Proficiency, Firearms Proficiency

Special Abilities: Professional Skill (Persuasion), Expert

Equipment: Colt Burton Mk 412 (1d8 Damage, Impact, 20 Crit, Range 20 Meters/10 Squares, Rate of Fire

S, 15 Bullets per Magazine, small), Prosthetic Arm, basic spacesuit, 3 Extra Air tanks  
Attacks: +5 Colt Burton Mk 412, 1d8 Damage

### **Commander Prayuta Chakyar, GCG Officer (Grunt 6)**

“Gentlemen, please. Hush. I am holding a gun, and have a squad of soldiers. You do not. There is little to negotiate.”

Prayuta joined the CGC military, just as her family has for generations. Her family has always seen the Gongen as selfish Cowards, running from the Earth after turning their home into a Nuclear wasteland, and exiling the Chakyar clan from where they lived for eons. She has proved herself a great soldier, and has risen up to the officer ranks, running her own patrol boat to catch pirates and other unsavoriness. She has however hit the limit of her promotions, though she won't admit it to herself, as though she has studied the art of negotiation heavily to prepare for future jobs, her tactical knowhow doesn't extend past a squad, and her attempts to command larger forces in CGC war-game exercises have been unanimously disastrous. She still hopes to rise up higher, and get a less time consuming job that will allow her to start the family she has always dreamed of, though she doesn't know with whom yet.

Age: 26, Gender: Female

Str 12, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 14

Defense: 18, Attack: +6/+1, Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +4, HP: 36

Skills: Athletics +6, Technical +8, Demolitions +8, Perception +6, Stealth +8, Survival +6, Diplomacy +7

Feats: Weapon Proficiencies (Firearms, Melee), Armor Proficiencies (Light, Medium, Heavy) Weapon Focus (FedGra Infantry Laser), Unusual Interest (Diplomacy), Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot

Equipment: FedGrav Infantry Laser (2d8 fire, Energy Damage. 19-20 Crit. Range. Range of 32 metres/16 squares. Burst Fire. Rate of Fire S/A. 36 Charges per Magazine. Large Size), CGC Scout Armor (Heavy, 6 Energy DR, 5 Impact DR), Max Dex +3, Skill penalty -2, Speed -2 Meters), Combat Knife (Melee, 1d6 impact Damage, 19-20 Crit, Range: 4 Meters/2Squares, Small.), 3 Extra Air tanks, flashlight, 3 sets of handcuffs, communicator

Special Abilities: Fire For Effect: (May Coordinate allies to fire at one target, if they do so they all receive a +1 Damage Bonus.)

Attacks: +10/+5 FedGrav Laser Rife, 2d8 Damage

+7/+2 Combat Knife, 1d6 Damage

### **Earther Patrol Trooper (Grunt 2)**

“Ma’am, yes ma’am!”

Earther Patrol forces who are only a stroll past green. They are starting to think they know what it's like to be soldiers, but really haven't yet realized what they've signed up for.

Str 14, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 9

Defense: 14, Attack: +2, Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +1, HP: 16 Reputation: +0)

Skills: Athletics +4, Perception +3, Treat Injury +3, Pilot +3, Drive +2

Feats: Weapon Proficiencies (Firearms, Melee), Armor Proficiencies (Light, Medium, Heavy) Weapon Focus (FedGra Infantry Laser), Point Blank Shot

Equipment: FedGrav Infantry Laser (2d8 fire, Energy Damage. 19-20 Crit. Range. Range of 32 metres/16 squares. Burst Fire. Rate of Fire S/A. 36 Charges per Magazine. Large Size), CGC Scout Armor (Heavy, 6 Energy DR, 5 Impact DR), Max Dex +3, Skill penalty -2, Speed -2 Meters), Combat Knife ( Melee, 1d6 impact Damage, 19-20 Crit, Range: 4 Meters/2Squares, Small.), 3 Extra Air tanks, Flashlight

Attacks: +6 FedGrav Infantry Laser, 2d8 Damage, communicator  
+4 Combat Knife, 1d6 Damage

### **Jason Berryman, Historian (Civilian 5)**

“I’ve studied history, it’s like I’m Illinois Jim or whoever it is you keep talking about.”

Jason didn’t want to go on this mission, but his family needed the cash. His wife gave him the combat knife and told him to stay safe; he has no idea how to use it, but it makes him feel mildly safer. He doesn’t want to fight, but he’ll do whatever it takes to get back to his family.

Age: 34 Gender: Male

Str 8, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 14

Defense: 12, Attack: +2, Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +4, HP: 15, Reputation +1

Skills: Knowledge History +16, Knowledge Art +12, Knowledge Technology +12, Knowledge Current Events +12, Investigate +12, Perception +11, Computer Use +12, Technical +12

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Knowledge History), Toughness

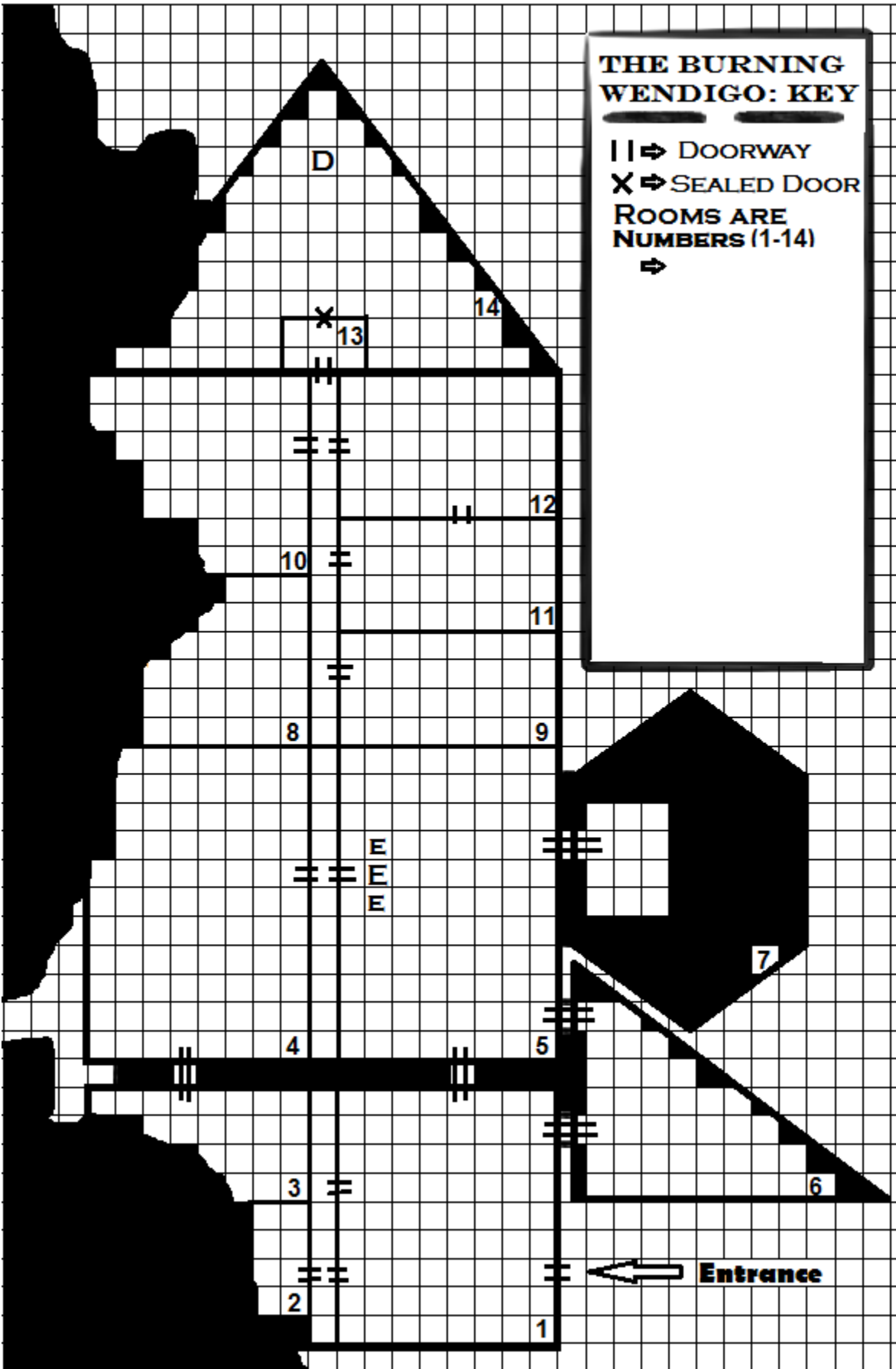
Special Abilities: Professional Skill (Knowledge History), Expert

Equipment: Spacesuit (Reinforced), 3 Extra Air tanks, Combat Knife ( Melee, 1d6 impact Damage, 19-20 Crit, Range: 4 Meters/2Squares, Small.), Hand Computer, Flashlight, 3 Data Disks, communicator

Attacks: Jason will not attack unless he needs to. He will always try diplomacy first, but will not hesitate to defend himself.

+1 Combat Knife, 1d6-1 Melee Damage





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