FIRST COLONY

blue planet V2



SCHOMBURG

THE CITY OF HAVEN
CAMPAIGN SOURCEBOOK



blue planet V2

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CHAPTER 01

WELCOME TO HAVEN

MINDJOB

She did not want to look, but Moira Raymond forced herself to meet her own gaze in the Shuttle Point Recovery Facility's bathroom mirror. The image that greeted her was not surprising, but it hardly seemed herself.

Her hair was gone. Barely a month of growth is all she had managed during six months in a cooler on the trip to Poseidon. Leaning in closer revealed the faintest beginnings of eyebrows; she traced them in remembrance. Symmetrical red welts lined her neck and face.

"Be prepared," she recalled her Control warning her, "the electrodes irritate the skin at the contact points."

Some morbid sense of curiosity urged her to let her robe fall to the floor and she examined herself clinically by the fluorescent overheads. It was the same all over her body—itchy red welts and little hair. Supposedly the electrodes stimulated the muscles enough to retain mass, but she felt weak anyway. Her skin seemed looser somehow, and it had never been so pale as the chemical bath and a half-year in transit had left it.

She looked into the mirror again. Just over each ear, within the hairline, thin white scars ran away from her face. Tilting her head forward revealed the horseshoe formed as the scars met in back. She had given up her hair once before, letting herself be marked by an operation that she did not want, but would make her better. Something tried to come flooding back at the sight of those thin white lines. Moments passed with her looking at the scars. Finally, anger and frustration welling up inside her, she punched the mirror. She watched cracks spread in pleasing ripples that flowed away from her fist. Her muscles were still there. But safety came first in the recovery facility, and the shatterproof mirror stayed whole. Moira Raymond was denied the pleasure of falling glass.

Three days later Moira Raymond was unceremoniously pronounced fully recovered from the long trip and ready to leave the facility. Getting out went smoothly, though there had been a tense moment when her ID failed to process remotely and security had to enter her information manually.

"Ms. Dowd?" the guard asked, meeting her gaze and seeming to sift through some mental checklist.

"That's me," was her quick reply. But not too quick—it came off neither rehearsed nor evasive.

Moira Raymond was officially recorded in the Customs and Immigration network under the name Shannon Dowd.

As she traveled by maglev to Haven's Warehouse District, Moira Raymond was acutely aware of stares from the locals. She had to remind herself over and over that the red welts and her sallow complexion marked her as an obvious newcomer. Even looking out the window she could sense the other passengers watching, but she ignored them to focus on the view. Lesear Spaceport grew smaller as they passed through the shipyards, then disappeared completely as historic Old Town whooshed by. Her stop was next. Cap pulled down, eyes on the ground, she covered the 80 meters from the small terminal to her destination quickly on foot.

The warehouse was a large building designed with practicality in mind. Biocrete bricks arrayed in a steel grid framework formed thick, solid walls, yet the structure retained enough give to survive all but the worst local winds and the bricks and grid could easily be removed in sections for repairs or additions.

She pressed on the ringer plate at the closest entrance until someone with a lilting accent requested her passcode and buzzed her in. The metal door slid silently to one side, giving way to a cavernous room stacked full of large crates and boxes on one end, empty except for a small table and three chairs on the other, to her left. Beyond the table and chairs, the wall was interrupted by a door and long window, which revealed a large office providing the only light. She recognized Donovan through the glass and watched him make his way past empty cubicles toward the door.

Donovan. He had been there to watch over her as she trained, he had been there when they went inside her head, he had been there to assign her every move and ensure its proper execution, and she never knew him as anything but Donovan, her Control. She should have guessed he would be here, too. His appearance was different now—his hair was light brown and close-cropped instead of the darker, curlier mop he usually wore, and a red-

dish tan had colored his typically pallid face—but she knew him by his walk immediately. He reminded her of the home she'd left, another six months in a cooler and a wormhole away, the home she would never return to.

A low buzzing followed by three clicks in rapid succession marked the door's lock mechanism releasing. Donovan stepped through and peered at her, registering her modified appearance, his face inscrutable. He motioned to the chair closest to her.

"I'm here—step one is finished. Now what?" she offered. She moved to the chair but remained standing for an instant, allowing herself the tiny defiance of ignoring his gesture.

"Now step two." He sat in the chair opposite, and she leaned in as he withdrew a card-size body-comp. Its holographic display crackled to life, settling on the image of a glass and steel tower in downtown Haven. It zoomed in on one reflective window, the digits 1108 overlaying the close up. Then it backed out, angled down, zoomed again, and entered the building's lobby. A security desk with a wire-scan on its side flanked the desk. The wire-scan would identify and track all electronic signals on a person, establish what was natural and what wasn't, and display an analysis for the security team.

"Impossible to get a decent weapon past," she observed.

Donovan nodded. "That's not all. There's a metal detector you can't see..."

"No problem, they're all plastic anyway."

He shook his head. "No. Let me finish. There's X-ray, too, and numar. It's very tight. So there are three possibilities: You blow through, systems be damned, and just outrun and outgun them to the lifts; we defeat the security before you go in—maybe we get one of our people at the desk; or you go in unarmed. We'll let you know."

The display shifted again, zooming past the desk to a bank of elevators.

"These are up to date—magnetic lifts and cable-free. They're equipped with memory walls, so



you'll leave an impression that can be recovered and processed later. You'll have to get more body sculpting when you're done."

Now the holograph was inside an elevator, going up. It opened on the 11th floor. A right turn led down a carpeted hall with a door at the end, and the image zoomed in on the numbers 1108.

"Everything is wired. Every step you take will show up in the security office. Obviously the place has optics everywhere, too, so you'll have to avoid attention all the way there."

The door opened to reveal a large private office with a window. There was a heavy mahogany desk—or some synthetic that passed for it—that could stop most personal weapons. She would have to avoid it. Behind the desk sat a man in his fifties. He was small and thin, but his eyes were hard.

"Don't let him fool you," Donovan said. "This isn't the first try we've made at him."

She looked her target over carefully. He had a clever face and nimble hands. There was an ink-colored marking on his right wrist.

"Zoom in," she said.

Donovan nodded and the image closed on the marking. It was some sort of faded tattoo. The zoom continued and she realized it was letters—MR, inside a four-leaf clover. Impossible, but there it was. It had been years since she'd seen that tattoo. Suddenly she was a toddler again, being bounced on her father's knee, his strong hands holding her in place, and there was the tattoo.

"It's your letters, Moira-dear," he had said. "It'll always be there, just like you'll always be my little Moira-dear."

She wondered vaguely what he would think of her now. Perhaps she should feel something more.

"Anything wrong?" Donovan asked.

That had been a long time ago, and she was a different person now. The Company needed her to do a job, and all she really wanted was to please them, please Donovan. The Company had rebuilt her, remade her, and she was theirs forever.

Despite the sculpting, he might recognize her. So what? It would be an edge. Three seconds from the door, a warm smile, and she'd be over the desk, snapping his neck and fracturing the spine just below the base of his head. No need for a gun—it would be cleaner this way.

It took her an instant longer than it should have to shake her head.

"No," Moira Raymond muttered, "proceed, Control."

WELCOME TO HAVEN

First Colony is the second supplement in the **Blue Planet v2** roleplaying game line. It is a campaign sourcebook that describes in detail the city of Haven, the colonial capital of Poseidon. While the **Blue Planet v2** *Moderator's Guide* offers an expansive overview of life on the colony world, this book provides a far more detailed, street-level view of this frontier boomtown.

First Colony can be used by both players and game moderators. Players will find it a valuable resource for filling out their characters' backgrounds, developing their contacts and associates, and planning their future activities. Most of this book presents the kind of information that could be had from a good CommCore city guide, and it will help players figure out where to go, who to see, and what to do the next time their characters are in Haven.

First Colony will also be a tremendous resource to game moderators who wish to run adventure scenarios in the colonial capital. Even if the moderator doesn't expect his game to spend a lot of time in Haven, this book presents a detailed view of people, places, and events that affect the entire colony and will impact the lives of characters in even its most remote corners.

While *First Colony* is suitable for use by both players and moderators, there are some sections intended for the moderator's eyes only. As with the *Moderator's Guide*, these sections are designated **Access Denied**. These entries contain behind-the-scenes information, plot hooks, storylines, schemes, and conspiracies that game moderators can use to enrich their campaigns. Players, howev-

er, should avoid them, as simply reading Haven's secrets and surprises will provide much less enjoyment than uncovering them in character. Players are also advised to treat the adventure scenarios in the final chapter as **Access Denied** material.

ORGANIZATION

First Colony is divided into four chapters. While each chapter concerns the city of Haven, each has a very different emphasis.

Chapter 1, Welcome to Haven, is the book's introductory chapter. Chapter 1 provides a regional introduction to Argos Island and the immediate area around Haven, describing its geography and climate, as well as the other, smaller settlements that share the region with the colonial capital.

Chapter 2, Cityscape, details the districts of Haven, describing their neighborhoods, landmarks, points of interest, and prominent personalities. This chapter presents the places to go and people to see in the varied boroughs of the colonial capital.

Chapter 3, Boomtown, provides detailed information on Haven society. It includes sections covering the city's politics and economy, as well as its cultural attractions and criminal underworld. This chapter describes the things to do—and how things are done—in the city of Haven.

Chapter 4, Haven Adventures, provides moderators with four ready-to-play adventure scenarios set in and around the colonial capital.

REFERENCES

This book includes many references to the **Blue Planet v2** core books. References to the *Player's Guide* are designated as "PG X," where "X" is the page number in the *Player's Guide* where the reference can be found. Likewise, the *Moderator's Guide* and *Fluid Mechanics* are identified as "MG" and "FM," respectively.

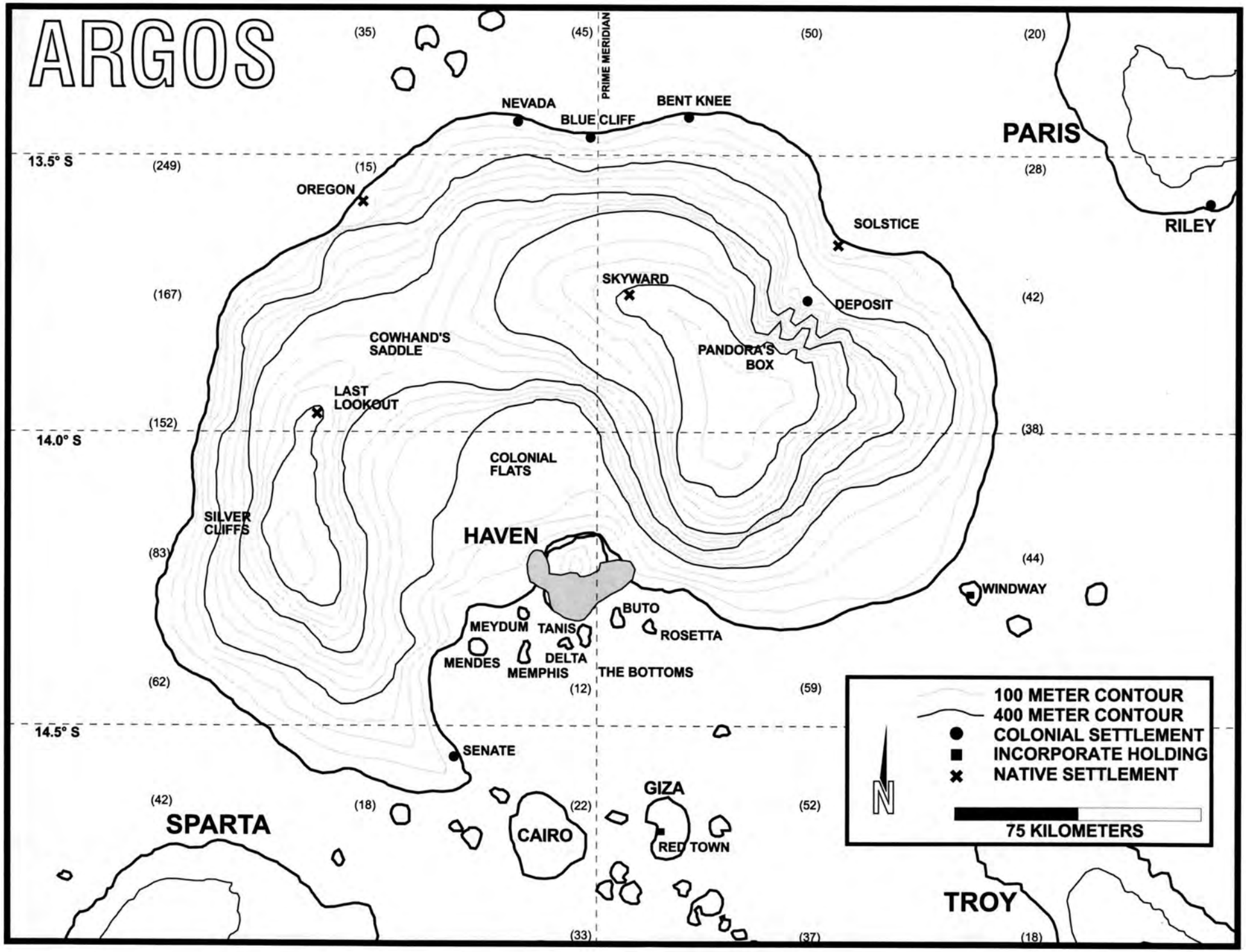
ARGOS ISLAND CLUSTER

Upon the Cousteau's arrival in Poseidon orbit, approximately 100 of the 5,000 colonists were awakened from cold sleep, and team leaders were charged with choosing a location for the colony that offered the best hope for survival and success. Many areas were eliminated from consideration during the process, as 20 days of detailed surveys and computer analysis revealed problems with weather patterns, tectonic activity, and predators. But the Pacifica Archipelago was different.

The archipelago is central among three surrounding oceans now called Poseidon's Reach, New Pacific, and El Mar del Sur, and its tropical climate and large share of Poseidon's landmasses made it a clear favorite for the colonization effort. The surveyors then turned to selecting a specific site from among the countless islands that dotted the archipelago. They eventually settled on an island cluster in the eastern reaches of the Dolphin Sea. The cluster was in the very center of the archipelago, was largely devoid of active volcanism, and rested in shallow, rich waters.

Focusing on this location, the Athena Project leaders chose the largest island in the cluster and named it Argos, after the first manned mission to Poseidon. Argos had a small, coastal islet nestled in its broad cove, only about eight kilometers at its widest point. This tiny interruption in the blue expanse of Poseidon's surface became the proposed site of the first human colony on the waterworld. Argos seemed to cradle the coastal islet in safety, and the team leaders decided to call it Haven.

Viewed from beneath the surface of the Dolphin Sea, the islands of the Haven Cluster look like peaks in a sparse range of small mountains, breaking the surface near their bases. If sea level were 500 meters lower, the entire cluster would be one large landmass. From Westward to Liberty, from Southward to Serenity, the Dolphin Sea offers no depths that cannot be handled comfortably by the colony's aquaforms. Indeed, exploring the seafloor beneath the surface is a much more common exercise than scaling the heights above, and these rich shallow waters have allowed diverse aquacultural efforts since the colony's beginnings.


ARGOS
(35)
(45)
PRIME MERIDIAN
(50)
(20)
NEVADA
BLUE CLIFF
BENT KNEE
PARIS
13.5° S
(249)
(15)
(28)
OREGON
SOLSTICE
RILEY
SKYWARD
DEPOSIT
(167)
(42)
COWHAND'S SADDLE
PANDORA'S BOX
LAST LOOKOUT
(152)
(38)
14.0° S
COLONIAL FLATS
SILVER CLIFFS
HAVEN
(83)
(44)
WINDWAY
BUTO
MEYDUM
TANIS
ROSETTA
MENDES
DELTA
MEMPHIS
THE BOTTOMS
(62)
(12)
(59)
14.5° S
SENATE
GIZA
(42)
(18)
(22)
(52)
SPARTA
CAIRO
RED TOWN
TROY
(33)
(37)
(18)
100 METER CONTOUR
400 METER CONTOUR
COLONIAL SETTLEMENT
INCORPORATE HOLDING
NATIVE SETTLEMENT
N
75 KILOMETERS

Unfortunately, the character of the waters throughout the Haven Cluster coupled with the region's lack of large landmasses make it a choice path for cyclonic storm activity. If settlements in the area are not on the leeward side of islands, protected by wind and wave breaks, or recessed deep in sheltered coves, they can be expected to require constant repair, a necessity for all but the most modern of buildings and largest of ships. There is a benefit to the frequent cyclonic activity, however, as it churns and mixes the waters of the Dolphin Sea with those of the surrounding oceans, especially Poseidon's Reach. This keeps the local waters replete with nutrients, making up for the lack of upwelling in the shallow region. In keeping with the cyclonic activity, the warm seas, and the near-equatorial location, the climate of Argos Island and environs is tropical.

Most of the islands in the Haven Cluster were formed through volcanism long ago, including Argos. Its two peaks, Parnassus to the west and the larger Olympus to the east, are both extinct volcanoes. The summit of Olympus is a large caldera, exceedingly humid and teeming with dense flora and rare fauna, a popular locale for study by research biologists. The slopes of the two peaks have easy grades, with a large, forested plateau spreading between them.

Argos Island is characterized by semitropical vegetation across its slopes. North of Haven, between and south of the peaks, a 2,500 square kilometer patch of land rises smoothly away from Haven Channel. This region is covered with powdery rock soil supporting several species of trees and other flora. Along its coasts, prevailing winds and waves have barraged northeastern Argos into sheer, rocky berms, bluffs, and cliffs; the leeward coasts enjoy broad sandy beaches.

Since the founding of Haven, many small settlements have been establish on and around Argos Island, generally following one of three paths of development. Some have grown and prospered, and since Recontact, most of these have enjoyed Incorporate or GEO backing. Others, from native fishing villages to remote fuel stops and trading posts, have remained fairly stable, their populations neither rising nor falling dramatically. Some of the settlements on Argos Island and throughout the Haven Cluster have disappeared altogether. A few villages have been abandoned when their infrastructure was destroyed by a cyclonic storm. Others have been left behind by settlers seeking an easier life in Haven or one of the other major settlements. There are a few lost settlements about which nothing is known.

One such settlement is a ghost town on the southwest coast of Argos Island. It is little more than a collection of 10 small wood-and-stone homes near the edge of a bluff overlooking the sea. It is surrounded by dense tropical trees, marked only by a board nailed to a post with the words "Stray West" burned deep into the wood. An ERT medic on a training exercise discovered the town in 2198 as it was left for posterity, and it does not show up in GEO surveys prior to that time. There is no sign of what happened to the residents, but there are indications that, whatever form their exodus took, it was unplanned. HIST has a research team at the site now, trying to deduce what happened in Stray West. All they know for certain is the village is at least 50 years old, predating Recontact.

Other native settlements in the region have fared much better than Stray West. Solstice lies on the northeast coast of Argos Island and was founded as a weather-tracking station by the Athena Project colonists in 2090. The small team built their homes in tidal bore caves at the base of a low rock cliff face, constructing platforms inside to keep their possessions and equipment dry during high tides. When the resupply ships failed to arrive, a growing number of pioneers stayed on, trapping shellfish and fishing for sustenance, continuing their scientific work by cataloging local flora and fauna and tracking the weather, currents, and tides. The village grew over the years and, since the GEO added a hydrogen-cracking unit in 2190, it has reached a population of 220 and added a large floating pier for fishing and mooring watercraft.

The GEO unwittingly created another native village on Argos Island. On the western slopes of Olympus at the source of the Anguila River, a field research team established Base Camp Lighthouse in 2184. The camp was named for its 40-meter bamboo-analog tower with a generator and a satellite uplink in its crow's nest, and a rotating, blinking red light at the top to reveal its location to aircraft. The outpost was expanded in 2188 into a full satellite relay station.

The High Commissioner for Science and Technology withdrew funding and personnel in 2192, though the relay station remained. In 2197, a

group of 60 natives fleeing Haven moved into the abandoned camp. They have since modified the structures into a series of bunkhouses and have cleared some nearby land for farming. The natives have re-christened their village Skyward.

Another GEO-created settlement—this one intentional—is the tri-towns colonial development on the northern coast of Argos Island. The three towns were built in distinct phases, according to an OCA development plan. They are situated along the coast, where the Anguila River forks into two strong streams that become rich estuaries as they flow into the Dolphin Sea.

In 2191, the first settlement established was Blue Cliff, the central town, at the base of a sheer 45-meter rock bluff. The bluff has a high level of an exposed mineral with a glassy, reflective surface. When the sunlight is right, the shifting, watery reflection of the sea against the cliff face is stunning. Blue Cliff was created to serve as a way station for craft traveling by air and sea in the area, especially for direct traffic on the route of Newport-Haven-Second Try. Newcomers with colonial contracts have now pushed it to 700 residents. Blue Cliff has communications equipment and a hydrogen-cracking unit, desalinized water and spare power cells. The GEO maintains a strong presence in the settlement with its personnel, equipment, and scientific teams, as well as a Human Resources-sponsored school that serves the tri-towns area. Simple floor plans for stilted houses with wooden steps leading up from the beach to broad porches typify the town's pre-fabricated housing.

Stage two of the tri-towns project was Bent Knee to the east. The slope away from the beach is not as sharp here, and the Anguila River flows in a sharp bend around a rocky outcropping to make its way to the sea. This settlement was begun in 2193 when GEO Natural Resources brought in heavy earth-movers and created a series of terraced paddies naturally irrigated by the Anguila. From top to bottom the stepped paddies are increasingly saline; a variety of crops, from rice to kelp, are supported by the arrangement, and most of the locals are involved in some way in the modern agricultural industry. An array of level earthen embankments created in the terracing process serve as Bent Knee's small and often-flooded road system, and modern but small modular housing units are grouped in blocks of 20. Many of Bent Knee's population of 450 enjoy horse riding as recreation and as a chief means of overland travel, and corrals and stables are a common sight amidst the housing blocks.

Nevada, the third stage of the GEO's tri-towns project, was established to the west of Blue Cliff in 2198. A Peacekeeper unit permanently stationed there since the settlement's beginning has also adopted the name of the settlement. The Nevada unit is a tightly knit company of 18, led by their emotional captain Vicente "Loco" Cortez. Most of the Peacekeeper personnel rotate in and out of the outpost, but an orca reconnaissance specialist called Maltika and a Silva sniper named Hundo Njare are permanent fixtures. Nevada is an airmobile unit and trains in their assault jumpcraft Big Chief, prepared to hit the scene of any local conflict that demands rapid response.

Nevada Company's missions are usually just training exercises, escort duty, and occasional search-and-rescue efforts, however, so most in the crew are fully trained emergency medical technicians. The unit is based in a modular barracks built against the 15-meter escarpment that runs parallel to the shoreline a half-kilometer from the water.

The town of Nevada is a collection of elevated modular homes provided very inexpensively as part of the colonial settlement contract. The homes are strung out along the broad beach close to the escarpment. Most of Nevada's residents eke out their livings from the estuary waters where the Anguila creeps through a break in the low bluff wall and meets the Dolphin Sea. Many fish the waters, a few record research data for the GEO HCST, and some operate small businesses that cater to the residents. All told, Nevada has only 140 permanent residents.

Another colonial settlement in the area is Senate on Promontory, on the southwestern cape of Argos Island. Senate was founded through a settlement plan in 2195, in a colonization effort that included citizens of the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Holland, and Denmark. The group was organized through a geological appreciation society that came together via CommCore back on Earth. GEO Natural Resources supported the group's application through the approval process because they planned to take a rare approach and power their colony solely through renewable resources.

All the homes in Senate get their juice from an impressive high-tech windmill farm clustered along the promontory. The windmills are wired to a capacitor/turbine generator housed in a functional bioplastic building in the center of town. Senate's homes are attractive, spacious, high-quality structures designed individually by architects to match the desires of the wealthy, well-educated population. The homes are all well integrated into the landscape in this picturesque community. Most common buildings are in the middle of town, where restaurants, schools, specialty shops, a medical clinic, and an emergency services building meet the growing needs of Senate's population of 3,700.

The small island of Giza south of Haven was leased from the GEO by the Nippon Industrial State in 2194. NIS surveys revealed an extensive, veined bed of copper and other metals beginning along Giza's western coast and running 30 kilometers west. The NIS has begun operations to mine the metals for use in a variety of manufacturing concerns in Simushir. The copper veins lent the settlement its name, Red Town.

Residents of Red Town are all NIS personnel packed into cramped, temporary, fast fungus-prone quarters in the NIS's traditional fashion. Four compounds of these inexpensive modular compartments sprawl across the coast on the eastern rim of the mining field.

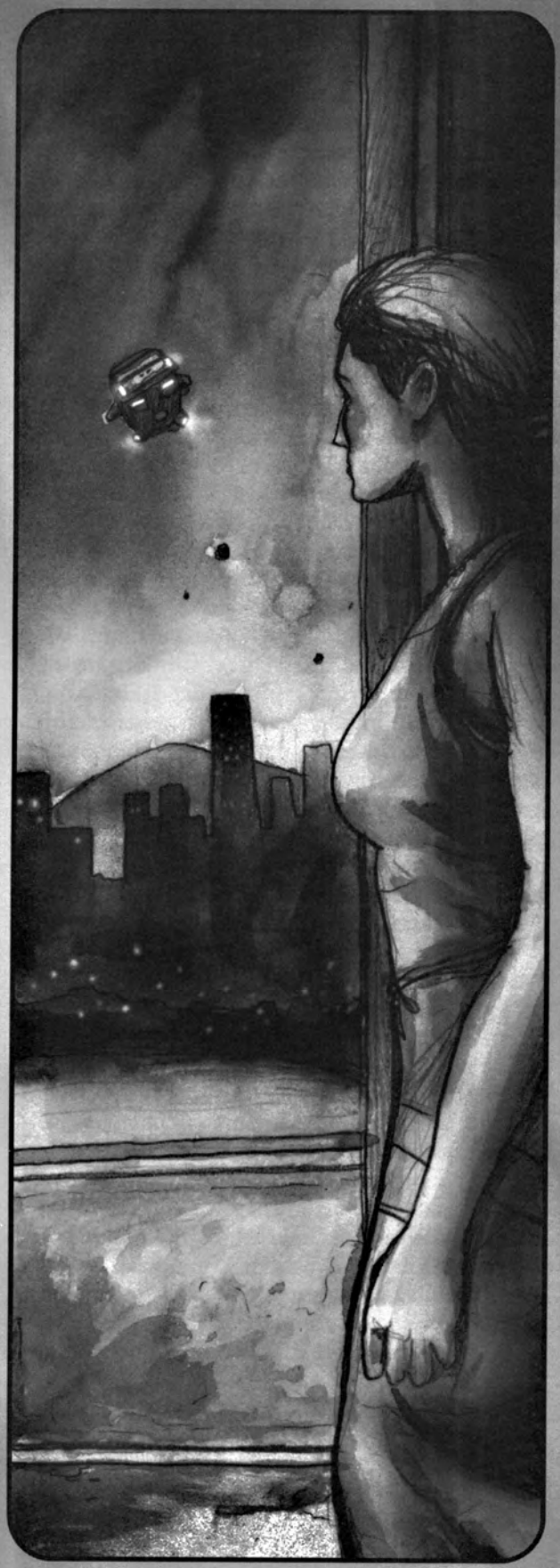
There are three primary operations going on in the field: Huge underwater backhoes, cranes, and bulldozers dredge through the seafloor exposing and recovering the metals. The ores are transported to a large industrial processing facility, which uses repeated chemical washes to separate the metal from the waste material. The refined metal is then crated and prepared for transport to both Haven and Simushir.

The process is fraught with environmental risks, and Natural Resources inspectors have been repeatedly frustrated in their attempts to get the operation within the acceptable danger margin. The GEO retains title to the region, and that fact is all that has led to any progress with the NIS managers and administrators at the site.

Two-hundred kilometers east-northeast of Red Town is Windway, a company town owned by Biogene. Windway is located on a tiny island just off the southeastern coast of Argos. Biogene established Windway as a base for early xenosilicate mining, though several local fields are now played out. A few remain, however, and those employ almost 1,100 personnel in their undersea recovery operations. The workers spend weeks on duty at the various mining facilities, rotating out of their modest apartment homes in the Windway community topside. With the increasing scarcity of xenosilicates in the fields, Biogene is retrofitting some facilities for mining other minerals and precious metals.

Windway is also home to almost 300 mid-level managers and executives coordinating Biogene's efforts, and fine apartments and a few homes have been constructed to meet their needs. Off Windway's southeastern coast, a geothermal vent tapped by Biogene engineers provides an additional energy source for the company town. The small island also serves as a base of operations for a number of research teams—surveyors, assayers, oceanographers, and ecological-impact specialists are just some of the researchers with local assignments. All told, Windway is about 1,850 strong, including a security presence spread between the settlement and the mining facilities of almost 200.

In the midst of all these native, Incorporate, and colonial settlements is the single most populous locale on Poseidon, the city of Haven. Haven sprawls over much of Haven Island, from Watertop, the highest point of the island's peak, down to the shores of the Haven Channel. The channel, nowhere deeper than 50 meters, makes a full circuit around the island, becoming Backwater Channel as it flows away from the harbor and separating Haven from the mainland of Argos Island. The waters of the channels and harbors are fertile grounds for aquaculture and deepen precipitously just a few kilometers offshore, offering excellent fishing. These waters have provided sustenance for the locals since the first days of the Athena Project, and they also support several of Haven's communities, including the Floats, the Wharf, and the Waterfront.



CITYSCAPE

CHAPTER 02

HAVEN'S DISTRICTS

BRIGHTON

Until Recontact, the area that is now the Brighton district was a lightly wooded coastal plain that supported some 50 native homesteads. But as the nearby Heights district was settled by affluent newcomers and its real estate became more expensive, citizens of lesser means began moving into the Brighton area, where real estate developers bought up the land, cleared it, and built relatively inexpensive housing. For a time, the district enjoyed a rapid influx of residents and developed a reputation as a pleasant and affordable neighborhood.

In 2194, the GEO High Commissioner for Human Resources initiated a plan for a subsidized housing development project in Haven. It was drawn up and approved within the HCHR, then rubberstamped by the Colonial Administrator's office, which finally presented the measure to the city council. The less than exceptional results of similar projects on Earth were a warning to some on the council, however, and the fight over the project was particularly vicious.

Traditional enemies on the council were united on the measure, as both pro-native councilors and representatives of wealthy areas favored the project. But some councilors were concerned about cordoning off poorer citizens—it could serve as a government-sanctioned form of segregation, creating a breeding ground for crime and depressing property values for current residents of the area. Eventually, backed by strong pressure from the GEO, the councilors in favor of the measure were able to divide the opposition with a promise to include a maglev spur running north from the Heights, and construction of the Brighton Housing Project was soon underway.

The Brighton Projects now dominate the local landscape. There are a series of large, drab, biocrete structures housing almost 14,000 residents, sprawling across more than two kilometers of the district's heart. The projects are home to such unfortunate souls as impoverished natives, a large hybrid population, and countless newcomers who have failed to fulfill their dreams on the colony world. Crime and violence are rampant in the projects, and the Patrol seems to have written it —and its residents—off entirely.

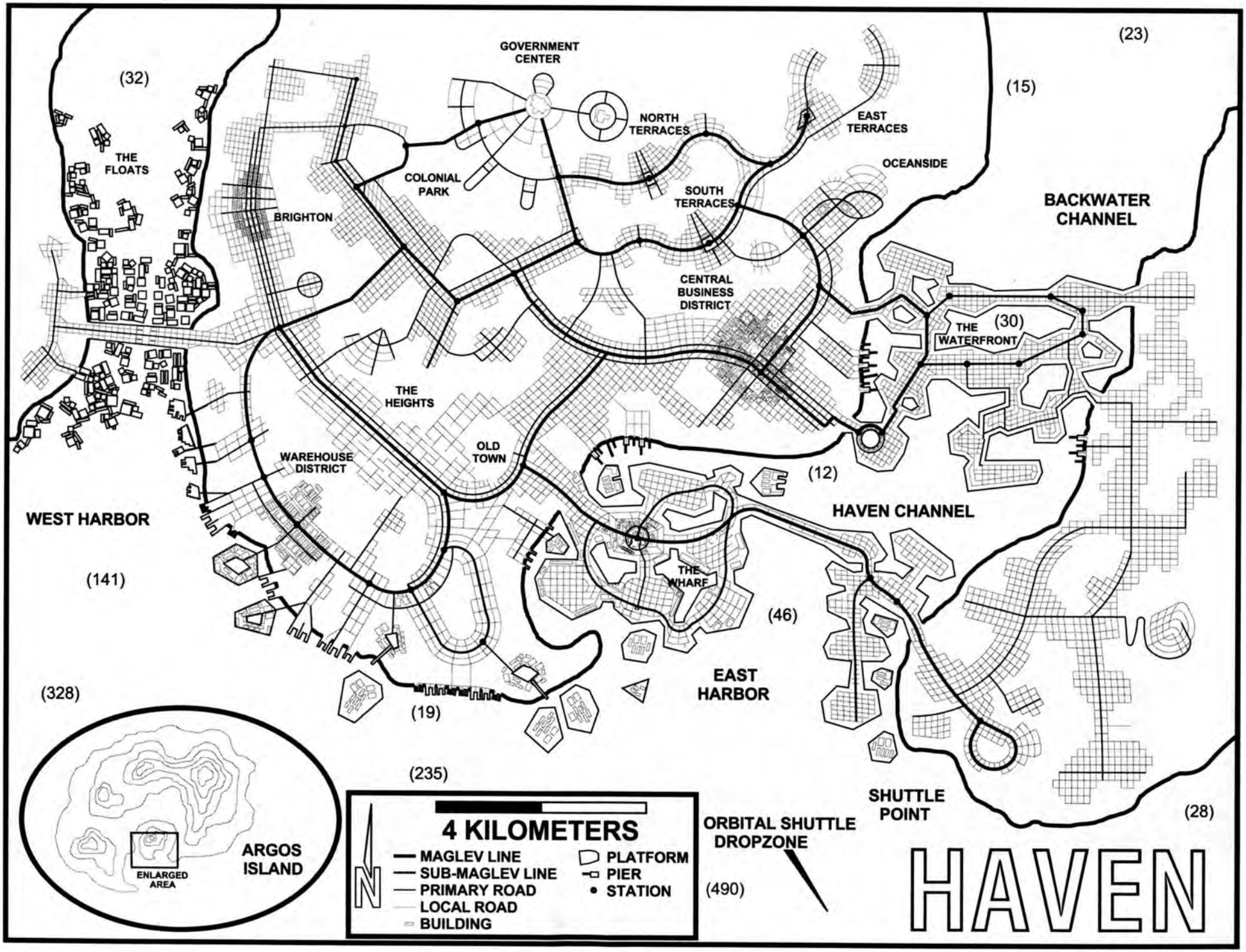
Isolated neighborhoods huddle in pockets along the Brighton Projects' perimeter. A few have avoided the crime and poverty of their surroundings and are actually clean, comfortable, and relatively safe lower-class neighborhoods. Most of these are older neighborhoods that pre-date the projects and have managed to maintain their own identities and standards of living. But the majority of the outlying neighborhoods are filled with decrepit tenements, rundown apartments, and small, shabby houses—a step up from the projects in some ways, but with no guarantees of even basic necessities like reliable electrical power and fresh water.

Safety is a huge concern, as the Brighton district suffers from the highest violent-crime rates in the city. Youth gangs terrorize the local citizenry and battle constantly over turf, and Patrol response times are the worst in the city. Education is another problem in the area. GEO subsidized schools have difficulty bringing in competent personnel, and absent or unconcerned parents leave many students to their own devices. Drug use is also rampant in the area, with many unemployed or subsistence-level residents succumbing to the general atmosphere of hopelessness. All told, the Brighton district has become exactly what some feared when the projects were first proposed, and the maglev spur to the area has yet to be completed.

CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT

The Central Business District, Haven's downtown, developed from simple beginnings. At its western end near Old Town, this district was originally home to the colony's research labs, medical clinics, machine shops, and other vital facilities, most constructed of pre-fabricated modules detached from the *Cousteau*. Biocrete—the organic material used to pave Haven's streets—was also grown here. As the colony slowly developed, new construction was dedicated to sustaining Haven's limited industrial base.

Unfortunately, in its first 50 years, the colony lacked the human resources, raw materials, and infrastructure to make its industrial base self-sufficient. The reactor fire of 2146 left Haven literally powerless, dashing any remaining hopes that the region could sustain its industry. From the reactor fire until Recontact, some 90% of Haven's population were involved in the kelp and fishing industries or in support services for these industries.


GOVERNMENT CENTER
(32)
(23)
(15)
THE FLOATS
NORTH TERRACES
EAST TERRACES
OCEANSIDE
COLONIAL PARK
SOUTH TERRACES
BRIGHTON
BACKWATER CHANNEL
CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT
(30)
THE WATERFRONT
THE HEIGHTS
OLD TOWN
WAREHOUSE DISTRICT
(12)
HAVEN CHANNEL
WEST HARBOR
(141)
THE WHARF
(46)
EAST HARBOR
(328)
(19)
(235)
SHUTTLE POINT
(28)
ORBITAL SHUTTLE DROPZONE
(490)
ARGOS ISLAND
ENLARGED AREA
4 KILOMETERS
MAGLEV LINE
SUB-MAGLEV LINE
PRIMARY ROAD
LOCAL ROAD
BUILDING
PLATFORM
PIER
STATION
N
HAVEN

Much of the CBD area became a ghost town, with clinics empty for lack of medicine, machine shops standing idle without raw materials or electrical power, and research labs left standing vacant or converted to other uses as their workers were needed in the fields and on the fishing boats.

When teams of researchers began to arrive after Recontact, the CBD area was revitalized. Old buildings were renovated and modified, and new pre-fabricated structures were delivered and assembled. For the most part, this process started in the western end of the district and gradually spread east along the coast. Commercial interests began arriving on Poseidon as well, and most opened offices in the CBD.

This new activity rejuvenated the district, but it was a drastic change for the locals. After years of focus on fishing and farming, the natives had developed quiet, almost idyllic island lifestyles. Now, the newcomers wanted to hire them as

THE BALLARD ARCOLOGY

The heart of the Biogene presence on Poseidon is the company town, Cliffside, on the Gulf of Kauai. While this is the center of the Incorporate state's economic operations on the colony world, Haven is the home of its political machine. In terms of personnel and resources, Biogene has the strongest presence in the city of any of the Incorporate. The Ballard Arcology is the most evident manifestation of that presence.

The arcology sprawls across several city blocks in the Central Business District and is one of the tallest structures in Haven—the Triton Tower is the tallest. The arcology is a complete, self-contained environment for the Biogene personnel living and working in Haven. Construction began in 2189, just more than a year after the applications of xenosilicate ore were made public, and indeed, even before Biogene had received its colonial charter for the company town, Cliffside. Due to the incredible difficulty and expense of supplying the construction effort, the last sections of the arcology were not completed until 2192.

The Ballard Arcology is effectively a Biogene city in the middle of Haven. It supports upwards of 10,000 personnel, giving it a larger population base than most of the settlements scattered across the Pacifica Archipelago. Its hundreds of business and administrative offices provide a logistical lifeline between the communication, distribution, and transportation resources of the colonial capital and the isolated Biogene company town in New Hawaii. An entire floor is dedicated to offices and administrative support for the Board of Governors and Executive Vice President for External Affairs. Indeed, Carl d'Augustino (MG 217) is reputed to spend far more time in his Haven offices than in Cliffside.

The arcology also supports residential apartments for the Haven-based Biogene personnel, including penthouse suites for the upper-level executives that offer breathtaking views of the city below. The residences are complimented by retail stores, restaurants, recreational facilities, miniature parks and atriums, a private school, a medical clinic and infirmary, and abundant information infrastructure, including a dedicated internal network whose utility rivals that of CommCore. There are also rumors of secret laboratories and research facilities deep in the arcology, but these have never been documented.

Security at the arcology is also extremely tight, with access controlled at every point. Only Biogene citizens or registered employees are allowed to enter the arcology, unless a Biogene citizen first files a permit application with security on behalf of the visitor. Microcameras and other security sensors are scattered throughout the public areas of the arcology. In addition, all citizens and employees have implanted identification tags and biomonitors integrated with the arcology network that allow security to identify and track everyone in the building.



unskilled labor, and they had difficult decisions to make. Many natives fled the area to preserve their culture and simple lifestyle—some to other, quieter parts of Haven, many others to different regions of Poseidon.

The Long John rush created a tremendous boom in the CBD. Besides those who came seeking xenosilicates, countless companies and entrepreneurs recognized the economic potential created by the influx of newcomers, and they too established themselves in Haven. Incorporate and independent developers constructed office buildings to house the myriad business interests, and soon the CBD was a fully modern business community.

Today, the towering glass-and-steel spires of the CBD cover roughly 10 square kilometers of the district's center. Office buildings, Incorporate arcologies, hotels, financial institutions, hospitals, and high-rise apartments dominate the cityscape. These massive structures are visible from everywhere in Haven and at night their lights can be seen from *Prosperity Station*. The island topography and stunning harbor vistas are reminiscent of venerable Hong Kong, but the clean streets, infusion of greenery, and thoughtful space between buildings is unlike the more cluttered commercial districts of most other big cities, as is the pervasive Patrol presence, the strongest in Haven.

THE WHARF

Early in the Haven colony's development, the area that became known as the Wharf represented the settlement's primary maritime infrastructure, with docks, piers, and biocrete breakwaters serving Haven's fleet of seagoing vessels. Nestled in a shallow-water cove in Haven Island's East Harbor and with Shuttle Point providing something of a windbreak, the location was close to ideal. This serene, practical locale was also home to most of the colony's early kelp fields, and even today some native collectives in the area try to compete with larger incorporated food providers.

For the most part, however, the Wharf has become a misnomer. Besides a few stragglers still eking out livings on fishing vessels or running tourists on day trips around the Haven Channel, the only ships docked here now are luxury yachts at several exclusive marinas. The marinas have become a showplace for the district, with strings of colorful, wind-filled pennants waving over quaint wooden docks and piers. Regattas are an almost daily ritual, and attendance at these social events is considered by many a civic duty. The regattas are a common meeting place for the local communities, and the winners of the races take great pride in their trophies. Parades on the channel are also common, as the boats' crews don their sea garb and salute the crowd as they show off their gleaming yachts to waves and cheers.

Residents of the Wharf occupy high-rent neighborhoods built out over the harbor. Strategically placed pilings rise from the seafloor to support interconnected platforms over the waters of East Harbor. Typically a platform is entrenched by one company, sold to another for development, and finally sold in lots to private owners. Most lots have dock access—for an individual owner this would mean a large home and slip for a vessel, in other cases it would be high-end apartments and condos with large patios and balconies facing the water and berths for smaller watercraft.

The landlocked central lots are usually home to businesses that cater to both local needs and the tourist trade, for the Wharf has become a must-see for visitors to Haven. Open-air markets, bazaars,

restaurants, and small shops are all over the island of platforms. Part of the draw is the fun of haggling with native merchants over handcrafted jewelry, clothing, furniture, and artwork, and the area's fresh seafood and kelp are famous fare.

The wealth of its residents provides the Wharf with some of the finest infrastructure in Haven. The power piped to Haven by the fusion plant on Shuttle Point is largely redundant, as efficient solar- and wind-power are available over most of the platforms. Private security services get a good deal of business and the Patrol presence is strong—a new station on the northwest corner lends watchful eyes on both the land and the water. The roads are in good repair, easing the quick trip to Old Town, and the maglev line runs across the channel to Shuttle Point for long-distance travelers. Zoning controls are staunch on the Wharf as well. Buildings are limited in size and height, and all businesses go through an arduous approval process for the most mundane operational permits.

OCEANSIDE

Whatever rich history Oceanside developed in the early years of the colony was erased in 2146. At that time, the area was home to Haven's fusion reactor, stripped from the *Cousteau* to power the fledgling colony. A sudden helium flash vaporized the massive reactor and the ensuing fires scarred the landscape and took hundreds of lives, forcing the district's residents to begin again from scratch. For a long time after the fire, citizens of Haven found it painful to consider Oceanside at all, much less take up residence there. No one was left completely untouched. Many had lost family members, homes, or friends in the disaster. But even for those whose losses were less immediate, the scars ran deep. Just when the colony was adjusting to the possibility of being isolated from Earth forever, the fire struck the most serious blows yet to its infrastructure, plans for industrial development, and most importantly, the colony's morale.

Even in the aftermath of the reactor disaster, the district's frontage on Haven Channel guaranteed that it remained valuable property despite its long vacancy. The drastic influx of newcomers after Recontact demanded living space, and there was a brief public battle over rebuilding the district. To recent arrivals it seemed the perfect spot to expand, but some natives felt a duty to preserve the area in memory of the costs of the fire—and, by implication, the costs of reliance on Earth's technology and all it represented.

Many natives did not want to revisit the pain caused by the disaster, though, and the native community was never solidly unified on the issue. Over some emotional objections—and eerie native warnings about building on that ground—Oceanside began anew with residents who were never touched by the fire more than 40 years in the past.

Rebuilt and renovated now, Oceanside is growing every day. The prosperous middle-class newcomer community is almost 40,000 strong, with an estimated 23,000 leaving the district to work on a daily basis. A maglev spur spikes north through the neighborhoods, offering public transit to the many commuters and simplifying the trip for entertainment and shopping on the Waterfront. Local markets satisfy the residents' daily needs, but strict zoning regulations in the young community prevent the presence of any real industry. Oceanside is essentially a collection of suburban neighborhoods, conveniently close to Haven Channel, the Waterfront, and the Central Business District—the heart of commerce on Poseidon and the most common workplace destination of Oceanside's citizens.

While the layouts of communities in Oceanside are many and varied, some features are typical in the district's neighborhoods. Usually homes are built on generous plots that create some distance between neighbors and allow for garages—an important feature because the residents typically own vehicles or even recreational watercraft. Green lawns and trees are common, and community parks or greens for exercise, relaxation, and play are the norm. The newcomers that occupy the area are gradually learning to befriend and trust their fellows, and neighborhood associations have sprung up to enforce deed restrictions, institute and fund volunteer community watches, and plan holiday celebrations.

OLD TOWN

In a way, the Athena Project colonists lived in Old Town before they ever set foot on Poseidon. The pre-fabricated modular structures that served as their shipboard quarters on the *Cousteau* were detached upon reaching the waterworld, becoming the first planetside dwellings on the site of Haven. These technically advanced units with simple layouts were constructed of the best materials avail-

THE ATHENA CLUB

This exclusive nightspot is located in an exclusive, high-income neighborhood in Old Town. A large multistory building constructed of native stone and timber, the club looks like one of the oldest—and most tasteful—buildings in Haven. In truth, it is only three years old and its patrons are typically at the opposite end of the socioeconomic spectrum from Poseidon natives.

The Athena Club offers a full-service gourmet restaurant, a quiet pub with an extensive selection of fine beers and liquors, a dance club, a house tobacconist and several smoking rooms, and a number of private gambling parlors. The club's clientele is drawn from the Incorporate elite and wealthy independent newcomers, and both its management and patrons have a reputation as anti-native and anti-government—at least, where 'government' is understood as the GEO.

The club is said to offer the best of everything—food, booze, gambling, and male or female companionship. It all comes at a steep price, but the management is concerned with the privacy of its exclusive clientele and discretion is guaranteed. One of the Athena Club's quirks is that there is absolutely no public parking—personal drivers are expected to drop off the wealthy club goers and find somewhere else to park until they are needed again.

The club's general manager, Lucas White, is a middle-aged Englishman who ran a private club in London before immigrating to Poseidon in 2196. The Athena Club is owned by an impenetrable real estate holding company, and because he came to the colony world specifically to run it, it is thought that White may be among a very few who know the true owners. He pays well and the Athena Club's staff of chefs, waiters, bartenders, and dealers are among the most professional on Poseidon. White also runs a tight ship—any hint or allegation of impropriety, indiscretion, or mistreatment of the club's patrons is sufficient cause for immediate termination. Somewhat surprisingly, even ex-employees have been unwilling to blow the whistle and give up the Athena Club's secrets.

There are constant rumors that the club is owned by the Gorchoff Family—and indeed, several known bosses are frequent patrons—or one of the Incorporate states or some consortium of powerful Earth industrialists. Though none of these rumors have ever been substantiated, the Athena Club is known to be one of the wealthy elite's foremost dens of intrigue and conspiracy.

able and with a mind to Poseidon's tempestuous weather. Also designed to be highly adaptable, the habitats featured specialized locking seals that can be opened easily to connect multiple units or make other additions. The colonists came to refer to their modular dwellings as lock boxes.

Constructed according to the careful blueprints of colonization planning teams back on Earth, the lock boxes were originally arrayed in an efficient, utilitarian fashion around the island's natural harbor. Over the ensuing years, however, additions, new construction, and restorations have transformed the orderly streets into a maze of narrow twisting roads and covered alleyways, as more and more residents pile into a district with little space remaining for outward expansion.

Today, Old Town is a mix of commercial and residential real estate. There is little zoning in the district, and shops and homes are freely interspersed. Some homes even serve as places of business, with such diverse professionals as dentists, architects, and writers plying their trades inside, or boutique and café owners living on their upper floors. Whether shopping or browsing, many residents and tourists alike enjoy strolling these winding roads overlaid with a cobbled-looking surface among awnings, street lamps, and al fresco eateries, preferring them to the cutting-edge malls of the Waterfront. These neighborhoods represent the classic image of Old Town and the very heart and soul of Haven.

Traveling through Old Town to the northeast where it borders the Central Business District, one moves

from the oldest parts of the city to some of the more modern and commercial. Apartment buildings are the most common form of housing in this area. There are a few high-end high-rises with doormen and concierges, but more common sights are three- to five-story buildings with anywhere from 10 to 50 units designed for middle-class tenants. Residential housing is secondary in this area, however. An assortment of small, tasteful office complexes provide professional facilities for consultants, attorneys, programmers, actuaries, engineers, and countless others.

One theme common to all parts of Old Town is a strong commitment to infrastructure. Residents have always anted up for better, more efficient services, cleaner and safer neighborhoods, and greater public amenities. This commitment has been tested of late, with the neighborhoods nearest the Warehouse District becoming increasingly rough in recent years. Locals have answered with a citizen watch to complement the increased Patrol presence. The residents of Old Town also take pride in being among the most educated and politically active in Haven. As the heart and soul of the city, the saying among politicians is "as Old Town goes, so goes Poseidon."



THE FLOATS

From the beginning of the Haven colony in 2187, people have taken up residence on boats moored in West Harbor. In those early days, it was the fishermen—finding it convenient to stay close to their work—who mainly occupied the region. Its sheltered location on the leeward side of Haven Island made it the most reliably safe spot for the locals to avoid the fierce winds sweeping through the region while still maintaining easy access to the sea.

For many years the area's population slowly but steadily grew. Many settled into life on their boats, heading out to sea daily alone or in teams. Some fishermen organized into cooperatives to crew larger boats that could take greater catches, leaving their personal craft moored on the shores of Haven Channel to serve as their homes. After the reactor fire in 2146, many who had lost their homes headed to West Harbor and found new lodgings on boats, barges, and makeshift floats.

By Recontact, there were almost 1,000 residents living in the improvised neighborhood. Over the years, more piers had been extended into the channel and gangways became fixed catwalks and platforms, locking boats and barges into place. Temporary gangplanks were permanently nailed, bolted, or lashed between neighboring craft. Eventually, this warren of makeshift construction and improvised housing came to be known as the Floats.

The dense collection of mostly wooden craft and walkways has led to an ironic danger: fire. A single broken lantern or fallen candle risks igniting a tinderbox. In this one respect the locals are united, and in many areas there is an organized overnight watch to prevent such an event. Once the alarm is sounded locals spring into action, picking up whatever buckets or pots are handy and rushing to pull water from the channel to stop the fire from spreading.

Every turn in the Floats leads to a new wonder. Public walkways twist, turn, and climb through private dwellings, temporary shelters, and fly-by-night businesses. Makeshift cisterns and pipe systems are pervasive, collecting rainwater for the locals' use. Some boats house shops where vendors hock fish and foodstuffs, crafted jewelry, or illegal

ACCESS DENIED

MORE HARM THAN GOOD?

Unfortunately not all fire watches and their volunteers are above reproach. While city leadership appreciates what the watches accomplish for the community, various factions often voice concerns that the watches must be brought under city control in some way. Even if a watch as a whole is well intentioned, some of its participants may get out of hand. But there are entire watches that operate outside the law.

On one end of the spectrum are the overzealous watches that resort to vigilantism. Without waiting for the law, they take matters into their own hands, sometimes threatening an addict to get him out of the area, sometimes getting rough with a pickpocket, and occasionally even burning someone like a child abuser out of his home. The Native Fire Brigade, a watch in the old southeastern section of the Floats, has often been accused of working in this fashion.

The overzealous are far preferable to the other end of the spectrum, however. Some fire watches over the years have been led by the wrong people and become exactly what the neighborhood fears most. They demand tributes of food, goods, or even money for their protection. Those failing to pay find themselves with addicts on their doorsteps or unable to keep their homes in repair. Occasionally the stubborn become the victims of inexplicable robberies or fires. These bands typically try to expand the area of their watch, too—which can sometimes lead to battles with other groups. In a newer area of the district on the northwest, a watch known as the Red Bucket Corps is currently practicing these tactics.

The rich ties the watches share with the community combined with a general lack of organized law enforcement has led to the establishment of several ecoterrorist cells that operate through the fire volunteers. This makes breaking down and eliminating the cells difficult even if it is commonly known what they are up to. For instance, it is virtually impossible for a cell to be caught in the planning of wrongdoing since they could easily be meeting just to set watch schedules. Only covert agents and competing factions willing to circumvent the law can make any real headway against these groups, and they are operating at odds with the Patrol. The North Floats Fire Company is known to have deep ties with Blue Water Circle, and Circle members in the Red Bucket Corps' patrol area have complained so bitterly of late that trouble between the two watches is brewing.

sunburst hides, and others sell alcohol, pharium, and other intoxicants with no questions asked.

The Floats face some serious problems, mostly symptomatic of the area's poverty. The maze of walkways and patchwork structures is very difficult to patrol, and petty crime is a major concern, fueled by a generally poor and increasingly idle citizenry. Few residents of the Floats hold down serious jobs, and loitering alcoholics or drug users are a common sight. Prostitutes and pimps advertise their services on the central platforms and major walkways, and muggers and youth gangs prowl the shadows hunting for victims.

Of late, fire is not the only element the watches are fighting. The volunteers are beginning to make an effort to discourage petty crooks like drug fiends, loiterers, prostitutes, vandals, and such. They also perform services for local residents, like organizing teams to help with repairs to keels or fresh paintjobs on gangways, and keeping an eye out for suspicious characters who may have breaking and entering on their agendas. In exchange for the help, local residents do favors for the watches too, passing them food as they patrol, keeping them supplied with jackets, or helping to maintain their homes.

THE TERRACES

Ten years ago, an irregularly graded, forested hillside was all that existed in the area bordered by Oceanside on the east, the Central Business District to the south, and Government Center to the west. But as Haven grew after Recontact, so did the demand for communities where the social elite could retreat from the crowds, crime, and noise of the inner city. The Terraces were developed by

Haven Property Management (HPM), a subsidiary division of Hanover Colonial, to meet that need.

Phase one of the Terraces project began with what is now known as the North Terraces, east of Government Center. Most of its lots were sold before construction began—some to business executives, many more to high-level government officials—and plans for phases two and three were quickly developed. These would become the South Terraces and East Terraces—both home to a greater proportion of business people, and both very exclusive.

In developing the Terraces, HPM utilized many of the architectural and engineering practices that at the same time were being applied to the construction of the finer homes in Lebensraum, the Hanover company town on Mandalay Island. All the homes in the Terraces are expensive, with many large enough to qualify as mansions, and part of the high cost can be attributed to the reliance on elevated construction.

To preserve the character of the landscape and eliminate flooding threats from high rains, many of the homes were built on stilts and pilings so that they extended out from the hillside. The stilts are thick, reinforced, biocrete columns that elevate the homes on platforms as much as 10 meters from the hillside below. The columns are typically handsome and integrated into the overall design of the homes, and often at least one is wrapped with a stairway, sometimes enclosed, that reaches the hillside below. Many of the homes in the district feature extensive porches, porticos, and balconies jutting away from the buildings at various levels in every direction, and for some the roof doubles as an extensive multilevel patio offering a glorious view of the vista below.

Though the Terraces are divided physically into three distinct sections, their differences are far outweighed by similarities that go beyond the common architecture, especially the high priority the residents place on privacy. All the communities feature a strong patrol presence—including both local law enforcement and private security—and the extensive use of security fencing.

The heart of each neighborhood and community in the Terraces is a study in community logistics—almost a town of its own. There is a large maglev terminal with an adjacent parking facility, a medical center, a pricey shopping and entertainment complex, several schools, and central stations for various services such as fire and EMT facilities, a Patrol station, and sanitation, water, and power. These neighborhoods are almost self-sufficient, offering enough amenities that the residents rarely have to leave unless they want to. That, of course, is exactly the way they like it.

THE WATERFRONT

This district was largely open channel during the early years of the Haven colony. Its eastern and western boundaries provided little more than a convenient shore for the colony's fishing and aquaculture efforts in the Haven Channel. The beaches were lightly settled after the Abandonment, as they offered ready access to the channel and protection from severe weather.

In the days since Recontact, however, the Waterfront has been completely transformed. The construction of extensive facilities on Shuttle Point left a physical gap across Haven Channel, and the newcomer personnel created a booming market for entertainment options. The Waterfront was quickly developed to fill this void.

In 2199, the district is the popular center of shopping and entertainment in Haven. It is home to numerous restaurants, bars, clubs, virtual arcades, shopping malls, and a wide variety of adult entertainment. Maglev lines provide access to the district from all over the city, and automated people movers, elevators, escalators, inclinators, and shuttle trains crisscross the development. From clothing to home electronics, a fine dining experience to watered-down ale, a kid's good time to an adult's, it can all be found on the bridges and platforms of the Waterfront.

Much of the Waterfront was planned independently, and there are marked differences between the western and eastern ends of the district. The western edge abuts the Central Business District and is known as West Shore. It is cleaner, grander, and pricier—its patrons demand as much—and has become most popular with tourists as a result. West Shore also enjoys an extensive patrol presence—a presence that is almost discouraged across the channel.

The opposite edge of the Waterfront, the East Shore, grew more gradually, seemingly an afterthought to fill empty space. Where West Shore has

THE SUMMIT

The Summit is the most famous—and most exclusive—mall on all of Poseidon. Its multileveled glass-and-steel structure stretches across two kilometers of the Haven Channel. The bridge is suspended between two massive girders set almost four kilometers apart that rise toward one another at 45 degree angles. Inclinators, a cross between escalators and elevators, move pedestrians along the support girders from the surface to the Summit.

Summit One

This section of the Summit is the first area off the main inclinator on the western end. It is the most exclusive part of the mall, boasting luxury stores selling a variety of designer products, two nice restaurants, fine tile and carpeting throughout, and several breaks between establishments where walkways lead to terraces with beautiful views of the channel.

Summit Two

The central section of the Summit is dominated by two large department stores. On the western end, adjacent to and accessible from Summit One, is Martel Drake, an upscale store with high-gloss floors of local marble that distributes a catalog famed for eccentric, outlandishly expensive gift ideas. On the eastern end, a less extravagant department store called McCarron's does excellent business and serves as a thruway to Summit Three. Between the two department stores, the mall is filled with shops of every description, several restaurants, an ice-skating rink, and a holovid complex with 15 theaters.

Summit Three

The eastern end of Summit Three is home to the Shuttle Park Hotel. Its 42 floors provide a fine option for family and business travelers. An army of stores stretches from the hotel west to McCarron's, with islands of greenery down the center climbing to the skylights above. An entertainment venue called the Gold Mine is the biggest draw in this part of the Summit. The Gold Mine features a darkened tunnel with thousands of tiny, glittering lights leading to a virtual arcade designed to look like the inside of a mine.

The Horizons

Located half a kilometer from the Summit's western end, this exclusive hotel is the crown jewel of the complex. The Horizons has 29 floors and boasts 430 amenity-filled rooms. Posh decors, Jacuzzis, full bars, and terraces with sweeping views of the channel are just some of the luxurious appointments.

The highest level of the hotel's tiered roof is dedicated to receiving its guests' jumpcraft; other levels support a pool, tennis courts, a running track, and a gym. The Horizons was constructed around the Summit's western support girder, which passes through its center at a 45 degree angle, allowing pedestrian access via the inclinator at the 15th floor. This floor is home to one of the Horizons' fine dining choices, Taberneaux, several small, expensive boutiques, and an elegant piano bar with a ballroom-style dance floor simply called Fifteen.

The lowest floors of the Horizons are under the surface of Haven Channel. Rooms offer a unique view, and there is a popular semiformal restaurant called The Grotto with a cave motif and astounding seascapes visible through thick picture windows. The most popular rooms at the Horizons are those on the fifth through seventh floors because the tides determine whether they are above or below the surface of Haven Channel, and the shifting views are spectacular.

nightclubs, hotels, taverns, and restaurants, East Shore is home to clubs, motels, bars, and eateries. It is said that people go to West Shore to get their hair done at a salon and go to East Shore to let their hair down at a saloon. The character of East Shore was influenced throughout its development by its proximity to the blue-collar construction personnel often occupying temporary housing to the east. East Shore lacks the patrol presence of West Shore, and is therefore a more risky area in which to be out after dark, but the locals seem to take some pride in that.

Except for the extreme edges of the district on its western and eastern shores, Waterfront is what is known to civil engineers as a constructed property. Much of the district either rests on large platforms supported by piers driven deep into the bedrock of Haven Channel or on bridges suspended over the channel. Despite their somewhat haphazard development, all the structures occupying the Waterfront district meet codes that allow for the safe and unimpeded flow of waterborne traffic below.

WAREHOUSE DISTRICT

The Warehouse District began as a scattered collection of modular outbuildings southwest of Old Town devoted to storage of the colony's supplies. Its primary role has remained unchanged over the years, and so have some of the buildings. Even today a few of the original dilapidated modular structures remain in use. Far more common, however, are modern storage facilities: new well-constructed and secured Incorporate warehouses that support Haven's increasing role as a global distribution center.

The most impressive warehouses in the region are actually just offshore. These ultra-modern facilities are located on mobile smart-barges in West Harbor. Equipped with cutting-edge computerized controls, numerous robotic arms and cranes, and built with light, strong composite materials, these floating storage structures are capable of loading and unloading cargo rapidly and with a minimal use of manpower, and then transporting it to other nearby storage facilities. These smart-barges allow very rapid turnaround times for transport vessels.

Much of the same technology is utilized in the warehouses on stationary floating platforms in West Harbor. The platforms are as large as 1,000 square meters, supporting several individual storage facilities each, and they extend far enough into deep water that oceangoing vessels can moor in special docks integrated for lading and unlading.

Onshore, the Warehouse District is a region divided. A large central area is dominated by fenced clusters of warehouses serving a wide variety of companies. In the most extreme case, almost two full city blocks are occupied by storage facilities and accompanying offices for Biogene. Property near the maglev line, which almost bisects the district, is in very high demand, thus the large complexes of major interests are typically close by. By contrast, the outskirts of the district are typically filled with solitary warehouses, small offices, and open-air storage yards. Low-end housing for the district's workforce crops up in a few locations as well.

The majority of the structures that were around before Recontact are on the southeast end of the Warehouse District, near Old Town. There are also a few tiny native neighborhoods that have been in place since before Recontact and the ensuing commercial zoning restrictions.

The northwest end of the district near the Floats has one of the more checkered reputations in the city. This neighborhood, called Gorkytown, is notorious for its criminal element, but ironically

ACCESS DENIED

BLACK-MARKET TECH

Haven's notorious "salvage auctions" are typically held in the old warehouses and distribution centers in South Gorkytown. These black-market auctions feature a staggering quantity and variety of secondhand tech salvaged, scavenged, or stolen across the waterworld. The auctions are firmly controlled by the Gorchoffs and only those with some connections to the syndicate's vast network are invited. The black-market auctions move around from warehouse to warehouse to stay ahead of Justice Commission stings and raids. Those who attend the auctions have a chance to bid on just about anything, including hijacked Long John, military-grade weapons, illegal drugs, restricted hacking software, and mundane but hard-to-find items such as fuel cells and hopper fans.

GORKYTOWN

One of the most dangerous neighborhoods in Haven spreads like fast fungus along the coast of West Harbor. Gorkytown is located at the juncture formed by the meeting of the Brighton, Heights, and Warehouse Districts just east of the Floats. Originally called Grovetown after the orchard the Athena Project colonists once maintained on the spot, Gorkytown was claimed by the Russian Mafiya in the early years of the Long John rush.

Gorkytown demonstrates all the characteristics of the three districts that border it. There are low-income tenements and housing developments in North Gorkytown, bordering the Brighton District. This area is plagued by poverty, crime, and violence and is riddled with flophouses and pharium dens. Street gangs with reported connections to the Gorchoff syndicate rule the streets in this neighborhood, serving as one of the primary vehicles for the distribution of illegal drugs and other contraband in Haven.

The area where Gorkytown borders the Heights is a much nicer residential neighborhood, where many of the Mafiya bosses and high-level enforcers—including Vladimir Gorchoff himself—are reputed to keep their homes. Ironically—but perhaps not surprisingly—the Gorchoff's seat of power on Poseidon is one of the most crime-free neighborhoods in Haven, despite the very limited Patrol presence. The Gorchoffs apparently prefer to keep their work safely apart from their home lives, and the Family's enforcers do not tolerate unsanctioned criminal activity in their neighborhoods. A few suspected gangsters have been murdered in the neighborhood, though it is not known whether these were internal purges directed by the Gorchoffs or outside hits by rival organizations. It is also suspected that many of the legitimate businesspeople and innocent civilians living in the neighborhood are victimized by Gorchoff protection rackets, but no complaints or charges have ever been filed.

Finally, it is difficult to tell where the southern edge of Gorkytown begins and the Warehouse District ends. This is largely a commercial and industrial neighborhood and is dominated by warehouses, light industrial plants, and shipping and distribution facilities. This neighborhood is reportedly the center of both the Gorchoff smuggling and hijacking operations. Many of the local warehouses, distributors, and shipping companies are Gorchoff fronts, and many of the legitimate businesses are being controlled or extorted by the crime syndicate. The neighborhood is said to be under almost constant surveillance by the Justice Commission's Organized Crime Task Force, and petty street crime is very rare. Nevertheless, the black-market trade is an often violent one, and assault, grand larceny, extortion, and murder are all too common in South Gorkytown.

has one of the lowest crime rates in the city. The gangsters who control these clubs, warehouses, and storefronts are not above killing, but they take this business outside the neighborhood whenever possible. The Floats and Brighton are home to more persistent petty crime, but Gorkytown in the Warehouse District is the heart of Haven's criminal underworld, and it is its blood that is pumping to those other afflicted areas.

The absence of crime prevention in the district is somewhat shocking, but there are numerous reasons for it. The district is too sparsely populated to justify much use of Patrol resources, several areas fall under the domain of Incorporate interests, and many of the dealers, distributors, and warehouse owners do not want the prying eyes of the GEO looking in on their business. They much prefer private security, which does its job and does not interfere where it's not needed.

HAVEN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

High up the western slopes of the city is the Haven Institute of Science and Technology, the only formal institution of higher learning on Poseidon. The modern institute occupies a GEO land grant of roughly three square kilometers on the northwestern edge of the Government Center campus, overlooking the northern end of Colonial Park. The architecture of its buildings is an eclectic mix of modern structures and materials combined with features of ancient Greek fascias, such as surrounding porticos supported by styled columns and archways at major entrances.

Central to the HIST campus is an area of rolling lawns, fountains, benches, and trees called the Common. Here students and instructors alike spend their time between classes relaxing under shade trees, strolling the yards, and eating lunch on the grass. Almost everything on campus can be seen from the Common, and it is an easy walk to the student union, the dominant building to the west.

The Union is really only the long, low breezeway connecting the Institute's dormitories, but students typically use the name to refer to the entire interconnected structure. The Union proper houses the facilities that make life more complete for the students, such as the stalls and carts lining the central breezeway where students can purchase a variety of food and drink, post notices on bulletin boards, or sign the latest petitions. The snack carts complement the large cafeteria, which satisfies the students' meal plans, and a small entertainment center allows them to blow off steam at darts, billiards, or electronic games.

The flanking dormitories are twin five-story structures, which currently house about a thousand students combined. The north dorm, Merker Hall, is coed throughout, while Styne Hall has alternating same-gender floors. The rooms are connected by wash facilities in pairs that form small suites, and each has a balcony and some built-in furniture. Both halls have lounges and laundry facilities, and students fulfilling work-program obligations monitor the activities within.

The largest building on the HIST campus is the Research Center, south of the Common. It is only eight floors, but its laboratories, classrooms, and lecture halls occupy almost 900 square meters of ground space. As the most active center of local scientific work outside of secretive Incorporate labs, the Research Center is a second home for professors and graduate students and the single greatest outlet for grant expenditures. Most of the classrooms here are those designed for special purposes, such as coordinated research projects.

Next door to the Research Center on its eastern side, built in a similar style but on a smaller scale, is the Franklin Library. Its three floors are filled with holovid-equipped learning centers, CommCore access stations, quiet study rooms, and shelves and shelves of hardcopy books. An observatory serving the astronomy program is located west of the Research Center. In addition to the main single-story dome with a networked digital telescope, an array of GEO-owned and operated radio-telescope dishes stretches down the hillside. These resources serve the educational and research programs at HIST, but their utility is marginal compared to the GEO's orbital resources.

East of the Common is the Taber Building, the Institute's brain and nerve center. It houses the offices of administrators and instructors alike, and provides facilities for enrollment registration, grant applications, and academic counseling. The chancellor and dean's offices are located here as well.

HIST's gymnasium, pool, and athletic fields are all to the south of the Common, surrounded by patches of green, scarce parking facilities, and a maglev access terminal. To the north is a series of buildings dedicated to classrooms, lecture halls, computer resources, and musical recital halls. One large structure adjacent to the gym houses Cather Theater, whose seating for three thousand is mainly used for guest lecturers and invited speakers.

Students all over Poseidon are enrolled at HIST, sometimes not setting foot on campus more than a few times while they earn their pre-graduate degrees. They can fulfill their curriculum in various ways, all depending on computer access. Most take courses over CommCore, completing class material and participating in online class discussion forums via bodycomps, and purchasing needed texts on dataspikes or from online datastores. Advanced students may use telepresence facilities to attend classes virtually. Because of the pervasiveness of affordable technology, almost 12,000 students are currently enrolled in HIST classes from all over Poseidon.

The GEO expects the Haven Institute of Science and Technology to set the standard for future places of higher learning on both Poseidon and Earth. As such, little expense has been spared in making it a crown jewel among universities despite its relatively low current enrollment. New features are being added at an impressive clip and construction around campus is a perpetual bother to daily routines. A shortage of qualified instructors on planet is HIST's greatest obstacle, though they are making the trip from Earth in increasing numbers. The problem is that the best want to spend their time on Poseidon doing research, not teaching. Some traverse the wormhole for personal reasons, but most academics make the trip to take advantage of the giant laboratory that is Poseidon.

With each completed structure at HIST comes the chance to add to an already impressive available curriculum. Besides the numerous colleges in which to gain both undergraduate and graduate degrees, there are a number of research programs in place and still more on the way. Most occupy HIST facilities, but there are also partnerships that take advantage of facilities in other places. Marine engineering research includes field study in a Lavender Organics-sponsored program on Dyfedd. Thor Station hosts a team of planetology grad-student researchers mapping Poseidon's weather patterns as they interact in the Wall. The Marine Science Extension Building is located on an offshore platform southwest of Shuttle Point. Both native studies and classical archaeology have offices in the HIST Research Center, but students and professors in the fields are typically on excursions all over Poseidon. Additionally, there are a number of graduate students performing their own research outside of organized programs, carving out niches for the future as they gain advanced degrees.

Some of the most popular research areas fall under the auspices of the College of Human Health. This facility is directly funded by the High Commissioner for Human Resources and has extensions and clinics all over Haven. Occupying a 16-story tower, the College of Human Health (CHH) is advancing medicine daily through applied research in the fields of neuroscience, molecular and cellular toxicology, and biomechanical engineering, with more programs on the way. The CHH is also the leading trauma and burn center on Poseidon. There is also no more cutting-edge laboratory for the study of neuroscience, save perhaps for the most secretive labs of Biogene and Lavender Organics.

MOST WANTED

DERRY NGUYEN

Nguyen was born and raised in Western Haven before Recontact. His parents had a small fishing vessel and spent their days harvesting in the local waters, occasionally sailing out to the Dolphin Sea. They traded their surplus catch for the goods the family needed or as payment for services for their children. Derry and his younger sister Freda were just a year apart, and they stayed behind for schooling when their parents took to the currents. They lived a simple, happy life aboard their sailboat *The Firefly*.

Derry was a source of pride for his parents. He learned quickly, made friends readily, and was helpful to the neighbors. Derry did get into trouble every so often, but it was typical kid stuff. Then, when he was 14, Derry took a lantern from the boat that he was not supposed to. He had asked his father repeatedly to let him use it to explore a cave the kids had found but his father said no. Eventually he smuggled it off the boat in his knapsack. This simple act of defiance would haunt Derry for the rest of his life.

Derry's parents never came back that evening. One unexpected night away turned into two, and a search party was formed. They braved the sunless waters for hours, then stayed out the next day as well, to no avail. Finally, six days later, a fisherman from the other side of Haven found *The Firefly* wedged in a rocky outcropping only a few hours from shore, but there was no one aboard. He speculated that the couple had gotten confused in the dark and sailed into the rocks—it could happen to anyone, he said. Realizing no one could see them and thinking they were close to town, maybe they had relied on their gills and swam for it, but they must have gotten tired or run into a predator.

Friends of the family pitched in and *The Firefly* was towed back to town. They tied it off among the hodgepodge of watercraft in the Floats and Derry and Freda took up a vigil for their parents. They never returned though, and the youngsters took up odd jobs around the community, not really wanting to return to sea on their boat. Guilt weighed heavily on young Derry—if he had not taken the lantern, would his parents have been able to see the rocks? Derry and Freda stayed together until Freda married a GEO surveyor in 2170—Derry Nguyen still lives on *The Firefly*.

Nguyen has always made his way working odd jobs and he has always remained helpful to the friends and neighbors who were so good to him—he has never known anything else. Derry volunteered for the Native Fire Brigade when it formed in 2188 and has been at it ever since. He is captain now, which means he recruits and organizes fellow volunteers and sets their posts, and he is in charge of the scene when a fire breaks out. He also does his best to run off drug addicts, pickpockets, and prostitutes from around his community and gets a thousand little favors for his service.

Derry is well liked among the older native set. They spend a lot of time discussing how things have changed over the years, how people seem just plain poisoned by all the commotion these days. He is 49 now, mostly bald with a bit of a belly. But his frame is solid and his muscles are hard in the way an older man who is good with his hands is prone to. His brown eyes are shallow set on a sun-cracked face. Those eyes, a fire axe, and the camaraderie of his neighbors are his weapons against trouble. Being on Derry Nguyen's good side is a strong enough commodity in the Floats that he needs little more.

Species: Human Aquaform
Origin: Native
Backgrounds: Colonial, Native
Profile:
Goal Altruism
Motivation Duty
Attitude Humble

Primary Attributes: Build 1, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity 1, Awareness 1, Intellect 0, Presence 0, Will 1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 2, Reflexes 0, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Tech (Strong) Command, Survival, Vehicles

Primary Skills: Aquatics 8, Damage Control 7, Driving 3, First Aid 6, Fishing 5, Leadership 5, Mechanics 6, Orienteering 5, Sailing 7

Biomods: None



BOOMTOWN

CHAPTER 03

COLONIAL LEGACY

THE ATHENA PROJECT

When the orbital lander Calypso touched down on the surface of Poseidon at 0943 on January 3, 2087, it launched a historic endeavor considered by many the most heroic achievement in human history. The advance party of professional astronauts, engineers, medical personnel, and administrators set up a base camp on a coastal islet at 14°11'48" south latitude on the prime meridian. The Athena Project mission planners had designated this location as the first colonial settlement on the planet and called it Haven. After more than 100 years, Haven is still the heart and soul of the human colonization effort on Poseidon.

The founding of Haven was a monumental task of logistics and construction. In addition to thousands of colonists, hundreds of tons of materials, equipment, and machinery had to be dropped from orbit and transported to the base camp. The first landers brought dozens of heavy cargo hovercraft to the surface, and these were used to transport passengers and material from the orbital dropzones to the island. While the camp was initially set up on a narrow stretch of beach on Haven Island's southern shore, robotic earth-moving equipment was brought in to level the rocky coast and clear the heavy vegetation, giving the fledgling settlement room to expand.

Nigel Mason, the Athena Project's first Colonial Administrator, was nominally in charge of the operation, but oversight and authority was necessarily delegated to a small army of managers, logisticians, and engineers. Each colonist had access to a dedicated computer network, called AthenaNet, that had been designed by the mission's computer specialists back on Earth. AthenaNet provided for communications, control, and data services for the thousands of personnel involved in the construction of the colony. The network provided controlled access to the project's vehicles and equipment, task prioritizing and scheduling, inventory control, and many other functions. Personnel with neural interfaces or heads-up displays could also access a three-dimensional model and construction schematic for detailed visual reference throughout the project.

The first task was the construction of the colony's infrastructure. Automated machinery began digging the extensive sewage and drainage system that would serve the fledgling colony. The rock and timber produced by the earth-movers and cutting robots were used as supplementary construction materials for everything from breakwaters to outbuildings. Kilometers of piping, conduit, and fiber-optic cable were laid, and robotic graders began laying down a road grid. A fusion reactor was detached from the *Cousteau* and installed northeast of the settlement. Facilities for the production of bioplastic and biocrete were set up and seeded. Desalination and hydrogen-cracking units were installed in the shallows to the southeast of the base camp.

The first permanent structure erected in Haven was the Colonial Headquarters, one of the *Cousteau*'s habitation modules. The pre-fabricated building was transported to the surface, towed to shore by heavy hovercraft, and wrestled onto a biocrete foundation by a robotic crane. The Colonial HQ was immediately wired into the growing infrastructure network and quickly became the brain of the colonial effort. Once the Colonial HQ was up and running, the work teams focused on the construction of temporary barracks for the colonists and weatherproof storage facilities for the tons of equipment that were being shuttled to the planet around the clock. A large infirmary was also erected, equipped, and staffed to care for the hundreds of colonists each day who were being shipped from orbit still in their coolers.

It took 10 local days for the initial construction of Haven to be completed. By that time, only a skeleton crew remained in orbit with the Cousteau, and the colony's basic infrastructure and housing were in place. Nevertheless, the colony must have looked like a disaster site. Freshly graded and cleared earth was everywhere rutted by the tracks and wheels of heavy equipment, and the area was crisscrossed by open ditches with exposed bioplastic piping and conduit. A few modest buildings in various stages of construction—from bare biocrete foundations to the pre-fabricated Colonial HQ—huddled in the center of the work zone, and the paths of future streets were identified only with lines of yellow survey twine supported by simple wooden stakes. New materials and supplies continued to stream in by the day, however, and the colonial settlement slowly began to take shape.



With this first stage of the construction complete, the Athena Project colonists finally had a chance to stop and catch their breath. They took advantage of this brief respite in their work schedule in a predictable way—they threw a huge party. As a result, the first Planetfall and Founder's Day celebration on Poseidon took place 10 days late, but the colonists made up for their tardiness with enthusiasm. The small stock of spirits allowed by the mission planners was nearly depleted, along with most of the private stashes smuggled aboard the *Cousteau* with the colonists' personal cargo allotment. Beyond its obvious beneficial impact on the colonists' morale, the celebration also helped to forge a true community from this group of 5,000 human and cetacean scientists, engineers, astronauts, and administrators of widely divergent nationalities and ethnic backgrounds.

Throughout their first year on Poseidon, the Athena Project team devoted the vast majority of their time and energy to getting the Haven colony up and running. Once the basic infrastructure and construction were finished, the colonists turned to the development of their aquaculture and fishing industries, which were absolutely vital to secure the colonists' independence from the *Cousteau*'s rapidly dwindling food stores.

While Haven would continue to be in a constant state of change in the 70 years between Planetfall and Recontact, construction of the original settlement was effectively complete early in 2088. But the colonists' work was only just beginning. With Nigel Mason and his staff directing the project from the Colonial HQ, the colonists began the tasks they had been assigned by the mission planners on Earth. For the most part, these projects involved exploration and scientific research. The colonists had to identify and classify the millions of species of flora and fauna indigenous to Poseidon's rich and diverse biosphere. Aquacultural experiments had to be conducted, weather stations had to be constructed and meteorological research programs launched. Planetology teams had to collect samples and conduct geological research. Research teams and permanent stations were assigned to complete oceanographic analyses and ecological studies. The planet's surface was mapped by survey satellites, and robotic drones were dispatched to map the seafloor with sonar.

While most of these projects had been assigned by the UN mission planners, some were funded by grants from Earth's leading private corporations. For example, Biogene Corporation funded a project in which the complete genomes of several Poseidon plant and animal organisms were sequenced, archived, and compared to Terrestrial analogs. A handful of these corporations—including both Biogene and GenDiver—even secured a few places for their representatives on the Athena Project team. In many cases, the corporate research projects were better funded than those under the auspices of the UN and therefore had exclusive rights to the best resources. Many researchers developed an abiding resentment of these corporate interests when they were unable to complete their own projects because they did not have access to equipment, personnel, or data reserved for corporate work. These professional rivalries would be revisited in the bitter conflict that developed between the Incorporate and natives after Recontact.

In the following years, the colony continued to expand until it approached the present-day borders of the Old Town district. In 2088, shortly after the first stage of Haven's construction was completed,

a Canadian biochemist gave birth to a baby girl, Jessica DeMarco, the first human native-born to Poseidon. The colonists were, for the most part, very close and children became almost a cultural imperative for them. In the colony's first 10 years, Jessica was joined by almost 1,000 other children born on the waterworld.

Unfortunately, these births were offset to a significant extent by the inevitable losses the colony suffered. New settlements had been founded in 2090 and 2091, and away from the safety and security of the large, established Haven colony, there were predictable accidents and tragedies.

During the storm season of 2092, the Athena Project colonists experienced the pinnacle of Poseidon's wrath when a Force 5 cyclonic storm hit the Haven Cluster. A small satellite settlement on the northeastern coast of Argos Island near the present-day village of Solstice was completely wiped out. More than 200 colonists who refused to leave their homes and seek refuge in Haven were lost or killed in the storm.

In 2095, the UNSS *Cousteau*'s main computer core suffered a catastrophic systems failure, rendering the ship useless to the colonists as anything more than an orbital storage facility. Work teams and the colony's small fleet of orbital landers and shuttles worked around the clock to strip the ship of valuable materials, machinery, equipment, and components, shuttling them to the dropzone near Haven and from there to temporary storage facilities in what is now the Warehouse District. The colonists were able to use this unforeseen setback to give Haven and the newly established settlements one last material and technological boost.

The resupply ship from Earth was supposed to arrive by the end of 2096, and the colonists in Haven worked hard to prepare for its arrival. Several beautification projects were launched, as the colonists endeavored to get their town in top shape before the arrival of their visitors. Docks and bridges were repaired, the biocrete streets were cleaned, and buildings were painted and decorated.

After almost 10 years completely isolated on an alien planet, Haven was ready to greet the first newcomers from Earth as an established town, rather than a colonial base camp. These efforts were followed by an almost continuous series of holidays and parties, as the colonists celebrated their accomplishments and looked forward to a reunion with their colleagues from Earth.

THE ABANDONMENT

The resupply ship, of course, never arrived. The colony's 10th Planetfall celebration was a subdued and somber affair. Midway through 2097, it was clear to everyone that something had gone terribly wrong and the colony's morale plummeted to an all-time low. After suffering a mental breakdown, a botanist working in Haven's aquacultural fields took his wife and two children out on a small fishing skiff and detonated an explosive charge, killing the entire family.

The colony's reaction was, predictably, one of shock and horror. The leadership in Haven made an effort to calm and counsel the colonists, but the prospect of abandonment had always lurked in the back of each colonist's mind and was their darkest fear. In the wake of the suicide, hundreds of colonists reported to the Haven infirmary for psychological counseling and therapy.

Later that year, Colonial Administrator Nigel Mason announced a summit meeting in Haven. The meeting would be attended by all of the colonial leadership, and it was open to any colonist who wished to attend. The event was held outside the Colonial HQ, and the crowd completely filled Athena Plaza. The purpose of the meeting, which came to be called the Haven Summit, was to discuss the colony's situation, review the colonists' options, and lay plans for the future that would ensure their survival and that of their children.

The outcome of the Haven Summit is well documented, and it has been woven into the fabric of Poseidon lore as surely as Planetfall and Recontact. The Athena Project colonists decided to split up, spread out, and adopt a simpler, less industrially demanding lifestyle that would force them to free themselves of their technological dependence.

The decision was not, of course, a universally popular one. Some colonists felt the leadership was simply giving up and essentially abandoning the colonization effort. To many, this was just as bad as being abandoned by Earth. The colony suffered its first real problem with violent crime, as tempers flared and a few colonists reacted hotly to what they considered the leadership's betrayal.

Immediately after the summit, the Athena Project coordinators began drawing up plans for the massive project the colonists would come to call the Entrenchment Program. New settlements were founded across the archipelago, and every colonist began a retraining program that would teach them the skills they needed to survive on Poseidon without the aid of advanced technology. Haven was the locus of the Entrenchment Program, serving as the coordination and planning center and distribution hub for supplies and construction materials. Haven also provided the classrooms, workshops, and computer network resources that made the retraining program possible.

Ironically, as the Entrenchment Program was developed and executed, Haven's central role in the human colonization of Poseidon gradually waned. As new settlements were established across the archipelago and the colonists completed their retraining courses, the population of Haven dropped dramatically. Almost overnight, Haven transitioned from the colonial capital and administrative center of the Athena Project to merely the largest of the scattered and isolated human settlements on Poseidon.

By the end of 2115, the colonists had no way to reach orbit and only a handful of aircraft, hovercraft, and motorized surface vessels remained operational. When Nigel Mason died in 2117 of complications arising from an acute bronchial infection, the remaining colonists in Haven chose not to appoint a successor. Mason proved to be both the first and last Colonial Administrator under the auspices of the United Nations, and by 2118, the last vestiges of the Athena Project were gone. The people of Haven were no longer involved in the colonization of the waterworld on behalf of Earth and the UN; they were simple survivors struggling to build a new life for themselves on an alien world.

In 2124, Haven's former glory as the colonial capital was briefly revisited when the settlement of Atlantis was destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Odysseus. While Second Try and other settlements offered what assistance they could, only Haven had the manpower and resources to spearhead the rescue and relief efforts.

Its fleet of operational aircraft—a utility VTOL and two light jumpcraft—flew supplies to the survivors and carried refugees to temporary shelters in Haven. Remnants of the Athena Project's search-and-rescue teams worked throughout the crisis providing emergency assistance, and the staff of the Haven infirmary provided medical services to those injured in the fires and landslides. For a few months, the town's population swelled with the families displaced from their homes and the volunteers and medical staff who cared for them.

More than a decade later, Mayor Rudolf Kroeger and the Haven Council announced a Second Haven Summit. By this time, the human population on Poseidon had reached an estimated 15,000 people, though with little or not contact between many of the settlements, this figure was little more than an educated guess. Despite the obvious obstacles, the word got out and some 500 colonists arrived in Haven for the meeting.

After 40 years, the colonists had proven to themselves that they could survive the Abandonment. The population was growing and, despite the inevitable setbacks, the colony was thriving. Kroeger was a strong proponent of instituting a formal colonial government, and he had the backing of the majority of the Haven Council.

Unfortunately for the would-be government, the idea met a very cool reception from the delegates to the summit meeting. Beyond the political maneuvering and debate, the fundamental challenge was, "Why?" With very little contact of any kind between most of the settlements in the archipelago—and no obvious prospects for it to increase—it was very unclear to most of the colonists what a centralized government had to offer.

Kroeger argued that a government could facilitate improved organization, cooperation, and support between the settlements, but he had no real plan for how this might be accomplished. Ultimately, Kroeger's appeal was largely an emotional and philosophical one: He believed that government was necessary if the colony was to maintain some semblance of civilization. This belief was almost universally rejected by the attendees of the summit. Most of them were second generation natives of Poseidon. They had never known the governments of Earth, or its standards of civilization. They did know that they had all the government they needed at the local level, with their elders and village councils. A centralized government would just mean answering to outsiders who didn't under-

stand their problems or opportunities as well as they did.

Despite his resounding defeat at the Second Haven Summit, Kroeger continued to push for a colonial government over the next decade. The measure never made any headway, though, and Kroeger's dreams were dealt a final, brutal defeat in 2146. The core breach of Haven's fusion reactor and subsequent firestorms crippled the town, destroyed much of its infrastructure, and vaporized its primary source of electrical power. In the aftermath of the fire, Haven, for once, needed the help of others simply to rebuild—running a centralized colonial government was out of the question.

In the two decades between the reactor fire and Recontact, Haven survived primarily on fishing and aquaculture. In these industries, the town remained the most productive in the archipelago, and Haven shared that success with neighboring settlements. The Common Market (see page 45) served as a central location where farmers, fishermen, craftsmen, and traders could buy and sell their goods. Early on during the Abandonment, the Colonial Fair held at the Common Market every year became one of the main attractions of the Planetfall celebration in Haven.

HAVEN AND RECONTACT

By 2165, Haven was still the largest and most prosperous settlement on Poseidon. When the *Adm. Robert Perry* arrived in orbit, most of the town's 15,000 residents were overjoyed. The people of Haven had maintained a more intimate connection to their past, stronger ties to the Athena Project, the United Nations, and Earth. The reminders, after all, were everywhere—the Colonial HQ, Athena Plaza, the Planetfall Monument. Many looked upon the prospect of the long-delayed recontact with Earth as a new opportunity. Perhaps, after so many years, the parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents who had been members of the Athena Project would receive the honor and respect they deserved for their remarkable achievement. Perhaps recontact with Earth would make it possible for their children to fulfill the legacy of the Athena Project.

Almost from the start, however, the hopes and optimism of Haven's people were dashed. By this time, most of the original Athena Project colonists were dead, and the few remaining centenarians had little interest in dealing with the newcomers. And the descendants of the original colonists, while generally well educated by their parents, were not scientists, engineers, and administrators. They were largely fishermen, farmers, and craftsmen with a lifestyle most of the *Perry* team members considered shockingly primitive. The GEO personnel did their jobs—allocating supplies to the natives, offering medical exams and treatment to all those who requested it—but most were undeniably condescending in the way they went about it. Within hours of the GEO team's arrival in Haven, resentment was beginning to grow among the native residents of the town.

Many of the GEO personnels' responsibilities served to widen this growing divide. Inspection teams were dispatched to evaluate Haven's aquacultural efforts; survey teams were assigned to identify the villages in the surrounding area and perform a census; and GEO bureaucrats wove an administrative net across Haven, effectively usurping control of the town from the local leadership.

These measures were always presented as services beneficial to Haven and its residents, but most natives still perceived it as the newcomers showing up after almost 80 years and acting like they owned



the place. The GEO's official position, of course, was that it did own the place.

As further ships arrived from Earth and first the GEO presence, then the Incorporate presence, began to expand, Haven's population actually declined as the natives fled en masse to other, more isolated settlements. The simple native dwellings and outbuildings clustered along the coastline were dismantled and replaced by temporary shelters, storage modules, research labs, and administrative offices.

Within a few weeks, the GEO enclave around Old Town began to resemble the original base camp of the Athena Project. The mayor and most of the council members remained and tried to protect the interests of the small native population, but they increasingly became assimilated by the small but efficient bureaucratic machine of the GEO expedition.

THE LONG JOHN RUSH

By 2185, when the first xenosilicates were discovered, Haven was a scientific enclave and administrative center dominated by the GEO and Incorporate. The few remaining natives generally lived in poverty on the outer margins of the settlement. Most still tended their kelp fields and fished the shallows of the harbor, but now they traded their surplus to the GEO and Incorporate for a variety of manufactured goods brought to Poseidon by the transports, from medicine to manufactured clothing. Of course, the emergent economy was not exactly structured in their favor, and most of them lived in severe poverty, often depending on GEO services for their basic necessities.

When the first longevity therapy was discovered in 2187, there was an eerie calm before the storm that lasted well into the following year. News of the Long John therapy reached the Haven colony within days, of course, but there would be very little change in the level of activity until new ships, new personnel, and new equipment could arrive from the Solar System.

Nevertheless, the town was alive with a nervous buzz, as both natives and newcomers had a pretty good idea of what was coming. Under the direction of the administrators on the *GEO-1* orbital station, Haven prepared for the boom as best it could. New housing was constructed almost overnight, using bioplastic harvested from local facilities. Roads and streets were repaired and resurfaced, and the facilities at the fledgling spaceport were expanded. Aquaculture and energy resources were developed where possible, and new fiber optic networks and satellites provided by the GEO helped upgrade the colony's communications infrastructure.

When the boom finally hit, though, it overwhelmed the efforts to prepare for it. A hundred thousand newcomers arrived on Poseidon over the next five years, more than doubling the colony world's human population.

Early on, most of these new arrivals wound up in Haven, at least temporarily, on their way to the company towns, mining facilities, and research stations that were springing up across the archipelago. Overcrowding became a major issue, and many immigrants spent at least some time in hastily erected camps of temporary shelters. Transportation was also an issue, and many newcomers were effectively stranded in Haven because they did not have access to the scarce vehicles operated by the GEO and Incorporate.

The biggest problem, though, was the almost complete lack of a retail economy to support the hundreds of new colonists arriving every week. The GEO and Incorporate were generally able to supply their personnel assigned to Poseidon with the resources they needed, but the few independents who arrived in these early years often discovered that they had no way to acquire even simple consumer items. Haven's Common Market expanded rapidly during this time and facilitated the exchange and circulation of scarce manufactured items and second-hand merchandise, from deodorant soap to gill suits.

In recent years, the retail sector has been growing rapidly and is dominated by independent sellers, craftsmen, and professionals. A handful of corporate retail outlets have appeared recently, but they are found only in the upper-class neighborhoods and Incorporate arcologies.

The rapidly increasing population and economic problems, of course, bred their share of criminals. Desperate natives and hybrid immigrants living on the Floats and in the Brighton Projects turned to petty larceny and the contraband trade for a chance at economic security. The Russian Mafiya moved in and organized Haven's criminal underworld. And this increased criminal activity led to an

immediate response by the GEO. Patrol precincts were established around the town, and Haven became the seat of one of Poseidon's Judicial Districts, with its own marshal.

The increased law enforcement presence, of course, resulted in the GEO tightening its control over the Haven government. The "support services" it insisted on providing the Haven Council were expanded, until many considered the council a simple rubber stamp for GEO policy makers. When construction began on the Government Center complex, that position gained credibility.

In 2199, Haven's government operates in compliance with the GEO Colonial Code, under oversight of the Office of Colonial Affairs at Government Center. The council is responsible for setting municipal policy, so long as it falls within the parameters of the Colonial Code and the GEO Charter. All law enforcement is provided by the Marshal Service and Patrol. More than any other settlement on Poseidon, Haven is a GEO town.

The major Incorporate states are also firmly entrenched in Haven, from the Biogene Ballard Arcology to the Hanover Colonial Bank. While the company towns are still the heart of the Incorporate presence on Poseidon, too much of the colony world's wealth and power flows through Haven for the Incorporate to ignore it.

The GEO and Incorporate share Haven with the thousands of independent newcomers who stream into the city through the spaceport every year and the handful of natives still clinging stubbornly to their lost way of life. Looking ahead to a new century, the city faces new opportunities and old problems. In the back alleys, boardrooms, council chambers, and public meeting places, Haven is a battleground for the competing visions of Poseidon's future. No one knows what will happen on the colony world, but it's a safe bet that it will happen in Haven first.

HAVEN POLITICS

THE MAYOR'S OFFICE

Besides important duties on the City Council, the mayor is the chief executive of the municipality of Haven. Operating from the GEO Colonial Affairs building in Government Center, the mayor's office is responsible for coordinating policy with the City Council and implementing and enforcing any measures the council passes into law.

The mayor's office is technically responsible for many other municipal services, but many of them are in fact provided by the GEO under the auspices and direction of the Office of Colonial Affairs. Still, the mayor wields a great deal of power outside the council, and this power is often wielded through the hiring and firing of local officials, from the fire chief to the harbormaster.

In keeping with tradition, the mayor resides in the old Colonial Headquarters building in Old Town's Athena Plaza. The mayor is chosen in an at-large election every four years. Janson Blair, the current mayor, was elected to the office in 2198.

Mayor Blair's Incorporate sympathies have become very apparent during his tenure to anyone who doubted them, increasing the outrage some feel over the controversial election. In some cases, his crucial votes have helped push through fiscal and zoning policies strongly favoring local Incorporate interests. In others, the mayor's office has been able to block or delay measures that would damage Incorporate interests. Several professional lobbyists for the Incorporate have the ears of council members already; Mayor Blair makes getting their work done all the easier.

Blair's agenda is not necessarily bad for Haven, depending on one's perspective. The city can credit its position as the leader in Poseidon's dynamic economy to the blossoming operations of the Incorporate creating jobs and economic growth. New Incorporate operations employ locals and drive infrastructure improvements, and the Incorporate who come from Earth to fill new jobs on Poseidon bring their personal wealth with them, creating still more jobs with their demands for housing, goods, and services. There are many business interests other than the Incorporate states in

Haven, and they often benefit from the same policies the Incorporate enjoy.

HAVEN CITY COUNCIL

The City Council is a legislative body responsible for developing municipal policy and passing it into law. It assembles at the new City Hall on the Government Center campus.

The council has been in place since the earliest days of the colony. It has evolved from the original administrative boards and committees of the Athena Project, which evolved into a council of elders during the Abandonment. In 2199, it has developed into a formal body comprised of 18 seats representing Haven's electoral districts. The mayor has the right to preside over this body, casting a 19th vote on important issues, but in practice can delegate this responsibility to the deputy mayor for more trivial day-to-day business.

District councilors face elections every third year, though in order to maintain continuity, six seats are voted on yearly rather than all 18 at once. In 2189, the council completed a long, fiercely contested debate with a vote that created and an upper council body. Legislation now requires passage in both chambers—the Council at Large, more usually referred to as the Senate, and the original body, now called the District Council.



The Senate is represented by six councilors chosen in citywide elections, each representing the whole of Haven. As with the District Council, at-large councilors serve three-year terms, and while he does not preside, the mayor can vote in the Senate as well.

This new tier of the municipal legislature was intended to provide checks and balances on the exercise of power and formulation of policy in Haven. Supporters of the remodeled legislature contended that GEO and Incorporate interests were gaining too much influence on the council and that a restructuring would help to insure that no one bloc became to powerful. Somewhat surprisingly, the GEO backed the restructuring, most likely due to fears that the Incorporate were gaining more influence in the council than the GEO.

The District Council's role in the investigation of Mayor Blair's election and the outspoken opposition of some of its members has created an extremely adversarial relationship with the Mayor's Office and further polarized an already partisan council into clear factions. Advocates of the native community, like Deacon Kingsely, struggle to honor and protect the native culture. Some councilors have very clear Incorporate interests and claim that supporting them is the same as supporting Haven's economic prosperity. Others are strongly anti-Incorporate and typically ally themselves with the GEO. There is an emerging independence faction as well, led by councilors who favor the formation of an autonomous government on Poseidon, one that would be free of "outside influence" from interests such as the Incorporate and GEO.

THE GEO

With Recontact, the GEO assumed the role of colonial government, spinning a political and economic web across the settled regions of the planet. At the center of this web is Haven. For 35 years, the GEO has been pumping political and economic resources into the city, reinvigorating it and ultimately transforming it. The spaceport, Government Center, the Haven Institute of Science and Technology, the maglev line, streets, schools, and hospitals would have all remained beyond

GOVERNMENT CENTER

This huge complex overlooking the city was only recently completed by the GEO. The Government Center provides offices and administrative facilities for each of the High Commissions. Most of the GEO's bureaucratic operations remain on *Prosperity Station*, however, and many of the offices are currently staffed only with a skeleton crew.

The large central building is dominated by the Office of Colonial Affairs. While technically only an agency of the High Commissioner for State and Internal Affairs, the OCA is the bureaucratic soul of the GEO presence on Poseidon. John Bishop, the colonial administrator, heads the OCA and he outranks the deputy commissioner of State and Internal Affairs on Poseidon. The offices at Government Center serve as an administrative hub for the network of OCA stations located in most of the mid- to large-size settlements on Poseidon.

Modern, multistory buildings flanking the central office on both sides house the planetside bureaucracies of each of the GEO Commissions. However, only a few of the countless agencies and operations maintained by the commissions are currently being run from these offices.

The Environmental Inspectors and their support staffs are operating from the Natural Resources offices, the Deputy Commissioner of State and Internal Affairs runs the GEO's diplomatic services from the SIA building, and several Human Resources agencies have also set up shop in Government Center. The HCHR is responsible for the Emergency Rescue Teams and maintains the neighboring Poseidon Training Academy for that purpose. The Justice Commission has also established a strong presence in Government Center, with administrative offices, courtrooms, and a small detention center on the campus.

Other commissions have yet to transfer their operations to Government Center. Except for a small administrative staff, Armed Forces is still based almost entirely at Fort Pacifica in the Zion Islands. Likewise, commissions like Trade and Industry and Communications are still operating from *Prosperity Station*. The GEO expects the transition of power to Government Center to be complete within the next two years.

Directly across the central drive from the OCA building is the Governor's Mansion, the planned permanent residence of the colonial administrator. The home is a beautiful neo-colonial on an expansive, shaded lawn, with tasteful and effective security fencing lining the perimeter and a well-guarded access gate to control entry. Despite these measures, Bishop has reportedly not visited the place since the assassination attempt earlier in the year.

Haven's financial reach if not for the support and funding of the GEO.

The Justice Commission oversees law enforcement in Haven from its office in Government Center. The Patrol polices the city from district stations and neighborhood precincts all over the city. The Poseidon Training Academy turns out well-trained and badly needed emergency personnel who provide services ranging from firefighting to search-and-rescue. GEO housing programs—though not above criticism—provide shelter for thousands of Haven's residents. The two fusion reactors on Shuttle Point provide Haven with the most modern and reliable power grid on the planet.

The cost of these advantages is heavy GEO involvement in even the most mundane areas of city services and policy, and an increasing reliance on the improved infrastructure and services they represent. While some regret that Haven's city government becomes less powerful and independent with every responsibility delegated to the GEO, many point out that the GEO can satisfy

Haven's needs faster, better, and cheaper than the town could manage on its own.

Colonial Administrator John Bishop heads the GEO presence on Poseidon. The Office of Colonial Affairs, headquartered in Government Center, is the bureaucracy that coordinates and administrates all GEO activities and policies on the colony world. Cynics and pundits are fond of saying that the OCA is the real city council of Haven and John Bishop is its real mayor.

THE INCORPORATE STATES

Each Incorporate giant with a presence on Poseidon has some interest in Haven. While several have a visible economic or financial presence in the colonial capital, most are in Haven for one overriding reason: To advance their political interests. The Incorporate have considerable influence in the City Council and one of their own serves in the mayor's office.

Anasi Systems is a titan in biotechnology on both ends of the wormhole, best known for the array of biomods, pharmaceuticals, and healthcare it offers. Anasi has yet to establish any colonial holdings on Poseidon, so it relies even more heavily on the infrastructure of Haven than most Incorporate states. Along with the rest of his full agenda, Anasi's liaison to the GEO Fahid Marcela is currently pushing the HCHR to approve several Anasi drug therapies for coverage under its "universal" healthcare program. He has also recruited elite lobbyist Trip Milken to argue for Anasi's interests in the Haven City Council full time.

Despite its leading position among the Incorporate, Atlas Materials has relatively little interest in Haven's political arena. The manufacturing behemoth's focus is on minimizing its costs at various facilities, such as its large storage and distribution complex in the Warehouse District, and keeping tariffs as low as possible. To this end, Sami Farsai has put together a team that lobbies both the Haven City Council and the Office of Colonial Affairs. The GEO gets the majority of the team's attention because Atlas is most interested in Poseidon as a whole and less in Haven specifically.

Biogene's presence in Haven is perhaps the strongest of all the Incorporate states. Its Ballard Arcology dominates the cityscape of the Central Business District, and one of its citizens, Janson Blair, is the city's mayor. Biogene spearheads the semi-official alliance that cultivates the Incorporate's interests in Haven—the same one that got Blair elected mayor.

While Dundalk's Poseidon interests are almost exclusively confined to Colonial Station, the manufacturing giant does have a limited presence in Haven. The Office of External Affairs in the Central Business District serves as a liaison to the City Council and Government Center. Dundalk maintains remarkably good relations with the GEO and works closely with the Office of Colonial Affairs and several commissions on a variety of programs and projects.

GenDiver shuns official contact with the GEO and maintains no direct presence in Haven. The Incorporate state has contracted with a private political consulting firm, the Haven Policy Institute, to represent its interests in the City Council. GenDiver does its best to ignore the GEO's claims to governance of the colony in general, and Haven in particular, and it is thought that its only other political activities in the colonial capital are clandestine in nature.

Hanover's attention is divided between its company town, Lebensraum, and its extensive holdings on Westcape. However, due to increasing public outcry and political fallout resulting from the Incorporate state's reported conflict with the natives of Westcape, Hanover has recently been forced to develop a more visible presence in Haven. Working from its administrative offices in the Central Business District, Hanover has launched several major public relations campaigns in the city designed to turn public opinion in its favor. Political liaison officers are also quite active trying to develop partnerships and alliances with the other Incorporate states on Poseidon.

Hydrospan, like Dundalk, maintains a very close relationship with the GEO. Its offices are located on the Waterfront, and most of its political activities consist of coordinating partnerships and joint operations with the GEO, as well as lobbying for new government contracts.

Lavender Organics is surprisingly active in Haven. It is a primary sponsor of several research programs at the Haven Institute of Science and Technology, and it is very aggressive in its attempts to protect its interests in the City Council and Office of Colonial Affairs. For the most part,

its efforts focus on lobbying for various industrial-development issues, from spaceport taxes to environmental regulations affecting scientific field research.

While it is active economically in Haven, MacLeod Enforcement has no appreciable political presence in Haven. MacLeod does not yet have any holdings on the colony world, and therefore its interests tend to be of a more general nature. The Incorporate state has also had a turbulent relationship with the GEO, and many observers believe it is simply keeping its collective head down. It is believed that MacLeod has developed alliances with more than one other Incorporate state, and that it prefers to cultivate its interests from behind the scenes.

The Nippon Industrial State's Foreign Office in the Central Business District is the heart of its political presence in Haven. The NIS very actively pushes for the loosening of industrial, environment, trade, and labor regulations in both the City Council and OCA—though most outside observers confess bewilderment about what the NIS brass really expects to accomplish with such efforts. The NIS has also been one of the few Incorporate states to make a concerted effort to cultivate ethnic nationalism among the newcomer colonists, and has launched several campaigns to drum up popular support within Haven's considerable Japanese population. It is also believed that the NIS is very active in efforts to build political coalitions with other Incorporate states.



ACCESS DENIED

PARTY ON

With the election of Janson Blair to the office of the mayor in Haven, the Incorporate-backed political machine has gained momentum on the colony world and is spoiling for other opportunities.

In an effort to increase its political influence in the independent settlements, the same conclave of Incorporate executives that backed Blair has hatched another scheme. Using a variety of cutout organizations and representatives, the consortium has formed the Independent Government Party of Poseidon. The public platform of the party states that "the organization will work for the reform of colonial law and management, with the intent of leading Poseidoners to a free and independent planetary government." In reality the Independent Party is a sham organization under the complete control of the Incorporate conclave that sponsors it.

The consortium's intent is to use the organization to promote candidates, legislation, and policy that favors Incorporate agendas. The sponsors do not necessarily expect much success in placing more candidates in significant offices, but they do have plans to use their financial power to influence, confuse, and otherwise manipulate the political scene to the advantage of the Incorporate.

Though knowledgeable observers are aware of the close Incorporate ties to, and sponsorship of, the Haven-based party, the public remains largely oblivious to the connection, as the Incorporate consortium has taken great pains to insulate itself from any apparent relationship.

THE NATIVE COMMUNITY

Haven's native population has been declining steadily since Recontact. In 2199, most of the natives remaining in Haven suffer sometimes extreme poverty, holding down jobs in the labor-intensive and service sectors of the booming economy. Most of these natives live on the Floats or in the Brighton District. As a result, these areas have become a hotbed of political protest and native activism.

The most visible representative of native interests in Haven is Deacon Kingsley. An outspoken native advocate and city councilman, Kingsley is considered by many to be Mayor Blair's chief rival and mirror image in the Haven political scene. Kingsley seems to despise the Incorporate and the GEO almost equally. He has referred to Recontact as the "greatest armed robbery since Columbus landed on the shores of the New World."

Kingsley is an ardent supporter of an autonomous, sovereign government on Poseidon that is completely independent of Earth interests, including both the GEO and the Incorporate. He is making an increased effort to extend support for this movement beyond the native population, to embrace the independent newcomers as well. And so far, he is succeeding—donations and volunteers are flooding into the Old Town offices of the Democratic Republic of Poseidon (DRP) campaign. As the civilian population of the colony world continues to explode, a growing number of people feel that their interests are completely lost in the political dueling of the GEO and Incorporate.

UNITED NATIONS

Reinstated in 2156, the United Nations has also reestablished its presence on Poseidon. The UN's offices occupy three floors of a tower in the Central Business District and are officially known as the United Nations Colonial Headquarters. This is confusing to many newcomers, of course, because the original UN Colonial Headquarters is located in Old Town, has been there since the Athena Project colonists made planetfall, and is the traditional residence of Haven's mayor. Locals usually just refer to the new office as the "UN Building," though the tower also houses the First Mercantile Bank of Poseidon and several other corporate offices.

The UN has only been present on Poseidon for about three years, and the GEO officially considers its activities on the planet "illegal interference," at least according to the public statements of the Deputy Commissioner for State and Internal Affairs. Nevertheless, the UN enjoys strong support from the Incorporate and Independent nations of Earth, and the GEO has never acted directly against it.

For its part, the UN personnel on Poseidon have almost no contact with the GEO. Colonial Secretary Carl Hopper is the ranking official in the UN office, and he and his people deal exclusively with the city council and the local embassies and consulates of the Incorporate and Independent nations. Hopper is a US citizen from Baltimore, Maryland, and the UN's ties to the United States—both on Earth and Poseidon—are very close.

To date, the UN's activities on the waterworld have been very limited. Officially, the UN is on Poseidon to "pursue the traditional goals and safeguard the values of the United Nations," including peacekeeping, refugee assistance, disaster relief, and the defense of human rights, to name a few. Many observers and pundits think the UN's goal is a lot more simple: To resist attempts by the GEO to consolidate its power on the colony and weaken its political legitimacy and public support.

THE UNITED STATES

Established in 2197, the US embassy is a modest yet tasteful building on the western end of the North Terraces. The compound is also highly secure, with the perimeter surrounded by a four-meter brick wall topped with barbed wire, access through a single checkpoint, and a company of US Marines to guard the property and its occupants.

It is not entirely clear what political entity the embassy is connected to. According to official US policy, it is the "Poseidon Embassy," and the US government apparently considers the entire colony a United Nations protectorate. In any case, despite its close proximity to Government Center, the embassy staff has very little official contact with the GEO. Like the UN itself and many of the Incorporate states, the US government does not officially recognize the GEO's authority on Poseidon.

The US ambassador to Poseidon is Robert Henry Walker, a career foreign service officer from Hartford, Connecticut. Before accepting the assignment to Poseidon, Walker made his career as the ambassador to China and the US representative

in the GEO General Assembly. Walker is known to be staunchly anti-GEO, and he and his staff have worked hard to forge close ties with the Haven city council, the leadership of Kingston, and several Incorporate states, including GenDiver. In addition to advancing US interests on Poseidon, Walker seems to be attempting to build a coalition that can effectively challenge the GEO's political grip on the colony world.

It is also thought that the US Central Intelligence Agency has a strong presence at the embassy. Thomas Ketchum, a diplomatic attaché at the embassy, is known to be a (officially) retired CIA intelligence agent, and the Company probably has many other assets inside the embassy as well. Other than routine intelligence gathering, the CIA's goals on Poseidon are completely unknown, but are the subject of wild speculation on CommCore newsgroups and in Haven's many taverns and pubs.

ACCESS DENIED

LISTENING INFESTATION

To say that the various security and intelligence services operating on Poseidon are paranoid would be a considerable understatement. To say that their actions verge on the irrational is accurate, but only out of context. Within their shadowy world, the machinations of government and Incorporate spooks take on relative meaning, becoming comparatively rational.

Technology of various sorts has brought the practice of espionage to a new level. Micro bugs, bug hunters, mini-relays, and scanners of all sorts have turned the war of secrets into a battle of remotes and robots, where armies of tiny surveillance drones crawl, skitter, and buzz around trying to evade opposing armies of counter-drones designed to seek and destroy. This miniature war rages constantly, shifting back and forth as one side gains a little here then loses a lot there. The logistics and expense of supporting such efforts are considerable, but the information gained is often critical. The irony is that most of the time, any given side has no way of knowing whose electronic army they are fighting, and often it is an inseparable mixture from a number of vested parties.

In most government and Incorporate administration buildings in Haven, this tiny war has gotten so widespread and intrusive that security is in constant danger of being compromised. Scanners and sweepers are used continuously, and if an area is secure one moment, it will likely not be the next. This silent, almost invisible war wages on not just in the darkened halls of classified labs or secure government offices, but also in sunlit streets and noisy bars, right under the noses of everyday people. Not only are they gunning for each other, but GEO and Incorporate security are vigilant for insurgent, criminal, and terrorist activities as well, and have found that popular hangouts and busy public areas can be productive intelligence sources.

The sobering result of this electronic paranoia is that at any time, anywhere, a conversation with a friend, a joke told to coworkers, or a whisper to a lover might be pirated, processed, and prioritized, then filed away for use by anyone, for anything.

MOST WANTED

JOHN BISHOP

The Colonial Administrator is the highest ranking GEO official on Poseidon. He heads the Office of Colonial Affairs, and each of the Deputy Commissioners on the colony world are directly answerable to him. From his offices in the Government Center in Haven, and his personal domain on *Prosperity Station*, Bishop struggles to maintain the GEO's tenuous political grasp on the tumultuous colony.

Bishop is 64 years old, though he appears to be in his mid- to late-40s. He was born into a wealthy family in Toronto, Canada, and graduated from McGill University with a degree in public affairs at the age of 20. In 2156, he took a position with the GEO High Commissioner for State and Internal Affairs, and worked for 12 years in the diplomatic corps. In 2168, he was transferred to the Earth



Consulate in Ibrium City, where he served for three years as a diplomatic attaché. In 2171, he was appointed Executive Administrator of Olympus Dome, the sprawling GEO complex on Mars Colony. Bishop held this position for 16 years, before being named the Colonial Administrator of Poseidon in 2187.

Bishop is a transhuman approximately 1.9 meters in height and 98 kilograms in weight. He receives regular longevity treatments, but has allowed his dark hair to gray at the temples. His eyes are a strikingly designed emerald, and his perfect features are the result of an engineered heritage and extensive body sculpting. His voice is deep and clear, and can utter both soothing platitudes and biting criticisms.

The Colonial Administrator is an extraordinarily competent manager and a shrewd politician. While he is highly respected, he is not often well liked. His moods are legendary on *Prosperity Station* and in the halls of Government Center. He is the kind of man who can be diplomatic, understanding, and praising one moment, and angry, bitter, and harsh the next. He holds himself and his people to the highest standards, and the only way to stay on his "good side" is to meet those standards every hour of every day. While he is often considered an unpredictable tyrant by those below him, the consistent results he produces have elevated him to his current position.

The most common targets of Bishop's wrath are several of the Incorporate states. It is likely that this enmity resulted from the experiences of his father, a private industrialist, in a global economy dominated by the Incorporate giants. Publicly, Bishop claims a commitment to improving the GEO's relations with the Incorporate, but privately, he considers them a serious threat to the GEO and to humanity in general. On Poseidon, he fears that the unabashed excesses of GenDiver, the NIS, and others will plunge the colony into a prolonged conflict that will destroy its future.

As a result, Bishop uses his position and influence to thwart Incorporate interests whenever the opportunity arises. In pursuing this agenda, Bishop must walk a fine line. Because anti-Incorporate sentiment is not at all uncommon within the upper echelon of the GEO hierarchy, Bishop's activities often have the unspoken support of many of his superiors. However, the GEO is also charged with protecting the rights of the Incorporate as member states, so the Colonial Administrator must always use discretion to avoid allegations that he is abusing his authority in the interests of a personal vendetta. Bishop's anti-Incorporate activities are always hidden behind a carefully constructed veil of secrecy and plausible deniability.

Species: Transhuman
Origin: Earth (Urban)
Backgrounds: GEO, Wealthy
Profile:
Goal Justice
Motivation Professionalism
Attitude Manic

Primary Attributes: Build 1, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity 0, Awareness 2, Intellect 2, Presence 2, Will 3

Derived Attributes: Endurance 2, Reflexes 1, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Administration, Communication (Strong) Command, Culture, Human Sciences, Tech

Primary Skills: Bureaucracy 8, Colonial Culture 8, Earth Culture 6, Fast Talk 7, GEO Culture 8, History 4, Incorporate Culture 6, Law 6, Leadership 6, Logistics 6, Management 8, Negotiation 7, Persuasion 8, Politics 7

Biomods: Body Sculpting, Neural Jack, Multiglands

JANSON BLAIR

Janson Blair is the mayor of Haven (MG 22) and a controversial political figure. Blair is the first newcomer with an Incorporate background to be elected to public office on Poseidon. His election sparked much of the controversy surrounding him and initiated an investigation into the possibility of vote tampering. The fact that Blair was cleared did little to reassure the opposition, but the fact that his career is still intact is a testament to his savvy as a politician.

Blair is a consummate politico and his ability to coddle his supporters, outmaneuver his opposition, pander to the public, and otherwise come out smelling of roses seems instinctual. Blair is also an experienced bureaucrat, and has truly natural talent when it comes to executing his office. If Blair was not such a Biogene loyalist and a self-serving bastard he would likely have made an excellent mayor.

Blair was born in El Dorado, Columbia, the original Biogene state (PG 241), and grew into a life of plenty as the son of a mid-level Biogene executive. He was well educated and holds degrees in business and political science from the Universidad de Bogata Nueva and a doctorate in organizational management from Oxford.

From the start he was ambitious and driven, and it was not long before Blair began moving up the Biogene management ranks. He seemed to posses a unique ability to enter an ailing program and get things back on track quickly. When Biogene needed a new oversight officer for their Poseidon operations, Blair jumped at the chance for advancement. With the benefits they were offering, a stint on the frontier and he could come back to Earth writing his own ticket.

Blair rode out eight chaotic years on Poseidon, and was the top Biogene executive on the planet when opportunity rang a second time. For years the Incorporate had been attempting to secure political support on the colony world by running candidates for various public offices, but with no success.

Then a conclave of Poseidon's Incorporate powers organized support for a single Incorporate Party candidate for the Haven mayor's race. The conclave chose Blair as their candidate and Biogene promised even greater things if he would run. The collective effort and influence of the various Incorporate were enough to just edge out the opposition and in 2197 Blair was elected to a five-year term. Not only did the Incorporate now have one of their own in office, but it was the most influential public office on the planet.

Blair may be an experienced Incorporate in sheep's clothing, but he is now caught between a rock and a hard place. Not only does he serve under political obligations to various Incorporate states, he is under pressure to assure that Biogene's priorities come first and that his self-serving agendas are carefully screened by deft political maneuvering. So far he has been mostly successful on all three counts, but sometimes his well-oiled political machine seems more like a soggy house of cards.

The initial controversy surrounding his election seemed to take on a life of its own and ooze from one issue to the next. So far Blair continues to smell like roses, but even he is beginning to wonder when someone will catch a whiff of the fertilizer at his feet.

Blair is a physically nondescript man of just less than average height. He is unimposing until he makes eye contact, at which point his exceptional presence can cause enemies to simply fold. Blair is 53 years old, but has been taking longevity treatments since 2191. His hair is short and a very dark brown. His stunning eyes are icy blue. He tends to smile a lot, which adds appealing lines to his face, but sometimes makes people feel like they are being circled by a shark.

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Incorporate
Backgrounds: Incorporate, Wealthy
Profile:
Goal Power
Motivation Self-Interest
Attitude Accommodating
Primary Attributes: Build 0, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity 0, Awareness 1, Intellect 1, Presence 3, Will 2

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 0, Strength 0, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Administration (Strong) Communication, Culture, Human Sciences

Primary Skills: Bureaucracy 6, Colonial Culture 7, Fast Talk 7, GEO Culture 5, History 4, Incorporate Culture 8, Law 4, Leadership 5, Management 6, Negotiation 6, Persuasion 8, Politics 6

Biomods: Body Sculpting, Neural Jack, Multiglands

HAVEN COMMERCE

The mining and refining of xenosilicate ore drives the colonial economy of Poseidon. And while the backbone of this industry is found in the deep-sea mining facilities and company towns, Haven provides the commercial circulatory system that makes it possible. With new applications for Long John appearing almost daily and the price for refined ore continuing to skyrocket, Haven has become fat on the incredible wealth flowing through its docks, warehouses, corporate offices, and spaceport. While Haven does not participate directly in the Long John industry, it is the hub of the industry's commercial support network, and it is crucial to the fledgling retail and service industries that supply the growing colonial population.

TRANSPORTATION

On a planet where transportation is often a serious concern, Haven is in a position to provide crucial services on which every colonist and commercial enterprise relies. The Nathaniel Lesear Memorial Spaceport provides orbital transport to a sizable majority of the passengers and cargo arriving on and departing from the surface of Poseidon. The fusion-powered orbital shuttles taking off from the launch pads on Shuttle Point and touching down at the offshore Dropzone are an integral feature of Haven's background noise.

The spaceport's Colonial Air Terminal supports the growing number of private companies that provide regional transportation to the thousands of newcomers arriving in Haven every year. The air terminal leases its infrastructure—ticketing and baggage facilities, security, offices and administrative services, hangars, traffic control, etc.—to the commercial carriers, charter services, and private air fleets of the Incorporate and major corporations with a presence in Haven. The air terminal serves thousands of passengers every day, with flights arriving from and departing to every major settlement in the Pacifica Archipelago.

Haven's sea port is another key to the city's commercial prosperity and the success of its transportation industry. The deep-water harbor can support even the largest ocean-going vessels, and Haven's industrial waterfront provides docking facilities, automated cargo processing, and harbor traffic control services for the transport ships that haul cargo across the colony world. The Haven Shipyards also provide extensive maintenance and repair facilities for these vessels.

DISTRIBUTION

Haven is also the center of the colony's commercial distribution network. The Warehouse District provides both temporary and long-term storage for the thousands of tons of cargo that flow through Memorial Spaceport and Haven Harbor. Local distributors and wholesalers provide a valuable service to the colony's decentralized economy, buying a variety of goods from countless manufacturers—from large corporations to single craftsmen and entrepreneurs—and selling them to the small shops and trading posts scattered across the archipelago.

Long John wholesalers act as middle men, purchasing refined or unrefined ore from independent prospectors and mining collectives and storing it in secure warehouses until a buyer can be found. This often means buying cargo space on a transport bound for the Solar System. Because of the exorbitant costs and long delays associated with shipping cargo—even cargo as light and profitable as Long John—between star systems, these wholesalers will often exhaust every possibility of selling the product locally, usually to the GEO or Incorporate.

FINANCE

The financial industry is one of the fastest growing sectors of Haven's economy. It provides the basic commercial infrastructure on which the colony's economy depends. Most independent newcomers to Poseidon arrive with few assets—the wealthy are generally happy to remain on Earth. These newcomers need loans to buy their prospecting gear and vehicles, open their restaurants and

machine shops, and finance their homes. They also need someplace to put the income generated by their enterprises, and accounts they can draw on electronically in most of Poseidon's major settlements. Businesses also need these services: loans to build factories and stores, investment services for their pension funds and cash surplus.

These services and more are provided by banks. The largest financial institution in Haven is Hanover Colonial Bank, a subsidiary of Hanover Industries. It is housed in a massive glass-and-steel spire in the heart of the Central Business District and represents Hanover's only formal presence in Haven. Hanover Colonial Bank floats billions of scrip in commercial and private loans every year and is a major brokerage house in the colonial scrip and commodities markets. The Nippon Industrial State's BankCorp also has a branch office in the CBD and is Hanover Colonial's chief competitor. While it is a full-service institution, BankCorp primarily focuses on commercial and industrial business. A number of smaller banks and credit unions are also based in Haven, largely serving private and more modest commercial accounts.

The other sector of the financial industry with a strong foothold in Haven is insurance. The Incorporate states are large and diversified enough that they typically handle their own insurance internally. However, the thousands of independent corporations, small businesses, and individuals that turn the wheels of commerce on Poseidon also require insurance, and more often than not, it is found in Haven.

Again, Hanover and the NIS are the Incorporate giants in the industry, providing a staggeringly large range of insurance coverage, from personal auto, life, and home policies, to corporate liability, employee compensation, and indemnity insurance. Because the risks of living, working, and operating a business on Poseidon are so high, the costs of quality insurance coverage are prohibitive for many lower- to middle-class civilians.

RETAIL

The retail sector is another area of the Haven economy that is booming. There are retail stores and shops that sell clothing, electronics, outdoors gear, groceries, furniture, antiques, office supplies, civilian firearms, hardware and building supplies, personal vehicles and vehicle parts, jewelry, software, and any other of the dizzying number of consumer

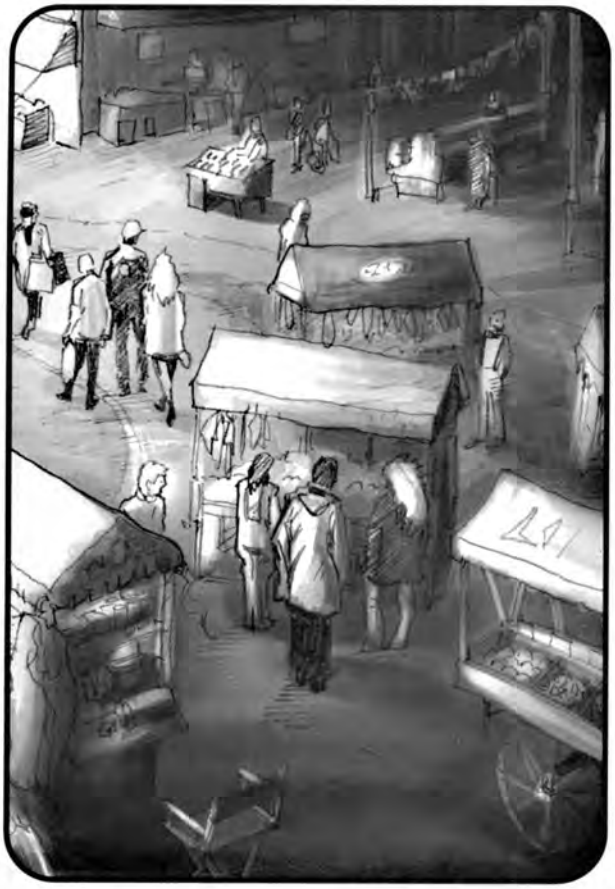
THE COMMON MARKET

In the northwest corner of the Wharf, where it projects over the shore and borders on Old Town, a jumbled maze of open-air stalls surrounds a central plaza square to form the Common Market. The finely detailed stonework of Pioneer Arch overlooks one end of the square, six meters high at its center, opening northwest onto Old Town. The grassy park surrounding the arch is often teeming with seabirds from the harbor and adjoins an expansive patio filled with tables and benches set under brightly colored umbrellas. The spot is a favored place to take a rest from shopping and enjoy food and drink purchased from the vendors in the market.

Across the plaza from the arch, beyond the collection of tables, a permanent stage salvaged for public use from the remodeled Ballard-Haven Theater dominates the square. Musicians, theater companies, comedy acts, and the like take advantage of the chance to perform in front of hundreds of milling onlookers. Many of the surrounding stalls are closed after sunset, but strings and webbing of tiny lights strung throughout the square provide enough illumination for nighttime audiences and onlookers.

Surrounding the square, narrow pathways snake past vendors hawking all kinds of wares from densely packed stalls. The smells of fresh and smoked fish accompany bustling customers through the rows as they choose from native goods and handiwork such as baskets, clothing, beadwork, fruits and vegetables, fishing knives, and curios.

Much of the Common Market's popularity is due to its status as a tax-free zone, more still because it's a haggler's delight. Most every price is negotiable, and it's not unusual for vendors to have their most prized and highest quality goods hidden away, only available if one knows to ask for them. Practically everything—from native goods to secondhand manufactured items from Earth—is sold somewhere in the Common Market, if only one can find it in the mass of tiny shops and stalls.



products available on the colony world. In short, most of the goods available in a modern city on Earth are available in Haven.

The main difference is where the consumer goes to buy these goods. In Earth's developed areas, department store chains, sprawling shopping malls, and CommCore-based home shopping services are the norm. In Haven, the customer is as likely to buy his clothing from a favorite tailor and his groceries from the mom-and-pop store down the street. The city's economy—while more developed than other settlements on Poseidon—is still largely decentralized. In the last couple years, a few superstores have opened in the CBD and there is now a factory outlet mall at the Summit that offers a wide range of Incorporate-manufactured goods. Other than the tourists and new arrivals who still wear their spots, however, most of Haven's residents do their shopping in local, neighborhood stores.

A number of factors conspire to make prices in Haven significantly more expensive than they are in other major settlements. Space is very scarce and real estate prices are exorbitant. The banks keep interest rates exceptionally high to curb inflationary pressures. Manufactured goods available through wholesalers are in short supply, and GEO-levied taxes are steep. These factors force retailers to charge higher prices for their merchandise.

At the same time, commercial markets are better developed in Haven than they are in other parts of the archipelago, and consumer demand for a wide range of goods is very high. And while the customer may have to deal with high prices and waiting lists for many goods in Haven, they may not be available at any price in the other settlements. As a general rule, retail prices for most goods will be 50% to 70% higher in Haven. Among veteran colonists, this is known as the "Haven Premium," and people go to great lengths to avoid it if possible.

ACCESS DENIED

UNCOMMON MARKETS

The Common Market's jumbled mass of stalls is nearly impossible to patrol. The sheer confusion of streams of people tightly packed together offers a perfect cover for underhanded dealings. Indeed, the market has been the setting for small-time criminal activity and numerous foot chases in recent holovid thrillers set in Haven.

Several shops and stalls at the Common Market have been cited for dealing in contraband, from cheap knockoffs of goods sold by large manufacturers to blatantly illegal items like sunburst hides, unregistered weapons, illicit cyberware and electronics, and drugs.

Disreputable dealers are all over the market, willing to sell what they can to turn a profit. Most dealers are cautious and suspicious enough not to offer contraband to just anyone, however, usually only selling illegal goods to people they know or who come recommended by someone they trust. These black market dealings are completely invisible to the average shopper or tourist, so there is no public pressure to halt it.

On the other hand, manufacturers constantly complain that they are being undercut by sales of knockoff goods, and the GEO Patrol is all too aware of illegal trade in the Common

Market. The Patrol is most concerned that the black marketeering increases the availability of unregistered weapons and illegal drugs.

The chaotic atmosphere of the market creates enforcement difficulties though, and the manpower needed to stop the illicit activity requires resources the Patrol simply does not have. Instead, they are trying to minimize the problem through a more long-term strategy.

The Patrol is slowly gathering evidence through several undercover operations in the Common Market. Already, the Patrol has enough evidence to file charges against several small-time dealers, and the brass hopes to use this to catch the bigger fish. The threat of prosecution can be used to coerce the nickel-and-dime hustlers into cooperating with the Patrol, perhaps even revealing the sources of the illegal goods. Further, the growing list of illicit dealers and their charges will be used to add weight to a measure being drawn up in the Haven Council that would eliminate the Common Market's tax-free status, in hopes of making contraband movement more difficult. Finally, the Patrol is trying to find common links between the various disreputable dealers, hoping for a chance to prosecute all of them as an illegal syndicate with criminal conspiracy charges.

MANUFACTURING

Despite an economy that has been growing rapidly for more than a decade, Haven's industrial base is still pitifully underdeveloped. The costs associated with setting up large-scale manufacturing operations on Poseidon effectively bar all but the largest Incorporate players, and they have limited their early industrial-development efforts to their private holdings and company towns. Space and terrain are also a problem—there simply isn't any available ground on Haven Island that is both unused and attractive for industrial development. A few Incorporate states have reportedly expressed interest in constructing manufacturing facilities on the southern coast of Argos Island, but nothing has been done to date.

What limited industry there is in Haven is dominated by private, light manufacturing concerns. Their products tend to be relatively simple manufactured goods with high-demand markets. GeneMill Organics, Inc., is a local subsidiary of a Canadian corporation and mass produces bioplastic, biocrete, and other organic-synthetic construction materials. Energy Solutions, Inc., assembles pre-manufactured components purchased from Hanover and the NIS into windmills, wave generators, and portable hydrogen-cracking units. These enterprises remain the exception to the rule, and Haven is quickly being outpaced in industrial development by the company towns and other major settlements, such as Simushir and Second Try.

HEALTH CARE

Haven's progress in the health care industry is the polar opposite of its failures in industrial development. The Haven Medical Center is the leading health care facility on the planet. The large campus on the western edge of the Central Business District offers a full range of services, from trauma care to pediatrics to neurosurgery. It is also the most popular place outside of Dyfedd for the colony's wealthy elite to receive regular longevity therapies, and indeed, these treatments are far less expensive at the HMC than they are on Earth. The medical center works closely with the HIST College of Human Health on a variety of research projects, spanning a range of fields from neuroscience to genetic surgery.

The Haven Medical Center is served by a number of private ambulance and emergency services. It also operates the Emergency Air Service, whose highly trained paramedics can respond within minutes to critical cases anywhere in the city. The small squadron of jumpcraft maintained by the EAS are equipped with the latest life-saving technology and can quickly transport a critical patient to the medical center's emergency ward. The medical center also coordinates closely with the GEO Emergency Rescue Teams and offers a field internship to senior cadets at the Poseidon Training Academy. The HMC honors all major insurance policies available on Poseidon, and a program funded by the GEO High Commissioner for Human Resources makes emergency care and basic services available to the poor and uninsured.

The medical center and College of Human Health are supplemented by a number of private clinics and practices scattered throughout the city. These range from general health clinics and private practitioners to biomod parlors covering the full spec-



trum of reputation, reliability, and exclusivity. Most of the clinics and salons are clustered in Haven's upscale neighborhoods, including the Heights and the Terraces. Brighton, Gorkytown, and other dubious areas have their share of chop shops and back-alley clinics, however. From obstetric care to gunshot wounds, Haven is the colonial leader in health care and medical services.

Anasi Systems' most noteworthy presence in Haven is the Anasi Health Institute on the Haven Medical Center campus. The institute is a research hospital serving both Anasi-insured patients and those seeking the finest medical services available. The institute is best known, however, for its research labs, which focus on pharmaceutical and biotech applications of organisms indigenous to Poseidon.

AGRICULTURE

The compatible biochemistry of Earth and Poseidon was one of the unexpected boons that made the colonization of the waterworld possible. The founders of Haven began developing their kelp fields and algae farms soon after the original base camp was constructed. Fishing was also a priority, and the colonists began harvesting the many species of edible fish from Haven Harbor. After the Abandonment, the development of these agricultural resources to self-sufficient levels became crucial to Haven's long-term survival. By Recontact, Haven had the most productive aquaculture and fishing industries on Poseidon.

With Recontact, however, many of the natives who worked in the kelp fields and on the fishing boats left Haven for other, more isolated settlements. Before long, the town was no longer self-sufficient, and the remaining natives were dependent on GEO-provided supplies to feed themselves.

In 2199, Haven's kelp fields and fishing fleets are subsidized and managed directly by the GEO's Office of Colonial Affairs in conjunction with the High Commissioner for Natural Resources. Aided by the GEO's advanced technologies, these resources are productive enough to supply a large percentage of Haven's growing food requirements.

However, few natives are left to contribute to fishing and aquaculture in Haven Harbor. Most of the labor is provided by lower-class newcomers, and only those natives with the fewest options still work the fishing boats and kelp fields.

SPACE TRANSPORTATION

MEMORIAL SPACEPORT

The dominant feature of Shuttle Point is the Nathaniel Lesear Memorial Spaceport. This massive, sprawling complex serves tens of thousands of people and millions of tons of cargo every year —a sizable majority, in fact, of all the passengers and cargo moving to and from the surface of the planet.

The spaceport's three main terminals lie along the southern coast of the point, just south of the Haven Shipyards. Huge hangars for the orbital shuttles and docking facilities for the tugs that tow them from the Dropzone extend out over the water. The terminals provide ticketing and cargo processing facilities, cold-sleep recovery centers and infirmaries, hotels, restaurants, shopping malls, and every amenity travelers require. The Central Air Terminal, located north of the spaceport proper, is the hub of Poseidon's developing commercial air transportation network.

There are a number of ways to reach the city from the spaceport and air terminal. The maglev is the

most popular, and the line runs across Haven Channel and throughout the city. Hovercraft ferries are also available, as are a multitude of private carriers offering both air and surface transport. For those with ground transportation, major arteries run west across Haven Channel just north of the shipyards, and also across Backwater Channel through the Waterfront into the Central Business District and Oceanside.

While largely a commercial and industrial area, there is a working class neighborhood, called Channel View, along the East Shore just north of the spaceport. Most of the people living in this noisy, low-rent area are newcomers who work at the spaceport, the shipyards, or in low-income service jobs in the Waterfront District. Channel View is almost a district in its own right, with a busy commercial strip dominated by privately owned stores serving the blue-collar locals.

THE DROPZONE

Most of the shuttles and landers that carry passengers and cargo between the surface and orbit are designed to set down on the ocean. There are many reasons for this, among them the scarcity of level ground conveniently close to Haven and the potentially devastating thermal exhaust of the crafts' fusion engines. The Dropzone is the offshore facility and landing area that serves this crucial fleet of orbital spacecraft.

The Dropzone is located roughly 10 kilometers south of Shuttle Point, near Buto Island. Dropzone Station is an offshore complex constructed on a platform, with support pilings planted in the bedrock some 20 meters below the surface. The station offers docking facilities, fuel terminals, maintenance services, and traffic control for the tug ships that tow the orbital shuttles and landers to Shuttle Point.

A GEO Emergency Rescue Team is also stationed at Dropzone Station and can respond quickly in the event of an accident involving one of the orbital craft. The ERT's resources include three 14-meter cutters, a heavy firefighting hovercraft, and a MacLeod Goblin-E search-and-rescue jumpcraft.

The landing area itself covers more than 30 square kilometers. This area is subdivided into several distinct landing zones, with the different zones designated by a series of buoys. Microcomputers in these buoys link them together electronically, creating digital borders that identity the different landing zones. The pilots of orbital landers and shuttles access this network, and the digital layout is uploaded to display screens, heads-up displays, and neural interfaces. This system provides a reliable method of traffic control with which human operators rarely have to interfere. The layout of the landing zones can also be easily reconfigured as the situation requires.



For obvious reasons, civilian air and surface traffic is strictly prohibited from approaching the Dropzone. The GEO Coastal Patrol, operated jointly by the Armed Forces and Justice Commissions, carefully monitors and regulates traffic in the area. Due to the potential extreme consequences of an accident involving the fusion-powered spacecraft, the Coast Patrol is authorized to use deadly force against vehicles violating the Dropzone's security perimeter.

While the Dropzone would seem to be an attractive target for terrorists, there have been no serious incidents to date.

MOST WANTED

ZEKE HERNDON

The officer tasked with executing the GEO Patrol's operations in the Common Market is Sergeant Zeke Herndon. To his fellow officers in the Vice Unit, 36-year-old Zeke is something of a loner—a tireless officer who seems to enjoy his undercover duty without complaint. They see him rarely when he is on a case, only when he comes in to make reports, and frequent body sculpting has rendered him unrecognizable to all but his current superiors.

When on the job, Herndon poses as Harry Parker, a small-time crook interested in buying and reselling black-market goods from the illicit dealers at the Common Market. Herndon has spent several months working his way into the vendors' trust. To maintain appearances he has a cheap apartment in the Brighton Projects and has created a complete alternate identity and new appearance. He reports to his Patrol superiors only when he feels he can safely do so without compromising his cover. When he contacts his superiors, the Patrol sends a few officers to arrest him so he can go to the station and file his reports without attracting undue attention.

As Harry Parker, Herndon is more connected than his superiors suspect. The underworld kingpins in the Gorchoff Family get a piece of almost every black-market deal that goes down in Haven, and they are intimately involved with the illegal dealings at the Common Market. The vendors that sell contraband there are either on the Gorchoff payroll directly or pay percentages of their sales to the Family as tribute and protection fees. Herndon has gotten deeply into Gorchoff Family operations, arranging for large shipments of weapons and drugs through his network of contacts, and now he is a trusted, low-level member of their syndicate.

The Gorchoff Family's operations are extremely lucrative, especially for a GEO-salaried Patrol officer, and Sgt. Zeke Herndon has fallen prey to the trappings of the criminal lifestyle. His Gorchoff involvement has brought money, excitement, and even women into what was a quiet, lonely life of largely unrewarded and thankless public service. Herndon continues to file reports naming individual, non-Family dealers at the Common Market for their illegal activities, but more and more he is becoming Harry Parker. He looks to retire from GEO service soon and become a fulltime Gorchoff operator.

Herndon is walking a finer line than even he knows, however. His superiors at Patrol headquarters have recently become suspicious of his deep involvement at the market and his more infrequent reports. They've asked the Marshal Service's Organized Crime Task Force to initiate an investigation, not knowing that GEO Internal Security already has. Meanwhile the Gorchoff Family has gotten word from a source inside the Patrol that a Sgt. Herndon is operating undercover in the Common Market. Though they have not made the connection to Harry Parker yet, all their people at the market are on a short leash and it is only a matter of time until his cover is blown. It is not too late for Herndon to come clean to one group or the other. He could file a report pointed at the Gorchoff Family to salvage his position with the GEO, or he could admit his profession to the Gorchoffs, which could lead to his getting paid more and working inside for the Family, or could get him killed.

Zeke Herndon was born in Sydney, Australia on Earth. He was interested in an exciting career in covert operations as a youngster, but his grades were not good enough to qualify for that kind of training. He served a stint with the GEO Peacekeepers, which helped him pay for college. But he was unable to advance readily in rank, so he soon returned to civilian life. A few years after college, he joined the GEO Patrol during a recruitment wave that offered placement on Poseidon. Herndon has served as a Patrol officer in Haven for six years and became a sergeant two years ago. His current appearance—inspired by his Harry Parker identity—is a thin Caucasian man, 1.8 meters tall, stocky build, brown eyes, brown hair and mustache, with a seven-centimeter scar running from the corner of his mouth toward his left ear.

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Earth (Urban)
Backgrounds: GEO, Street
Profile:
Goal Contentment
Motivation Social
Attitude Paranoid

Primary Attributes: Build 0, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity 0, Awareness 1, Intellect 0, Presence 1, Will -1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 0, Strength 0, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Subterfuge (Strong) Close Combat, Communication, Culture

Primary Skills: Acting 7, Armed Combat 4, Bribery 5, Fast Talk 6, GEO Culture 5, Handguns 4, Law 3, Persuasion 4, Street Culture 7, Unarmed Combat 5

Biomods: Body Sculpting, Neural Jack

HAVEN CULTURE

Haven's diversity of culture knows no rivals on Poseidon. The first settlers' modular buildings still stand in Old Town, some concealed beneath new architecture and modern "improvements." The Heights and Terraces boast the most exclusive homes on the planet—homeowners may spend more on one meal than the hybrids in the Brighton projects will see in a year. Criminal elements scuttle through the Warehouse District and Gorkytown, while a three-block strip of the Summit has dozens of fast food and takeout establishments guaranteed to satisfy even the fussiest HIST student's palate.

ART

There is no formal art museum in Haven. The Museum of Colonial History has a native art exhibit and several area galleries—most notably The Shoal and Mission Galleries—display the work of local artists, but most fine art for sale is exhibited in shops or by street dealers. Public art—art placed in public spaces—is sometimes commissioned by the city for neighborhood beautification projects.

One of the most popular artists, Gannon, has sculptures scattered throughout Haven. Born Jesus Smith Gannon to native parents, this artist took great pleasure in creating Haven's first piece of public art, the Seahorse, a four-meter-high abstract sculpture made of scavenged materials. Gannon was 10 years old when the Seahorse was erected in Colonial Park. He has produced two new pieces every year since then; many are named for individuals who inspire the sculptor.

Cherry Lee, a popular glass artist, was hired in 92 SP by wealthy Incorporate executive Reynard Po to build a glass castle for his young daughter, Elizabet. The 15-meter tall Ice Palace was completed in six years by Lee and two dozen other glassworkers working full time. Visitors can tour the structure, which is located two blocks west of Athena Plaza in Old Town.

FESTIVALS AND HOLIDAYS

Poseideners don't observe Earth holidays. Instead, several worldwide celebrations are marked on the calendar and cities and villages have established their own, honoring persons or events of import. From the natives' harvest festivals to Founder's Day, the people of this planet love a good party.

The biggest bash on Poseidon begins annually on 324. The seven-day Planetfall Celebration is a time of joyous festivity that concludes on Founder's Day with a party that is planned all year long. Differences are put aside to remember the original colonists and celebrate the planet's gifts. Every community celebrates Planetfall, but Haven spends the most cash to do it.

Vendor booths with games, food, and crafts line the streets, while parades wind through every neigh-



THE REVOLUTION LOUNGE

The Revolution Lounge, commonly known as Revo, is one of the most exclusive nightspots in Haven. While rumored to be owned and operated by a member of the Gorchoff crime family, the club is nevertheless frequented by media superstars, the Incorporate elite, the mayor and prominent members of the city council, and not a few high-level GEO bureaucrats.

The Revolution Lounge is a wonder to behold. While many upscale clubs and restaurants on Poseidon are exclusively decorated in shades of blue and green, Revo's interior is a tasteful mélange of reds, yellows, and browns.

Built along the West Shore of the renovated, trendy Waterfront, Revo extends over the channel and features an entire section that is completely submerged and open to the water. Dolphin partiers and the occasional orca muscle are common sights in the Tide Pool, an enclosed lagoon 20 meters in diameter. Enthusiastic humans often invade the lagoon as well, turning it into an impromptu, aquatic dance floor.

Revo itself is smoky and dimly illuminated by indirect lighting, except for the occasional actinic spotlight stabbing down through the haze to pick out a coffee table or bar. The seating area that surrounds the pool, bar, and dance floor is a warren of cubby holes, booths, private corners, secluded nooks, and back rooms. Several of the more discrete areas have access to the back hallway, which leads to the club's offices and rear door. The Revolution Lounge has been the scene of some of the most well-attended, intense parties in recent memory on the Haven social scene.

Additionally, because of the general class of patrons and the reputation of its owners, Revo has the best on-site security of any private establishment in the archipelago.

borhood with float princesses tossing goodies to kids and adults alike. Live bands of all types compete with street entertainers for attention, and daytime water-themed events such as hydroshot tournaments, catamaran races, and aquatic acrobatics are followed in the evening with torchlight boat parades and extraordinary pyrotechnics displays.

Record rains, winds, and floods in 92 SP and again in 96 did nothing to deter the revelers, who simply donned wet-weather gear and kept partying.

Midsummer's Day, on the 165th day, falls exactly halfway through the year. Originally just a weekend event observed in Haven with picnics and get-togethers, the holiday now features a boat-building and sailing competition in which the winner earns the title King (or Queen) of the Sea. The honoree receives no actual prize, though local businesses recognize the accomplishment with heavily discounted goods and services throughout the year.

FOOD & DRINK

Eating and drinking are serious business in Haven. The city has some of the best chefs on the planet and more restaurants than any other.

Newcomers flock to the Waterfront's Bay Street Buffet and the Wharf's Dock Cafés I and II. Locals know better and stick to the ugly-on-the-outside, fine-on-the-inside establishments such as Gumbo House, which is notorious for its colorful waitstaff as well as excellent food. The best item on the menu is the spurt gumbo—when it's in season.

On the southernmost end of Old Town is Forepaugh's. Land-feeders can look out at the spectacular view of the Church of Whalesong Theogony (MG 24) from the second floor; diners on the main floor enjoy what is arguably the best cetacean cuisine on the planet. Open to the harbor, Forepaugh's staff caters to orca and dolphin customers with dishes such as smoked stuffed blimp, polypodlets, and fresh filleted pinkfish.

Reservations are recommended. Many guests at the Culloden Hotel spend an evening at Forepaugh's for a change of pace from the hotel restaurant's excellent fare (see page 80).

Sports enthusiasts should not miss the Colonial Bar and Grill in Haven Coliseum. The food is just fair, but the atmosphere is very agreeable, the drinks are excellent, and the guests illustrious. Post-game parties run well into the night and it is not uncommon to see players in the bar rubbing flippers with fans.

Weekends at the Haven Brewery are not to be missed. Everyone who is anyone drops by to sample the latest concoction. The 1,000-plus seats are full from early evening until closing at daylight and the roof holds 200 more in good weather. Open only two days a week, the brewery operates 30 hours a day. Brothers Sean, Pat, and Davey O'Malley make batches of special-recipe brews, serving it up to thirsty patrons with a staff of 100. They ship special orders all over the planet, as well as keeping imbibers on *Prosperity Station* well supplied.

MUSIC

Street musicians are often found in the Waterfront and several popular groups have been "discovered" there. Imhotep, a progressive rock band that uses native-made instruments, rocketed to fame with their number-one hit, "Gonna Sun." Chant, a dolphin duo, released a recording of cetacean verse backed with synthesized whalesong that became so in-demand, the two artists, Poet and Soprano, are still stunned.

The Poseidon Orchestra calls Haven home and shares the Tranquility Opera House with the Hundred Opus Opera in South Oceanside. While the orchestra draws mostly an upper-class audience, the Hundred Opus Opera caters to all walks of life. Ancient compositions are as common as modern ones, and no subject is taboo.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Every city has its odd points of interest. In Haven, there are several that only locals know about, such as the Greenhouse, which is actually a small restaurant in which everything in the building is tinged in various shades of green. The only thing on the menu is kelp, which is served 14 different ways. The attraction is the uniqueness, though, and not the food.



Along the banks of North Brighton are 40 underground earth shelters. These underground dwellings were originally supply depots, but down-and-out newcomers and poor natives took to squatting in them shortly after Recontact. Flooding in 2101 drove families from these strange but well-built dwellings, leaving 167 people homeless. Briggs Gardner offered the families substantial payments for the shelters; most purchased sailboats or houseboats and moved to the Floats. Gardner preserved the odd humps of dirt and while rumors abound, no one really knows what he uses them for, if anything.

Between Colonial Park and the Heights stands the Shrine of Nations, a large, white, egg-shaped building. Inside is a room for each of the UN member states, with artifacts, maps, and representative art for each nation. Heather Crowell, a wealthy eccentric, had the building erected in 2188. She and her grandson Antoine curate the shrine, while her son Chad searches for additional materials.

RECREATION

There is plenty to do in Haven, even for families with children. Colonial Park is the best-known recreation area on Poseidon. Twenty square kilometers stretch between Brighton and Government Center, offering natural trails, peaceful ponds, and picnic areas. The museum on the northwest end and the zoo on the south could make for a day well spent.

The Haven Zoological Garden is popular with visitors and locals alike. The Discovery Center offers hands-on exploration of Poseidon's plant and animal life, as well as an educational virtual tour of a rainforest jungle and an underwater cavern.

No one should miss the Haven Museum of Colonial History. Native and early colonial life are made real with demonstrations and displays of various tools, works of art, and handicrafts. A planetarium describes humanity's path through the stars, and the gift shop sells authentic native goods as well as reproductions of many of the creatures seen

THE CHURCH OF WHALESONG THEOGONY

The odd mushroom-shaped structure extending above and below the surface of the harbor is one of the main tourist attractions for newcomers visiting Haven. The church is a customary meeting place and sanctuary for the city's cetacean population and tends to be active at all hours of the day and night. While there have been reported sightings of native aquaforms around the church, it is considered off limits to humans.

The leader of the Haven church is Pope, a 40 year-old native dolphin who has lived in Haven his entire life, since before Recontact. The dolphin became a local religious leader among his people at an early age, reciting the stories of the Whalesong and mentoring the young when his duties as a scout for the fishing fleets allowed.

Like a surprising number of native cetaceans, Pope apparently welcomed Recontact with Earth and openly cooperated with the GEO newcomers. He helped the scientists and surveyors explore the Haven Cluster, and encouraged other natives—human and cetacean alike—to work with the newcomers. He also offered counseling and spiritual guidance to the handful of cetaceans who arrived with the first Recontact ships. He found them often bitter and angry after their experiences during the Blight Years and tried to show them that it was possible for humans and cetaceans to share a world.

These efforts resulted in a very good relationship with the GEO, which would later finance the construction of the church in Haven Harbor. The dolphin has remained an ardent champion of native-newcomer cooperation and is widely respected among both populations. In 2196, he won a seat on the City Council, and this has only extended his reach and broadened his appeal. He attends council meetings using a state-of-the-art workspace and fleet of remotes donated by Hydrospan.

Pope is able to remain politically active because worship at the church is so informal. There are few scheduled services—a celebration on Founder's Day, another on the Day of Awakening, which apparently commemorates the genetic uplift of the cetaceans, and a handful of other holidays the purpose and import of which remain unclear to human researchers. Pope also spends many hours each day counseling cetaceans, either privately or in small groups.

With the influx of newcomer cetaceans resulting from the Long John rush, the church is more active than ever. Indeed, there have been problems of overcrowding during peak hours, and there has recently been talk about building a secondary cluster of structures around the central sanctuary. Several councilpersons support public funding for the project, but Pope has remained characteristically quiet on the issue, fearing that his affiliation with the church would be construed as a conflict of interests.

in the zoo. The most-visited exhibit features a group of five animatronic aborigines.

Watertop is the highest point on the island and is the location of the Planetfall Monument, an impressive monolith circa 2095. The names carved into the granite face honor the original residents of Haven. Mayor Blair is considering the addition of a reflection pool and formal gardens, but no decision has been made yet.

The Slip Arcade and its sister establishment, the High Score, call the Waterfront home. Both are owned by Slippery Jake, an unpleasant little man with sharp business sense. The Slip, on the west shore, caters to everyone from businessmen to street toughs and features the newest and best virtual games. The High Score, on the east shore, is similar in appearance, with somewhat older games in the main room. Visitors with credentials can visit the back rooms for a few high-stake games of chance or some quality time with a call girl—or boy.

For those with quirky tastes, the Orpheus Theater has a little bit of everything—vaudeville and magic shows, live theater, performance art, and screenings of pre-Blight films. Regulars are proudly known as "orphs" and gladly support this quaint little place on the northeastern edge of the Warehouse District with cult-like fervor.

The best way to take in Haven is on a guided day trip. See Poseidon operates four hovercrafts in Haven daily; High Water Tours circles the island by powerboat and then stops at the Dusky Dolphin for an unbelievable seafood dinner; and Newman's Excursions takes visitors through each neighborhood on a groaning, kelp-green bus. Doris Newman makes the trip a genuine adventure, relating Haven's history with the gusto of a true storyteller.

SHOPPING

Haven is among the richest cities on Poseidon and consumers who wish to spend their wealth will have no problem finding what they want. From exclusive salons to secondhand clothing shops to souvenir hunters, Haven has it all.

Just north of HIST, students live in a warren of narrow streets and snug-fitting buildings. Olympus Cove is the place for student commerce: take-out joints, coffee shops, all-night laundries, and discount clothing shops are crammed into street-level establishments while students rent cheap studio apartments above. A few storeowners cater to the specialties taught at HIST: Students will find shops that stock equipment and gear specific to biologists, planetologists, and marine engineers.

The Summit, an enclosed mall poised 100 meters over Haven Channel, caters to the affluent and aspiring rich. Upscale stores such as Player's, Colonial Gear, and the very posh M. Browne & Co. keep Haven's residents looking their finest. Satellite Spa pampers weary shoppers and the swank Torrus Restaurant serves exquisite lunches. The Pyramid Arcade features top-of-the-line games and sims, and as its name suggests, is a three-story, smoked glass, pyramidal structure.

Weekend markets appear on the Waterfront, with vendors peddling fresh kelp and seafood, native handicrafts, and gray-market items—usually stolen goods. Others deal in jewelry, exotic foods, high-tech toys, and knockoff copies of designer goods.

SPORTS

Fans of professional sports on Poseidon are loyal. Patrol officers regularly respond to calls of post-game brawls between supporters of one team and devotees of another. Hydroshot, of course, is the most popular professional sport, followed by hydrofoil racing and surfing.



HAVEN COLISEUM

Haven's floating sports stadium is home to the Colonials, the city's world-champion professional hydroshot team. While the Colonials are the Coliseum's primary tenants, it hosts a variety of other sports competitions, concerts, and other entertainment events. The stadium cost an estimated 800 million scrip and was jointly financed by the city of Haven and Frank Sherman, the wealthy CEO of American Mining Technologies, Inc. and owner of the Colonials.

The Coliseum is a source of both pride and controversy in Haven. Many natives have opposed the commercialization of hydroshot and resent the fact that a newcomer industrialist effectively controls the sport in Haven. Likewise, many residents of the city—native and newcomer alike—strongly opposed the city council's decision to subsidize the construction of the stadium. While Sherman pays a healthy lease and maintenance fees to the city, he still stands to profit enormously from the publicly financed property.

On the other hand, there is nothing quite like Haven Coliseum on Poseidon, and the locals consider it one of the city's true jewels. While the popularity of hydroshot is growing and has even spread to Earth, tickets to Colonials games are still relatively affordable and the events are as popular with blue-collar residents as they are with the wealthy.

In addition to the stadium seating, Haven Coliseum houses a full-service luxury hotel, 18 restaurants, five bars and taverns, a cutting-edge virtual-reality arcade called Fractal Adventures, and a small, pricey shopping mall. The stadium is also fully wired: Spectators in the stands can link their bodycomps to a local wireless network to access real-time statistics, play-by-play and color commentary, digital video footage from dozens of cameras around the stadium, and many other features and services.

Haven Coliseum seats 35,000 and fans of the Haven Colonials frequently fill all of them. The pro shop sells everything from player equipment to Colonials jackets to commemorative squirts. The Hydroshot Hall of Fame is housed in Haven Coliseum as well, and visitors can experience the rush of victory with holovids from each season.

For those who'd rather play than watch, the Amateur Hydrofoil Racing League is based in Haven. Regularly scheduled races test the skills of drivers of all levels and several winners have graduated to professional status.

Athletes who don't enjoy the hard-edged competition of racing may opt for points for style in impromptu, drop-in surfing matches. Others prefer the peace and solitude of climbing Haven's many sea cliffs or hiking the trails of Colonial Park.

ACCESS DENIED

INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY

Doris Newman, proprietress of Newman's Excursions, makes information her business. When the lively 61-year-old isn't guiding tours in her old green bus, she's keeping tabs on the daily activities of Haven's movers and shakers.

Politicians, criminals, the Patrol, and Incorporate executives know that if someone has a secret, Doris knows what it is. And for a price, she'll reveal it—provided her role as a source remains protected.

Recently, Doris discovered that an important informant—the very paranoid Madison Miles, a biochemistry professor at HIST and heavy financial supporter of Haven's Zero Nation cell—is missing. The word on the streets is that the GEO has moved him to a safe house, but others suggest his disappearance is of a more sinister nature.

HIGH SCORE

Drop in to the High Score Arcade and you'll likely notice the weasel-like owner, Slippery Jake. He's a stand-up guy despite his shady appearance. Anastasia Gee, one of the backroom girls, however, is far from respectable.

Jake has often wondered how this particular employee is able to consistently bring in at least triple what the others make. He is aware, however, that the less he knows, the better. What Jake doesn't want to know is that his best girl is one of the Gorchoff Family's top narcotics dealers in Haven. Using legal prostitution as a front, the beautiful and sophisticated Anastasia supplies 45 sellers who, posing as regular customers, come to the High Score to pick up their product.

GEO Patrol Detective Raymond King has been trying to infiltrate the ring, but has only gotten as far as meeting Anastasia in her quarters. He was mesmerized by the woman and is now struggling with his desire to pursue her romantically rather than expose the drug ring.

SUITE 741

Designed by Rand Cadmere, an architect known for his work on the Haven Coliseum and the nearby Church of Whalesong Theogony, the Tropics Resort behind Forepaugh's resembles a silvery palm tree. Tall and curving gently to the west, the hotel is a favorite stop for business travelers and offers a fabulous view all the way around.

Rooms in the hotel spiral upwards, ending with the luxurious Suite 741. Guests who can afford that topmost room are treated to the finest the planet has to offer: The most excellent cuisine, rarest wines, a view far out to sea, and every possible comfort are standard for Suite 741.

Few know its history.

Beginning in 2192, visitors occasionally reported seeing lights out in the harbor beyond the Church. It's probable the sightings are due to the room's location, since other guests have never noticed the lights.

A curious Incorporate guest named Price had his pilot fly him out over the area late one evening when the undulating lights were particularly bright. The pilot reported by radio at 2630, noting the lights appeared to be generated by a mass of animals rather than luminescent algae or a man-made craft. No transmissions followed and the aircraft was reported missing. Debris identified as Price's plane washed up in Haven a few days later. No bodies were recovered.

The lights continued to appear and nearly every visitor to Suite 741 attempted to investigate, with the same mysterious and tragic results.

Last year, GEO Patrolman Fennimore Haughstedder stayed in the room. He felt drawn to the harbor when he saw the eerily glowing mass and set a video recorder to witness his investigation. Haughstedder never returned and his sailboat was not recovered.

Tropics manager and owner Ames Wunt, however, has a disturbing story and isn't sure who to tell. When Haughstedder didn't check out of the suite, Wunt went to the room. What he saw on the video recorder sickened and horrified him.

Haughstedder's sailboat approached the gently rocking lights. He leaned over the side to get a better look and the mass began circling like a whirlpool. Wunt saw the man pull out a diamond knife and begin crazily carving at his own flesh. The boat began rocking violently and Haughstedder collapsed on the deck, bleeding badly. His body washed overboard as the boat capsized and both man and craft were drawn under the surging lights and water.

Wunt suspects—correctly—that the enigmatic aborigines are at the heart of the mystery, but he worries about what people will think of his mental condition if he starts talking about semi-mythical beasts. He knows he could get in serious trouble for keeping the recording, but he has been successful so far in keeping every unfortunate incident from being connected with his hotel. Negative publicity would ruin him.

FIXATION

Janson Blair is the mayor of Haven. His wife, Simone, is a well-known figure in the art world. Her paintings of local characters sell for immense amounts. It's nearly a status symbol to have a Blair painting hanging in one's home.

Mayor Blair's favorite, titled "Girls," once hung in his office in the Colonial Headquarters. Featuring three young native girls sharing a fat strand of kelp, the painting captures the simplicity of childhood as well as the openness and relative minimalism of native life. The painting was stolen several years ago and the mayor has tapped every resource to recover it—without success.

Unknown to most admirers, two of the girls in the painting are not natives at all but actually Blair's own daughters, Michelle and Ayline, who are away at private school. The other youngster is Simone herself as a girl.

Ayline has been receiving strange messages since the painting was filched. The sender is Roger Claymor, a maintenance worker from Jessup Services, the contractor who cleans Colonial Headquarters. Claymor had become obsessive about the pretty little girl and stole the painting. A small CommCore article revealed who the girl really was and Claymor now wants to possess her as well. He is planning to kidnap her from the elite Caruso School in Second Try.

PEN PALS

The anonymity of the public spaces on CommCore often leads people to form relationships that the reality of their lives would otherwise prevent. Often these relationships are fleeting and tangential, but sometimes they become intimate and meaningful. When colored by the angst of brooding teens seeking solace in the acceptance of their digital peers, these relationships can become life defining—and in some cases life threatening

As common as such close CommCore relationships are, they have seldom been as potentially dangerous as one that has recently formed among three teens from remarkable and unlikely backgrounds. In the simplified circumstances of their digital lives, Andre, Patricia, and Sho are just lonely teenagers that have found kindred spirits in the immersive digital club scene on CommCore. In the complicated circumstances of reality, Andre is the youngest son of high-level syndicate manager Dimitri Gorchoff, Patricia is a daughter of GEO Magistrate Petre Vanderhoff, and Sho is the only son of the NIS ambassador to the colonial government, Toshiro Suzuki.

Their sophisticated interface equipment has allowed the trio to experience every intimacy of their growing relationship, without ever having actually met. Their relationship has taken on the keen edge of teenage passion and their loyalties have become interdependent in the way that only teenagers can understand. The trio has only recently discovered the uniqueness of their collective family backgrounds, and the significance of the circumstances is not lost on them.

Recognizing the potential power in their relationship, the three are planning to meet in person sometime soon. They are carefully working out their plans as each is typically attended by able bodyguards that perforce double as familial snitches. Each has an escape plan in mind, and they are looking forward to their meeting with the excitement of defiant teens. What will happen after they meet is anyone's guess.

MOST WANTED

NÓE Ó DAIRE

Nóe Ó Daire is an exceptional scientist and professor at the Haven Institute of Science and Technology. Known worldwide for his contributions cataloguing the flora and fauna of the planet, Ó Daire has inspired many of his students to follow in his footsteps.

His specialty is the mammal analogs of the Haven Cluster and he has identified more than 180 new species, many of which are named for him. Ó Daire is frequently consulted by biologists and hunters for his expertise.

Born in the Baffin Island Settlement (MG 66), Ó Daire spent his childhood exploring the island's steep volcanic slopes, the lagoon, and the many underwater lava tubes and caverns. He counted among his friends the many young orcas who called the settlement home. He is still in touch with many of them; Manuk, one of Bataku's lieutenants, often contacts Ó Daire with news of potential new specimens.

Ó Daire's students worship him—his low-key teaching style and pure enthusiasm for his work bring out the best in even the most apathetic pupils. Among the other professors at HIST, the tall, lanky, gray-bearded man is highly respected.

Five years ago, an anonymous crate arrived at Ó Daire's HIST lab. Inside, a small, black, and very frightened catlike animal crouched, eying him

warily. The scientist moved the crated animal to a quiet corner where student- and staff traffic wouldn't disturb it. After several days, he was able to coax the skittish animal out of its crate.

Looking like a miniature housecat, the docile animal weighed just 120 grams and fit into a human palm. Scans showed the bones to be 60% lighter than expected and further investigation revealed that they were hollow, like terrestrial birds'.

Ó Daire found the animal well-tempered and intelligent. It tolerated testing and appeared to be relatively affectionate to Ó Daire and his assistant, Melba Kettering. Kettering frequently handled the animal, which she eventually named Alph.

Ó Daire was intrigued when Kettering reported the animal seemed to want to lick a particularly nasty cut the assistant had received while cleaning up a broken beaker. He was perplexed when she showed him that the cut had healed overnight. They immediately began experiments, using Alph's saliva on wounded animals.

The results were undeniable: The animal's saliva had healing properties. Ó Daire immediately began attempting to synthesize the chemical and is currently hoping to submit it for approval by the end of the year. No other creatures resembling Alph have been found, as far as Ó Daire knows. Kettering has tried repeatedly to track down the origin of the crate and its contents with no success.

Species: Human Aquaform (Squid)
Origin: Native
Backgrounds: Native, University
Profile:
Goal Knowledge
Motivation Curiosity
Attitude Energetic

Primary Attributes: Build 0, Fitness 2, Agility -1, Dexterity 0, Awareness 1, Intellect 2, Presence 0, Will 0

Derived Attributes: Endurance 2, Reflexes 0, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Life Sciences, Survival (Strong) Agriculture, Communication, Medicine, Physical Sciences

Primary Skills: Animal Husbandry 4, Biochemistry 7, Bureaucracy 3, Genetics 6, Oration 6, Writing 6, Zoology 8

Biomods: None

SEAN GALLIVAN

Doldrums is decidedly among the greatest rock bands from Haven. Made up of two brothers from Kansas, on Prime Meridian, and a percussionist from Haven, the band got its start like many do: playing on Haven's street corners, hoping for that lucky big break.

It came, but not as expected. Sean Gallivan, a talented native tool- and instrument maker, stopped to listen to the band one sunny afternoon in front of Mercury's Marine. Noticing the band's excellent style but unimpressed with their instruments—a basic guitar-and-drum outfit—Gallivan offered to design an instrument that would be both fun to play and pleasantly unique.

While some would be suspicious of the offer, the three young men jumped at the chance to stand out. When they tried Gallivan's freeze-wire guitar, they



realized they'd found their key to success. Gallivan, who plays the salt tubes, began performing with the group and within a month Seafood Records had signed them. The path to the top was straight and swift.

Gallivan has since designed and handcrafted nine other unique instruments for Doldrums, among them the root-drum, the shell banjo, and a delicate bone ocarina he calls the Orcarine.

While he can't croon a note, Gallivan is well known for his nontraditional approach to music and clever craftsmanship. Natives in particular appreciate the band, which typically references tough life on the planet's many islands and features the heavy backbeat reminiscent of early native music.

Species: Human Aquaform (Diver)
Origin: Native
Backgrounds: Colonial, Native
Profile:
Goal Contentment
Motivation Discontent
Attitude Optimistic

Primary Attributes: Build 0, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity 1, Awareness 1, Intellect 0, Presence 0, Will 0

Derived Attributes: Endurance 1, Reflexes 0, Strength 0, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Fine Arts (Strong) Communication, Human Sciences, Survival

Primary Skills: Artisan (Woodcarving) 7, Colonial Culture 5, Dance 3, Foraging 4, Music 6, Native Culture 8, Writing 3

Biomods: Neural Jack, Implanted Micro Toolkit

PORTLAIN KYLE

The very gaunt, very pale curator of the Haven Museum of Colonial History, Portlain Kyle fits the part well. His soft voice and quiet demeanor attract little attention and he drifts from exhibit to exhibit virtually unnoticed, except to answer questions.

Born in Second Try 51 years ago, Kyle began collecting native tools as a boy. His fascination grew to include technology in general and he avidly studied everything available on the colonist's adaptation and survival. He became a pupil of Pierre LeBlanc, an original colonist who was once an engineer from Canada. LeBlanc passed along everything he knew to Kyle, and then encouraged him to continue his quest for knowledge.

Thought to be the world's foremost authority on colonial inventions, Kyle offered some of his own finds to the museum's collections. When the museum's director, Hartley Feldman, realized what an asset the young man could be, he offered to move Kyle to Haven and furnished him with a home and a modest salary.

Feldman funds one expedition a year for Kyle and his three assistants to locate new pieces for the ever growing display of Poseidon's colonial past.

Kyle often requests the newest and best equipment for his trips. Feldman balked at first, but soon came around, reasoning—correctly—that the greatest finds were going to require more than a shovel and ultrasonic sensors. Sharin Richin, Kyle's first assistant, has a keen sense for mechanics and has adapted much of the museum's equipment for specific purposes. Kyle looks at this as a perpetuation of the very thing he studies and delights in Richin's modifications almost as much as discovering a new artifact.

Kyle has developed a lengthy list of resources over the years, from NRM members to high-up Incorporate execs to smugglers on the far islands. He guards this information jealously and refuses to reveal much more than the location of his finds, even to Feldman, who has learned to humor the man. Kyle's discoveries are scrutinized and studied meticulously before he considers them authentic.

Considered quite eccentric by many who meet him, Kyle definitely has his own way of doing things. Feldman tolerates Kyle's odd habits and strange appearance, and in fact considers him part of the museum. Certainly without the odd curator, the place would not have expanded to the point it is today.

Species: Human Aquaform
Origin: Native
Backgrounds: Colonial, Independent
Profile:
Goal Enlightenment
Motivation Loyalty
Attitude Introspective

Primary Attributes: Build -1, Fitness 0, Agility -1, Dexterity 0, Awareness 1, Intellect 1, Presence -1, Will 1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 0, Strength 0, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Human Sciences (Strong) Administration, Culture, Fine Arts

Primary Skills: Anthropology 6, Archeology 5, Colonial Culture 7, History 4, Native Culture 8

Biomods: Anti-Poison, Implanted Micro Toolkit (Archeology), Salt Tolerance

HAVEN CRIME

Money—or lack of it—drives crime as much as it ever has. Areas such as the Floats and Brighton are the poorest regions of Haven and hardship leads many in those areas to commit desperate acts. Hybrids and indigent natives are treated as second-class citizens, and few honest opportunities materialize to allow them to rise above life in the projects and floating hovels.

These areas in particular receive little attention from the Patrol, which struggles to maintain a visible presence in places popular with tourists and upper-class citizens, such as the West Waterfront, the Central Business District, and the Terraces.

Political corruption and crimes such as blackmail, data piracy, and extortion exist in the more affluent parts of the city while profits from black-market sales, smuggling, and other organized crime activities keep certain families living in the comfortable lap of luxury, while those around them scramble for the few crumbs left behind.

Due to the amount of traffic through the spaceport, Haven is an ideal breeding ground for crime in general. Radical groups with a message to proclaim, angry natives and ecoterrorists, and equally infuriated victims prowl dark alleys at night searching for a way to be heard. Bombings are uncommon but certainly not unheard of, and fires occur with alarming frequency.

THE LAW

GEO Patrol officers are prepared for careers in law enforcement at the Poseidon Training Academy in Government Center. Patrol personnel require 12 weeks of intensive training, while Marshals spend 40 demanding and challenging weeks in classes, seminars, and instructional exercises at the Marshal Academy on Earth.

Patrol rookies are generally assigned to guard the Terraces and Heights neighborhoods. Transfers can be made upon request after 150 days and many ask to be moved to the Central Business District (CBD). Work there is relatively easy, as violent crime is low, and there are more officers per square kilometer than any other part of Haven.

Criminals are referred to the Haven Municipal Courthouse for adjudication, and short-term inmates are housed in the 150-unit Haven Detention Center, both located in Government Center. Trials are conducted without juries and penalties are imposed according to strict rules defined by the GEO Judicial Code.



ORGANIZED CRIME

Haven is the home and headquarters of the Gorchoffs, Poseidon's largest organized crime family. These Mafiya members work hard for one goal: accumulating money—lots of it.

While other groups such as the New Rastafarian Movement (NRM) are working towards specific goals they hope will lead to political shifts and changes, the Gorchoffs simply hold their powerful position through fear, intimidation, and tyranny. Much like a spoiled child at his own birthday party, they take what they want when they want it. An industry on Poseidon doesn't exist without the Family's fingers dipping into the pie.

Everyone from freelance sunburst skin smugglers to corrupt Incorporate officers pay a percentage to collectors and enforcers from Vladimir Gorchoff's lavish digs in Old Town. Vladimir Gorchoff controls the complete Organizatsya comprised of several hundred members.

The Gorchoffs are not above any traditional gangland crime: murder-for-hire, racketeering, scams, cons, and extortion are alive and well in 2199.



Haven NRM members congregate in a shabby central Warehouse District building on the corner of Haines and Mabry Circle called the Stack. The Kingston-based group stores explosives, weapons, and black-market goods in a warren of stacked crates full of innocent items such as non-perishable foods and used clothing. These are essential to the faction's cause: Sometimes New Rastafarian forces must go underground and need access to supplies for the native communities in which they seek shelter.

The Tribunal of the Lost, led by a radical Silva hybrid named Huge Johnny Blue, are a mish-mash of failed newcomers, impoverished hybrids and half-breeds, and destitute native families. Unable to get the mayor's attention and action, Huge Johnny Blue operates a Robin Hood-style street gang. His minions follow strict orders, collecting goods for distribution among the neediest people living in the decrepit GEO-funded housing projects of Brighton. Careful not to cross the Gorchoffs, Huge Johnny Blue directs operations from a grungy penthouse on top of the dilapidated 583 Building.

The Tribunal pilfers necessities from area warehouses, storefronts throughout Colonial Park and the Heights, and ships docked in West Harbor. The consumption of drugs is not allowed, though manufacture and delivery bring in a substantial amount of cash for the group. An attorney named Gene Greene represents the Tribunal in court, pleading self-defense when a body turns up and desperation when a wealthy businessman discovers a week's supply of brandy limes missing.

Street gangs are a nuisance to store owners who have only two real options: pay for protection or suffer at the hands of petty thieves and vandals. Occasionally, the Gorchoffs have brought reluctant business owners around by hiring the very street gangs they are offering protection from.

ECOTERRORISM

Ecoterrorists seem to congregate in Haven. The Warehouse District and Brighton boast more than seven distinct organizations. While all of them share a desire to preserve Poseidon, their efforts, resources, and associations vary widely.

Pumba's, a theater/pub in Old Town, is another rallying point for Haven's New Rastafarians. This is where one can go to find just about anything, for a

price. The NRM in Kingston deals in everything and contacts are made through Pumba if the seeker doesn't already know someone. Occasionally Isaac Mosely is seen in the pub, though he prefers to keep a low profile in Haven. Behind Pumba's is the Rafters, one of the city's largest pharium dens.

Members of Blue Water Circle are not usually found together, though the Hades Grill in south Brighton is a recruitment point. A small, well-organized, and vicious cell, Haven BWC has taken credit for more than 75% of the murders in Haven involving Incorporate employees over the past four years. Since the Haven cell reportedly consists of less than 15 members, many people question the validity of that claim, but most are wise enough not to dispute it.

The leader of the Haven crew, known only as Chiron, claims the actions were taken in the name of achieving positive change, that challenging the rapists of the planet is the only way to awaken people to Poseidon's impending crisis. Taken as the rantings of an unbalanced individual, authorities are simply keeping an eye on Chiron, unaware of recruitment efforts to topple the Ballard Arcology through acts of sabotage. Several members have become quite passionate lately about wrecking anything post-Recontact, usually with combustibles, though it is not clear whether the organization has given its blessing to those activities.

Free Poseidon! supporters meet in the basement of Trilly's Cantina. Members are typically identified by the group's symbol—a green stylized square with a blue exclamation point in the center—tattooed on the back of the neck or just above the right knee. Natives and newcomers brought into the organization are eager to see Haven's mayor, Janson Blair, fall so native councilman Deacon Kingsley can move in. Free Poseidon! also has been collecting funds to support the natives in the Sierra Nueva war effort.

Zero Nation recruits at Bandit's and Three-Eye Dave's. Lately, it has become fashionable to associate oneself with an ecoterrorist group and Zero Nation is the top choice. Bandit's brings in bored, wealthy people who want a cause to support and the organization happily puts them to work on projects that will later result in impressive effects. For example, six new "trainees" were asked to collect donations to help buy a warehouse at the spaceport. They quickly raised the funds, only to find the warehouse had mysteriously blown up right after it was acquired. These recruits were never told the place was full of explosives intended to take out an incoming shipment of chemicals intended for pesticide production on Westcape.

The Sword of Zion, a militant offshoot of the NRM, is reportedly purchasing weapons from MacLeod for the upcoming war with the Incorporate. Supporters are preparing for the arrival of Jackson Jerome LeVant, the group's front man, and recruitment efforts have been heavy, netting many newcomers.

PROPERTY CRIMES

Vandalism is a serious problem in Haven. Public buildings and facilities are kept under guard during city events to prevent their destruction. From paint-bombing the Planetfall Monument to blowing up part of the dock-and-houseboat system in the Floats, Havenites see more destruction of this nature than other Poseidon communities. With 500,000 permanent residents and another few hundred thousand passing through every year, the understaffed Patrols have a difficult time keeping up.

Burglaries and pickpocketing are more prevalent in the commercial parts of town, while arson seems to be eating up parts of the Floats and North Brighton, where the construction is older and often in poor repair. Larceny—theft—is a way of life for some citizens. Art, information, weapons, vehicles, and identity are the best-selling items in Haven. Smugglers have refined their trade to an art, skillfully hiding their booty from authorities' eyes.

Disorderly conduct and disturbing the peace are generally reserved for the Planetfall Celebration, though newcomers tend to sometimes indulge too much and become a bit unruly. For most citizens, a night in detention usually deters repeat behavior. Misappropriation of funds and extortion are typically found in the more affluent areas of Haven, while fraud, piracy, forgery, and sabotage more commonly involve the Incorporate. Embezzlement and counterfeiting are equal-opportunity crimes, affecting everything from small businesses to GEO Commissions.

CRIMES AGAINST PERSONS

Identity theft could be considered a personal crime, but GEO law stipulates that crimes against persons are defined by physical contact. Robbery, sexual

assault, battery, and murder fall into this category, as does arson if a person is injured or killed.

Assault is the most commonly reported crime against persons on Poseidon. Murder is taken very seriously, investigated thoroughly, and those found guilty are often transferred off-planet upon sentencing. Lesser convictions earn time in the simply appointed Haven Detention Center, which requires inmates to pay restitution for their crimes and engage in intense therapy and training to prevent recidivism. Other violent criminals are sent to the Hanover-run Bose Strand prison.

Some settings—bars, betting parlors, and gambling dens—are rife with rogues. A good con man looks for victims who are greedy and not terribly bright. Sizing up the vic's worth and figuring out how much time to invest in setting up and roping him, a good hustler can make a week's wages in one night if he's good enough.

Small of stature but sharp of tongue, Sam Schmidt is good enough. With his partner, Jeff St. Anthony, Schmidt targets bewildered newcomers, swindling, conning, and bilking for all he is worth. Operating mainly from Clyde's Bait Shop, an almost-but-not-quite seedy bar, the two make an impressive living from anyone not sharp enough to spot a double-cross in the works. Schmidt and St. Anthony have been arrested several times, but they are smart enough that they have only done short stints at the Haven Detention Center. They have become notorious among those who know Haven's streets.

PROFESSIONAL CRIMES

Incidents of conspiracy, industrial espionage, misuse of funds, blackmail, and identity theft are dealt with by the local Patrol and possibly the Marshal, depending on the severity of the crime. Incorporate agencies address these crimes in-house, sometimes asking for help from GEO authorities in complicated cases. The Incorporate consider espionage and hacking very serious crimes and they are handled swiftly and strictly.

Crimes in the Heights are investigated by the Patrol with MacLeod Enforcement assisting if necessary. There has been a palpable tension building between the two agencies in the past few years, with egos flaring and harsh words exchanged between officers assigned to the same cases. Competition to outdo the "other guys" has led to several false accusations and arrests. At this time, no plans have been made to address the issue, though authorities agree they can't continue ignoring the problem much longer.

Crimes haven't changed much over the centuries. The motives stay the same, while the techniques follow the same ancient patterns. Jealousy, greed, and revenge drive that part of the mind that, even after all this time, has yet to be completely tamed.

ACCESS DENIED

WE ARE FAMILY

Mother and Father are native dolphins descended from original Athena Project colonists. Mother attended a Zero Nation rally at Second Try several years ago. Inspired by fundamentalist Rex Rhio, the leader of Second Try's cell, the young cetacean addressed the Church of Whalesong Theogony on the matter of ridding the planet of humans. Most church members ranged from horrified to unconcerned, but two welcomed her message. Navigator, who is now called Father, and Dancer, a performance artist, have formed the first cetacean-only ecoterrorist organization on Poseidon.

Rhio gladly assists the three dolphins, providing them with explosives to plant on pilings and drifting boats, and instructing them on the finer points of sabotage and interference. The three plan to launch a full-out attack on patrons in Forepaugh's following the next hydroshot tournament.

Kuiu, an orca Patrol officer, heard about this strange project and has alerted authorities to the possibility of an incident on the afternoon of the tournament. The idea is not being taken seriously and unless someone intervenes somehow, hundreds of people will die when a series of bowl bombs detonate below the restaurant, sending it into the sea.

ACCESS DENIED

SERIAL KILLER

Patrol officer James Barrett, in charge of the Patrols' Missing Persons Division (MPD) located at 10 Government Center, has noticed an alarming trend: Every day for the past seven days, a young female native has been reported missing from Brighton. Because Brighton is unofficially considered of lesser importance than other areas of Haven, Barrett has only sent investigators in on three of those calls. Now that he sees a pattern, however, he is growing alarmed.

Detective Rose Sherwin has been assigned to the case. Sherwin is a top detective in the Patrol and has cleared every case that has been assigned to her in her 30 years with the MPD. This time, however, she's stumped.

The reports come to MPD anonymously, with the caller clearly trying to disguise his or her voice. A request for information from neighbors of each girl results in cold stares and stout refusal to help. Brighton has been long-neglected by the Patrol and vigilante justice is the only law these days.

The community as a whole is aware of the abductions and has mounted its own investigation. Help from the outside is unwanted and unwelcome, and questions from any official will remain unanswered.

When Barrett is advised of this resistance, he recommends an undercover operation, which Sherwin undertakes immediately. Sherwin will eventually become victim number nine and her successor, Eddie King, will be number 12.

Jack Nackel is a volatile, unemployed miner living in southwest Brighton. Unable to find work or government assistance, broke and angry, Nackel has snapped and is snatching victims, taking them to his tiny, grimy apartment, and performing grisly acts with them. He then reports the victim to MPD, viewing the action as a display of his superior intelligence and cleverness. The community resistance to Patrol investigations is aiding his success as a serial killer, but Nackel is aware that many of his fellow Brightons are looking for him. Eventually, people like Nackel become less sophisticated and make mistakes. Sherwin discovered Nackel's DNA at two abduction scenes but was seized herself before she was able to run the samples through the DNA database. Someone must stop this monster before he kills again.

NOT-SO-LONG JOHN

Schemers and scammers are doing brisk business in Haven. One particularly ingenious man, Sherwood Finch, has cleared 14 million scrip in less than three months, with no end in sight. His con is simple and sweet: Finch has been selling the same warehouse-full of Long John over and over.

Sticking with Earthbound buyers, Finch places notices on CommCore publications targeted at wealthy investors. Customers are happy to get their hands on Long John, a commodity that holds its value better than scrip or nationally issued currencies. Unfortunately for them, they never actually do get their hands on it.

Finch owns a cool million scrip worth of xenosilicate wafers housed in a nondescript warehouse at the spaceport. Finch's deceased wife's name, Haveland, appears on the deed for the property. Finch offers his warehouse space—for a fee, of course—until transport to Earth can be arranged. Because transportation and secure warehousing on Earth is so expensive, investors prefer to leave the goods in Finch's hands and accept a warehouse receipt as legal tender.

The Commodities Reserve of Poseidon—a fictional institution created by Finch—offers a discount on the purchase of Long John if the buyer is willing to defer delivery of the legal warehouse receipt for 90 days. So far, all 42 investors have taken advantage of this discount and believe their fortunes now wait for them in the heavily guarded, high-tech facility they see in the brochure Finch sends them.

ACCESS DENIED

IT TAKES A THIEF...

Someone has been hitting Haven's small businesses—hard. A hacker has accessed and changed the financial records of more than 30 restaurants, souvenir shops, salons, and convenience markets. Skimming exactly 10% of the month's net earnings, the hacker transfers the money to a series of accounts opened at Hanover Colonial Bank under the name Chadwick Geyser.

Investigators have determined that there is no Chadwick Geyser on Poseidon and so far one has not been found on Earth either. The thief doesn't follow an obvious pattern and storeowners are becoming frantic, worrying that even a single loss like this could put them under in Poseidon's erratic economy.

Dean Knight, proprietor of WaterWays, a boat repair shop on Haven harbor, has been robbed twice electronically in as many months and is determined to crack the hacker.

"I've completely lost faith in the Patrol. They just sit up there scratching their behinds and worrying about who's bringing the pharium tonight," Knight says bitterly.

Knight and other local business owners are offering a rather unusual reward for anyone who can catch the filching phantom: anonymity. Knight believes that only an experienced hacker will be able to track down the one who has been troubling the community.

"We'll give him—or her—complete anonymity. Some businesses are also offering free services: massages, hydroshot tickets, a year's supply of kelp oil... I guess we can throw in a tune-up or something," says Knight, rubbing his beard. "Make us an offer. I just want this to end."

The perpetrator is young Valentino August, a hacker with extraordinary skills. He sets up booby traps and endless false paths for pursuers, and Knight is correct that only another talented hacker can follow August's tracks through the system. It will take a competent and brilliant computer fiend to catch this thief.

XXX

The emergency room at the Haven Medical Center has been overwhelmed with a rash of Messiah Pink overdoses. Imported from the Zion Islands, Pink comes from the secretions of a species of long, thin, orange worms found in a tide pool on south Babylon Island. Some call the drug Rasta Pasta because NRM members are said to suck on the worms before rallies.

Typically injected or taken orally, the drug leaves one feeling powerful and energized; in large doses one will experience euphoria, brilliant hallucinations, and delusions of grandeur. Many people are open to suggestion when under the influence.

Lately someone has been using dimethyl sulfoxide (DMSO) as a carrier. DMSO is a clear solvent the consistency of light vegetable oil. Some people can't smell it at all; others notice a slight garlicky or sour milk scent.

The chemical DMSO itself is harmless. It's an excellent means to penetrate transdermally, though, and it leaves no marks on the skin once it soaks into the body, taking whatever has been mixed in with it.

A solution of carrier and drug is being painted on door handles of certain clubs and bars around Haven. Once the drug is absorbed, the unsuspecting recipient may or may not enjoy the full range of effects. Those who are more impressionable are often recruited into the local NRM cell. Others, who have extended or repeated contact with the contaminated surfaces begin feeling paranoid and irritable, then frantic or enraged, eventually lapsing into unconsciousness before being rushed to the ER.

WE WANT YOU

Blue Water Circle is one of the more notorious ecoterrorist organizations on Poseidon, and their brutal, paramilitary tactics have put their leaders at the top of both Incorporate and GEO most-wanted lists. The BWC leadership seems to take pride in their reputation, and the audacity of their actions reinforces this sentiment. Recently, the BWC has expanded their recruitment efforts, and is now actively recruiting among the various canal gangs of Haven.

Haven is experiencing increasing problems with small gangs of dispossessed youth, mostly natives and independents. These gangs are becoming involved in serious criminal activity, including robbery, drug trafficking, and smuggling. They are becoming a notable problem for the Patrol, and even the Gorchoff Family has been forced to consider them a sort of collective rival. The Haven cell of the BWC, on the other hand, sees the gangs as an untapped resource.

The BWC has begun cultivating relationships with gang leaders, supplying them with money, weapons, and drugs in exchange for information and services. The BWC has begun using the gangs as cutouts to execute some of their smaller jobs—deliveries, surveillance, breaking and entering. They work only with the leaders and have taken great pains to make them think they are making runs for the Family or an Incorporate. The BWC's efforts have broadened their intelligence-gathering ability and lessened their menial work load. They have also set the stage for more direct use of their unknowing allies, in any number of future, and perhaps more violent, operations in the colonial city.

DELIVERED HOT

Keats' Pizza has become one of the happening places in Haven. Its owner, Tom Keats, is proud of his pizzeria dance hall, and has worked hard to make it an integral part of the community. Everyone knows that Keats's is neutral territory and if you have gang affiliations or a beef with another customer you keep them in your pocket while at Keats'. Tiny Tim and his bevy of bouncers are quick to remind any customers who forget—they like to think of themselves as gentle, but firm.

What most people do not realize, is that there is more to Keats' than good pizza and killer dub. Most of the people working there were on their last legs when Tom found them, cleaned them up or dried them out, and gave them jobs. He has an eye for the redeemable, and has sort of taken it upon himself to help Haven's helpless, one soul at a time. All he ever asks in return is a full day's work for a full day's pay. Most of the staffers have even lived in the communal space in the basement at one time or another, and so have come to think of the place as home.

Tom Keats is one of those quiet, genuine people whom few know the truth about. His sense of humanity and generous nature make him universally respected and a friend to those lucky enough to get to know him. These friends usually owe him, in one way or another, and most would do just about anything to repay him. That's good, because Tom is in deep trouble...way-over-his-head deep.

A week ago, Tom was approached by an enforcer for the Gorchoff syndicate. The Family had apparently been keeping an eye on Keats and decided it was time to make a move. The Gorchoffs want to start using Keats as a clearing house of sorts, distributing drugs, weapons, information and...services...from the dance hall. Tom will have nothing to do with it, and said so in no uncertain terms when the Gorchoff's delegate came to call.

His righteous indignation cooling, the honest Mr. Keats is now facing a dilemma. He has been given a week to "come around" to the Gorchoff's way of thinking, and though still determined to keep his establishment clean, he is running out of time. Tom is not naive and knows that drugs and other contraband move through Keats—but nothing big, nothing organized, mostly recreational. He is hesitant to call the Patrol for help, as the Family is patient and vengeful. He is unwilling to ask his friends or employees for help either, out of fear for their safety.

So Tom waits, time running out, hoping that inspiration will strike or that a cyclonic will wash the Gorchoffs out to sea. He is afraid the cyclonic is more likely.

FOUND MONEY

There is a lot of money to be made in Haven if one is both smart and a little lucky. There is also a lot of money to be found in Haven—if one is very unlucky. Several weeks ago, a courier for the Gorchoff crime syndicate was jumped by a street gang and mugged. The dataspikes he was carrying were summarily chucked in the canal by the fleeing toughs, who were only interested in selling the courier's bodycomp for a quick drug score. If only they had known.

The small plastic case they tossed in the water holds four physically identical dataspikes. Three are blank, but one contains an unencrypted account-access program and a special bit of hidden, piggybacked code. The account program accesses a numbered account at Hanover Colonial Bank, which contains 250,000 in Biogene and GenDiver scrip. Unfortunately for the Family, the only access to the account is via the program on the spike and its unique codes.

The money was originally intended as a payoff to a cagey operator who thought he could blackmail the Family. The Gorchoffs, never ones to suffer extortion, had a plan. When the payee used the account program, the piggybacked code would activate and quietly inform a syndicate expert system via CommCore. The hidden code would continue to tattle on the location and time of each access as well as any transfers to other accounts and their subsequent use.

Needless to say, the courier has been dealt with as per company policy, and the Family's computer moles are on the lookout for a signal from the missing spike. In the meantime, the small plastic case continues to drift aimlessly around the canals of Haven, washed back and forth at the whim of the tides, awaiting discovery by any particularly unlucky soul.

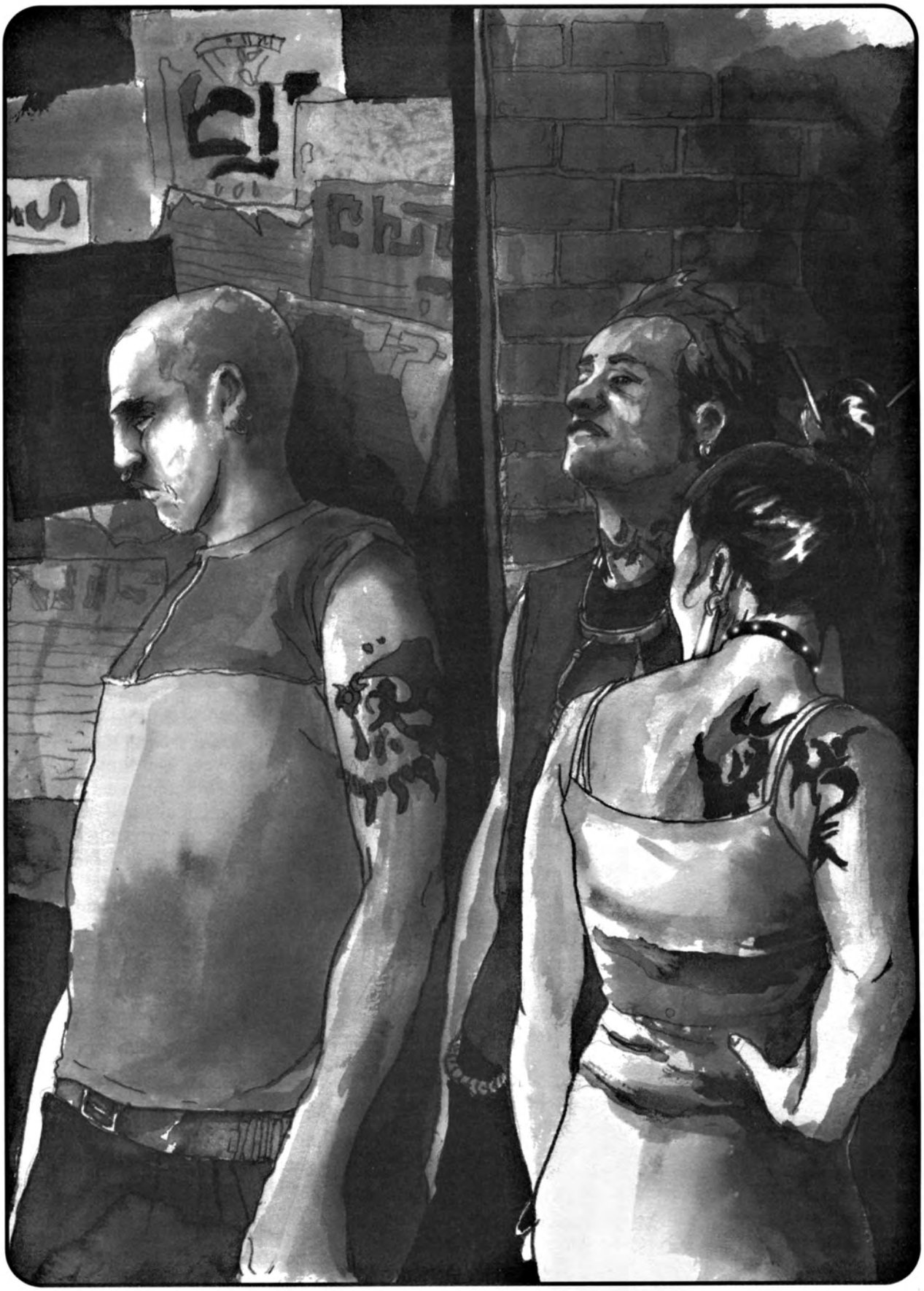
PRODIGAL SON

They say that truth is stranger than fiction. If that is so, then the oddest of circumstances, however strange and unlikely, can be true. As unlikely as such circumstances might seem, the situations they create are no less real, and their inherent potential therefore no less explosive.

Mishka Kuriakin is the 16-year-old son of a Gorchoff syndicate manager in Kingston. He is also a runaway living on the streets of Haven, where he frequents the New Day teen's shelter.

Eric Pontoni is a GEO Patrol officer in the colonial capital. The officer also frequents New Day, but as a volunteer in the shelter's monitoring program. Kuriakin and Pontoni are quickly becoming close friends. Though he would not know how to describe it, the brooding teen sees strength, nobility, and caring in the officer, and the older man sees a younger version of himself in the lonely kid.

Though Mishka is aware Eric is a Patrol officer, Eric knows very little about his young friend's background, which is cool with him for now. Unfortunately, it will most definitely not be cool with Papa Kuriakin when the Gorchoff Family's extensive network of informants and snitches finally track down his good-for-nothing, gutless son and daddy finds out about his son's new friend.



MOST WANTED

GEO MARSHAL PETER CHURCH

Born in North America's Idaho Free Zone, Peter Church grew up working hard on his father's cattle ranch. Though times were often lean, Peter was a motivated student, adept with mathematics and electronics. He spent much of his free time working on tractor motors, cargo hoppers, and automated farming equipment, repairing malfunctions and tinkering with various modifications. Living in the wilds of Idaho, Peter also developed a sincere respect for nature, and cherished his frequent hunting trips with his father. Unfortunately, the rough and lawless life of the Zone also exposed the young Peter to the darker side of human nature.

When Peter was only 14, his father was brutally killed in a bandit raid on their township. The tragic event served as the formative experience of the future marshal's life, fueling his general mistrust of human intentions and his obsession with law and order.

Four years later, Church left the Free Zone when he won a scholarship to the GEO Technical Institute. Motivated by his mechanical talents and technical interests Peter earned a degree in electrical engineering. However, still driven by the memory of his father's murder, Church declined a lucrative technical position after graduation, and instead joined the Peacekeeping Force.

After OTS, Church was posted to a signal intelligence unit responsible for monitoring Incorporate communications. His superiors soon took note of his exceptional abilities and Church rose quickly through the ranks. Eventually, Peter was given command of an elite surveillance unit, operating closely with both the Peacekeepers and GEO covert operations.

Major Church's exceptional performance with the Peacekeepers brought him to the attention of the GEO High Commissioner for Justice, and in 2177 Peter was offered a slot at the Marshal's Academy. Frustrated with the Peacekeeping Force's inability to control what he viewed as the excesses of the Incorporate states, Peter jumped at the chance, and entered the Academy. After three years of training and modification therapy, Church was posted to the Ontario Federal District, where he served as a deputy marshal for five years. During that time, Church's work led to an unprecedented number of convictions, and at the end of his tour he was promoted to full marshal.

In 2185 Church was posted to the Central CanAm Provinces, with jurisdiction over the rough border towns along the Free Zone trade routes. Church had come full circle, likely combating the very hijacking operations that had taken his father's life. For nine years, Church hunted the criminal elements of the high plains, using elaborate sting operations and hard-hitting raids. With ruthless dedication and personal force of will, Church almost single-handedly brought a new level of order to this previously lawless region.

In 2194, Church was promoted to Senior Marshal at the unprecedented age of 47, and was made an instructor at the GEO Marshal's Academy. There he shared his years of experience, teaching surveillance operations and assault planning to the trainees. Then, while consulting on security for the Olympic Games, Church became embroiled in the 2196 hostage crisis.

The truth about what actually happened is not publicly known, and even the magistrate that was in charge of the investigation thinks Church's report was not "entirely complete." The official story is that Church was given orders to lead a rescue operation. Instead of using an assault team, Church made a one-man surprise raid, freeing the hostages, but not before injuring several and brutalizing the terrorists in the process. In the controversy that followed, many called Church a hero, while the Incorporate used the incident to publicize their concerns about excessive use of force by the GEO.

Peter's experiences during the aftermath of the '96 Crisis embittered him, making him desire a return to the morally simpler wilds of a frontier. Subsequently, when his term at the academy ended, he requested a posting to Poseidon. Upon his arrival earlier this year, Peter was made marshal-in-charge for District V, giving him jurisdiction over both Haven and Second Try.

Church is now 52 years old, though he has been undergoing longevity treatments for almost a decade. He is arguably the most famous lawman in the GEO, and the High Commissioner for Justice has personally decorated him on three separate occasions—most recently as a result of his still controversial actions during the Olympics crisis.

Though he has not been on Poseidon long, those that consider him a green newcomer gravely underestimate the man. Church's entire life had been one long training exercise for his current post, and he feels strangely at home on the new frontier.

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Earth (Free Zone - Enclave)
Backgrounds: GEO, Independent
Profile:
Goal Justice
Motivation Compassion
Attitude Disciplined

Primary Attributes: Build 2, Fitness 3, Agility 1, Dexterity 1, Awareness 2, Intellect 0, Presence 2, Will 2

Derived Attributes: Endurance 2, Reflexes 2, Strength 3, Toughness 2

Aptitudes: (Superior) Close Combat, Firearms, Survival (Strong) Athletics, Military Weapons, Stealth, Tech, Vehicles

Primary Skills: Armed Combat 5, Bureaucracy 4, Colonial Culture 3, GEO Culture 6, Handguns 6, Law 6, Leadership 6, Longarms 6, Persuasion 5, Street Culture 5, Tactics 5, Unarmed Combat 5

Biomods: Uplink Neural Jack, Programmed Reflexes, Myo-lecs, Multiglands, Accelerated Neurons, Night Vision, Myo-Skeletal Enhancement, Amplified Hearing, Spyware, Telescopic Vision

VLADIMIR GORCHOFF

In 2149, organized crime big man Pavel Yarberev and Elena Gorchova, daughter of Ivan "Fat Vanya" Zaputin, became the proud parents of a son named Vladimir. Young Vlad took well to the family business and once his formal education was complete, he found himself trusted to run some of Earth's most profitable drug and flesh markets. He did well and was being groomed as an up-and-coming top dog when Pavel Yarberev was murdered in 2184.

Vladimir's immediate competition for control of the Organizatsya was Andrey Porostrovitch. Porostrovitch's claim was backed with extensive experience; yet Vladimir was kin. Vladimir Yarberev wisely decided to move operations to Poseidon.

Claiming to be a clan of Great Russians intent on rebuilding the Rodina, the entire group used Vladimir's mother's last name, Gorchov. Misspelled Gorchoff by a tired Customs and Immigration clerk, the name stuck and Poseidon's Gorchoff Family was born.

Initially living frugally on funds brought with them, the Family converted a warehouse in Old Town to chic private apartments, began supporting —and then protecting—local businesses, and uncovering markets to quietly enter and establish themselves in.

Vladimir began longevity therapy as soon as it was available in 2187. He has retained his rugged good looks, and with well-done body sculpting, does not look a day over 40. Biomods are not his thing, and Vladimir instead surrounds himself with bosses, lieutenants, and enforcers capable of carrying out his will.

Vladimir made an exquisitely clever move in 2196, snapping up warehouses from the spaceport, to the Haven Shipyards, to the Warehouse District. Because the Family already virtually owned the



unions of orbital tugboat captains and shuttle loaders, the move clinched control of Haven's spaceport—and anything imported or exported through it.

Many Gorchoff Family members can be found at Revo, a.k.a. the Revolution Lounge, on the northernmost end of the trendy Waterfront District. Vladimir has a private suite on top of the club where he meets with "moneyed investors," his term for people in his pocket, and feeds his voracious appetite for beautiful women.

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Earth (Urban)
Backgrounds: Independent, Street
Profile:
Goal Power
Motivation Duty
Attitude Dignified

Primary Attributes: Build 2, Fitness 0, Agility -1, Dexterity -1, Awareness 2, Intellect 2, Presence 2, Will 3

Derived Attributes: Endurance 1, Reflexes 0, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Administration, Command, Communication (Strong) Culture, Firearms, Human Sciences, Stealth, Subterfuge

Primary Skills: Bribery 7, Bureaucracy 6, Economics 7, Fast Talk 7, Law 4, Logistics 6, Management 6, Negotiation 7, Persuasion 7, Politics 5, Pharmacology 3, Psychology 4, Strategy 5, Street Culture 7

Biomods: Body Sculpting, Longevity Therapy, Multiglands

SHARD "THE SHEPHERD" SCHULTZ

The Shepherd, as she is known on the street, arrived on Poseidon six years ago. Considered among the best in her field, she trained with GEO forces on Earth before finding her calling in less law-abiding activities. Her record as a freelance contract killer confirms she is responsible for at least 27 deaths, and quite possibly more.

Schultz apprenticed under Abe Barrach, the most well-known hit man in the United States. After proving herself by terminating the leader of a large Zero Nation cell in Mexico, Schultz struck out on her own. Business proved to be good and she quickly earned the reputation as a professional and precise contractor.

One of her toughest assignments was to take out a Silva Warden for a cocaine smuggler operating in Peru. The target was wary and suspected he was being hunted. Schultz spent 10 days assessing the situation and finally decided to pose as a sheep rustler. The Warden approached and confronted her as she drove a small flock of lambs into a slaughter pen outside an abandoned farmhouse. It was that job that earned her the nickname the Shepherd.

Schultz is very sociable and is frequently seen on the arm of an innocent suitor at exclusive social events. Typically outfitted in the finest fashions—L. Clarke is her favorite designer—Schultz turns heads in brazen reds and deep violet, her signature color. Many of her missions have been fulfilled at these events and she takes great pride in her work.

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Earth (Urban)
Backgrounds: GEO, Street
Profile:
Goal Wealth
Motivation Self-Interest
Attitude Arrogant

Primary Attributes: Build 0, Fitness 2, Agility 2, Dexterity 2, Awareness 2, Intellect 0, Presence 1, Will 1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 2, Reflexes 3, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Firearms, Stealth (Strong) Athletics, Close Combat, Military Weapons, Subterfuge

Primary Skills: Armed Combat 7, Demolitions 5, Handguns 6, Heavy Weapons 5, Hiding 6, Longarms 7, Shadowing 6, Sneaking 6, Unarmed Combat 7

Biomods: Accelerated Neurons, Improved Blood Oxygenation, Multiglands, Neural Jack

GIORGIO CRISAFI

Giorgio Crisafi is a professional con man. Scamming anyone and everyone, Crisafi makes a living on others' hopes and dreams. He lives on the edge, from pocket—and not always his pocket—to

mouth. He's charming, arrogant, and always seems to be in the right place to take advantage of someone without any apparent ill intent.

Crisafi started out as a street pickpocket in Haven, graduating up to petty burglaries and then larger-ticket thefts such as vehicles and tech. He has a web of connections that gladly move whatever he has to sell. His success stems from his ability to adapt to the situation. Suave and cool or swaggering and hotheaded, Crisafi is a chameleon, blending in and watching for his opportunity.

If caught, Crisafi fast-talks his way out of most situations. He's extraordinarily skilled at making the accuser feel guilty for blaming him and has been known to draw many an apology from the very person he's conned. Misunderstood and vulnerable, Crisafi's motives are certainly pure, even if his actions aren't. This is what he'll have you believe and even Patrol officers have been taken in with his heartfelt protests of innocence.

The truth, however, is that he believes himself to be smarter than nearly everyone else and is certainly clever enough to manipulate most people to fit his needs. A violent streak makes Cristafi dangerous. A large, bald man with bulging muscles and a thick neck, Cristafi has a history of administering severe beatings to unsuspecting victims.

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Colonial (Urban)
Backgrounds: Independent, Street
Profile:
Goal Wealth
Motivation Greed
Attitude As Appropriate

Primary Attributes: Build 2, Fitness 2, Agility 0, Dexterity 2, Awareness 0, Intellect 1, Presence 2, Will 0

Derived Attributes: Endurance 1, Reflexes 0, Strength 2, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Subterfuge (Strong) Athletics, Communication, Stealth

Primary Skills: Economics 4, Fast Talk 8, Persuasion 8, Shadowing 6, Sneaking 6, Street Culture 6, Unarmed Combat 5

Biomods: Multiglands



HAVEN ADVENTURES

CHAPTER 04

GORKYTOWN

A complex sequence of events has been set in motion by the actions of a few people. It is up to the player characters to unravel the tangled threads and solve the mystery. This scenario can be run with any number of characters with which the game moderator feels comfortable. The plot can be played very linearly, but it is up to the moderator whether or not to set a rigid time limit on the characters' activities. While there will plenty of chances for action at the scenario's climax, this adventure emphasizes social interaction and roleplaying. Many of the clues to the mystery are best presented through the moderator's roleplaying of the principal non-player characters.

BACKGROUND

At the heart of this adventure is Patrice Buch-Larsen. She is originally from New Hawaii, but as a 15 year old, ran away to the big city. She is married to Michel Buch-Larsen, the owner of the Culloden, the oldest hotel on Poseidon. She is a mother of three and a pharium addict—a functional but habitual user. Patrice tries to keep her addiction hidden from her husband but this charade is what provokes the kidnapping of her youngest child, Per.

Per isn't like her older brother and sister. While they are all aquaforms like their mother, Per doesn't share the pronounced cheekbones and blonde hair of their Danish father, Michel. Per is lithe, quiet, and pretty, well liked despite her shyness.

Patrice's dealer, Shere Khan, a cat hybrid, recently came by the inn to collect a large back debt from Patrice. Patrice told Khan she didn't have the money she owed. Khan hit her, raking her claws across the side of her head and face. "Either you have the money by this time tomorrow, or I'll solve the problem myself. I don't think you or your family will like my solution." When Khan returned the following day, Patrice—in tears—said she still didn't have the money and pleaded with Khan not to hurt her family. Khan left without saying a word.

Khan's plan was simple: She would kidnap Patrice's child, Per, and hold her for ransom. Chances are, the family would pay, even if they had to sell the inn. If they didn't, Khan had enough underworld connections that she could sell the girl to a brothel or flesh merchant in Nomad. Either way, she'd get her money.

The following night, Khan broke into the hotel, drugged the girl with a tranquilizer patch, and left a ransom note in the general mailbox of the inn's local network. The note reads:

I have the girl. She is safe for the moment. If you do not transfer 350,000 Biogene scrip to account number 532A67ZT9084 at Hanover Colonial Bank within 36 hours, I will kill the child. The account is untraceable and any attempt to do so will result in the girl's death. If you contact the authorities, I will know and I will kill the child.

She left with the unconscious girl as quickly and quietly as she came, and none of the hotel's guests or employees ever saw anything or realized anything was amiss.

THE HOOK

There are several ways for the player characters to become involved in this scenario. The most flexible hook is that the characters are guests at the Culloden bed-and-breakfast. Distraught over the kidnapping of their daughter, the Buch-Larsens entreat the characters to help. They are afraid to go to the Patrol, and assuming the characters are competent and resourceful, they may be the Buch-Larsens' only hope.

If the characters are law enforcement officers, the moderator should simply modify the scenario such that the Buch-Larsens show some courage and contact the authorities about the kidnapping. The characters could also be freelancers—private investigators or mercenaries—who Michel hires to find the animal that stole his little girl. Finally, the characters could simply be friends or acquaintances of Michel, Patrice, or Samuel who are asked to help in the crisis.

CHAIN OF EVIDENCE

When the characters become involved in the case, they will have very little evidence to go on. No one knows who kidnapped the child—Patrice refuses to admit her role in the crime, even to herself. The characters will have to put the story together, piece by piece, while avoiding the red herrings and misdirections than lie in their path. There are several key clues that will point them in Shere Khan's direction:

• Michele, Per's sister, actually witnessed the kidnapping. She will, however, be very reluctant to share what she saw with the characters.

• Francie McConnel, the desk clerk, has suspicions about Patrice's addiction. Both she and Peter Fuentes, another desk clerk, have seen Khan at the hotel many times, though they don't know she's Patrice's dealer.

• Samuel, the hotel groundskeeper and Patrice's lover, has also seen Patrice with the cat hybrid on several occasions. In most of these cases, the two have been arguing, and Samuel considers the hybrid dangerous.

• Patrice is her own worst enemy, and will likely give herself away to observant characters. She can't go long without a fix, especially under stressful circumstances—such as the characters' persistent questioning. Characters who have experience with the drug culture or formal training in pharmacology will easily spot the symptoms of pharium intoxication.

• Patrice's pharium stash is hidden in a locked box under her bed. If the characters find it and confront her with it, she will likely confess her problem and tell them who Khan is and how she threatened Patrice and her family.

Ultimately, the characters' success or failure will depend on their ability to gather enough circumstantial evidence of Patrice's drug habit to confront the woman and force her to come clean. No one else at the hotel knows Shere Khan's name, or what her relationship with Patrice is.

Once they get a lead on Shere Khan, they'll have to hit the streets and try to find out where she is. That will take them into the pharium subculture of the Floats and Brighton District, and from there to the Revolution Lounge, a popular nightclub owned and operated by the Gorchoff syndicate.

THE CAST

This section describes the non-player characters who play both major and minor roles in Gorkytown. The emphasis is on personality details and background information, rather than game statistics.

MAJOR CHARACTERS

Patrice Buch-Larsen

Patrice is a native who ran away from her small village on the island of Maui when she was 15 years old. She felt stifled by the simple lifestyle of her people and yearned for the excitement of post-Recontact Haven. Arriving penniless and with no skills that were especially marketable in the newcomers' world, she spent more than three years on the canals and dangerous streets of the Floats and Brighton District.

Michel Buch-Larsen, a wealthy entrepreneur, met her in a dive bar in Gorkytown 16 years ago, when Patrice was 18 years old. He cleaned her up, took her in, and eventually married her.

Now, at the age of 34, Patrice feels like her life has passed her by. The dreams she brought to Haven remain largely unfilled, and sometimes, she can't even remember what they were. She got her first taste of pharium all those years ago on the streets of Gorkytown, and she has returned to it seeking solace after years devoted to raising her children and helping her husband with the hotel. For whatever reason—perhaps her years spent living the life of a newcomer, perhaps a personality that is fundamentally compulsive—Patrice has become deeply addicted to the drug, unlike most other native users.

Patrice has dark hair, eyes, and skin and faintly Asian facial features. In her youth, men found her an exotic beauty. Now, after three children, years of depression, and heavy drug abuse, she is still attractive but there are lines around her mouth and faint circles under her eyes. She favors dressing simply, in newcomer fashions, and sometimes neglects her appearance entirely.

Patrice will make every effort to avoid speaking or interacting with the player characters while under the influence of pharium. Her two greatest fears are that her daughter will be killed or lost to her forever, and that her addiction will be revealed—to her husband, Samuel, and their circle of respectable newcomer friends.

Nevertheless, if things become too stressful she will inevitably succumb to her addiction. While under the influence of the drug, Patrice's behavior can vary wildly. She may be listless, lying around in a near stupor, her speech slurred and her eyes glassy. She may be euphoric to the point of giddi-



ness. Or she may be belligerent and paranoid. To characters who know what to look for, these behavioral patterns will be an obvious clue to her condition.

Michel Buch-Larsen

Michel is a driven workaholic. He bought the Culloden in 2180 for a pittance when he first came to Haven. He made a small fortune when newcomers began flooding into the colonial capital during the early years of the Long John rush. He reinvested much of this income back into the hotel, expanding and remodeling it almost continuously over a period of several years.

At the time, it looked like the people and the money would never stop coming, and he even took out mortgages on the property at exorbitant interest rates to accelerate his development plans. Unfortunately, while the people never stopped coming, they did start going to the modern, posh hotels that began springing up in the CBD, the Heights, and other parts of the city. It became harder and harder for Michel to pay off the mortgages, and today, the Culloden is in serious trouble.

Michel is stressed to the breaking point and appears driven and detached to others. He is so worried about the hotel, he feels that every minute he spends on other things—even his family—could cost him everything. He locks himself in his office for hours on end, and around others, he is often edgy and quick to anger.

He is also completely distraught about his daughter. He knows that he's so far in debt, there's no way he can pay the ransom, even if he sells the hotel. He suffers a deep, gnawing guilt and sense of personal failure that he can't even come up with the money that would save his daughter. Despite himself, he is also angry that she got herself in this position, costing him money that he simply can't afford. Rationally, of course, he knows that it isn't her fault, and this only compounds his guilt. He is likely to react violently—though he's no fighter—if the characters' accuse him of any involvement with Per's kidnapping.

Michel is so absorbed in his personal crisis that he honestly hasn't noticed his wife's decline into drug abuse or the cuts on her head and neck. And, of

course, it is partly his inattention that drove Patrice back to the drug in the first place.

If Michel has hired the characters to find his daughter, he will initially offer 10,000cs for the job. If the characters negotiate for a higher fee, he will go as high as 20,000cs—pretty much cleaning out his dwindling savings—but the haggling will likely send him over the edge. He will rage at the characters, calling them "mercenaries" and "thugs" who only care about cashing in on his misfortune. He will swear, break things, and maybe even try to physically assault any character who is particularly insensitive or callous. Ultimately, though, his anger will subside and he will transfer the money.

Samuel

Samuel is a native originally from a small settlement on Mandalay Island. He came to Haven 12 years ago to study botany and horticulture at the Haven Institute of Science and Technology. He took the job as the Culloden's gardener to help pay his way through school, and he stayed there even after he got his degree.

Samuel is pleasant and friendly, but guarded. He does not entirely trust newcomers, and he will be very careful about what he tells them. If it is Samuel who initially summons the characters, he will take them to his office in the greenhouse, offer them a drink, and attempt to answer their questions as well as he feels he is able.

He will not tell the characters about his relationship with Patrice or that he is Per's father unless directly confronted on the issue. He thinks it's irrelevant to her kidnapping, and will not reveal this information out of respect for Patrice.

Samuel doesn't know who Khan is, just that she has been coming to visit Patrice for three months and Patrice doesn't let the two of them interact. Samuel is in a state of denial regarding Patrice's pharium habit. From living on the Floats for the past 15 years, he has seen the signs of drug abuse but he will not admit that his Patrice has fallen victim to pharium.

Shere Khan

Shere Khan is the daughter of the infamous Butcher of Rio, Shaya Khan. During a series of riots in 2178, a compliment of hybrids was detailed to protect the GEO administrative offices. The frenzied crowd charged the Peacekeepers' line, and Lieutenant Shaya Khan repeatedly ordered her troops to fire into the encroaching crowd. When the mob started to break, the lieutenant and her soldiers tore into them with knives, nightsticks, and reportedly, with their teeth and unsheathed claws.

After the incident, a court martial was conducted by the GEO High Commissioner for Armed Forces and Shaya Khan was given a life sentence at a military prison in Germany. Her daughter, Shere Khan, was handed over to a foster family on the hybrid reservation in Africa.

When Shere Khan grew old enough to be eligible for GEO service, the review board less than politely told her she wasn't welcome among the ranks. They babbled on about a failed psych exam, telling her she had deep-seated emotional problems and homicidal tendencies. After discussing it with her mother, Shere Khan immigrated to Poseidon and wound up in the hybrid slums of the Brighton Projects.

After a couple violent years on the streets, she was recruited into a crew with connections to the Gorchoff Family. With her reputation for efficiency and ruthlessness, she quickly found a home in the organization. Today, she is one of the most productive drug dealers in Brighton, though her independence and disdain for authority has drawn some frowns from her superiors.

Shere Khan's game statistics can be found at the end of this scenario, on page 88.

MINOR CHARACTERS

Below are descriptions of the minor characters involved in this scenario. The descriptions are supplemented by brief overviews of the characters' knowledge and beliefs about the main characters, Michel, Patrice, and Samuel.

Peter Fuentes

Peter is a young newcomer in his mid-twenties who was working at the front desk the night of the kidnapping. Ethnically, he is Mexican-American, and his blue eyes are in striking contrast to his dark hair and complexion. Assuming they don't needlessly antagonize him, Peter will be honest and forthcoming with the player characters.

Patrice: He's quick to admit he's no psychiatrist, but Peter is concerned about Patrice. She's very kind, but prone to bouts of apparent depression and

malaise. Sometimes she sleeps all day or lounges around in her suite in a listless state. Everyone knows she's a native, of course, and Peter figures she's out of place in the city and homesick for her people in New Hawaii. He knows nothing about her drug problem, though he has seen Khan at the Culloden on several occasions. He doesn't know the cat hybrid's name and figures she is simply Patrice's friend. Remember that he doesn't think anything untoward about Khan and won't likely offer any information about her unless pressed.

Michel: Peter is much less fond of Michel Buch-Larsen than he is of Patrice. He thinks his boss suffers from severe stress, always seeming worried and edgy. According to Peter, Michel also has a very quick temper and will sometimes rage throughout the inn for no reason apparent to any of the staff. Peter can't say much about Michel's relationship with his children, including Per: The man doesn't seem to have a lot of time for them.

Samuel: Peter knows Samuel quite well, sometimes spending his lunches in the garden when the two are working the same shift. Peter enjoys Samuel's stories about his childhood in a native village on Mandalay. He also finds the gardener to be a genuinely friendly man who is a good listener, always willing to offer a word of advice or encouragement. He knows that Patrice and Samuel are friends, but Samuel has never spoken of their relationship, and Peter has no idea that they were romantically involved. He does know, however, that Samuel and Per were very close, and that the little girl spent many hours working in the garden with Samuel.

Francie McConnel

Like Peter Fuentes, Francie was working at the front desk the night Per was taken. She is a newcomer who has been on Poseidon for less than three years. She is in her early twenties, very attractive, with long red hair, green eyes, fair complexion, and a brilliant smile. Francie will also cooperate with the player characters, though she will be much more guarded about her answers to any questions regarding Patrice.

Patrice: Francie considers herself Patrice's friend —indeed, perhaps the woman's closest friend among the hotel staff. On Patrice's "good days" when things aren't too busy, they spend hours sitting together in the lobby, talking quietly or playing cards. Francie has invited Patrice to go out with her and some of her other friends on occasion, but Patrice never wants to leave the house. Francie claims that Patrice is prone to severe bouts of melancholy during which she will often stay locked up in her rooms for days.

Francie also suspects Patrice's drug problem—a couple of her friends suffer the same addiction, and she knows the signs—but Patrice has never admitted or discussed it with her. Francie is loyal to Patrice, however, and will not share these suspicions with the characters unless seriously pressed. Like Peter, Francie has seen Shere Khan on the hotel grounds and in Patrice's company many times. She doesn't think the two are friends, however, because Patrice never speaks of her. Patrice has no idea who the cat hybrid is.

Michel: Like Peter, Francie isn't overly fond of Michel. She finds him a difficult employer, and at times, she feels uncomfortable around him, especially when they are alone. He has never openly harassed her, but she finds the way he sometimes looks at her and the somewhat aggressive way he acts around her very unappealing. She has never discussed this with Patrice or anyone else at the hotel.

Francie also objects to the way Michel treats his children, especially Per. That is, he doesn't exactly mistreat them; he just doesn't spend much time with them. He almost completely ignores Per, only speaking to her when she asks him a question or addresses him directly. Even then, he's usually cold and distant. Francie will confess to the characters—if assured of the confidentiality of her statements—that she suspected Michel was involved as soon as Per went missing. She doesn't know anything specific—just a feeling she has.

Samuel: Francie is one of the only employees at the Culloden who knows about the romance between Patrice and Samuel. Patrice confided in her one night after hours when they shared a bottle of wine. Francie doesn't know for sure that Per is Samuel's child, but she certainly has her suspicions. Otherwise, she knows almost nothing about Samuel. She hasn't spoken with him much, and indeed, finds him somewhat "creepy." Truth be told, despite her friendship with Patrice, Francie is a bit prejudiced toward natives, if only because she doesn't understand them.

Harriet Wong
Harriet is an Anglo-Chinese woman of about 40 years. She is a master chef and very protective of both her kitchen and the Culloden in general. She is businesslike and professional and will answer the characters questions briefly and pointedly.

Patrice: Harriet does not especially like Patrice. She does not think the woman helps her husband with the hotel nearly enough, usually getting in the way or causing distraction more than she assists with the operation of the business. Harriet becomes positively furious when she hears the hotel staff gossiping about how Michel has no time for his children. "That woman" neglects them entirely, shut up in her rooms for days on end, and on top of that, Michel has to run the hotel by himself...well, with Harriet's help, of course. Harriet is not sure what is wrong with Patrice, but suspects she's a little bit crazy.

Michel: Harriet is hopelessly in love with Michel, though their relationship has remained purely professional. Indeed, she realizes that he doesn't feel the same way about her, but she sometimes allows herself to dream. Harriet considers Michel an able manager and responsible husband and father. Michel has spoken to her about the trouble the hotel is having financially, but she will only confirm this information if questioned on the issue directly.

Samuel: Harriet knows almost nothing about Samuel, except that he's a native and tends the inn's garden. She has no reason to expect that he's involved in the incident in any way.

Michele Buch-Larsen
Michele is Per's 12 year-old sister. Per and Michele share a bedroom in the family's suite, and Michele actually witnessed Per being kidnapped.

She was awakened by a noise in the room. The bedroom door was open a little, and a dim light from the sitting room spilled in through the door. She looked over at her sister's bed and saw a tall figure leaning over her in the shadows. In the scant illumination, the girl could see that the figure was very hairy, with long, wiry limbs. At one point, she saw long claws extending from the figure's hand. The little girl was terrified, convinced that this figure was a monster who had come for her and her sister. The monster scooped up Per in her arms, then turned toward the door.

Michele never saw Per struggle, and feared that she was dead. At the door, the monster turned toward Michele, and hissed "Tell no one that you saw me. If you do, I will kill your sister, then come back for you!"

Michele hasn't said anything about this to anyone, taking the monster at its word. She also doesn't know what she saw—she has never met a cat hybrid, only seeing them on holovids occasionally. She is convinced that Khan was a monster who came to steal her sister in the night.

Only a character very good with children will be able to draw this information out of Michele. In addition to an extended period of good roleplaying, the player will have to make a Challenging Presence + Persuasion roll to convince the little girl to tell her story.

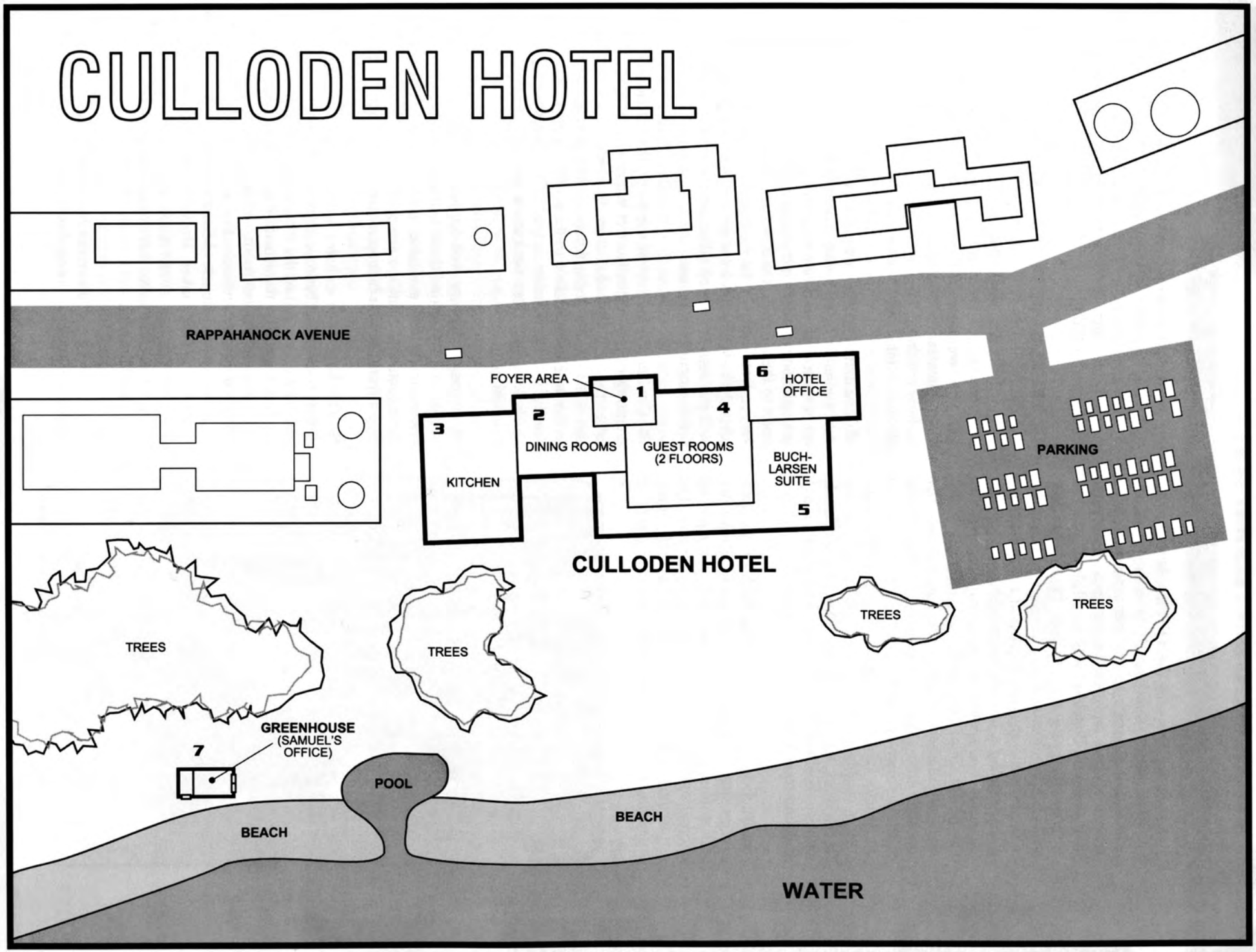
Even then, the moderator is encouraged to make her description of "the monster" vague, with all the embellishments one would expect from a child with a vivid imagination. Unless they guess very well, the characters should only be able to identify the kidnapper as a cat hybrid in combination with evidence and information available elsewhere.

THE CULLODEN HOTEL

Mark O'Brien, one of the original Athena colonists, founded the Culloden as something of a joke. Eighty-five years later it is a quaint bed-and-breakfast that has become one of the little-known jewels of Haven's Old Town.

In addition to brilliant work in the field of geology, O'Brien harbored a penchant for fine dining and Whist, a 19th Century card game favored by the British upper class. O'Brien converted part of his modular home into a parlor and began inviting his friends and colleagues over for dinner and cards. Later, he and his wife Maggie would raise six children in the house, which continued to grow with new additions and expansions.

When the children started moving out of the house, O'Brien began offering his empty bedrooms to travelers and visitors to Haven. Maggie's cornflower muffins and digger crab cakes became legendary throughout the colony, and an increasing number of people began to find excuses to overex-


CULLODEN HOTEL
RAPPAHANOCK AVENUE
FOYER AREA
1
2
3
4
5
6
HOTEL OFFICE
DINING ROOMS
KITCHEN
GUEST ROOMS (2 FLOORS)
BUCH-LARSEN SUITE
CULLODEN HOTEL
PARKING
TREES
TREES
TREES
TREES
7
GREENHOUSE (SAMUEL'S OFFICE)
POOL
BEACH
BEACH
WATER

tend their welcome at the O'Brien house. Once colonists started referring to their home as the Culloden, in homage to the grand castle hotel in Belfast, Maggie and Mark hung up a shingle and the first inn on Poseidon was established.

While the hotel started as a single family pre-fab home, over the ensuing decades it absorbed many of its neighbor's houses, outbuildings, and docks. The result is a sprawling, multi-building complex that, like much of Old Town, is a patchwork of different architectural styles. The construction also spans the entire history of the colony: The original modular structure dates from the earliest days of the Athena Project, while the newest additions are only a couple years old. The inn is only a few blocks from Athena Plaza and fronts Argos Beach, with an excellent view of the coral-domed Church of Whalesong Theogony just offshore.

The Buch-Larsen suite is in the back of the hotel overlooking the gardens. They have their own private entrance from the garden and there are no internal security cameras or sound equipment. The rest of the hotel and grounds are haphazardly monitored and most of the exterior doors are linked to an automated security system. The hotel has a small security staff, but their primary duties usually include monitoring adolescent holiday parties or catching the occasional night crawler for the sous chef, Harriet Wong.



HOTEL MAP KEY

1 The front desk is attended 30 hours a day. Most of the clerks who rotate duty at the desk are young newcomers. All are polite and businesslike. The two who were on duty the night Per was taken, Peter Fuentes and Francie McConnel, did not see or hear anything. They will offer their opinions on Patrice, Michel, and Samuel, though.

2 The dining area is a warren of small rooms from the original O'Brien house. The rooms are decorated in an antique and eclectic manner. Some rooms are paneled with dark indigenous woods, others are open to the air with lots of natural light. Meals are served from early in the morning until three hours after dark. When the weather is pleasant, the staff will put some reserved tables on the front porches for distinguished guests.

3 Contrary to the rest of the hotel, the kitchen is a cutting-edge wonder. Harriet Wong was contracted to travel to Poseidon from Florence, Italy and this was to be her dream kitchen. If there is anyone in the hotel who is close to the whole Buch-Larsen family, it is Harriet. She helped Michel orchestrate the hotel's leap from backwater watering hole to colonial gem.

4 Twenty-five very well-appointed guest rooms in differing styles line these hallways. All modern conveniences are available for varying rates in these rooms. CommCore access is standard and the views from the rear balconies are exceptional.

5 This large suite includes a sitting room, private dining room, four bedrooms, two bathrooms, and Michel's office. All of the rooms are well appointed and tastefully furnished. Patrice and Michel share the master bedroom, while the others are occupied by the children. Per shares a bedroom with her sister, Michele. Michele is the only one who saw Per being taken. However, she is afraid to say anything, and in any case, isn't sure exactly what she saw. For more information, see Michele's profile in The Cast.

Patrice's drug paraphernalia is hidden in a locked metal box under a loose floorboard beneath the

bed. The box contains a small bag of pharium, two pipes, a lighter, a bottle of prescription tranquilizers, and a box of over-the-counter stimulants. A character who makes a Challenging Intellect + Street Culture roll will recognize the pharium as "Russian Red," a variety so named not because of any unusual coloration but because the Gorchoff Family is known to control its distribution and supply.

6 The door to Michel's office is secured by a simple electronic lock. The access code is stored on Michel's personal bodycomp. The computer is programmed to automatically transmit the code and open the lock when the bodycomp is within one meter of it, so anyone who possesses the computer will be able to get into the office. A character who makes a Challenging Intellect + Electronics roll will be able to bypass the lock in about 10 minutes - (1 minute x the action value of the roll).

The office contains a large desk, a maincomp, several bookcases with an impressive collection of printed books, a sofa, and several overstuffed chairs. The maincomp is secured by basic password-protection software. A character with a cracking program who makes a Challenging Intellect + Electronics roll will be able to bypass the password protection in 15 minutes - (1 minute x the action value of the roll). There is nothing on the computer with an immediate bearing on the kidnapping. The hotel's financial records will be interesting to anyone with business acumen, however. An Average Intellect + Economics roll will reveal that the hotel has been losing money for more than three years, and that Michel is currently more than 300,000 scrip in debt to Hanover Colonial Bank. This, of course, is a complete red herring, and the similarity of the debt to the ransom demand is purely coincidental.

7 This is the heart of Samuel's domain. There is a small greenhouse with an attached shed in which Samuel keeps his office. In the office, there is a desk, tool rack, and a cot folded up behind the door to the greenhouse. Samuel keeps a bunk with some friends on a houseboat in the Floats, but he stays here most nights. There is a diploma from the HIST horticultural department in a cracked frame above the desk. There is a cheap bodycomp in the drawer of Samuel's desk. There is hardly anything on it—he almost never uses it—but there is a holographic display program and a folder of roughly 20 three-dimensional photographic stills. They are all of Patrice and Per, taken at various places around the hotel grounds. The oldest of them were taken years ago, when Per was a toddler; the most recent are only a couple months old.

HUNTING AND GATHERING

Once they get a line on her - and disentangle themselves from any red herrings involving suspicion of Michel or Samuel—the characters will likely want to find out whom Shere Khan works for and where they can find her. If they don't have very good connections in Haven's underworld, they will eventually have to delve into the underground drug culture to find the answers they seek. Assuming they've established that Khan is a pharium dealer, it is an obvious lead to track down and question addicts, other dealers, and owners of pharium dens.

Throughout Haven and the Floats, red fabric is used to signal the availability of pharium. In the Brighton District and Gorkytown, there are blood-red awnings over the doors and bright-red curtains over the windows of pharium dens. On the Floats, there are red tents and temps (FM 39) scattered across the decks and rafts. Any character who makes an Easy Intellect + Street Culture roll will know this little piece of drug-culture lore. The entrances and exteriors are well secured so that what goes on inside is hidden from the view of casual passersby. Silky red fabric is used to divide the interior rooms, and everything takes on a hazy, red cast through the thick clouds of pharium smoke.

The floors and couches are littered with customers engrossed in their own drug-induced euphoria. Prostitutes also use these private spaces to ply their trade, frequently in less smoky areas set aside just for them. Thieves are common, but are dealt with harshly by patrons and bouncers if caught.

If the characters choose to enter one of the pharium dens, a doorman, bouncer, dealer, or host will ask them, "How much and how long?" In these parts of town, pharium can usually be had for about 20 scrip per hit—enough to fill the bowl of a standard pipe. The drug dens also charge anywhere from one to five scrip per hour that the patrons remain in the den. Once this time is expired, the proprietor will generally pitch their limp bodies into an alley or canal.

A cautious user will buy a small amount of pharium and enough time to let the effects wear off, so



they can leave under their own power. A junkie will buy more of the drug and little or no time to remain unmolested, gambling on the proprietor's laziness or lack of security staff.

The characters will also need to make Endurance rolls every 10 minutes to avoid succumbing to the ambient pharium smoke while inside a den. The first and second failures should result in reduced mental activity and fatigue for the next hour or so. Three failures will send the character to the nearest couch for an extended nap. If they are not watched over and protected, sleeping characters will be liberated of all their valuables by unsavory patrons. When their allotted time is up, they will be dumped outside the den by the proprietors.

The characters efforts will basically be hit and miss unless they found Patrice's drug stash and recognized the pharium as Russian Red. In that case, they can specifically visit a den in Gorkytown that features that variety of pharium, which is pretty much all of them.

The owners and managers of the pharium dens are greedy and ruthless, but they generally aren't all that loyal. An Average Presence + Bribery roll and a bribe of 100 scrip will be sufficient for them to identify Shere Khan. A failed roll simply means that the required fee will be higher—the exact amount depends on who the characters are and how badly the player fails the roll, and is left to the moderator's discretion. With a successful bribe, the characters will be given Shere Khan's name, a basic description, and the name of a place where she can be found: The Revolution Lounge.

If the characters missed the Russian Red lead, they will have to wander aimlessly through Haven's drug dens until they hit upon one in which someone knows Khan.

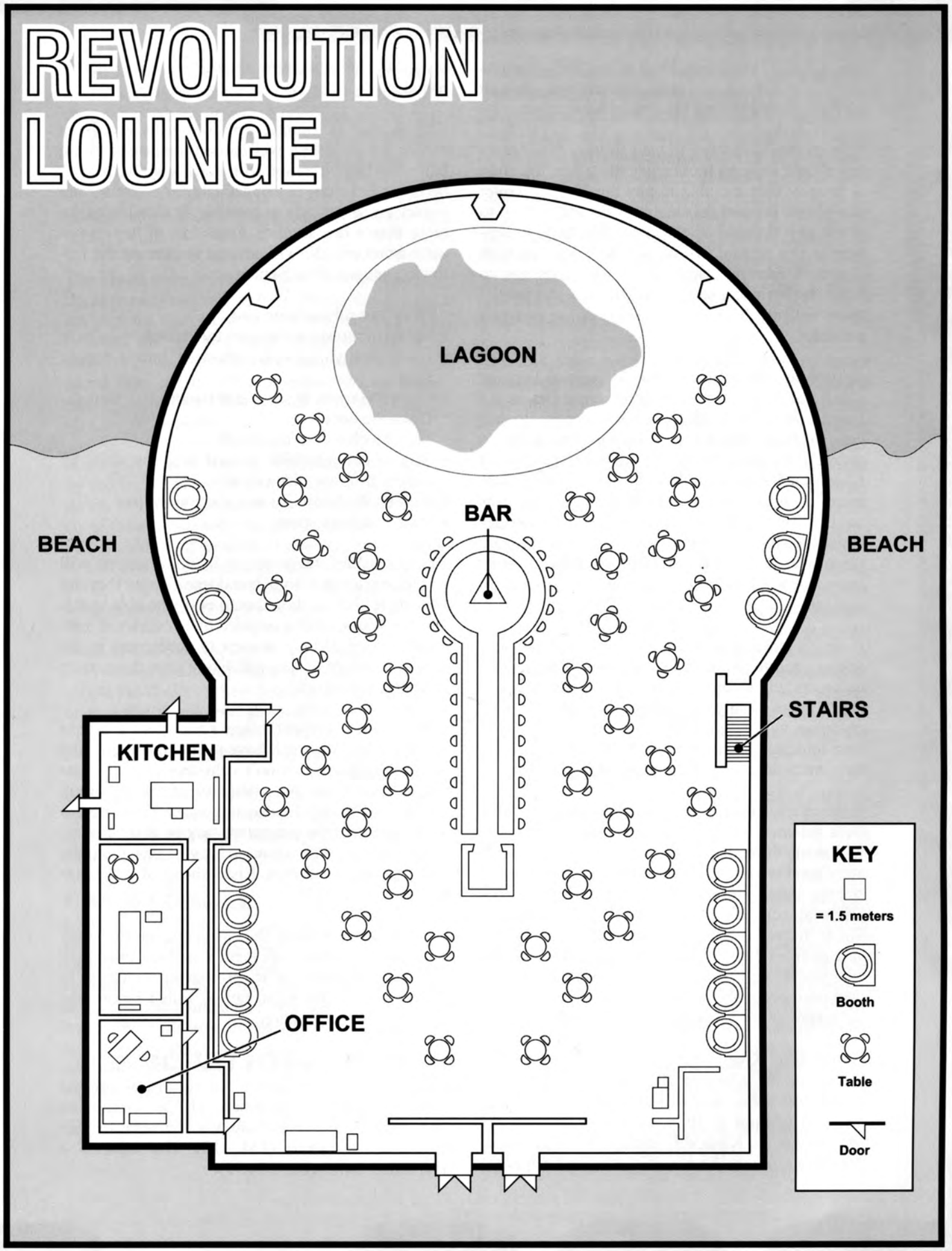
The players may also access police records in search of information. Patrol stations are located throughout the city, and characters with the proper credentials can enter the Marshal Service district headquarters at Government Center. Shere Khan has no arrest record and her custom jumpbike is not registered. She has been implicated in a number of drug rings, numerous protection rackets, and a murder case or three, but she has no actual arrests. She is on the Organized Crime Task Force's "black list" of criminals with confirmed connections to the Gorchoff crime family.

Obviously, this information should only be available to characters with Patrol or Marshal Service contacts. In addition, the characters will have to be careful. The Gorchoff Family has eyes and ears inside both Justice Commission organizations, and if Khan catches wind of their involvement, she will kill Per.

THE REVOLUTION LOUNGE

After some legwork on the streets and in the pharium dens, the characters should eventually find their way to the Revolution Lounge in Gorkytown. This nightclub is one of the most popular entertainment spots in Haven and is described on page 52.

Moderators should keep in mind that, while the club is owned and operated by the Gorchoff syndicate, it is not a mob fortress patronized only by gangsters and thugs. Everyone who is anyone wants to be seen at the Revolution. Certainly, an unusually large percentage of the clientele is involved in organized crime, but most of the patrons are normal—if wealthy, or at least pretending to be—citizens. Even Mayor Blair is known to


REVOLUTION LOUNGE
LAGOON
BAR
BEACH
BEACH
STAIRS
KITCHEN
OFFICE
KEY
= 1.5 meters
Booth
Table
Door

frequent the Revolution. Most of the club's patrons know nothing of its mob connections, though rumors abound among the streetwise regulars.

Though they will have to wait in line, the characters should have no problems getting into the club, as long as they are able to pay the 20-scrip cover charge, are dressed reasonably well, and willing to check any firearms at the door. The only exceptions to this rule, of course, will be characters with Gorchoff Family connections. Any attempts to bribe the bouncers and hosts will fail and persistence will result in the characters being escorted outside.

Apparently, when Shere Khan kidnapped Per, she didn't bother to clear it with her superiors in the Family. Stealing a child and threatening to kill her—at least without permission—was seen as crossing the line. When her superiors learned of Khan's actions, a mid-level boss immediately issued a contract on her. As it turns out, this was not the first time Khan had exceeded her authority in the organization, and the Mafiya cannot tolerate those who don't know their place. Khan doesn't know she's marked for death...but she's about to find out.

If the characters just wade into the crowd and start asking questions or flashing photographs, two enforcers will eventually approach them and ask, politely but firmly, for them to back off. The enforcers will tell the characters that the Family is also looking for Khan, and that they will gladly turn the child over to them when they find her.

If the characters sit back to see how things unfold, their patience will soon be rewarded. Shere Khan will stride through the front entrance and immediately head toward her favorite bartender. Khan is a strong, lithe, and graceful hybrid, and her too-bright amber eyes make her look positively mad. She is dressed in a dark silk suit that hangs loosely and comfortably on her sleek frame. Observant characters will notice the bulge of a large weapon—probably a submachine gun—beneath the jacket under her left arm.

By the time Khan reaches the bar, two enforcers will be on the way over to intercept her. Flanking her on both sides, they will whisper a few words to her, and attempt to seize her arms. Instinctively sensing danger, Khan will spring into action immediately. Assuming the player characters wish to get involved, the moderator should move into action rounds.

Khan's goal is simple: She wants to get away before the countless well-armed gangsters in the bar overwhelm her. She will attack with her claws, taking called shots to incapacitate her overmatched opponents as quickly as possible. It shouldn't take more than a few seconds. Once free of her immediate attackers, she will attempt to execute the following actions in sequence:

- Draw her submachine gun
- Spray suppression fire into the crowd
- Head through an open doorway into a supply room
- Cross the room to service entrance
- Open the door
- Exit the club onto the beach
- Run to her jumpbike parked near the club, 35 meters from the side entrance
- Hop on the jumpbike and start the engine
- Escape at high speed

The characters' involvement in this incident will be entirely up to them. Khan doesn't know they are looking for her, so they should easily be able to follow her without being targeted by her claws or submachine gun. If they attempt to participate in the shootout, the gangsters will likely give them more than they can handle.

If the characters do not follow Khan—or attempt to and lose her—they will have to find out where she lives. The gangsters won't volunteer this information. However, in the aftermath of the shootout, several bosses will be dispatching enforcers to her apartment, and the characters may be able to overhear the shouted directions. This will give them the best chance of reaching Khan ahead of the gangsters.

They could also follow the enforcers, but then they would have to deal with them somehow once they reach Khan's place. It is, of course, important to the characters that Khan not be killed before she can reveal Per's location.

RUNNING WITH THE DEVIL

The most dramatic option, of course, is for the characters to pursue Khan. If the characters become involved in a chase, use the vehicle rules in Fluid Mechanics (FM 113). Her bike is a Hurricane Jumpracer (FM 93).

If she is pursued, Khan will lead the characters on a merry chase through the Brighton District, zipping between the tenement buildings and over the rooftops of the housing projects. Eventually, she will head to the Floats and land on a large open raft. She will jump off the bike and sprint into the night. The characters will be forced to land and pursue her on foot or risk losing her in the poorly lighted, multilevel warren.

The Floats are a rolling mass of broken ships floating on a saltwater sewer. It should be readily apparent that no one wants to fall into the dark water between the bobbing rafts, platforms, and hulls. Assuming the characters are more concerned with speed than safety, the moderator should require Agility rolls every few rounds to avoid toppling into the filthy water.

If the party keeps moving, they won't be bothered by the locals. As soon as they stop to rest, hunker down for cover, or fall into the drink, they will come face to face with the desperate souls who live in this caldron of despair. The locals will generally be abusive and threatening, but at the first sound of gunfire, lights will go off and people will be slamming doors and diving for cover.

Khan is a sociopath, and as a distraction, she will not hesitate to shoot people at random as she runs across the decks of their boats. If she can't distract or lose the characters, she will try to hide in the Floats and wait for them to leave. She will then head back to her apartment on the Brighton shore.

If the characters lose Khan—or kill her—they will have to find someone who can direct them to her apartment. Some more legwork—and bribery—in the Gorkytown pharium dens should be sufficient.

CAT'S CRADLE

Khan lives in a high-rise apartment building that is fairly nice by the standards of the Brighton District. There is an aging security guard at the front door, but he'll make no serious efforts to challenge the characters, especially if the Gorchoff enforcers have already passed this way. Khan's apartment is on the eighth floor, and the characters will have to make use one of the building's two elevators.

Like the scene in the Revolution Lounge, this encounter can play out any number of ways. The party can come in blasting and try to fight it out with Khan and possibly the Gorchoff enforcers. Perhaps, if the enforcers have not yet arrived, they will cut a deal with Khan—help her get out of town in exchange for the location of the girl.

Alternatively, the characters could cooperate with the Gorchoffs and attempt to capture Khan alive. Once captured, she'll reveal the girl's location without much resistance—at that point, she doesn't need any more trouble.

It's also very possible that Khan will be killed before the characters can speak with her. In that case, they will have to find her bodycomp. A reasonably good cracking program and a Challenging Intellect + Computers roll will bypass the routine password protection. There is a lot of personal data on the computer that will be useless to the characters, but there are two items of interest.

First, the phonebook in Khan's communications program includes an entry for "The Kid," along with an access number. If they call the number, Per will answer. Khan knew she had to keep the girl alive to collect her money, so she gave Per a way to contact her if she needed anything. The personal comm unit she gave the girl is programmed only to connect to Khan's bodycomp. Per will able to direct the characters to where she is, and they will be on their way to successfully concluding the adventure.

Second, the access code to the lock on Per's prison is also kept on the bodycomp, in a memo file entitled "Lock Code."

THE RESCUE

Shere Khan stashed Per in a bioplastic industrial storage container at the shipyards. The container is bolted to a biocrete piling under 10 meters of seawater, so it would be almost impossible for anyone to find accidentally. The container's lid is secured by an electronic lock. If the characters do not have the access code, bypassing it will require a successful Complicated Intellect + Electronics roll. The inside of the container is lined with closed-cell foam and is partially filled with water.

Per is only semiconscious due to the beating Shere Khan gave her. In addition to the beating, the air has been slowly leaking out of the container, and

seawater has been leaking in. Fortunately, Per is a squid and could survive indefinitely even if completely submerged. Nevertheless, the polluted water of the shipyards has left her sick and listless.

Rescuing Per from the storage container should be relatively uncomplicated, assuming the characters have even basic aquatic skills and equipment. What they do with her at that point is, of course, completely up to them.

AFTERMATH

FAILURE

If Shere Khan is still alive and the ransom has not been paid after 36 hours, she will kill Per and leave her body in the submerged container.

If Shere Khan is dead and the characters cannot find out where Per is being kept, the child will die within three days.

In either case, the characters will obviously not receive whatever reward they had coming to them. Unless they are very convincing and have a very good explanation for their failure, they will probably have made an enemy of Michel Buch-Larsen. And, of course, if they crossed or antagonized the Gorchoffs, there are few enemies more dangerous than the Mafiya.

SUCCESS

If the party was hired by Samuel, he will ask them to help Per and himself get out of Haven and back to Mandalay, where he can hide the girl with his large family. This could lead to a whole new adventure, depending on the characters' reaction to this request.

If Michel Buch-Larsen hired them, he will pay them once he hears they have killed or captured Shere Khan. If the party did manage to save the girl, but did not bring Khan to justice, he will only pay them half of the agreed-upon amount. Of course, he's just a hotel manager, and he will quickly give in to any serious threats.

In any case, Patrice will be joyous at the safe return of her daughter. She will shower the characters with gratitude and praise. In confidence, she will pledge to them that she plans to enter treatment for her pharium addiction. She claims to have learned her lesson and will do everything she can to make sure her children are never again threatened by her mistakes.

NPC STATISTICS

SHERE KHAN

Species: Genetic Redesign, Cat Hybrid
Origin: Colonial (Urban)
Backgrounds: Independent, Street
Profile:
Goal Power
Motivation Hatred
Attitude Threatening

Primary Attributes: Build 2, Fitness 2, Agility 4, Dexterity 0, Awareness 2, Intellect -1, Presence 1, Will 2

Derived Attributes: Endurance 2, Reflexes 4, Strength 2, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Close Combat, Athletics (Strong) Communication, Firearms, Stealth, Subterfuge

Primary Skills: Aquatics 2, Demolitions 1, Driving 3, Handguns 4, Hiding 3, Longarms 4, Military Culture 2, Piloting 3, Russian 2, Sneaking 3, Street Culture 5, Unarmed Combat 5

Biomods: Accelerated Neurons, Nightvision, Uplink Neural Jack, Pain Inhibitors

GORCHOFF ENFORCERS

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Colonial (Urban)
Backgrounds: Independent, Street
Profile:
Goal Wealth
Motivation Greed
Attitude Intimidating

Primary Attributes: Build 1, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity 0, Awareness 0, Intellect -1, Presence 0, Will -1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 0, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Close Combat (Strong) Athletics, Firearms, Subterfuge

Primary Skills: Armed Combat 2, Fast Talk 4, Handguns 3, Hiding 2, Longarms 3, Sneaking 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Biomods: Nightvision, Neural Jack

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Strange Bedfellows is a scenario designed to highlight the political and criminal elements of Haven. The adventure is designed to accommodate any number of characters. It can be used within an existing campaign or as a stand-alone adventure.

Strange Bedfellows assumes the characters are a cohesive group without any direct connection to any of the power groups in Haven. However, it is open-ended enough to allow for many character groups and styles of play. Specific advice for customizing the adventure can be found in each of the sections below. The moderator is encouraged to make whatever changes are necessary to match the scenario to his players' interests.

The action of Strange Bedfellows takes place throughout Haven—Old Town, the Waterfront, and the Heights figure prominently. Consequently, the moderator should familiarize himself with the information in this book to run the scenario properly.

BACKGROUND

Strange Bedfellows is a complex tale of the compromises individuals often make to achieve their goals. In this case, a radical faction within the Free Poseidon! movement has grown tired of what it views as Deacon Kingsley's "accommodation of the enemy." Led by Nicole Mascarenhas, this faction views the GEO as a threat on the scale of the Incorporate. Consequently, Mascarenhas has decided to strike a blow against "GEO imperialism." Emboldened by a similar attempt earlier in the year, the group plans to assassinate Colonial Administrator John Bishop. While Bishop has not yet taken up permanent residence in Government Center, he is planning an administrative visit to Haven in the next few days.

Unfortunately, Mascarenhas and her faction don't have the resources to pull off such a complicated operation alone. That's why they've struck a deal with the Gorchoff crime syndicate. In return for "future considerations," the Family has agreed to provide Mascarenhas with skilled assassins to eliminate Bishop when he tours Haven a few days after the scenario begins. The Gorchoffs see this as an opportunity both to expand the Family's influence in the Free Poseidon! movement, and also to show the GEO just how vulnerable it is on Poseidon.

The Gorchoffs obtained a detailed itinerary of Bishop's upcoming visit through assets in the GEO Justice Commission and Office of Colonial Affairs.

The plan is to use two agents—including a suborned member of the GEO Patrol—to assassinate the Colonial Administrator. The Gorchoff Family has little interest in politics except when it interferes with the syndicate. Consequently, the plan is simply to assassinate Bishop and be done with it. If Mascarenhas' faction wishes to claim responsibility, that's their affair. For their part, the Gorchoff Family is concerned only with the bottom line—the elimination of a tenacious enemy and greater influence with one of the planet's largest insurgent groups.

Unfortunately for those involved in the conspiracy, fate will intervene. One of the Gorchoff's agents will meet an untimely end at the hands of a common mugger. On the agent's body is an encrypted dataspike containing Bishop's itinerary. When that spike falls into the hands of the characters, the plot to assassinate the Colonial Administrator starts to unravel—placing the characters at the center of a conspiracy that could influence the course of the colony's history.

A FATEFUL DISCOVERY

The characters begin the scenario at the Waterfront. Perhaps they are there to enjoy the district's many restaurants and bars. Maybe they have business to conduct. Perhaps they are simply tourists. Whatever the reason, they have spent the entire evening in the district and are preparing to make their way home for the night.

While wandering through a darkened back street on the West Shore, the characters discover a dead body. The victim is male and roughly 40 years old. An examination of the body reveals a single deep knife wound in the lower back. There is also evidence of bruising on the back of the neck and head. Searching through his undistinguished clothing turns up a wallet and several electronic keycards. A Routine Intellect + Forensic Medicine roll will reveal that the man died very recently—the body is still warm and blood still trickles from the knife wound.



The wallet contains no money or anything else of obvious value. There is a collection of business cards in the wallet, as well as a membership card for a private club in the Heights called the Athena Club. There is also an ID card and badge indicating that the dead man was Sergeant Willem DeFreitas, an officer of the GEO Patrol. The ID card lists DeFreitas' home address in the Heights, as well as the address of his Patrol station, Division 12, nearby on the West Shore.

Moments later, the characters hear sounds of movement further down the street. Looking up from the body, they see another man running away from them. Should they attempt to follow him, he'll lead them on a merry chase through the Waterfront, eventually crossing over to the East Shore. At this point, he will tire of the chase and turn on them, brandishing a diamond knife. He wears threadbare clothing, is unshaven, and smells of alcohol.

Freddie Greenidge is not much of a fighter. If outnumbered more than two to one, he admits to the mugging, but insists he didn't know the victim was a Patrol officer. If given a chance to explain, he tells the characters he was in a bar in Gorkytown when he saw the man take an envelop full of money from "a thug who works for the Russians." He says he figured the guy was some low-level bureaucrat on the Gorchoff's payroll, and he was desperate enough to follow him and steal the money.

He followed the man onto the maglev, then got off after him at a nearby Waterfront station. Greenidge offers to hand over everything he stole in exchange for his freedom. Other than the knife, he possesses 100 units of Atlas scrip, a bodycomp, and a dataspike.

THE BODYCOMP

DeFreitas' bodycomp is password protected, and the characters will have to bypass this security to access it. Given the appropriate (illegal) software, this is an Average Intellect + Computers task. Programming an application on the fly that is capable of cracking the password protection is a Challenging task. There is effectively no chance that the characters can guess the password—it is a random, 10-character alphanumeric string that DeFreitas memorized.

Even if they do crack the bodycomp, there is little on it that will be of immediate use to the characters. It contains a suite of common commercial applications, as well as communications software for accessing DeFreitas' personal home network and his Patrol station's local network. There is an electronic address book with some 30 entries, but none of the names are recognizable.

THE DATASPIKE

At first glance, the dataspike looks no different than any other the characters have encountered. However, its content display shows no recognizable alphanumeric readout. Instead, there is a jumble of seemingly gibberish characters, none of which has an obvious meaning. A character who makes a Routine Intellect + Computers roll will recognize that the data on the spike is encrypted. The display can only be read on a computer with the corresponding decryption key.

The characters will probably try to access the dataspike on DeFreitas' bodycomp, but they will quickly discover that it lacks the proper key. The bodycomp includes basic security software, but a skilled computer technician will recognize that the

dataspike is using very high level, military-grade crypto.

FOLLOWING UP

How the characters proceed at this point will depend largely on their skills, contacts, resources, and allegiances. The most obvious concern is what to do with Freddie Greenidge. The mugger admits to having killed a member of the GEO Patrol. He's also in possession of what looks to be highly classified data, though it's not at all clear what it is, who classified it, or why. If asked, Greenidge admits that he got the spike from Sgt. DeFreitas, just like the corporate scrip. He doesn't know anything more about it.

This may raise the question of what DeFreitas is doing with the dataspike. Characters from law enforcement, government, or military backgrounds will know that data with this kind of high-level encryption isn't often provided to rank-and-file beat cops in the Patrol.

The characters may wish to find out more about DeFreitas, in which case they may visit the local Patrol station or the slain sergeant's residence. Given that they've captured a confessed murderer and thief, the characters may wish to pay a visit to the Patrol station anyway.

Characters with sufficient computer expertise and access to the appropriate equipment might wish to examine the dataspike themselves and determine its contents before turning it over to the Patrol. Breaking the crypto is a Formidable Intellect + Computers task, and it will require specialized, restricted decryption software and at least 30 hours on a top-of-the-line maincomp. The characters can get access to one through CommCore, but it will cost them as much as 50cs per hour.

These options assume the characters are free agents. If they work for the GEO or an Incorporate state, that will affect the ways they can proceed with this scenario. The moderator needs to take these facts into account. For instance, GEO agents might immediately contact Government Center with word of their discovery.

Likewise, Incorporate agents might see this as something in which their superiors would take an interest. Other options undoubtedly exist as well. In any case, the scenario proceeds more or less as written. The main differences will concern access to resources, since the GEO or Incorporate states will assist their agents more readily than they would independent characters.

In the event the characters are agents of Free Poseidon!, the moderator should bear in mind that the assassination of Bishop is not officially condoned by the group. The mainstream branch of Free Poseidon! headed by Deacon Kingsley has not sanctioned Bishop's murder and would oppose it, if only on the grounds that it brings the GEO down on their heads. Thus, characters working for Free Poseidon! can easily participate in this scenario, since they'd be uncovering a conspiracy of which their superiors may well have no knowledge.

THE PATROL

If the characters choose to alert the Patrol, it's a very simple matter to do so. There is a precinct station on the West Shore and its officers will be more than happy to look into this matter—especially once word of DeFreitas' death is revealed. Regardless of where the characters report the crime, they will be directed to the West Shore precinct, which has both jurisdiction and a personal interest in the murder. Naturally, the Patrol will have many questions for the characters and will interrogate each one individually.

Most interactions at the Patrol division will be through Lt. Mitu Sengupta, the officer in charge at the time the characters arrive. She is a competent officer, with a friendlier demeanor than most of her colleagues. Consequently, Lt. Sengupta is reasonably forthcoming with information about the case. She won't reveal everything to the characters, though—at least not immediately.

Patrol interrogation confirms that Greenidge is indeed DeFreitas' murderer. He attacked the off-duty officer from behind, killed him, and took everything of value from the body he could find. While 100cs is a lot of money to someone like Greenidge, it was the dataspike that caught his eye. He wasn't sure what the spike contained, but he knew enough to figure it was valuable. Ironically, he hoped to pawn the spike for enough money to pay off his debts to the Gorchoff Family.

Sgt. DeFreitas was a veteran officer in the GEO Patrol. He came to Haven only a few months ago, having been highly recommended by a station in Second Try. DeFreitas fit right in at his new assign-

ment, earning the respect of his colleagues. Moreover, he was a good officer and had an excellent record since coming to Haven. He had a reputation as a bon vivant who enjoyed a good time. Thus, his presence in the Waterfront was hardly surprising.

FURTHER REVELATIONS

This section details the contents of the unusual dataspike in Greenidge's possession. As written, it assumes the characters have turned over the spike to the local Patrol division. However, it is possible the characters have kept it for themselves and discovered a way to decrypt the contents.

If the characters are at the Patrol division, Lt. Sengupta will attempt to decrypt the spike's contents using the Patrol's network of powerful computers. She promises to reveal any noteworthy information to the characters if it proves relevant to their own situation. Initially, the characters have no reason to expect she will provide them with any information at all, but this expectation quickly proves incorrect when she ushers the characters into her office after only a few hours.

MODERATOR'S NOTE

The game moderator is strongly encouraged to link Sengupta to one of the player characters in some way. Some characters may well have undefined contacts in law enforcement, and Sengupta would be an excellent candidate. The information Sengupta can provide is extremely important to the way the scenario develops, and it will greatly aid suspension of disbelief if she has some reason to trust the characters and seek their help.

Sengupta quickly explains that she must take the characters into her confidence. The contents of the dataspike confirm one of her worst fears: There are one or more corrupt officers in her division. She then stops herself and shows them the contents of the spike, offering to give more details momentarily.

When placed into a computer port and decrypted, the spike produces a highly detailed holographic display of the upcoming visit to Haven by Colonial Administrator John Bishop. The visit is intended as a prelude to Bishop's taking up permanent residence in the Government Center. It's also widely believed to be a subtle taunt at the various groups opposed to the GEO's presence on Poseidon—including those who nearly killed Bishop earlier in the year.

Although the visit has been highly publicized, its itinerary is a closely guarded secret. No one outside of the Office of Colonial Affairs or the GEO Patrol knows it as yet. Officers of the GEO Patrol —some of whom will serve as Bishop's bodyguards—have not been informed of this information.

Sengupta then turns to the characters and explains that she has been working to root out corrupt officers in her division. She says that the Patrol has been riddled with all sorts of problems since its inception in 2193—corruption is only the most recent and the most serious. She suspects that several of her officers may be on the payroll of various groups, including crime syndicates and Incorporates. She has even uncovered evidence that officers in the internal affairs division are dirty.

Sengupta admits that she never thought DeFreitas was among the corrupt officers. His sterling record of service is one of the reasons she was considering him to be part of the Patrol's bodyguard contingent.

Given the sensitive nature of this revelation—not to mention possible leaks in the Patrol—Sengupta asks the characters for help. She says she can't trust her own officers any more, since DeFreitas may well have had accomplices. Since she doesn't know who they are, it'd be unwise to assign any of her other officers to the investigation.

If they accept, Sengupta will deputize the characters to act as agents of the GEO Justice Commission. This will give them limited authority to act as law enforcement officers in Haven. However, she warns them not to abuse this authority. The Patrol is already developing a bad enough reputation among the inhabitants of Haven. She doesn't need the characters adding to it.

There are two primary approaches to this investigation. The first involves visiting DeFreitas' apartment in search of clues. The other involves checking DeFreitas' background in Second Try for additional information. Both of these avenues are detailed below.

SYNDICATE RETALIATION

News of Willem DeFreitas' death will quickly make its way back to Vladimir Gorchoff. He has numerous informants in Haven, including some (as Mitu Sengupta suspects) among the Patrol. When he learns of this, Gorchoff will decide to act before the conspiracy is uncovered—not to mention his organization's role in it.

For that reason, Gorchoff will dispatch a team of three thugs to deal with anyone who threatens his plans, including the characters. Game statistics for these enforcers are listed at the end of this scenario (see page 98).

The attack by the Gorchoff enforcers is an encounter the moderator can drop in at any time during the scenario that seems most appropriate. They prefer to strike when the characters are alone, or at least out of range of obvious help. To that end, they will use their familiarity with Haven to attack when the circumstances (and terrain) favor them. Their goal is simply to kill the characters—they don't know why the contract was issued, and have been told nothing of the plot to assassinate Bishop. The thugs will do whatever they can to avoid capture, but they are not fanatics. If escape is impossible, they will surrender when faced with sufficient opposition. They don't know much: They were sent by one of Gorchoff's lieutenants—they had no contact with Vladimir himself—to deal with the characters "before they learned too much."

DEFREITAS' APARTMENT

Willem DeFreitas lived in a rather posh apartment complex in the Heights. Both the front and back door are secured by an electronic lock. The access code is on DeFreitas' bodycomp. Otherwise, it is a Challenging Intellect + Electronics task to bypass the system.

Inside the well-furnished apartment, everything appears to be in good order. Nothing is obviously disturbed, beyond what one would expect for living quarters. However, a careful examination of the place will reveal several interesting items.

The closets are full of clothing, including several GEO uniforms belonging to several different branches, including the Patrol. There are also several suitcases, some packed with clothing and other personal belongings.

An especially thorough search through the suitcases turns up an itinerary for a trip to Second Try the following week, shortly after Bishop's visit to Haven is scheduled to wrap up. The room also contains a low-end maincomp and a number of dataspikes. All of the dataspikes are blank, however.

The maincomp is the hub of the apartment's home network. There is a lot of personal data and several programs on the computer with no bearing on the investigation. However, the characters can access DeFreitas' bank records on the maincomp. His account is registered at the First Bank of Haven. Based on his records, it contains a significant amount of money, a good portion of it deposited directly from an anonymous account on Earth. These records will help to explain how DeFreitas could afford to live in such an expensive apartment.

Most interestingly, the electronic appointment book on the network has an entry on the day DeFreitas was killed. It reads: Rusenko/Klesko, Athena Club, 2000 hours. The Athena Club is well known as a meeting place for some of Haven's wealthiest and most important personages. Its clientele includes prominent members of various old families and executives from several Incorporate states.

SECOND TRY

Contacting DeFreitas' former Patrol division in Second Try is not difficult. Unfortunately, the officer in charge there, Lt. Francisco Barrera, doesn't remember DeFreitas at all. If shown DeFreitas' transfer orders, Barrera will deny having sent them—despite the fact that they bear his electronic signature.

Although he appears evasive upon further questioning, Barrera soon offers a theory explaining this seeming mystery. He states that, due to poor communication and coordination between cities, Second Try is often used as a putative origin point for criminals infiltrating other settlements on Poseidon. He explains that, while Second Try has its share of criminals, it's a much less corrupt town than Haven. Because of its distance from Haven geographically, fake orders of this sort often go unquestioned. Moreover, the Patrol's administrative resources leave a lot to be desired.

Beyond this, Barrera can do little. He sympathizes with the characters' plight, but explains that he has his own problems in his jurisdiction. He suggests that this DeFreitas person—if that is his real name—was probably in the employ of the Gorchoff Family. Few criminal organizations on Poseidon would try to place an operative into the Haven law enforcement community like this.

THE ATHENA CLUB

Assuming they found the clues in DeFreitas' apartment, the characters will likely pay a visit to the Athena Club in Old Town. The club is extremely exclusive, having both high membership fees and an extensive admissions process. Its main entrance is well guarded, both by the expected bouncers and electronic security systems.

However, there is a staff entrance located in the rear of the building. This entrance leads to the club's food preparation and storage areas. An appropriately impressive bribe—perhaps 200cs or more—to one of the staff, coupled with an Average Presence + Bribery task, enables one or more characters to make their way inside. Other options—especially ones utilizing the characters' status as Patrol deputies—are certainly possible as well, but stealth is undoubtedly preferable. Attempts to force entry into the Athena Club will be met with stiff resistance by the security staff.

The Athena Club's interior is beautifully decorated in the understated style favored by many of Haven's older families. The club is divided into several distinct areas, each one designated for a different function, such as dining, lounging, and gambling. Tough-looking security goons in dark suits guard the doors to several side rooms used for meetings between businesspeople and other notables.

Throughout the evening, the characters see several men and women enter and leave these rooms, some of whom they might recognize as Incorporate executives or government officials.

The characters are free to mingle in the club, although they will draw some stares from the patrons if they are not properly dressed. The Athena Club's members are a snobbish bunch that looks down on almost everyone, especially those whose pedigrees or wealth do not match their own.

If asked, no one in the club admits to knowing DeFreitas. In fact, most patrons express barely restrained incredulity at the idea that a member of the Patrol would possess the funds necessary to become a member, never mind pass the club's rigorous admissions process.

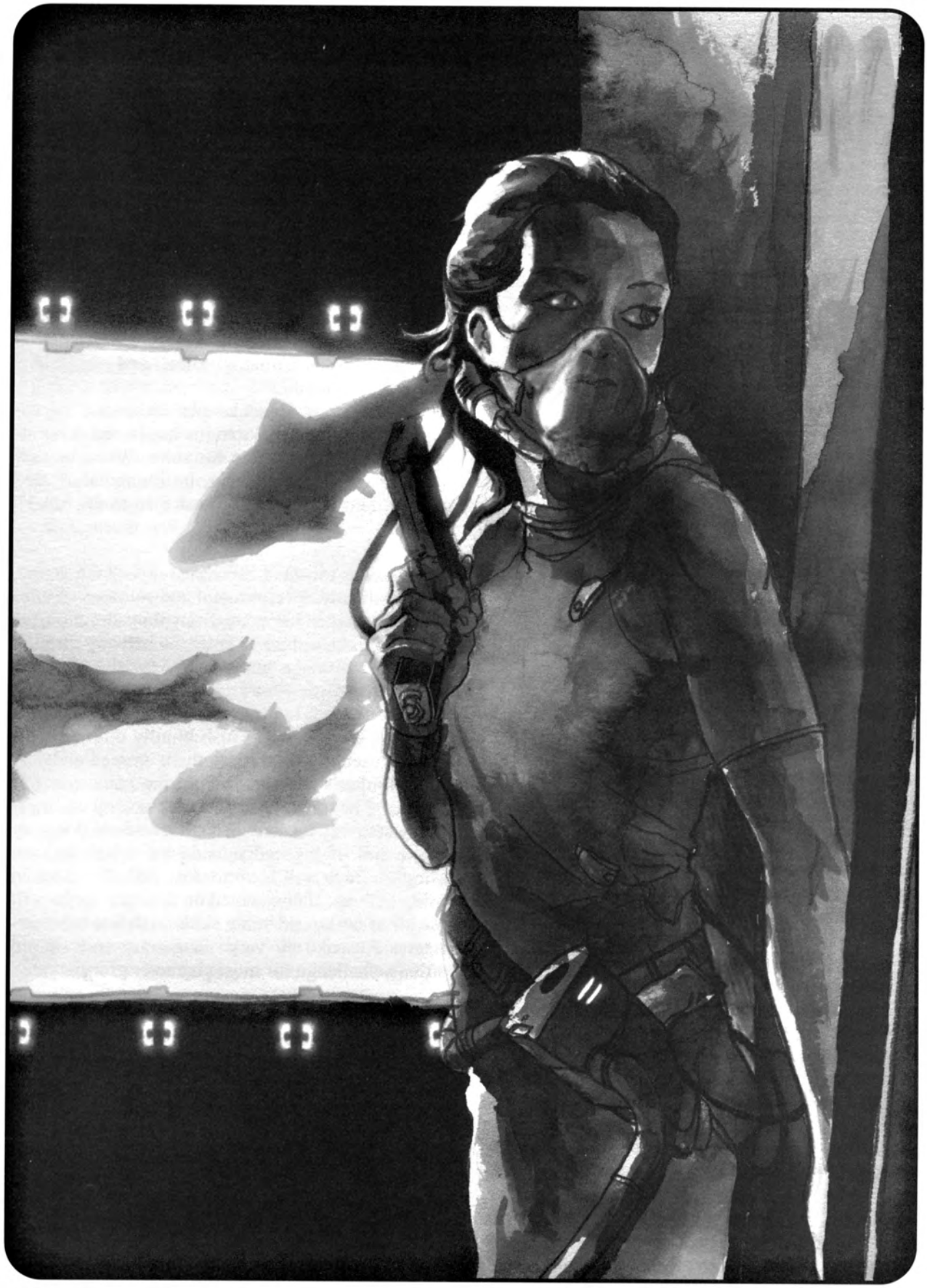
Unless the characters are obvious law enforcement officers, an appropriate bribe will motivate a bartender or waiter to point out Rusenko. He's been a nightly regular at the club for several weeks, and most everyone who works there knows him. Rusenko is generally nondescript, although his build is impressive, suggesting great strength. He is sitting alone at a corner table in the lounge area, nursing a single-malt Scotch imported from Earth.

If the characters approach him directly, Rusenko will greet them politely but will not introduce himself. If asked about DeFreitas, his answer depends on whether or not the characters have identified themselves as agents of the GEO. If they do tell him they are working for the GEO Patrol, he will claim that he has never heard of DeFreitas, let alone met him. If they do not identify themselves, he will simply look puzzled and tell them that it is not his practice to discuss who he does or doesn't know with strangers.

If the characters antagonize Rusenko, he will get up and quickly disappear down a nearby corridor. If the characters do not follow him immediately, it will not be clear where he has gone. To find him, the characters will have to mount a search, in which case they'll draw the attention of the security staff. In that case, refer to the section "Here Comes Trouble" below.

However, if the characters do follow immediately, a successful Average Awareness + Shadowing task enables them to follow him without being seen. A failure draws the attention of both Rusenko and security, with the same results described in the preceding paragraph.

Following the man takes the characters through a series of doors and stairwells, leading them through a side entrance into the lobby of the Dhaliwal Grand, a hotel complex overlooking Athena Plaza. The man moves quickly into the Grand, looking around regularly to ensure he hasn't been followed. Provided the initial Shadowing task was successful, however, he will not notice the characters as long as they continue to make an



effort to remain unobserved. The moderator can proceed to the section "To Stop a Killer" below.

HERE COMES TROUBLE

If the characters attract the attention of security in the Athena Club, two large goons move in to escort them out. Neither one is armed, but they look very threatening. If the characters resist or try to reenter the club, the bouncers will try to grab the characters, throw them into a side room, and attempt to beat them senseless. The bouncers will not hesitate to call for backup on their personal communicators if they are outnumbered.

LAZAR RUSENKO

If the characters think of checking with Lt. Sengupta or other contacts, they will uncover some information about Rusenko. Lazar Rusenko is one of several aliases used by a top contract killer with connections to the Gorchoff Family. Rusenko rarely does hits off Earth, so his presence on Poseidon is a good indication that something big is about to transpire—like the assassination of John Bishop.

The GEO believes Rusenko is a veteran of the Russian military and an expert marksman. Consequently, he specializes in clean hits from a distance, preferring to strike from elevation with a sniper rifle.

FINDING RUSENKO

If the characters are unable to follow Rusenko to the hotel, they'll have to find another way to track him down. Again, a large bribe will entice a member of the staff at the Athena Club to reveal that Rusenko has, on several occasions, called to request that a young woman be sent to his suite on the penthouse level of the Dhaliwal Grand hotel.

The concierge and hotel manager will both be reluctant to release information about the hotel's patrons. If shown appropriate authorization, either will allow the characters to look at the registry. While there is no one registered under the name Rusenko, a Dmitri Klesko has been staying in one of the penthouse suites for several weeks. The characters should recall this alternate name from the electronic appointment book on DeFreitas' home network.

According to the registry, Klesko checked in with only two bags of luggage. The concierge will confirm that the man is currently in his room, having returned only recently. The number of Klesko's suite is 2323.

THE ASSASSIN

The door to Rusenko's suite is locked. If the characters identified themselves as representatives of the GEO Patrol, they will have been provided with keycards. Otherwise, the lock can be bypassed with a Complicated Intellect + Electronics roll, or through less sophisticated methods emphasizing brute strength or firepower.

Upon entering the suite, the characters will discover that the room is seemingly empty. However, a quick scan reveals that the door to the balcony is open, its curtains fluttering in the wind.

Always cautious, Rusenko placed several microcameras with radio links to his implanted computer in the hallway outside his suite. When he saw the characters' approaching, he immediately fled outside, first to the balcony and then to the hotel's roof.

Rusenko has identical cameras out on the balcony, so he will know if resourceful and cautious characters try to enter his suite from that direction, as well. In this case, he will enter the hallway through the door and make immediately for the elevator, hoping to escape.

If any of the characters rush blindly onto the balcony, Rusenko will fire at them immediately. A rock-climber's rope leads from the balcony up to the roof. The roof can also be accessed by an emergency stairway located through a marked doorway at the end of the hall outside the suite. Anyone using the rope will have to deal with the assassin firing at them. If confronted on the rooftop, he will use all of his considerable skills to defeat the characters. Rusenko is very dangerous and should prove a challenge for most character groups.

Rusenko will not surrender. He will fight until knocked unconscious or killed. He has little of obvious interest on his person, except for a crumpled handbill announcing an upcoming public address by John Bishop at Athena Plaza.

The moderator should time this encounter carefully. Rusenko called for backup as soon as he spotted the characters approaching his suite. Five minutes from this point, a utility jumpcraft will suddenly appear over the roof of the Dhaliwal Grand. Inside

are five Gorchoff enforcers. The four thugs who are not piloting the jumpcraft will open fire with assault rifles, using the vehicle as a firing platform.

If the characters retreat inside the hotel, the jumpcraft will land on the roof and enforcers will pursue them. If the characters put up sufficient resistance or escape, the enforcers will flee the scene before the authorities can arrive.

ENDGAME

If the characters have been successful, they will have foiled an assassination of the Colonial Administrator. This alone will garner them a great deal of thanks and respect—not only from Lt. Sengupta but also from the GEO, who will make it a point to reward them. The moderator is encouraged to select a reward that is appropriate both to the nature of the ongoing campaign and the direction he wishes to take the game. Possible rewards include public accolades by Bishop, formal employment by the GEO, or recommendations for employment with GEO allies.

Despite the defeat of Gorchoff's plans, several loose ends remain, any one of which would make for an interesting follow-up adventure. Most obviously, the involvement of the Gorchoff Family in such a high-profile conspiracy is troubling to say the least. It suggests the Family is making a serious bid for real power on Poseidon, beyond its tangled network of criminal operations.

More ominously, the characters may find themselves in grave danger, especially if their association with the defeat of Rusenko becomes public knowledge. Vladimir Gorchoff is not used to defeat. In all likelihood, Gorchoff will seek revenge against the characters in the future. Numerous adventures could be constructed around this theme, particularly if the moderator wishes organized crime to play a major role in the campaign.

As for Nicole Mascarenhas and the radical faction of Free Poseidon!, there is almost no evidence linking them to the conspiracy. Consequently, the group could conceivably escape from this fiasco unscathed.

On the other hand, the moderator may decide that Mascarenhas' colleagues in the radical faction are displeased enough with the plan's failure to eliminate her. A compelling follow-up scenario could be



constructed around Mascarenhas' mysterious murder, the investigation of which leads the characters to the realization that her faction was also involved in the plot against Bishop. In any event, Free Poseidon! will remain a thorn in the side of the GEO for years to come, guaranteeing that life will remain interesting in Haven and elsewhere.

NPC STATISTICS

LAZAR RUSENKO

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Earth (Urban)
Backgrounds: Independent, Street
Profile:
Goal Power
Motivation Professionalism
Attitude Cold

Primary Attributes: Build 1, Fitness 2, Agility 2, Dexterity 2, Awareness 2, Intellect 0, Presence -2, Will 1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 1, Reflexes 3, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Firearms, Stealth (Strong) Athletics, Close Combat, Military Weapons, Subterfuge

Primary Skills: Armed Combat 5, Fast Talk 4, Handguns 6, Heavy Weapons 5, Hiding 7, Longarms 8, Sneaking 6, Unarmed Combat 5

Biomods: Accelerated Neurons, Multiglands, Night Vision, Neural Jack, Telescopic Vision

Gear: Small-caliber handgun, light armor vest, sniper rifle

GORCHOFF ENFORCERS

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Colonial (Urban)
Backgrounds: Independent, Street
Profile:
Goal Wealth
Motivation Greed
Attitude Intimidating

Primary Attributes: Build 1, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity 0, Awareness 0, Intellect -1, Presence 0, Will -1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 0, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Close Combat (Strong) Athletics, Firearms, Subterfuge

Primary Skills: Armed Combat 2, Fast Talk 4, Handguns 3, Hiding 2, Longarms 3, Sneaking 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Biomods: Night Vision, Neural Jack

THE EXPEDITION

INTRODUCTION

Three Haven Institute of Science and Technology graduate students secretly want to capture a live aborigine to feed their lust for knowledge, fame, and fortune. Although well funded and unrecognized experts in their areas of study, they do not possess the deep-sea diving skills necessary to undertake such a hunt. Therefore, they have issued invitations to a select few who can help them in exchange for a generous fee.

HOW TO USE THIS SCENARIO

The Expedition is primarily geared for two to four unscrupulous characters in possession of—or the means to acquire—the minimal equipment needed to conduct a deep-sea dive no deeper than 500 meters. In terms of the characters' moral disposition, however, the adventure can easily be adapted to a group of ecoterrorists, undercover GEO Patrol officers, wardens, journalists, or freelancers (see Plot Twists, Extensions, and Adaptations at the end of this scenario).

This adventure is organized into three sections:

The Cast

This section provides the motivation and background for the adventure's major characters. Eessential character statistics and equipment are provided at the end of the scenario.

Adventure Timeline

The meat of the adventure is explained here in varying degrees of detail. Some events are briefly outlined while others are specifically scripted. This section should also provide the moderator with the tools for handling characters who inevitably deviate from the anticipated sequence of events.

Plot Twists, Extensions, and Adaptations

Adventure options have been provided to help moderators expand the adventure, reward or punish character actions, handle unexpected events, or just flesh-out what has been provided. As always, the moderator should feel free to alter or expand the scenario as necessary.

THE CAST

There are three groups of non-player characters:

- The Employers
- The Hunters
- Minor Characters

Game statistics for these characters are located at the end of this scenario, on page 110.

THE EMPLOYERS

Devon Gray

Gray, the only child of one of the most successful North American post-Blight industrialists, has

recently arrived on Poseidon to expand the family business holdings and make a name for himself. Not afraid to use his family name and influence, Devon is ambitious and dangerously eager to prove himself. At his father's request, he attends the newly created HIST business college as a graduate student.

Devon looks and smells good; he's the kind of guy who might grace the cover of men's fashion magazines. He always wears the latest and most expensive, hand-tailored fashions, which fit and match him to a tee. Even the wind and rain won't mar his looks, for his short brown hair is always neatly combed and slicked back. Devon is 25 years old, 1.9 meters tall, and weighs roughly 90 kilos. His fair, unblemished complexion is complemented by bright blue eyes.

Devon's charisma, knowledge of etiquette, and gracefulness naturally command attention in business and social gatherings. However, Devon is like a fish out of water when it comes to dealing with the non-business, nonacademic, and blue-collar worlds.

Raijha Akkad

Raijha, an Iranian-Hindu whose ancestors immigrated to North America before the Blight, accompanied Devon to Poseidon six months ago. Though frowned upon by Devon's father, Raijha is Devon's closest and only true friend. He is a computer science graduate student whose abilities sometimes flirt with genius. Raijha will stand by Devon through thick and thin and shares Devon's dreams of fame and fortune.

Raijha exemplifies the stereotypical computer specialist whose toys come before dress and hygiene on the list of personal priorities. He does not care to waste mental energy or attention on trivial daily conventions and has several duplicates of the exact same clothing—a drab gray denim worshirt, black trousers, and heavy leather work boots. With no time for shampooing and styling, Raijha shaves his head every couple of weeks. He's prone to dark circles under his eyes from sleep deprivation and his workaholic lifestyle. Raijha can look presentable when the situation demands it, such as when he attends a business meeting with Devon.

Lau Yotamitsu

Lau is Devon's Vietnamese-Japanese fiancé and status-seeking soul mate. Devon and Lau met in



Japan as undergraduates two years ago and quickly fell in love. Lau attends the HIST marine biology graduate study program and suggested to Devon that the capture of an aborigine would jump start her career and distinguish Devon's accomplishments from his father's. She is a natural with animals and her empathy enhancement has given her a competitive edge amongst her fellow scientists.

Lau is an attractive, petite young woman whose training as a dancer gives her the curves and grace that turn heads. Her hair is black and long, reaching past her waist. In addition to dance, Lau is also an avid music enthusiast who has devoted half of her implanted microcomputer's storage space to a wide variety of recordings. When working on a lab project or immersed in research, she is almost always seen absentmindedly tapping, swaying, and humming tunes and melodies. Because of the nature of her studies, Lau favors vibrant close-fitting diving suits over everyday clothing when in the field. Of course, Devon has provided her with a closet full of elegant evening dresses and designer casual wear for their nights out on the town.

Manny Montana

By being a calculated, overbearing, ambitious control freak, Devon's father achieved considerable status and financial independence by the time he turned 20. When Devon set off for Poseidon, his father assigned a resourceful, loyal, and highly trained bodyguard to protect him—and to also serve as his eyes and ears on the distant planet. Manny transmits regular reports on Devon's activities to Earth. However, though Manny isn't aware of it, all of these reports are secretly monitored and altered by Raijha and Devon, so his father only finds out what Devon wants him to.

Manny is the epitome of intimidation. More than two meters tall and weighing almost 150 kilograms, this powerful Silva hybrid is a football coach's dream and a boxer's nightmare. He is a man of few words, speaking only to Devon and his entourage except when absolutely necessary. He usually stands his silent post in dark corners, ever mindful of who and what are nearby. He typically wears heavy black leathers that complement his stealthy activities and serve as capable body armor.

GROUP OVERVIEW

In many ways, the graduates are way over their heads. They have the resources and financing and possess a high level of computer and scientific skills, but their overconfidence and sheltered lives of elitist academia makes their plan dubious at best. They have only spent one semester on Poseidon and are quite naïve regarding local culture, and except for Manny, they have almost no street smarts. They basically operate under not-so-accurate assumptions based on what they have read and seen in books and electronic media. The game moderator should keep the following in mind:

• They really don't know how to attract an aborigine. Lau's theory about using Long John as bait is really just an untested hypothesis. However, Lau knows that aborigines are commonly spotted with large migrating herds of sea animals and has used this observation in choosing a suitable hunting ground.

• They have invited some participants with conflicting backgrounds and worldviews that may prove, at the moderator's discretion, problematic (see Plot Twists, Extensions, and Adaptations at the end of the scenario).

• All four are loyal to each other, with Manny willing to sacrifice his life to protect Devon.

• Raijha has taken the necessary steps to make sure no computer traces or espionage devices will successfully record or track the group's activities.

• Raijha and Manny work well together. Using his remotes, Raijha feeds important information to Manny, and Manny has learned to trust this information.

• The group has been careful to avoid breaking the law. Only when the expedition reaches the hunting site and Devon debriefs the hunters over breakfast as to their target are any GEO laws broken. Even so, Devon has some of Haven's best lawyers on retainer.

THE HUNTERS

Gunther Kettman

Gunther was born in 2130 as the youngest child in a German farming family. To his parents' disappointment, Gunther left the farm at age 16 and joined the GEO Marine Corps. As a reward for his years of loyal and distinguished service, Gunther was part of the security detachment for the 2165 Recontact mission aboard the *Perry*. For six years, he helped establish the GEO's presence on Poseidon before meeting and marrying a Poseidon native. He retired at the age of 41 as a highly decorated master sergeant. For three years, he worked in the kelp fields of his wife's native village, until she tragically died of an unknown illness. Heartbroken and without children, Gunther sought solitude and escape as a big game hunter and wilderness outfitter.

Having witnessed the Long John rush first hand, Gunther has grown tired of its chaos and turmoil. Of course, business as a wilderness outfitter has never been better. Gunther realizes he isn't getting any younger and knows that his physical edge is rapidly deteriorating due to his advancing years. Gunther isn't overly concerned about dying, but he is not ready for the complications of old age, even in a time of medical wonders. Daily workouts and a disciplined lifestyle can only delay the problems of old age. As a result, Gunther welcomed the opportunity to earn some real money - he hopes to begin longevity therapy soon.

Gunther definitely looks his age, but years spent in the outdoors and his disciplined regimen have

given him the physique of a 35 year-old iron man. His skin is like leather and his short-cropped hair is pure white. His entire body is covered with scars that bear witness to enough adventures to fill 10 lifetimes. Gunther almost always dresses in a rugged gill suit, especially when out in the bush.

Stahn and Svetlana Kishov

When they were eight years old, these twins were adopted by a Gorchoff Family crew in Haven shortly after their biological parents died in a boating accident. Both have always been grateful to the Family and have never questioned their upbringing and training in a life of crime. They are unaware, however, that their parents were killed by the Family because of past transgressions against the syndicate.

Stahn and Svetlana are two of the most experienced divers in the Gorchoff organization. This is unsurprising, since the organization arranged for the twins to undergo aquaform modification shortly after their adoption. Their modified physical characteristics are fairly obvious, and they are sometimes mistaken for sell-out natives. The twins favor loose-fitting, black drysuits when working on or in the water.

MINOR CHARACTERS

Charles Swanson

Charles is the manager of the Lonely Chef Bar and Grill (see page 103). A year ago, the bar was known as the Waterfront Saloon, but when Charles' father died, his mother played the sympathy card and renamed the bar the Lonely Chef. With the addition of live entertainment, business is booming and Ms. Swanson has used some of the windfall for body sculpting. Diane only comes in once a week to check the books, and her son Charles manages the daily operations. Neither has any clue about the details of the hunting expedition and will notify the authorities if they are tipped off. Both are law-abiding citizens, and neither wants any trouble for themselves or the bar.

INTERACTIONS

• Devon and his group will be friendly and trust the players until given a reason not to.

• Manny, on the other hand, does not trust anyone but Devon and is always on the look out for danger and conspiracy.

• Devon, Raijha, and Lau naively regard Gunther as harmless because of his age.

• Devon has had to defend his decision to invite members of the Gorchoff Mafiya to accompany the expedition. Devon realizes that nothing gets smuggled through Haven without the Gorchoff's getting their share of the action. Rather than lose money - or worse—later, Devon decided he would be better off bringing them in on the expedition. Manny thinks Devon has basically jumped into bed with the Devil, but Devon counters with one of his father's favorite sayings: Keep your friends close and your enemies closer. The moderator can decide if Devon made the right call (see page 109).

• Gunther is an experienced veteran who doesn't need fancy gadgets to get the job done, and he will miss few opportunities to lecture anyone who thinks otherwise. Underneath his gruff exterior, Gunther is a kind, loyal, and honorable man and will help those who are deserving.

• Stahn and Svetlana will not initiate conversation or volunteer opinions. They are professional and observant but will not put their lives on the line for anyone but themselves.

ADVENTURE TIMELINE

DAY 1: THE INVITATION

The adventure begins when one of the player characters receives a text only electronic message on his bodycomp. It reads:

Your reputation and experience have qualified your team to participate in a great scientific expedition. Our private organization needs your help in capturing a member of one of Poseidon's most elusive animal species. More than one team is invited but all will be well compensated for their time and service. A handsome bonus will also be provided to the team that captures the specimen alive. If you wish to participate, all members of your team must be present at the Lonely Chef Bar & Grill tomorrow at 1700 hours, and you will receive further instructions. Be prepared to leave Haven within two days of this meeting, equipped for a 1,000 kilometer, three-day expedition by boat and with diving equipment tested to 500 meters. We will provide the necessary equipment to capture the specimen. Please do not share information about this expedition with anyone. Doing so will disqualify your team from this friendly but rewarding venture. Good luck.



The message concludes with directions to the Lonely Chef, on the Waterfront.

INVESTIGATION

Assuming the characters are interested in inquiring about the expedition, they will have one day to prepare for the meeting at the Lonely Chef. The moderator can determine how long they have by adjusting the time at which they receive the electronic message. Some possibilities include:

• The characters may attempt to trace the electronic message. However, Raijha has insured that the message cannot be traced back to Devon. The message was sent via standard CommCore servers from an anonymous, unregistered account. A skilled character whose player makes a Challenging Intellect + Computers roll will still learn something from this dead end - the sender, whoever he or she is, has access to high-end equipment and considerable computer expertise.

• The characters may attempt to conduct surveillance on the Lonely Chef. This is where Devon and his group made their first mistake. Devon chose the Lonely Chef because its one of his favorite spots and he felt he would have an advantage by conducting the meeting on familiar ground. Unfortunately, the staff know him and they'll willingly share his identity with anyone who asks the right questions. Even worse, Charles Swanson overheard Devon and Lau talking about capturing an aborigine a couple weeks ago, and the conversation stuck with him for obvious reasons. He won't be looking to get the characters in trouble, but some clever questioning will be enough to get the story out of him.

• If the characters do learn their prospective employer's identity, they may wish to do a background check on Devon and his group. A simple CommCore search will turn up a great deal of information—how much depends on the character's action value on an Intellect + Computers roll:

AV 0: Contact numbers, CommCore addresses, and physical addresses for Devon, Lau, and Raijha
AV +1: Hits for all three in the HIST student directory
AV +2: Registration information for the Reliant motor yacht in Devon's name
AV +3: Credit reports for all three—Devon's and Lau's are excellent, Raijha's is a little spotty

AV +4: Two years worth of postings from Devon and Lau in CommCore newsgroups devoted to discussion and speculation about the Poseidon aborigines
AV +5: A paper Lau wrote for one of her marine bioscience classes, archived on the professor's CommCore site, titled "Herding Behavior Among Poseidon's Aborigines"

• Armed with some or all of this information, the characters may decide to do some legwork and speak to some of Devon's friends, colleagues, and professors. Most of the people who associate with Devon consider him friendly, honest, and bright, if sometimes a bit conceited and pampered. Her associates consider Lau brilliant, but ambitious. Many do not entirely trust her—even if she has never done anything to them, she seems like the type who would step on others to get to the top. Raijha's colleagues in the computer science department consider him an eccentric genius. He has a reputation for being able to get machines to do just about anything he wants them to, but he's extremely unreliable and unpredictable.

• The characters may even decide to pay Devon a surprise visit. If the characters show up on his doorstep, Devon will be suitably impressed and extremely nervous. He will pull the characters into his apartment and, in a hushed voice, implore them to leave and wait for the meeting at the Lonely Chef. If pressed, he will become highly agitated but will eventually offer the characters a 500-scrip "security fee" if they will leave and wait until the meeting.

DAY 1: THE MEETING

Devon and Lau will arrive at the Lonely Chef at 1600 hours and sit at a table in the dining area, near the front door. Raijha will remain outside in Devon's car, running electronic security for the meeting. He has planted audiovisual microbugs on both Devon and Lau and is also running a constellation of three surveillance remotes around the outside of the bar. He will be monitoring real-time feeds from these devices throughout the meeting, ready to respond if there is any sign of trouble.

Gunther Kettman will arrive at exactly 1700 hours. Devon will wave him over, and he will take a seat at the table. Devon will also recognize the characters on sight and invite them to sit down. Once everyone has arrived—the Gorchoff twins will not attend the meeting—Devon will make his pitch. He reiterates that he wishes to hire the characters for a scientific expedition whose objective is the capture of a very rare animal specimen. He tells them that Lau is a marine biologist and that she has a plan in place for the capture. Devon insists that the species must remain a secret until the characters have accepted the job and arrived at the field site for "security reasons." Other groups, he says, are also trying to capture the animal, so he cannot yet reveal the exact nature of the expedition.

Devon will be very open about the possible risks, however. He says that the animal is potentially dangerous and that the expedition may well be a hazardous one. As a result, he will pay the characters 25,000cs Biogene to participate in the expedition. He will give another 50,000cs to the team who captures the specimen. If one of the characters haggles and the player wins a Presence + Negotiation opposed roll, Devon will increase these payments by a maximum of 10%.

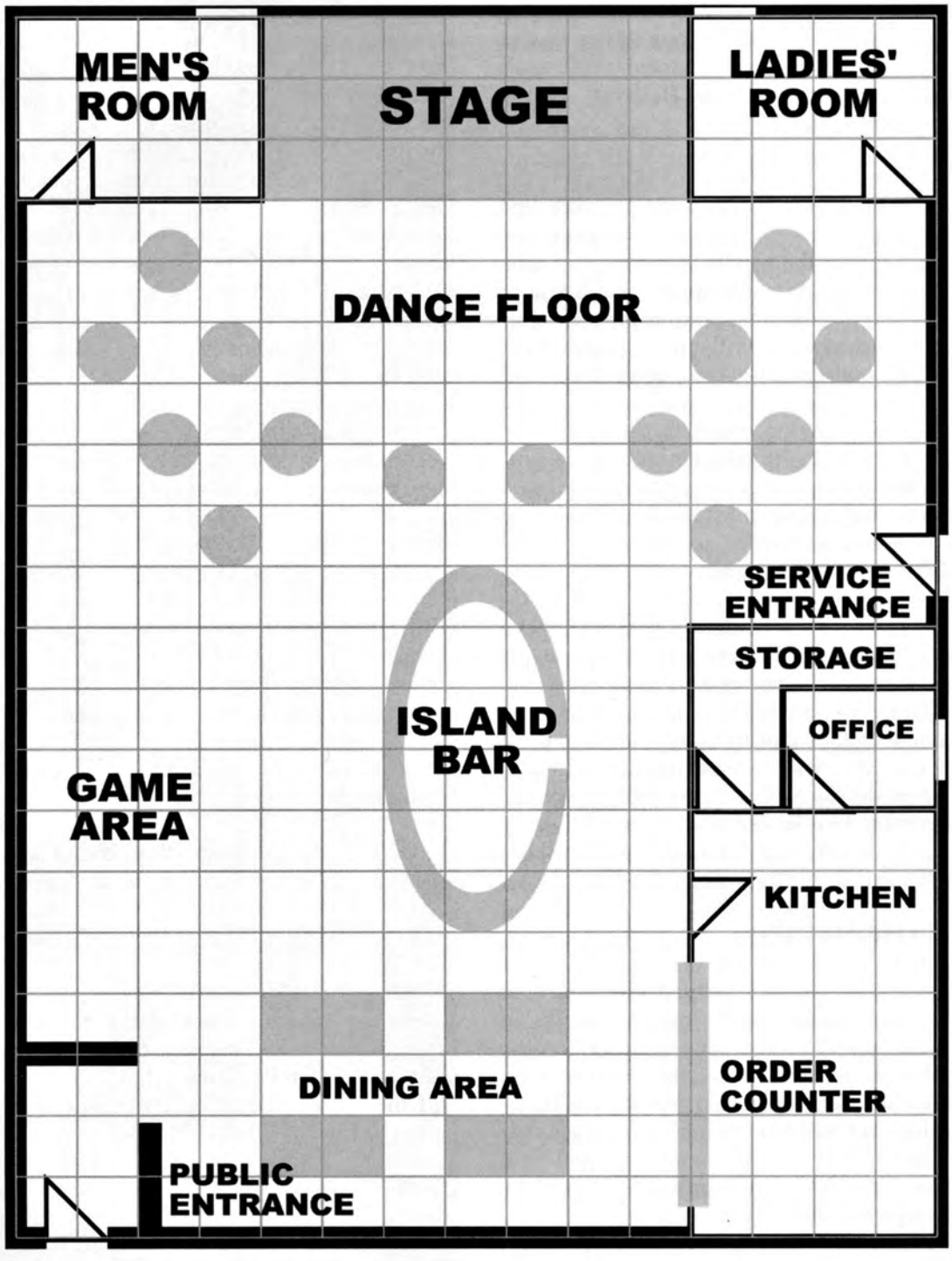
Devon will tell the characters that the field site is approximately 1,000 kilometers northeast of Argos Island, in the Dolphin Sea. He reiterates that they will require a watercraft capable of making such a journey, with a minimum cruising speed of 40 kilometers per hour. They will also need personal provisions, equipment, and diving gear capable of making a depth of up to 500 meters. Devon is willing to advance the characters 10,000cs to meet these expenses.

Devon tells the characters that, if they accept the job, they should rendezvous with his yacht, the *Reliant*, at 0800 hours the day after tomorrow. The *Reliant* will be moored at Pier 31A, Slip 423 in West Harbor.

After hearing the pitch, Gunther will accept the job, and Devon will use his implanted microcomputer to transfer 10,000cs to his account. Gunther will then shake hands with Devon and Lau and leave the Lonely Chef.

Devon will be unwilling to provide much additional information about the expedition. If asked why he wants to capture the species, Devon will nod at Lau, who will tell the characters that it is for scientific research. She will also try to reassure the characters, telling them that she has been on field expeditions like this countless times, and that it should go off without a hitch. She will flatter and charm them, telling them that with their skills and experi-

THE LONELY CHEF



KEY

= 1m

Door

Cocktail Table

Dining Table

Window

ence, the expedition should be absolutely nothing to worry about.

Ultimately, it will be up to the characters whether or not to accept the assignment. The moderator should use Devon and Lau to provide any further necessary enticements. If the money isn't enough to lure the characters, perhaps a personal appeal to one of the characters will be more successful.

DAY 2: PREPARATION

If the characters accept the assignment, they will have to prepare and outfit themselves for the expedition. A hydrofoil (PG 160) with expanded fuel capacity or similar craft would be ideal for the trip. If none of the characters own such a craft, they will be able to rent one for approximately 100cs per day.

The characters will also have to acquire diving gear if they are not aquaforms. To reach a depth of 500 meters, they will either need gill suits with helium rebreathers or hard suits (PG 137).

The moderator should allow the characters to take as much time as they like outfitting themselves and preparing for the expedition. The characters may wish to create a list of their gear—they'll need to know exactly what resources are available to them, and there will be no opportunities to purchase equipment once they are in the field.

DAY 3-4: RENDEZVOUS/CONVOY

When the characters arrive at the designated rendezvous point at 0800 hours, they will see Devon's yacht, *Reliant*, Gunther's ancient fire boat, *Metal Heart*, and the Gorchoff twins' sleek hydrofoil. Devon will send the characters an electronic message with the radio channel they will be using on the way to the site. He advises that they keep the channel open but maintain radio silence until they are well out to sea. Devon also requests that the characters maintain a speed of 40 kilometers per hour and remain in visual contact with the other boats.

CommCore weather services report no storms in the area. If the characters' craft has navigation radar, they can confirm this with a Routine Intellect + Electronics roll. The skies are sunny, the seas are calm, and the westerly breeze is warm.

The field site is approximately 1,000 kilometers west of Haven. The convoy will be traveling south out of Haven Harbor and Argos Bay, then turning west through the straits between Argos and Cairo Island. Continuing west along the northern coast of Sparta, the convoy will then travel around the southern end of Westward and proceed west-northwest through the Copper Islands. Their destination, though Devon will still not reveal it until they are there, is a tiny islet on the far western end of this island chain.

The journey itself will be long but rather uneventful and will quickly settle into a routine. At 40 kilometers per hour, it will take about 25 hours of travel to reach the field site. Devon will provide the characters with the following schedule:

Day 3
0800 - 1300: Travel
1300 - 1400: Anchor for lunch
1400 - 2000: Travel
2000 - 2100: Anchor for dinner
2100 - 2600: Travel
2600 - 0700: Anchor for the night

Day 4
0700 - 0800: Breakfast
0800 - 1300: Travel
1300 - 1400: Anchor for lunch
1400 - 1800: Travel
1800: Estimated arrival at field site

When the convoy stops for meals or to sleep, Devon will suggest that they anchor their boats close together for mutual safety. Indeed, the Gorchoff's boat cannot anchor at this depth and will tie on to *Reliant*. Devon will invite all of the hunters to have dinner on the yacht—he made sure to bring enough for everyone.

This will give the players a chance to roleplay and for their characters to interact with the non-player characters. The moderator should play out these sequences for as long as the players seem interested, developing intrigues and subplots as the situation dictates.

When they arrive at the site, Devon will give them until 0800 the following morning to do what they like. They may wish to check equipment, scout the island, do some underwater reconnaissance, or simply get some rest.

There's not a lot to find on the island—it is completely unpopulated, though there are ruins of what

looks to have once been a native settlement on the western beach. Otherwise, there are not even any animals larger than a couple hands across. The characters will occasionally see sunbursts in the ocean some distance away. If they get closer, it will soon become evident that there's a rather large herd of them in the area.

DAY 5: THE HUNT BEGINS

All of the hunters are required to attend a breakfast meeting on Devon's yacht at 0800 on the fifth day. Once everyone has finished their meals, Devon will finally reveal the plan:

"The reason I have hired you, good people, is that I intend to capture a live specimen of a Poseidon aborigine. Yes, I know this is technically a violation of GEO law, but it is not clear to many of us that the GEO really is the law on this planet. In any case, that's one reason I am willing to compensate your so handsomely.

"Now then, here is our plan. As you may know, Lau here is a marine biologist who has researched the aborigines extensively. Based on her research, we believe there is a strong probability that aborigines may be found in the company of sunburst herds. You may have noticed that there is such a herd in our immediate vicinity. Lau also believes that the aborigines may be attracted to the peculiar electromagnetic properties of xenosilicate ore. To that end, we have brought five kilograms of refined Long John to serve as bait."



At this point, Lau will interrupt Devon's monologue, getting up from the table, hurriedly excusing herself, and hurry toward the front of the boat. Characters who make a successful Awareness roll will notice that she appears pale and weak, walking unsteadily. Devon will frown at the interruption but continue, assuming that she is just seasick.

"Your three teams will position your craft at the vertices of a triangular formation approximately one kilometer to a side. Once you are in positon, my colleague Raijha will use his remotely piloted submersible vehicle to carry the bait below the surface. We will be monitoring the area with passive sonar and will continue the search until we have located an aborigine.

"Now then, I suspect that few if any of you have ever actually seen an aborigine. I have some holovid footage that will give you an idea of their appearance, as well as some clues to their physiological characteristics."

At this point, Devon will use his implanted computer to activate a holovid display set into the breakfast table. The holovid will show bootleg footage of an aborigine dissection, the transcript of which can be found on page 195 of the *Moderator's Guide*. The moderator may allow the characters to read through this transcript. After the holovid, Devon will continue.

"If and when we eventually locate an aborigine, we will use these," he withdraws a heavy spear gun from a duffle bag and hefts it "to subdue the creature. These spear guns are equipped with special tips that will inject a powerful tranquilizer—enough to knock out an elephant for several hours. Given the estimated mass of an adult aborigine, we believe this will be more than sufficient to subdue the creature for an extended period of time.

"Once subdued, we will use this loading crane," he gestures to the mechanism attached to the aft deck of his yacht "to lower a containment capsule into the water. We will then place the unconscious abo-

rigine into the capsule, seal it, and winch it back onto the deck. Once the aborigine is in our possession, we will return to Haven at once, where you will be paid the balance due you.

"That's it. If all goes according to plan, it should be a relatively easy operation. Any questions?"

Devon will do his best to answer any inevitable questions the characters have, but he really doesn't know a whole lot more. He doesn't know for sure that there is an aborigine in the area, or whether the Long John will attract it. He doesn't really know what an aborigine can do, how it will behave, or whether the tranquilizer will be sufficient to subdue it. He will, of course, do his best to conceal his lack of real knowledge.

A few minutes after Devon concludes his briefing, everyone will hear a scream coming from the bow of the *Reliant.* Moments later there will be a splash, and some shouting. If they run to investigate, the characters will see Manny in the water, pulling Lau's unconscious form toward the yacht. Devon, Raijha, and Gunther—and the characters, if they wish—will help the Silva get the woman back in the boat. Devon will carry her down to their cabin and give her whatever medical attention he is able. If questioned, Manny will gruffly report that Lau appeared to simply pass out and topple overboard.

When he returns from his cabin, Devon will report that Lau seems to be feeling better and that she's resting. He will then issue spear guns to each of the characters, as well as Gunther and the twins. He suggests that they take a few hours to prepare themselves—they will begin the hunt this afternoon, at 1600 hours.

Compromised

In truth, of course, Lau has been compromised by an aborigine's chemo-empathic abilities. A herder aborigine (MG 200) is observing the sunburst population in the area, and it hopes to drive off the human encroachers. It has flood Lau's system with powerful psychotropic chemicals that have left her with a deep-seated paranoia and destructive urges. If the characters have the capability to do an onsite blood test—such as a field surgery kit or forensics kit—and think to do so, they will detect high levels of a number of different unidentified chemicals in her blood stream with a successful Intellect + General Medicine roll.

The Hunt Resumes

Allow the characters to make whatever preparations for the hunt they wish. At 1600 hours, Devon will radio that everyone should move into position. As the boats begin to move, everyone is likely to notice that the *Metal Heart*—Gunther's fireboat—is sitting dead in the water. Repeated attempts to hail, whether by radioing or shouting across the short distance, fail.

Eventually, Devon will ask the characters to board the *Metal Heart* and find out what's wrong with Gunther. Devon is concerned that he may have fallen ill as well. If the characters comply, they can search the boat from top to bottom and find no sign of Gunther. He has completely disappeared, though as near as the characters can tell, his diving gear is all still on the boat. There are no clues to Gunther's whereabouts for the characters to find—he's just gone. Devon even has Raijha search the surrounding waters with Little Buddha, but he doesn't find so much as a trace.

After a couple hours of searching, Devon will suggest that they continue the hunt for the aborigine. If Gunther is around, perhaps they will find him. Devon directs Manny to pilot the fireboat. Once everyone is in position, Raijha begins to sweep the area with Little Buddha. He searches the area for hours, until well after sunset, but finds no trace of an aborigine.

Sabotage!

That night, around midnight (3000 hours), Lau will attempt to sink *Reliant.* She will get up, slip from the cabin, and slink down to the ship's lockers. Lau will take a Binex charge (FM 59) from the stores and proceed to *Reliant*'s engine room on the lower deck. She will attach the explosive charge to the oversized fuel cell, set the timer for five minutes, and immediately return to the cabin. Unless one of the characters is on the yacht, observes Lau's sabotage, and disarms the explosive, *Reliant*'s primary power source will be destroyed. Raijha will make what repairs he can, but the yacht will have to limp back to Haven on backup power.

DAY 6: UNINVITED GUEST

The hunt will continue at 0800 on the following day. The morning will pass slowly as the hunters watch the feeds from Little Buddha's cameras and sonar for any sign of an aborigine. They will see nothing but plentiful sunbursts and countless species of tropical sea life.

At about 1700 hours, though, the herder aborigine will decide to shake things up a bit. The aborigine will compromise a lesser white that has entered these waters to hunt the sunbursts. The lesser white is a distant (and much smaller) cousin of the greater white (MG 171) and is a fearsome predator in its own right. The aborigine will subtly alter the creature's senses such that it becomes enraged by the electromagnetic emissions of the boats.

The lesser white will charge the boats and ram them repeatedly until its nose is bloody and raw. It will not stop unless killed or critically injured. The beast is roughly eight meters long and weighs more than five metric tons, so it will be a serious danger to the boats if it isn't stopped.

LESSER WHITE

Range	Planetwide
Habitat	Oceanwide
Length	8 meters
Weight	5 metric tons
Frequency	Uncommon
Threat Level	High
Attacks	Bite 5, Ram 5
Damage Rating	10, 16
Movement	6/14
Build	15
Fitness	3
Agility	-2
Awareness	2
Will	2
Endurance	3
Reflexes	0
Strength	9
Toughness	5
Armor	1

If the creature is dealt with and the hunt resumed, the group will find no further sign of the aborigine. They will notice, however, that the sunbursts are quickly leaving the area throughout the day.

DAY 7: ABORIGINE

At dawn on the following day, Gunther will mysteriously reappear. He will show up on Devon's boat with a strange look in his eyes, occasionally muttering to himself. He will announce that they must all leave the area immediately, that they will die if they remain. Having delivered his warning, he will proceed to his boat and leave immediately. He will fight to the death if anyone makes an effort to physically restrain him.

Shortly thereafter, the herder aborigine will surface near the Gorchoff twins' racer. The twins will be immediately compromised and react badly to the chemicals flooding their system. They will draw their weapons and open fire on the others, in order of their estimated threat level. This will likely mean that the player characters and Manny will be fired on first, followed by Devon, Lau, and Raijha. They will fight for exactly 10 rounds—about 30 seconds—and then collapse into unconsciousness, if they have not already been incapacitated or killed.

During this firefight, the aborigine will be clearly visible to anyone with line-of-sight to the speedboat who makes a successful Awareness roll. Characters who spot the aborigine may take any action against it they wish. Unfortunately, the tranquilizers will be entirely ineffective against the aborigine—it can chemically neutralize them before they begin to take effect.

The only obvious way to subdue the aborigine is with physical violence. If seriously or critically injured, the aborigine will disappear below the surface and attempt to escape. The characters can, of course, pursue it if they have some means of underwater propulsion that will allow them to keep up.

Otherwise, the aborigine will attempt to swim below the surface, closing to within about 10 meters of its attackers. It will then attempt to compromise them. The moderator should treat the aborigine's chemo-empathic abilities as a poison attack with a damage rating of 8 and an onset time of 10 seconds (3 rounds). Instead of subtracting Toughness from this damage rating, however, subtract the character's Will. Then make a normal roll against the effective damage rating. The results are as follows:

Minor Wound

The character is dizzy, disoriented, and weak, suffering a -1 impairment penalty to all actions.

Serious Wound

The character is highly paranoid and suffers self-destructive urges. The character must immediately make a Will roll, applying a -2 penalty. If the roll fails by five or more, the character will attempt to commit suicide. If the roll fails by less than five, the character will be listless to the point of catatonia, incapable of taking any action. If the character

makes the roll, he will be confused and severely disoriented, suffering a -2 penalty to all actions.

Critical Wound
The character must immediately make a Will roll with a -3 penalty. If the roll fails by five or more, the character is completely compromised by the aborigine and open to subsequent suggestions. These are primal, non-verbal compulsions more akin to instinctual urges than commands. The aborigine might compel the character to kill all other humans in the immediate area, dive into the ocean and swim for the bottom, or destroy some physical object. If the roll fails by less than five, the character will attempt to commit suicide. If the roll succeeds, the character will fall into a deep coma.

No armor is effective against this ability. The aborigine will use nanites to breach, and then immediately repair, any environmentally sealed protection such as a hard suit, allowing the chemicals to reach the target's system. The aborigine can use this attack once per action. After approximately 10 attacks, however, its reservoir of active chemicals will be depleted for at least 5 hours.

Characters who succumb to the aborigine's chemical attacks will remain under its influence for approximately 1 hour + (1 hour x the action value of the Will roll), ignoring the negative sign. For example, a character who fails his Will roll with an action value of -2 would be under the aborigine's influence for three hours.

RESOLUTION

How this scene plays out is largely up to the characters. While the aborigine is exceptionally dangerous, it will leave the characters alone if they make no attempt to harm it or if they attempt to leave the area.

If the characters do manage to somehow capture the aborigine and seal it into the transport capsule, Devon—if still alive—will happily pay them the 50,000cs they agreed upon, plus a 10,000cs bonus due to the...unforeseen complications. He will also cover any expenses involved in damage to their boat or personal equipment. If the characters kill the aborigine, Devon will still pay them the 50,000cs, though he will not offer a bonus.

Otherwise, the expedition's fallout depends entirely on the events that transpired. Were the characters forced to kill one or both of the Gorchoff twins? If so, and the syndicate learns of it, they may have earned themselves a dangerous enemy. Gunther, too, could prove to be a valuable friend or dangerous foe. Devon, Lau, Raijha, and Manny, while unlikely to undertake another adventure like this anytime soon, may be valuable contacts for the characters in the future.



And perhaps there were other, silent and unobserved witnesses to the incident. Perhaps the characters have caught the attention of the alien minds that lurk below the waves of Poseidon's seas...

PLOT TWISTS, EXTENSION, AND ADAPTATIONS

NATIVE ECOTERRORISTS

If the characters are too loose with information about the expedition, ecoterrorists will understandably be curious and want to investigate. A number of terrorists might attempt to follow or jump the characters during the expedition.

SHADOWING INTERLOPER

Devon may have unknowingly invited someone who is opposed to the expedition, or who wants to

turn it to their own gain. Anyone who received the original invitation will know the approximate time and place the expedition plans to leave Haven. This "shadow" might be discovered in the harbor, on the way to the convoy site, or at the hunting site. The person could be a law enforcement officer, an Incorporate operative, an ecoterrorist, or a poacher who plans to steal the specimen.

THE TWINS KIDNAP DEVON

Knowing how wealthy Devon's father is, the twins' crew instructs them to kidnap Devon and hold him for ransom. Devon's father will attempt to hire the characters to make the exchange, or with Manny's help, lead a clandestine operation to rescue his son. In either case, Lau, Raijha, and Manny will be helpful allies.

POACHERS

Since Lau has chosen a sunburst migrating area as the hunting site, a poacher ship could encounter the hunting expedition by chance. If the poachers mistake the aborigine hunters for a rival gang, the encounter will almost certainly turn violent.

NPC STATISTICS

DEVON GRAY

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Earth (Urban)
Backgrounds: University, Wealthy
Profile:
Goal Fame
Motivation Pride
Attitude Confident

Primary Attributes: Build 1, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity 0, Awareness 0, Intellect 1, Presence 3, Will 2

Derived Attributes: Endurance 1, Reflexes 0, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Administration, Communication (Strong) Command, Culture, Human Sciences, Subterfuge

Primary Skills: Bribery 3, Bureaucracy 5, Computers 5, Driving 5, Earth Culture 5, Economics 5, Fast-Talk 5, History 3, Incorporate Culture 7, Leadership 2, Logistics 2, Management 5, Negotiation 5, Persuasion 5, Politics 3, Psychology 3, Writing 5

Biomods: Implanted microcomputer, uplink neural jack, body sculpting

Gear: Concealable handgun, drysuit

RAIJHA AKKAD

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Earth (Urban)
Backgrounds: Independent, University
Profile:
Goal Accomplishment
Motivation Loyalty
Attitude Obsessive

Primary Attributes: Build -1, Fitness 0, Agility 0, Dexterity 2, Awareness 1, Intellect 2, Presence -1, Will 2

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 0, Strength 0, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Tech (Strong) Life Sciences, Physical Sciences, Vehicles

Primary Skills: Biochemistry 2, Chemistry 2, Computers 9, Damage Control 2, Driving 5, Electronics 8, Genetics 2, Mechanics 7, Physics 5, Remote Operations 8

Biomods: Implanted Microcomputer, uplink neural jack, spyware

Gear: Concealable handgun, four modified recon remotes, one modified remote-piloted submersible

Recon Remote

Dimensions: 25cm silent lift fan-powered sphere
Range: 500 km
Speed: 45/90
Armor: 0
Durability: -2
Crew: Remote
- forward 180° microcamera with infrared capabilities
- audio sensor suite
- chemical sensor suite
- satellite uplink and location transmitter
- onboard computer
- delivery bay

Remote Submersible (Little Buddha)

Dimensions: 1.5 x 1 x 0.75 meters
Range: 10 km
Speed: 50/80 (surface) 30/60 (underwater)

Combat Speed: 25/15
Armor: 2
Durability: 0
Crew: Remote
Cargo Capacity: 0.5 cubic meters
• 2 retractable utility arms
• 1 communications cluster (satellite uplink, radio, location transmitter)
• surveillance equipment (aft 180° camera, stern 180° camera, radar suite-1, sonar suite-3
• high-power spotlight
• concealed torpedo launcher

LAU YOTAMITSU

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Earth (Urban)
Backgrounds: Independent, University
Profile:
Goal Fame
Motivation Professionalism
Attitude Aloof

Primary Attributes: Build 0, Fitness 2, Agility 2, Dexterity 1, Awareness 1, Intellect 1, Presence 1, Will 1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 1, Reflexes 1, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Life Sciences, Physical Sciences (Strong) Athletics, Fine Arts, Medicine, Survival

Primary Skills: Aquatics 5, Biochemistry 2, Botany 4, Chemistry 3, Dance 7, First Aid 3, Genetics 2, Music 5, Pharmacology 3, Physics 1, Veterinary Medicine 5, Zoology 7

Biomods: Implanted Microcomputer, uplink neural jack, implanted sensory recorder, ESP enhancement

Gear: Concealable handgun, drysuit

MANNY MONTANA

Species: Silva Hybrid
Origin: Earth (Reservation)
Backgrounds: Independent, Rural
Profile:
Goal Survival
Motivation Loyalty
Attitude Protective

Primary Attributes: Build 3, Fitness 3, Agility 1, Dexterity 0, Awareness 1, Intellect 0, Presence -1, Will 1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 3, Reflexes 1, Strength 3, Toughness 3

Aptitudes: (Superior) Close Combat (Strong) Athletics, Firearms, Military Weapons

Primary Skills: Aquatics 3, Armed Combat 5, Handguns 5, Heavy Weapons 5, Hiding 5, Longarms 5, Sneaking 3, Tracking 5, Unarmed Combat 7

Biomods: Neural Jack, Pain Inhibitor, Night Vision, Infrared Sensors, Improved Blood Oxygenation

Gear: Heavy clothes, diamond knife, large-caliber handgun, sniper rifle

GUNTHER KETTMAN

Species: Modified Human
Origin: Earth (Free Zone - Wasteland)
Backgrounds: GEO, Independent
Profile:
Goal Survival
Motivation Adventure
Attitude Disciplined

Primary Attributes: Build 1, Fitness 3, Agility 0, Dexterity 1, Awareness 2, Intellect 0, Presence 0, Will 1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 2, Reflexes 1, Strength 2, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Firearms, Survival (Strong) Athletics, Close Combat, Military Weapons, Stealth

Primary Skills: Aquatics 5, Armed Combat 5, Botany 2, Colonial Culture 6, Driving 5, Handguns 6, Heavy Weapons 5, Hiding 6, Longarms 8, Mountaineering 3, Navigation 7, Orienteering 7, Piloting 3, Shadowing 6, Sneaking 6, Tracking 7, Unarmed Combat 5, Zoology 4

Biomods: Anti-Poison, Immunological Symbiote, Salt Tolerance, Night Vision, Telescopic Vision

Gear: Gill suit, diamond knife, diamond machete, large-caliber handgun, white rifle, Kriegmann

shotgun, digital binoculars, portable navigation suite

STAHN AND SVETLANA KISHOV

Note: Statistics listed before the slash are for Stahn, while the statistics after the slash are for Svetlana.

Species: Human Aquaform
Origin: Colonial (Urban)
Backgrounds: Colonial, Street
Profile:
Goal Survival
Motivation Loyalty
Attitude Confident

Primary Attributes: Build 0, Fitness 0, Agility 0, Dexterity 0, Awareness 0, Intellect 0, Presence 0, Will 0

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 0, Strength 0, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Athletics (Strong) Close Combat, Firearms, Stealth

Primary Skills: Aquatics 9, Armed Combat 3/5, Demolitions 3, Driving 5, Fast Talk 5, Fishing 7, Handguns 3, Hiding 5, Lockpicking 3/0, Longarms 5, Persuasion 5, Sailing 5, Shadowing 7, Sleight of Hand 0/3, Sneaking 7, Unarmed Combat 5/3

Biomods: Neural Jack, Echolocation

Gear: Small-caliber handgun, light armor vest, submachine gun, MHD sled

VEHICLE STATISTICS

LUXURY YACHT: THE RELIANT

Range: 2,000km
Speed: 50/100
Combat Speed: 40
Power: 0
Handling: -3
Armor: 5
Durability: 1
Crew: Captain
Passenger Capacity: 12
Standard Accessories: Onboard computer, sonar suite-3, radar suite 3, satellite uplink
Additional Equipment: Retrieval crane, (4) power skis, hard suit, locator beacon, (4) filter masks, (2) survival kits, (2) first aid kits, four-person rubber raft, two-weeks provisions, specimen tank, (4) handheld sonar transceivers, (4) gill suits
Weapons Locker: Infantry missile launcher, two anti-vehicle missiles, five spear guns with tranquilizer tips (non-lethal, onset time 15 seconds, damage rating 9), 5-kilograms of Long John in locked bioplastic container

MODIFIED FIRE BOAT: THE METAL HEART

Range: 1,000km
Speed: 45/90
Combat Speed: 30
Power: 0
Handling: -2
Armor: 6
Durability: 3
Crew: Driver
Passenger Capacity: 8
Standard Accessories: Onboard computer, sonar suite 2, radar suite 2, satellite uplink
Additional Equipment: (6) concussion grenades, mechanics and electronics toolkits, (2) medkits, heavy armor vest, 10-days provisions, (4) artificial gills, (2) survival kits
Armament: Flamethrower (disguised as water cannon)

Flamethrower

Dimensions: 15 kilograms and 14 liters
Power Source: Heavy cell
Rigging Value: Standard
Durability: 0
Legality: Restricted
Availability: Rare
Ammo Capacity: 10
Rate of Fire: 1
Range: Point Blank/5 Short/10 Medium/20 Long/30
Damage Rating: 15 (double the rating of target's armor)

LOST AND FOUND

This adventure is a scavenger hunt of sorts that exposes the characters to some of Haven's secret people and places. Ranging from a slimy bar in Brighton to a high-priced home on the Terraces, the group will get a tour of the city they will not soon forget.

Freelancers, private investigators, criminals, and characters of an inquisitive nature are ideal candidates for this adventure.

This scenario consists of three major points:

- Ted Sandoval needs someone to recover five items from a sailboat wreck.

- The characters will discover the sailboat was pirated and the missing items have been distributed to a variety of places around town.

- They will visit the Wharf, the Floats, the Terraces, Oceanside, and the Waterfront District in their search.

BACKGROUND

Ted Sandoval is a recruiter for Zero Nation. He works as a bouncer at Three-Eye Dave's, a grimy pub in a bad part of town. The bar is a front for the ecoterrorist group and Ted, who seems to be just one of the grunts working there, is actually running the show.

Ted has become good friends with a few of the regular patrons, among them, Ezekiel Hardy, a student in HIST's marine engineering department and Zero Nation supporter. Ezekiel—Zeke to his friends—also happens to be the only child of Sheridan Hardy, the prominent and formidable director of the research and development division at Biogene's Ballard Arcology.

Zeke's choice of companions—particularly his girlfriend—would appall his father. Alexis Silver is a cat hybrid, a race the elder Hardy finds significantly sub-human. She and Zeke had been dating for nearly a year before she introduced him to Ted. Zeke embraced the Zero Nation doctrine at once and now appears frequently at rallies and recruiting events. In fact, Zeke offered the use of his father's sailboat to transport a small shipment of goods to a cell leader in Babylon. Alexis, the only courier from Haven known by the receiving cell, was to accompany the shipment to shore and exchange it for a crate of guns and ammo. The items in this shipment are destined for an operative named Shadrach, who is engaged in a plan to assassinate Hanover president Werner Keinz—and pin the murder on a purportedly rogue Marshal named Hayden Stack.

Catching the Haven Current south of Southward Island, Zeke and Alexis made great time. About 50 kilometers into the trip, Zeke received an alarming call from HIST that a delicate tissue project he'd been working on was in imminent danger. He dropped anchor and hopped onto the small jump bike they'd brought along, promising to return to Alexis quickly.

Things took longer at the lab than Zeke anticipated, but he hurried right back to the sailboat. At least, he found where he'd left it. A paddle with the *Poco Loco* parrot marked the spot, but the boat was nowhere to be seen. The beacon blipped clearly on his screen and it dawned on Zeke that the boat was directly below him. Zeke didn't know it yet, but



not long after his departure, a small band of pirates hopped the boat, killed Alexis, appropriated everything in sight, and then scuttled the vessel.

Devastated, Zeke went directly to Ted and told him what happened. Concerned about the lost goods but more upset over the loss of his good friend Alexis, Ted encouraged Zeke to go home and lie low while he took care of it. Ted has now gotten in touch with one of the characters' contacts and asked for the group to meet him tomorrow night at Three-Eye Dave's after 2000.

THREE-EYE DAVE'S

Dave's is as seedy as they come. Located in West Brighton, this dumpy little bar attracts all sorts, from dejected newcomers to the occasional group of HIST students looking for something different.

The sign hanging in front of the establishment swings crookedly from rusting, twisted wire. Carved into a meter round of binfa wood, three eyes stare at weird angles from above red peeling painted letters proclaiming the place as Dave's. For the record, there is no one named Dave affiliated with the place, and as far as anyone can tell, everyone here has just two eyes.



From the street, one can hear live music on the weekends blaring through four windows high up on the front wall. It's marginally quieter during the week, with darts tournaments, betting, and Dave's World Class Arm Wrestling on Tuesdays—an event that's sure to attract the ladies. Dave's opens nightly at 2000.

The drinks are strong at Dave's; the bouncer is even stronger. Ted Sandoval stands more than two meters tall and takes up the entire entryway of the bar. He favors white clothing, which makes him stand out even more, since most of Dave's clientele prefer to blend with the night in dark colors. Ted's uniform consists of baggy pants, a tight, white T-shirt, and a white painter's cap on his shaved head. While he's quite accomplished at looking menacing, Ted prefers to avoid confrontation. He's not very educated but pays close attention to what goes on around him.

At the bar, Maurice Meers serves drinks most nights. On busy nights or evenings when Meers joins his band, Bent Ringfinger, Jolly Harris lends a hand. Harris is the bookkeeper and bookmaker at Three-Eye Dave's. Both men look scuffed and overused. Meers has a frightfully long goatee he twists with mustache wax; Harris shuns facial hair but braids his elbow-length mop on bar nights to keep it out of people's drinks.

Two of the waitresses are humans; one is a cat hybrid. All of them are called Nadia, which is Maurice's favorite name and easier for him to remember. On this particular night, the waitresses are rushing from table to table and back to the bar to deliver drinks and baskets of deep-fried sea slugs, a favorite among the arm wrestlers. They seem a bit short handed and if one makes inquiries, he will be told brusquely that Nadia hasn't shown up for work in four days.

There are enough seats in a booth or at the bar for the characters. If they choose the booth, it will be in a far back corner where the waitress will neglect them and they may be in danger from stray darts. If they sit at the bar, Meers will brag about Bent Ringfinger, which, according to him, is the most talented musical group since Crest. Jolly Harris rolls his eyes behind Meers and hollers for Nadia to pick up an order.

Behind the bar, above a collection of dirty towels and aprons, are four framed photographs. Three are of the waitresses working the floor; the last one is of a particularly sleek-looking cat in a blue tank top. This must be the missing Nadia.

If anyone in the group is affiliated with Zero Nation, or makes a Challenging Intellect + Street Culture roll, he or she will know that Three-Eye Dave's is a fairly heavy recruiting location for the Haven cell.

When approached, Ted will ask whom the group works for and questions them about what equipment they have access to. He doesn't really know what specific answers to look for, but he reads people very well and is looking for someone he is comfortable with and thinks he can trust. Arrogance and hostility will likely turn him off to hiring the characters.

THE MEETING

If Ted feels comfortable with the gang, he will ask them to meet at his apartment the next morning. He lives in a surprisingly large and well-furnished high-rise in the Heights. It would be impolite to question his choice of employment or source of income and he will frown without answering if queried. The truth is, Zero Nation pays his living expenses in exchange for keeping up with recruitment quotas.

Ted offers tea or juice to his guests and then sits down in a plush white chair. "Okay, here's the deal. I'll tell you what I can, but most of this operation will be on a need-to-know basis. It's a delicate situation that I can't go into and I hope you understand. The important thing is that you recover the items we lost—and we'll pay you well to do it. I trust you will be, er, discreet about this."

Assuming the characters agree, Ted will describe the following situation:

Three days ago, the missing waitress, whose real name is Alexis Silver, was on a sailboat headed for the Dolphin Sea. The boat belonged to her boyfriend and they were going to anchor overnight, do a little fishing, and then be back the next day in time for her to make her shift. She never made it back.

The boyfriend, Zeke, was called back to Haven for an emergency at his job. He returned on a jump bike, took care of his business, and headed back to Alexis as soon as he could. Ted estimates it took Zeke about nine hours to make the round trip. When Zeke arrived at the spot where the boat was anchored, all he found were a few packets of dry goods and a paddle with the boat's name on it. Checking the local weather reports, Zeke discovered a sudden and furious storm had blown up out of the Haven Current and drove directly through the anchoring location before heading west and blowing itself out. Alexis was an inexperienced sailor and Zeke had never taken time to show her how to operate any of the safety gear on board. He did locate the wreckage with a homing beacon, but needs a team to go down immediately before the signal fades completely.

Ted is evasive about information concerning Zeke and will steer the conversation back to Alexis and the boat. If the characters want to talk to Zeke, Ted will make excuses and refuse to allow the meeting. Zeke's father, Sheridan Hardy, is the director of Biogene's research and development division at the Ballard Arcology. He is also the owner of the sunken sailboat—the *Poco Loco*—and has no inkling about the activities his son has been up to. Ted would like to avoid letting the characters know any of this, if possible.

"There are some items on the boat that I absolutely *must* recover," he continues. "These are the things I am hiring you to find. Whatever else is down there is all yours." He uploads a digital map detailing the location of the wreck and the following list to one of the characters' bodycomps:

- Three sealed bioplastic boxes labeled "rations," "maps," and "hygiene," respectively
- A shipping crate marked "buoys"
- A locked blue suitcase

Ted emphasizes the need for urgency and discretion. He is offering 10,000 scrip for the mission.

THE SHIPWRECK

If the team responds within 6 hours, the beacon signal will be strong enough to clearly locate the wreck. After that, it will weaken perceptibly. In 14 hours, players must make an Awareness +

Electronics roll to pick up the signal. Within 30 hours, it will be undetectable.

If they wait too long and can't make out the signal, the characters can try to locate the wreckage with the map Ted provided and diving to attempt visual identification. A cetacean character or sonar equipment will find the sailboat without a problem.

When found, the boat will appear intact. Ted's story of a storm capsizing the craft is consistent with its condition. The hatches and doors are all open, however, which seems a bit odd for having been hit by a sudden squall. The *Poco Loco* is an expensive sailboat. A character who makes a successful Intellect + Colonial Culture roll knows that the native-owned Lovecraft Boatbuilding Company hand-assembles each craft to the customer's specifications. A check later will show that the *Poco Loco* was purchased by and is registered to Sheridan Hardy.

A search of the cabin, bridge, and galley reveal nothing—to include ropes, kitchenware, the navigational system, and bedding. Further investigation will determine that even things fastened to the boat have been removed or broken off. It's clear that the storm could not have done such a complete job of cleaning out this boat.

A player whose character makes a successful Intellect + Street Culture roll will recognize that this follows the M.O. of a pirating S&S team. Salvage and scavenging is a lucrative business and there are several fences in Haven who would be particularly happy to get their hands on anything from a Lovecraft boat. Some S&S crews work on already sunken vessels; this particular gang clearly boarded, stripped, and scuttled the *Poco Loco*. There is a huge gash on the rear keel that was likely made by a grenade or Binex blast.

A thorough search turns up two cans of rations, the body of a female cat hybrid, and a broken marine radio. If the characters decide to retrieve the body, they will discover what a few days underwater will do to flesh: The stench will become unbearable within a half-hour. They can wrap her in plastic and return her to Ted, leave her where they find her, or release her body into the ocean. If they choose this last alternative, a school of carrion-eating fish will be attracted to the area.

Unless they immediately go off hunting for the stuff, the characters return to Ted empty handed. At his apartment, Ted divulges more information. The true contents of the packages:

- A Marshal Peacemaker (FM 52) was inside the bioplastic box labeled "rations"
- The bioplastic box labeled "maps" contains a dataspike with a tailored programmed reflexes suite
- Inside the bioplastic box labeled "hygiene" is a facial disguise kit (FM 24) customized to match Marshal Hayden Stack
- A customized remote constellation is packed in the shipping crate marked "buoys"
- There is a GEO Marshal's uniform in the locked blue suitcase

A successful opposed roll against Presence + Persuasion may convince Ted to reveal the intended purpose of these items—Zero Nation is setting up Marshal Stack, who has used extreme interrogation techniques on members to try to break the cell. Part retaliation, part Zero Nation agenda, and part message to the Marshals, the ecoterrorist group wants Stack to go down with his head hanging low, framed for the murder of Werner Keinz.

Ted pays the group the 10,000cs he agreed to for the recovery effort. He also offers them 5,000 scrip per item recovered and a 10,000 scrip bonus if all five items are found. The only catch is, he needs the items within three days. He's working on a firm deadline—if he wasn't, he could eventually find replacements for most of the items.

Ted thinks that pirates were at the bottom of the mess. He knows of two or three rings operating in the area and they all work under the same fixer, a greasy, unscrupulous man named Joel Crull. Ted says on most afternoons Crull can be found having an early lunch at Marlowe's at the Wharf. He warns the group that Crull is a self-important jerk and that they need to be on their toes when they talk to him.

THE FIXER

Marlowe's is a cool, soft restaurant featuring an Italian menu and a French wine list. A full bank of windows looks out over the Haven Channel, where

several luxury yachts are readying for an upcoming regatta. Most of the tables are empty this early in the day, but a small man with slicked back hair stands out from the few other well-kempt patrons. According to Ted's description, this would be Crull. He is dining on pasta fagioli and fresh rubber shrimp salad. When approached, he politely asks his guests to sit and insists they order wine. He is as polite as he is dishonest looking.

Crull won't talk business until after he has finished eating. He will discuss anything from politics to oceanography while he feasts. He will also point out an extraordinary looking yacht docked below, claiming it is his. A character making an Awareness + Colonial Culture roll will recognize the vessel as belonging to Mayor Janson Blair's family. If confronted, Crull will insist that he loans it to the Blairs but it is his.

If questioned about the *Poco Loco*, Crull will pretend not to know what the characters are talking about. However, an Awareness + Fast Talk roll shows he is blinking rapidly and avoiding eye contact, sure signs that he's lying. The characters will only annoy Crull if they try to argue with him, making it more difficult to obtain information.

A Presence + Bribery roll will fetch the name of a local gun buyer for 50 scrip—the price of Crull's meal tab. Charlie Tinker is the name Crull gives up. He tells the group that Tinker operates out of the Floats, dealing exclusively with firearms. If there were guns of any value onboard the sailboat, Tinker will know about it. If any of the characters mention the Peacemaker in Crull's presence, he begins offering more information for an inflated price, but then fails to deliver anything of significance:

• For 100cs he tells them that a so-called psychic in Oceanside can help them. He doesn't know the guy's name, but he lives in a blue two-story house on Ephraim Street.

• For another 100 scrip, he suggests they have a look at the Pioneer Arch at the Common Market, hinting that they'll find help there. He is not more specific.

• For 50cs, he offers the address of a pirate in Oceanside. An Intellect + Street Culture roll will reveal that the likelihood of finding a pirate in that part of town is pretty remote.

THE GUN DEALER

If the characters decide to seek out Tinker, they'll find a short, stout man with a twitchy smile and odd, kelp-green eyes. He is not as difficult to locate as one would expect, since he runs the only grocery store in the area, aptly called Charlie's Market. The characters will find him behind the counter, good-naturedly chiding the mother of three children for not buying them sugar-coated seaweed.

When questioned about the gun, Tinker denies knowing anything about it. A successful Presence + Persuasion or Bribery roll convinces him that he *may* have useful information. Depending on the size of the bribe or success of the conversation, Tinker will give up some or all of the following information:

• Willy Birdall, a small-time pirate recently came to Tinker with a heavy bioplastic box marked "rations"

• Birdall thought he had a buyer but wanted to be sure the offer was fair



• When Birdall opened the box, Tinker could barely conceal his astonishment. Inside was a Peacemaker, a gun he'd only heard of

• He tried to talk Birdall into selling it, but the buyer was offering 6,500cs, a price well over the 5,000 Tinker would be willing to pay

• Birdall said the buyer was "Epstein something" Tinker believes it to be Epstein Smoot, an eccentric weapon collector

• Birdall accepted the offer and Smoot has the gun now, as far as Tinker knows

If pressed for more information, Tinker will tell them only that Smoot is "an arrogant geek in the Terraces."

There is no Smoot in the Terraces if the characters check residential listings on CommCore. Other ways the characters may locate him:

• A contact within the GEO Patrol or MacLeod Enforcement may be convinced to look up the information



• A successful Intellect + Computers roll may get a character into Haven Property Management's records, showing that an Epstein Smoot does indeed live in the Terraces and listing his address

• GEO vehicle ownership records are public information—but Epstein doesn't own a vehicle. Epstein, Incorporated does, however, and shows a North Terraces address

• A search for Epstein Incorporated will show that the company has had no employees but has acquired significant income since its creation in 2187

• If they personally know someone who lives in the neighborhood, he will roll his eyes and gripe about the eyesore Epstein has created

The maglev winds through the North Terraces past some beautiful homes built on the lush hillsides. One hardly notices the fat, cylindrical biocrete building tucked between two luxurious mansions. This heavily fortified residence is the target of much complaining, but the owner doesn't care. Epstein Smoot came to Poseidon to be left alone. So far, he has been fairly successful in achieving that, snubbing his neighbors and rarely venturing out of his fortress. The place features security cameras at 10-meter intervals along the eaves, a single, ground-level entry with palm- and optical-reader identification protection, and posted warnings of various intrusion detection devices. There are no windows and the walls are smooth and straight.

If the characters do a fly-by, they will see that a shiny, new Jupiter jumpcraft sits on the roof. There is a door—leading into the building presumably – under a small portico. If the characters land on the roof and approach the door, a successful Awareness + Electronics roll will alert them to numerous motion detectors clustered around the portico. The sensors activate a stunner and the Patrol is summoned to deal with the intruders. The door is almost impenetrable. It is secured by a combination of physical and electronic locks. Opening them will require both a Formidable Dexterity + Lockpicking and Intellect + Electronics roll.

Inspecting the jumpcraft will reveal nothing of interest; the vehicle is so clean, it appears to have just been flown off the show-room floor.

If the characters insist on penetrating Smoot's external security by grappling from the ground to the roof, circumventing the stunner or bypassing the devices on the ground-level entrance, or by any other means, they will find the building practically empty and a loud and painful tone emitting from speakers hidden above the drop ceiling. Smoot and his collection of rare guns are long gone. He escapes through an underground tunnel leading to a neighboring house's garage. The garage is empty, as is the house. The characters won't notice the hidden passage door unless they are looking for it in Smoot's kitchen, behind a wall of pantry shelving. In that case, it will require a successful Awareness roll to spot the well-concealed door.

If the characters simply go up and knock on Smoot's door, he will ignore them. A neighbor, if asked, will volunteer that Smoot only opens the door for people he knows. The man might be convinced (Presence + Persuasion) to help the group out—he knows a friend of Smoot's and will contact her.

Doris Newman gets in touch with the characters right away. She's not exactly a friend, she says, but she knows and visits Smoot occasionally. The truth is that Newman visits the recluse to deliver information. An Intellect + Street Culture roll will reveal that Newman is an information broker of sorts and has plenty of dirt on many people. Smoot is in the blackmailing business as well as gun collecting and pays Newman well for her efforts. Newman may reveal the following facts if a character succeeds with an opposed roll against Presence + Persuasion:

• It's been said that Smoot is planning to start his own civil war here in Haven

• She heard that the guy who sold Smoot the gun was also selling boat parts at a salvage auction in Gorkytown

• Newman has information on Smoot concerning items in his collection that the Patrol would be very interested in hearing about

• Smoot is on the lookout for a technical whiz, but she's not sure what for

In fact, Smoot is caching guns for the Gorchoff Family. He has been working industriously to find ways to activate the Peacemaker and get himself noticed by the syndicate.

How do the characters retrieve the gun?

• A character with a Gorchoff Family contact will be privy to information about Smoot's activities and can work from that angle
• A believable threat of bringing the GEO in to inspect his collection could be enough to force Smoot to deal. They'll have to get in to speak with him, first, though.
• An offer to trade for an equally important piece of equipment may induce Smoot to trade.
• Newman isn't likely to be persuaded to steal the gun from Smoot. However, she is willing to act as a go-between if properly motivated

THE TECH MERCHANT

The Wharf offers myriad opportunities to buy and sell everything under the sun. Ted will suggest the characters talk to a guy named Rollins who has a place in the Common Market. He's been helpful in the past for locating an occasional hard-to-find electronic gadget. Ted also recommends that the group not mention who tipped them to Rollins' place, since it might cause Rollins to think Ted isn't discreet and could interfere with future transactions.

Freddie Rollins is one of many tech merchants in the Common Market section of the Wharf. Dealing in legitimate and not-so-legitimate goods, Rollins buys and sells high-end electronics. His intentionally messy stall is nestled between a holovid dealer and a boat parts trader. Just a few days ago, a shifty looking guy came by offering to sell Rollins a box of buoys. Annoyed, Rollins tried to send the chump next door, but the guy insisted on showing Rollins the buoys before going away.

Curious, Rollins agreed to look in the box. He quickly slid the crate's lid back into place and glanced around nervously. The asking price was too high, but Rollins was eventually able to convince the guy to take 1,200cs and a set of high-quality infrared sensors in trade.

After fiddling with the remote constellation, Rollins discovered they were customized for some kind of combat action. Not sure what he's going to do with them now, he's stashed the entire caret in the jumble in his booth and is thinking hard about it. He's heard rumors that the heat is setting up



some kind of sting operation in the Market and it would be just his luck to get caught with this.

Characters who ask outright to buy a remote constellation can make an Awareness roll to see fear flash behind Rollins' eyes before he sends them to another dealer, claiming he doesn't have any on hand at the moment. He wants desperately to unload the crate, but can't sell to just anyone.

• If a character is successful with a Presence + Acting roll, he may convince Rollins that he is a criminal interested in taking the remote suite off his hands.

• They might also attempt to portray themselves as the original owners from whom the equipment was stolen. This will require a more impressive acting job.

• A healthy bribe (Presence + Bribery) could be enough to prove that the character isn't an undercover officer and Rollins will gladly sell the goods.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

Marco Santeria is a psyche healer—not a psychic, and *not* a fortune teller. Santeria runs a very profitable business on CommCore offering mind healing to those needing help in this overwhelming world. Occasionally he'll do consciousness therapy for customers in the Inner Sanctum, a small, dark, warm room in his Oceanside home that smells of incense and herbs.

He claims to be in touch with the soul of Poseidon and many of his clients believe him. Whether that is true or not, he *is* in touch with the possessions of his many clients: Marco Santeria is a professional burglar. He collects information from his CommCore customers concerning income and property and makes forays to their homes when they've indicated they'd be away.

He also knows a good deal when he sees it and snapped up a Marshal's uniform for a song from a grubby looking guy who looked like he could use the money. The sleazy little man also had a box labeled 'hygiene' that contained a facial disguise kit (FM 24). Santeria doesn't know who Marshal Hayden Stack is, but he can look just like him. This new score will take Santeria's burgling to new heights. Imagine the places a Marshal can access!

Fortunately for the characters, Ted contacts them with a tip: Security footage from a hydroshot game that afternoon shows Marshal Stack buying a cigar from a vendor at the stadium. The comprehensive dossier Zero Nation has on Stack indicates that he is a nonsmoker and not much of a hydroshot fan. If the characters see the recording, an Awareness roll will alert the viewer to the following information:

• This Stack is clearly left-handed. Marshal Stack is ambidextrous, according to Ted.

• A pass can be seen sticking up from the man's breast pocket. Intellect + Computers will allow the character to enhance the image enough to see that it is a season pass to all of the Colonials games. There is a match tonight at 2100.

• The person doesn't move like a Marshal. He lacks the confidence and posture of a well-trained officer.

THE HADES GRILL

At some time during their hunt, the characters are contacted by Birdall. He tells them that he knows where the dataspike is, in fact, it was he who stole it. Now it's been stolen from him and he's willing to help the group recover it—for a fee.

He suggests they meet him at the Hades Grill. He will be wearing a red jacket and sitting in a booth near the bar.

The Hades Grill in south Brighton is hopping: The dance floor is packed and the band is hot. On front center stage is a provocatively dressed woman of perfect proportions. This is Sha' Taylor Moore. She is an operative in Haven's Blue Water Circle cell.

When that rat Birdall came by selling a bioplastic box labeled "maps," Moore laughed in his face. The smile slid away when he showed her that the contents were no laughing matter. She checked the dataspike to insure Birdall was telling the truth. He was: the spike contained a tailored programmed reflexes suite. Moore bargained with the man for a bit, then brought in the muscle, Rob West, to send the unlucky pirate away empty-handed.

Birdall can hardly take on the whole cell, so he's out the 500cs he thought was rightfully his. He's pretty ticked off, in fact, and has possibly found a way to screw Moore over *and* get his money.

Cheered by that prospect, Birdall sits at the bar watching the door. Moore hasn't noticed him yet, but when she does, he will be expelled from the club. A friendly ear is what he needs.

When the group enters the building, the first thing they notice is the singer. Her voice sounds like a perfectly tuned instrument.

They will see a man in a red jacket is watching them. When approached, he makes room for them and begins chatting. He complains about the music, which is quite fantastic, and the people in the bar, claiming the whole lot of them to be BWC fanatics. If the characters feign interest (Awareness + Acting), Birdall will tell them that he once had a relationship with Moore (of a business nature only, but of course he won't admit that).

A successful Presence + Persuasion roll, along with some good roleplaying, gets more information:

- Birdall will admit—and even brag—that the dataspike is a programmed reflex suite

- He'll pay good money to get that dataspike back —or take good money to tell who has it

The characters can attempt to recover the dataspike in a number of ways:

- Some members can infiltrate the cell by joining up. The Hades Grill is a popular recruiting spot for BWC.

- Acting as Birdall's muscle, the characters can demand the return of the dataspike from Moore.

- They can sneak into the club during the day when it's not open and steal the dataspike from the locked strongbox Moore keeps it in. The strongbox is in the Hades Grill's office, in a desk drawer.

- They can approach Moore and offer to exchange money or future services in exchange for the dataspike.

WRAPPING UP

Once the characters have collected all of the items, run out of time, or given up, Ted will set up another meeting to arrange payment. If they have managed to recover all of the items, he will be extremely grateful and suitably impressed. He may even ask if they are interested in further employment. If the characters have been especially professional and discrete, Ted will probably tell them a little about Zero Nation. The moderator should bear in mind that he's a recruiter, first and foremost, and he won't miss an opportunity to net some capable prospects.

Obviously, if the characters are careless or indiscrete, Ted will be extremely displeased. He's usually not one to hold grudges, but he has enough contacts throughout Haven's underworld to make the characters' lives interesting.

Either of these possibilities may lead to further adventures involving Zero Nation and the Haven underworld.

NPC STATISTICS

TED SANDOVAL

Primary Attributes: Build 3, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity -1, Awareness 2, Intellect 0, Presence 1, Will 0

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 1, Strength 2, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Communication (Strong) Athletics, Close Combat, Culture

Primary Skills: Armed Combat 4, Colonial Culture 5, Earth Culture 6, Fast Talk 3, History 3, Negotiation 3, Persuasion 6, Politics 4, Unarmed Combat 7

JOEL CRULL

Primary Attributes: Build -1, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity 1, Awareness 2, Intellect 1, Presence -1, Will 0

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 1, Strength -1, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Communication (Strong) Administration, Culture, Subterfuge

Primary Skills: Bribery 6, Colonial Culture 7, Fast Talk 8, Negotiation 8, Persuasion 7, Street Culture 7, Unarmed Combat 2

CHARLIE TINKER

Primary Attributes: Build -1, Fitness -1, Agility 0, Dexterity 1, Awareness 2, Intellect 0, Presence 1, Will 0

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 1, Strength -1, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Firearms (Strong) Administration, Culture, Subterfuge

Primary Skills: Bureaucracy 2, Colonial Culture 6, Economics 3, Fast Talk 2, Handguns 6, Longarms 6, Mechanics 3, Negotiation 3

EPSTEIN SMOOT

Primary Attributes: Build 0, Fitness 0, Agility -1, Dexterity 2, Awareness 1, Intellect 2, Presence -2, Will 1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 0, Strength 0, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Tech (Strong) Fine Arts, Firearms, Physical Sciences

Primary Skills: Computers 7, Demolitions 5, Electronics 7, Handguns 5, Longarms 3, Mechanics 3, Negotiation 3, Remote Operation 5

FREDDIE ROLLINS

Primary Attributes: Build 2, Fitness 1, Agility 0, Dexterity 0, Awareness 1, Intellect 0, Presence 1, Will 0

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 0, Strength 1, Toughness 1

Aptitudes: (Superior) Tech (Strong) Administration, Vehicles, Subterfuge

Primary Skills: Bribery 4, Colonial Culture 4, Computers 3, Economics 4, Electronics 5, Fast Talk 3, Law 2, Mechanics 4, Negotiation 6, Piloting 3, Street Culture 6

MARCO SANTERIA

Primary Attributes: Build 0, Fitness 1, Agility 2, Dexterity 1, Awareness 1, Intellect 0, Presence -1, Will -1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 1, Strength 0, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Subterfuge (Strong) Athletics, Fine Arts, Tech

Primary Skills: Acting 3, Bribery 3, Colonial Culture 3, Computers 3, Economics 2, Electronics 5, Fast Talk 6, Hiding 5, Lockpicking 6, Persuasion 5, Sneaking 5, Street Culture 4

WILLIE BIRDALL

Primary Attributes: Build -2, Fitness 1, Agility 1, Dexterity 0, Awareness 1, Intellect -1, Presence -1, Will -1

Derived Attributes: Endurance 0, Reflexes 1, Strength 0, Toughness 0

Aptitudes: (Superior) Subterfuge (Strong) Close Combat, Survival, Vehicles

Primary Skills: Armed Combat 4, Colonial Culture 5, Driving 4, Fast Talk 3, Handguns 4, Longarms 2, Navigation 2, Negotiation 2, Piloting 3, Street Culture 4, Unarmed Combat 5

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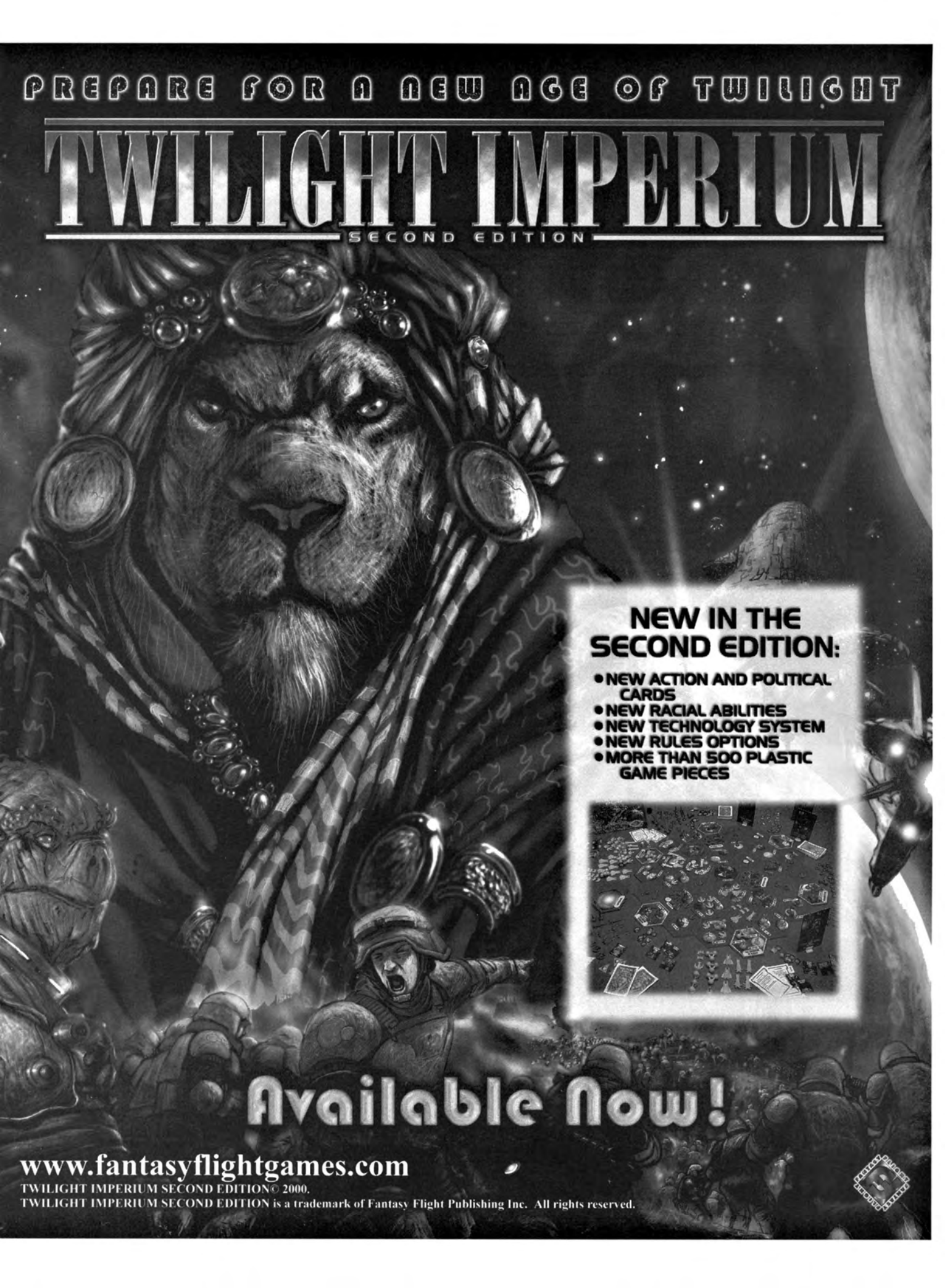
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This campaign sourcebook contains a wealth of detailed information on Haven and its environs that will enrich any Blue Planet game. Whether you're a player who wants to add depth and detail to your character's background and contacts or a moderator who needs to add a street-level edge to your campaign, First Colony is an invaluable resource.

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- The newcomer's survival guide to the colonial boomtown
- In-depth information about Haven's districts and neighborhoods
- Useful facts about the colonial capital's history, politics, culture, and commerce
- Detailed dossiers on the city's most famous - and infamous - residents
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- Four complete and ready-to-play adventure scenarios set in the city of Haven

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