

BATTLESTAR

GALACTICA

—ROLE PLAYING GAME—



AN ACT OF TREASON

**AN ADVENTURE FOR USE WITH THE
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA ROLE PLAYING GAME**



AN ACT OF TREASON

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INTRODUCTION

"An Act of Treason" is a complete adventure for the *Battlestar Galactica Role Playing Game*. It is designed to be run as a one-shot scenario. It includes everything you, the gamemaster, will need to run the event, including player character sheets designed specifically for this adventure.

This adventure could be played as a starting point for a campaign, or even possibly used as a "flashback adventure" in which one or more characters remember the events that will be portrayed. Aboard the *Galactica*, a character could, for example, recognize one of the terrorists you'll become acquainted with shortly. When the wild chase through the Bucket's corridors starts, the characters remember the events depicted in this adventure. However, you will likely have to make a number of adjustments to make it fit your storyline and the player's characters.

"An Act of Treason" is set shortly before the Cylons attack the Twelve Colonies. The PCs are elite Viper pilots who serve in the 71st Battlestar Group (BSG) under the command of Admiral Nagala. They are assigned to Red Squadron, Atlantia's elite Viper squadron that consists of BSG 71's best pilots and best fighters. Admiral Nagala brought this squadron into being, personally selected its members and reorganized Atlantia's Red Squadron as a group of pilots without a set mission profile, allowing the squadron to accept almost any mission.

In the adventure, the PCs foil a plot against President Adar and fight Sagittaron terrorists who have seized a tylium mine on an asteroid outside of the boundaries of the Twelve Colonies. When they receive a badly garbled message that says that the Colonies are under attack, the PCs have to make a tough decision.

CHARACTER INVOLVEMENT

As noted, "An Act of Treason" assumes that the PCs being used are the ones that are provided. Who they are and how they are involved in the plot follows:

- Captain Alice "Hera" Nesbitt, Atlantia's CAG and appointed commander of Red Squadron
- Lieutenant Balthazar "Bullseye" Pollack, Hera's wingman
- Lieutenant Sean "Cobra" Keener
- Lieutenant (junior grade) , Dean "Argus" Masterson, Cobra's wingman
- Lieutenant Sophie "Maelstorm" Edwards
- Lieutenant (junior grade) Seth "Hector" Harlan, Maelstorm's wingman

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

Richard Adar, the leader of the Colonial government of the Twelve Colonies, will hold a speech at the planetary parliament on Picon. Since President Adar is still facing political strife for military actions he was willing to use to resolve a drawn-out teachers strike, he requested Atlantia's Red Squadron to escort Colonial One from and to its jump point in high orbit above the planet. Moreover, he wants the Commander of Atlantia's Air Group and his men to attend his speech in full dress uniform. Apparently, he wants to illustrate that he is still backed by the Colonial military.

While the PCs escort Colonial One to Picon's surface, an armed cargo transport suddenly appears and the PCs have to decide quickly whether they want to open fire or warn the alleged terrorists off, before shooting down the unidentified vessel.

During Adar's speech, the PCs notice a Sagittaron sniper who seems to be aiming at the President from the closed area of the Plenar hall. They have to protect Adar not only from the sharp shooter, but also from the stampeding crowd. Adar orders them to go after the assassin who is using the general panic to escape.

The alleged assassin is captured and interrogated. He admits to being a member of the Sagittaron Freedom

Movement and discloses that the movement's current leader has seized a tylium mine and is willing to blow it up.

The next day, Julius Pratt, the S.F.M.'s leader, delivers a televised speech and makes his claims known. The PCs are ordered to reclaim the mine and disarm the nuke. Will they succeed?

ACT ONE

The adventure begins with the PCs' Vipers taking off from Atlantia's launch tubes. While they arrive at the secret rendezvous point in time, Colonial One, however, does not. Take the opportunity to encourage the players to engage in roleplaying. Their characters may, for example, chat away cheerfully or brag about their flying skills. If they make this short scene enjoyable for everyone, the players should earn Plot Points. When there's nothing left to say, hand out copies of the adventure script. Each player reads one part. If you have six players, each player reads one part, if you have fewer players, assign additional parts as necessary. Pick up the action with the adventure script as "Cobra" begins to read.

Finally, the luxurious starliner that bears the air traffic control call sign "Colonial One" and the line of ships that accompany it have arrived. As the PCs verify Colonial One's transponder code, read:

A presidential convoy is a fascinating sight, particularly in space. Even from

twenty clicks out, the phalanx of more than half a dozen ships deeply impresses you. Three FTL-capable atmospheric shuttles lead the way, followed by a specifically configured, highly customized passenger liner starship. This is the craft that carries "Phantom" – the code name assigned to the President - and this staff; Colonial One. Following after the starliner trail a few government-owned shuttles and transports.

As ordered, four of the PCs' starfighters fly in a tight formation in front of the presidential convoy while Hera and Hector bring up the rear.

They haven't come far when an unauthorized vessel jumps astern of the convoy and closes in on it alarmingly fast. Suddenly, all hell breaks loose. Read:

"Landslide. Landslide," Special Agent Brooks, the officer in charge of Adar's security detail, shouts through the secure line, "We've got a possible bogey behind us. Intent? Repeat, Intent?"

"Landslide" – the code for a possible space borne attack – has obviously triggered a series of preset, well-trained, and almost instinctual reactions from Brook's team. Apparently, he now needs real information, and he needs it fast.

It is an AVERAGE (7) task to identify the Heavy¹ (Viper's *Alertness* + pilot's *Technical Engineering*). Read:

According to the Colonial transponder code she broadcasts, the freighter's name is "Cassiopeia VII." The code also details the ship's specifications, port of origin as well as manufacturer, and identifies the Colonial Movers Corporation as the current owner. Cassiopeia VII's captain, Vince Haddon, seems not to have acquired the permit to arm his non-military ship with the railgun turret that has been mounted above the bridge, though.

The medium bulk freighter is marked with a four digit number that indicates that it is transporting hazardous material. This number can be referenced by first responders to find information about the material. Since the sensor readouts show a slightly elevated level of radiation emitted by the freighter, you assume that Cassiopeia VII is loaded with radioactive substances.

Captain Haddon does not respond to his radio when hailed. If the PCs made their rolls, they know for sure that it is working, though.

Unbeknownst to them, Haddon did not

¹ Civilian transport vessel over a certain gross weight/mass

know that his ship, that is indeed partially laden with a radioactive, metallic and a toxic chemical element that is to be used in one of Picon's numerous radioisotope thermoelectric generators, was jumping into a no-fly zone and he is completely out of his depth now. Since he suffers from *COMBAT PARALYSIS* (d6), he is still unable to act. For the past couple of turns, he couldn't even take non-actions and answer his radio. That is about to change, though. Read:

"Red Squadron, this is Colonial One," Agent Brooks shouts, "We've got a suicide attacker who could be armed with a nuclear weapon and he's coming after 'Phantom.' Engage immediately... Take the motherfrakker out now, for the Gods' sake!"

Unexpectedly, another voice billows out of your loudspeakers. The freighter's captain uses an open channel that is reserved for general notices regarding traffic patterns, conditions at Picon's spaceports or other factors civilians should be aware of when heading in or out of a port.

"Picon Approach Control... er... this is the Cassiopeia VII, Captain Haddon speaking," he says timidly, "We are inbound on... er... Approach Lane Niner-Gamma to Century City with... er... assorted cargo and 252 souls. Request landing instructions. Please

respond immediately."

It's up to the PCs whether they shoot the harmless transport down immediately or go against their orders and fire off a warning shot, for example. *Cassiopeia VII* will not defend itself and heave to within two turns.

If the PCs shoot the freighter down, Picon's gravity well will drag it down mercilessly. *Cassiopeia VII* will crash on the planet and its radioactive cargo will be dispersed over a large area unless the PCs are quick on the uptake and come up with an idea to avert this catastrophe.

Depending on how the PCs ward off the danger, award them with two to four Plot Points. The rest of the short trip is uneventful. Proceed to *Act Two* immediately.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE: SHOTS FIRED

The PCs land at the military section of Century City's spaceport, and are driven to the barracks where they are able to change into their dress uniforms. They know that Adar's personal security detail will probably not tolerate firearms other than their own in the President's proximity. Once changed, the PCs are driven to the House of Parliament and enter the plenary hall.

The attitude of the president's detail toward the PCs will be determined by how they reacted in the previous scene. Regardless of how they are treated, they

will not under any circumstances be allowed to carry a weapon of any kind. Everyone entering the hall is physically searched as they enter, thus concealing a weapon is not an option. Read:

Despite your best attempts to maintain your somewhat stereotypical role as irreverent and cynical fighter jocks, the majesty of the soaring columns of the plenary hall makes even you fall silent.

The plenary hall of Picon's parliament meets the contemporary and functional demands of a modern assembly hall. It is a vast, day lit, space with glazed roofing over its entirety. A highly effective prismatic daylight system reflects away the direct sunlight and therefore avoids glare effects and a disturbance of the interior climate. The intensive zenith light and the incoming less blinding light from other directions are directed into the interior space, creating optimal viewing conditions.

The PCs take a seat in the plenary hall right behind the President and listen to his speech which is indeed a triumph to the art of speech writing and eloquence, but bores the PCs stiff regardless. They begin to fidget in their dress uniforms as the President drones on. They look around the hall bored out of their minds by the droning speech and may make an

Alertness + Perception / Sight Skill roll. It is a HARD (11) feat to spot the sniper who has taken up position on one of the plenary hall's balconies. Read:

Almost concealed by one of the hall's majestic columns, a dark-clad figure lies hidden on one of the balconies that were closed off to the public and that tower over the silent assembly hall. Apparently, the man is looking through a sniper rifle's sighting device, aiming at President Adar and steadying his breath to take a shot.

The PCs who have spotted the sniper have to act quickly to shield the President by making an AVERAGE (7) *Agility + Alertness* Attribute roll. Only PCs who are aware of the sharp shooter can act in the following turn, though. They roll for Initiative just as the sniper. PCs that are unaware of the imminent attack do not get to act. Only if no one spotted the sharp shooter will Agent Brooks shout, "Gun!" and drag the President away.

The precision rifle's loud report is almost deafening. Unexpectedly, the audience falls silent as if holding their collective breath in silent anticipation of what's to come. Then, the crowd begins to stampede in all direction as panic grips the spectators. Dignitaries scream in horror while they are perplexedly trying to save their hides.

Meanwhile, the assassin gets up slowly and turns away as if to leave the large balcony without taking the rifle with him, as it is now resting against the balcony's railing.

"Take that motherfrakker down," a familiar voice suddenly orders. As you look back you see that, contrary to your expectations, President Adar is completely unharmed, yet boiling with rage.

"Now!" he orders as his security detail swarms around him and whisks him out of sight.

As the PCs shift through the crowd, another man pushes his way into the clear and reaches inside his jacket. Again, the PCs have to decide quickly whether they want to take him down or not. Run combat as necessary, but if the man is subdued or allowed to show what he was reaching for, it turns out it was only his cell phone.

To reach the balcony in time, the PCs have to exit the plenary hall, cut across the lobby and run up two flights of stairs in less than 10 turns. This requires a **FORMIDABLE Complex Action (75 vs. Agility + Athletics / Running)**. Each roll represents a time increment of one turn.

If they make it to the balcony in time, they'll meet the terrorist who has just armed a suitcase bomb that lies next to the door. If they don't make it in time, the sniper has already left.

The balcony is as empty as the assembly hall it is overlooking. Although the Milirem 700 precision rifle still leans against the railing, the shooter has vanished without a trace. As you turn to leave, you cast a cursory glance at a black suitcase that lies next to the door. The realization that you're looking at an armed time bomb and that there are only 21 seconds left on its timer takes away what little is left of your breath.

A quick glance and an **AVERAGE (7) Alertness + Heavy Weapons / Demolitions** Skill roll reveals that the suitcase bomb is clearly a simple scratch-built device consisting of roughly four pounds of G-4 military grade plastic explosive with an A-type military grade blasting cap as the detonator. Taking a full-turn action to take a closer look and an **HARD (11) mental feat (Intelligence + Heavy Weapons / Demolitions)** are required to estimate that the explosion of four pounds of G-4 will break the ceiling and at least one load-bearing wall. It is highly probable that the parliament building will collapse. However, it is a **HEROIC (19) task** to notice (**Alertness + Perception / Sight**) that the detonator is not connected to the electronic timer and that the bomb is either a fake or was assembled unprofessionally.

The PCs can choose to concentrate on the bomb, the sniper or both. If anyone stops to disarm the bomb, they face a HARD (55) Complex Action (*Alertness + Technical Engineering / Disable Devices*) with each roll taking one turn. Unless the PCs are able to procure a demolitions kit that contains everything needed to disarm explosive devices, they have a -1 Skill step penalty. Each roll represents one turn's work. The PCs have exactly seven turns to disarm the bomb. They may indirectly assist one another by rolling as usual and adding the highest of their rolls to the total. If the PCs unexpectedly succeed, the timer does not shut off. When it reaches 0, read:

The timer continues its relentless countdown and it is going to win! "Oh frak, this isn't going to be good," is your last thought as the electronic timer mercilessly reaches zero. The bomb, however, does not go off. You can't believe your eyes when you reopen them and see that the counter's digital display now reads, "DO WE HAVE YOUR ATTENTION NOW? SGD. SFM²"

The PCs in pursuit of the sniper realize

² An AVERAGE (7) *Intelligence + Knowledge / Appropriate Specialty Skill* roll is all it takes to know that S.F.M. stands for "Sagittaron Freedom Movement." The S.F.M is a paramilitary organization devoted to overthrowing the local government on Sagittaron that was installed by the government of the Twelve Colonies to facilitate what some believe to be an exploitation of the planet's resources.

that the terrorist has obviously headed downstairs via the staircase at their left which also leads to the lobby.

Once they reach the locked down building's crowded entrance hall, the PCs must hunt for the assassin by trying to remembering what he looked like. An AVERAGE (7) *Intelligence + Willpower* Attribute roll is required to remember the right man correctly, and a HARD (11) *Alertness + Perception / Sight Skill* roll immediately spots the man in the crowd.

Overpowering the young man is easier than anticipated because he is unarmed. Grabbing him requires nothing but an EASY (3) *Agility + Unarmed Combat / Appropriate Specialty Skill* roll.

"My name is Abraham Driscoll," says the young, exhausted man as you forcibly floor him, "I am a member of the Sagittaron Freedom Movement. I would like to point out that under the 23rd Article of Colonization non-combatants, combatants who have laid down their arms, and combatants who are out of the fight due to wounds, detention, or any other cause shall in all circumstances be treated humanely, including prohibition of outrages upon personal dignity, in particular humiliating and degrading treatment. Apart from this, I wish to exercise my right to remain silent".

Driscoll is taken into custody and interrogated. If they don't want to wait until local or federal law enforcement officials show up, the PCs can run the interrogation. After all, they were ordered by the President to take him down. Interrogating the prisoner is a HARD (55) Complex Action (*Willpower + Discipline or Influence / Interrogation*). Every roll costs five minutes of time. The PCs may indirectly assist one another. Threatening to physically harm the prisoner grants a +1 step Skill bonus, while actually hurting him increases the modifier to +2 Skill step. However, the PCs know that torturing a prisoner in any way is considered vile behaviour and will bring disciplinary retribution.

You, the GM, must roleplay the prisoner who remains silent or lies until the Difficulty Threshold is reached or exceeded. A Botch not only increases the Threshold to break the prisoner to FORMIDABLE (75), but also means that a good, believable lie is told. It will be a HARD (11) mental feat (*Willpower + Perception / Appropriate Specialty*) to see through the prisoner's lies and rolling a second Botch silences him once and for all.

Eventually, the prisoner breaks and tells the PCs that he is a member of the Sagittaron Freedom Movement. He proudly says that he is a sleeper who had been placed on Picon not to undertake an immediate mission, but rather to act as a potential asset if activated at a later point

in time. During the last three years, he did nothing to communicate with the S.F.M., nor did he obtain much information beyond that in public sources. Yesterday, however, he received word that the movement's current leader and a group of paramilitary trained freedom fighters have laid a scheme that will shake the Twelve Colonies to the very foundations. To attract the Colonies' attention, Driscoll was ordered to shoot at the Colonial flag while Adar was holding his speech. He was explicitly ordered not to hurt anyone. That is all Driscoll knows.

Overcoming this challenge should merit a reward of two to four Plot Points. Allow the players to discuss the unexpected turn of events. Once they're done, proceed to *Scene Two: Sit Rep*.

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO: SIT REP

The very next day, the PCs gather in Atlantia's briefing room. The calm, almost solemn atmosphere inside the briefing room is very unusual. No laughter is heard and the pilots around you speak in hushed tones, if at all.

Then, after a seemingly endless time, Admiral Nagala enters the room. BSG 71's actual, the "Old Warhorse", as Nagala is affectionately called by almost the entire crew, steps up to the podium and places a data disc on the desk.

First and foremost, Nagala orders the

PCs to stand at ease and comments on the outcome of the PCs' original mission.

Whether he is considerate towards the PCs or scolds them depends on how they acted during *Act One*. Then he loads the disc into the reader below the desk's surface. Read:

"The Sagittaron Freedom Movement has claimed responsibility for the attempt on Adar's life, " Nagala says morosely, "See for yourselves."

After the Admiral has pushed a button on a remote control, the big, flat screen behind Nagala shows the image of a man with a pale stern face. His well-groomed dark hair is flecked with grey and his keen brown eyes are gleaming.

"Citizens of the Twelve Colonies of Kobol, listen to me," the charismatic agitator requests in a clear, resonant, and attractive voice, "I am Julius Pratt, spokesman of the Sagittaron Freedom Movement.

"You were told that there has been an attempt on President Adar's life. That is not true. The Adar administration has spoon-fed half-truths and lies to the media. If we wanted Adar dead, we would have killed him. In fact, the shot was not aimed at Richard Adar, but at the Colonial flag behind him, the very symbol of the political oppression we rise up against.

"We are not terrorists. We have

killed no one. We have indeed gone to great lengths to avoid bloodshed. We are not criminals, either. We merely exercise the rights that were assigned to us.

"Less than 60 years ago, each colony was sovereign. However, in response to the Cylon War, the founders of the Twelve Colonies of Kobol passed the Articles of Colonization to unite against their common enemy. In these Articles it is written that, whenever the government becomes destructive, it is the right of the people to alter and abolish it, and to institute a new government.'

"We are invoking our right to rise up against the course of President Richard Adar. Your days of partisan politics and slowly turning our beloved federal republic into a military dictatorship are finally over. You have had the time and the opportunity to show us, the people, that freedom and equality matter to you and you have done nothing. To this day, Sagittaron endures exploitation at the hands of the other colonies.

"The time to act is now. We are directing Richard Adar to withdraw his budget and construct a new one that will contain no new or increased taxes and that will cut all unnecessary military programs. Moreover, the budget will adopt the financial

development assistance as proposed by Sagittaron's elected representative. These funds will be used to support the economic, social and political redevelopment of Sagittaron and the other colonies that still suffer at their bigger brothers' hands. Furthermore, we demand that our former leader, Tom Zarek, is released from unlawful political imprisonment immediately.

"That is all we demand. Our claims are neither unjust nor wrong to the law. We will give you the remainder of the week to implement these reforms in a peaceful, democratic way. As a token of your willingness to cooperate, Tom Zarek will be released today.

"We will be watching your actions closely. This is the only warning we give. If you do not respond to our demands, rest assured that we have the resources and the resolve to hit you where it hurts the most; your well-filled purses. We have taken control of a tylium mine. We will destroy it if Tom Zarek is not released from prison by the end of this day. The nuclear weapon we have at our disposal will destroy the asteroid this mine has been dug into. The dispersed radiation will render all tylium ore within a radius of hundreds upon hundreds of miles inert and unusable. The economic repercussions will be

disastrous.

After a short pause, the eloquent political agitator concludes by saying, "Do not test us. This is your last warning."

Then, the recording ends. No one dares speak until Admiral Nagala states, "President Adar assumes that Zarek's every step is being closely watched by the terrorists. At this very moment, Zarek is boarding a prison transport, the Astral Queen, which will carry a number of prisoners to their pardon hearings on Caprica. Adar is, of course, not going to yield to the terrorists' demands and ordered a strike team to storm and retake control of the mine. Once the nuke is disarmed, Zarek will be put back in prison where he belongs.

"According to distant reconnaissance, the terrorists have seized the mine on 142 Ida, a planetoid that is little more than five clicks in length, and half that in width and thickness. We do not know where the nuke is. Since capital ships like the Atlantia would be spotted by the terrorists, two Raptors will transport a squad of Colonial Marines as well as two Explosive Ordnance Disposal Technicians to 142 Ida without attracting the terrorists' attention. You will search for and escort the technicians to the nuke that is to be disabled immediately. If possible,

Julius Pratt and his accomplices are to be taken into custody. If the terrorists put up any resistance, you are authorized to use deadly force."

After answering the PCs' questions, Admiral Nagala sends them to the flight deck where they may equip themselves, and meet with the five Marines as well as the Explosive Ordnance Disposal (EOD) specialists, board two Raptors and immediately set off. Allow the players to discuss this unexpected turn of events, though. A lively discussion will be quite enjoyable for everyone.

ACT THREE

Reaching the asteroid without being detected is largely a matter of how risky a FTL jump the PCs wish to make. The closer to 142 Ida they jump, the lesser the chance of detection and the reaction time the terrorists will have.

To set a relatively simple course requires an AVERAGE (7) *Intelligence + Pilot / Astrogation* Skill roll. This jump is the safest, but takes the Raptors into a high orbit above the asteroid. At this range, it will be hard to approach the mine without being detected. If the PCs are willing to take a bit more risk, they can have their plot take them closer to the asteroid. If they make a HARD (11) Skill roll, their Raptors will jump to a point that is roughly 100 clicks above the mine. If they make a FORMIDABLE (15) Skill roll, however, their

Raptors drop so close to the asteroid that their arrival will probably not be detected by the terrorists.

An Extraordinary Success indicates an almost perfect FTL jump and that the PCs will have an easier time approaching the asteroid without being detected. The Difficulty Threshold (see below) will decrease by one category (e.g, from AVERAGE to EASY). Failure means that the Raptor doesn't jump to the desired coordinates and that the PCs' approach will be more complicated. The Difficulty threshold will increase by one category. A Botch increases the Difficulty Threshold by two categories.

As soon as the PCs have decided which course to take and engaged their Raptors' FTL drives, they make the almost instantaneous jump. Read:

All around you, millions of small celestial bodies occupy roughly the same orbital plane. The asteroid belt, a region of the system beyond the Twelve Colonies, is composed primarily of rock and metal.

The small, brown, and irregularly shaped planetoid that hangs in front of you like a giant boulder slowly spins around an axis located in its large end. From dozens and dozens of clicks out, 142 Ida looks like the black, lifeless rock it should be. It is, however, far from deserted. An unlit mining complex sits on 142 Ida's

inhospitable surface like a gigantic insect that patiently lies in wait for unwary prey. The site consists of numerous buildings, arranged in a rough circle, that rest on levelled rock. The tallest building in the centre of the complex rises approximately 150 feet off the asteroid's surface. In all likelihood, you'll find the terrorists and the nuke in that towering edifice.

Approaching the mine without being detected is a Complex Action (Raptors' *Agility* + pilot's *Pilot / Raptor*) that has to be completed within five turns. Any Botch or failing to get there within five turns indicates that the PCs' Raptors have been spotted by the terrorists who will lock down the mine and prepare themselves for the imminent assault. The Difficulty Threshold depends on the distance the PCs' Raptors have to cover. If the PCs decided to plot an AVERAGE jump, they're far off and it is a FORMIDABLE (75) feat to come ashore undetected. If they made a HARD FTL jump, the Difficulty Threshold is HARD (55), while a FORMIDABLE jump took them so close to the asteroid that it is only an AVERAGE (35) task to reach it without being noticed by the terrorists.

If the PCs manage to reach 142 Ida undetected, they can land inside the unguarded hangar that is unprotected from the vacuum of space and has no atmosphere. Neither the PCs nor the NPCs may take off their flight suits, which

provide protection against vacuum for limited periods, if they want to survive.

If they fail, however, the hangar doors are closed and locked. They have to touch down outside of the building and open the massive metal doors (Armour 20, Life Points 10) which requires a HARD (11) *Agility* + *Covert / Disable Devices* Skill roll as well as an IMPOSSIBLE (31) Burst of Strength (*Strength* + *Strength*) Attribute roll. However, up to four PCs and NPCs may directly assist one another by rolling as usual and combining their totals. Inside the hangar bay, the PCs notice two unarmed FTL shuttles as well as six terrorists who are armed with submachine guns and wearing spacesuits. The opponents are hidden behind corners or crates and are therefore have heavy cover (+12 to defense Difficulty). They have to be taken out before the PCs can enter the complex. Bear in mind that these opponents as well as those the PCs will encounter later on can also attack the Marines and EOD technicians. If both demolition experts die, the PCs are in the soup. They have to find the nuke on their own and try to disarm it without professional help. Finding the nuke is a HARD Complex Action (55 vs. *Intelligence* + *Alertness / Search*). Each roll represents a time increment of five minutes. How to go about disarming it will be explained below.

As soon as the terrorists are taken care of, the PCs and NPCs enter the hangar

bay's airlock. Once the pressure differential is overcome, the Marines and EOD technicians take off their flight suits and don their usual clothing and armour.

The air locks inner hatch slides open, revealing an empty, illuminated corridor that stretches to your right and left. One of the EOD technicians consults the small particle detector that measures ionizing radiation, points down the right hand corridor and says, "That way."

Bullseye orders two of the grunts that accompany you to cover you. "Hooah!", they respond, which could mean anything from 'I'll get right on it' to 'I acknowledge your existence, but I have no idea what you're talking about.'

The PCs follow the EOD specialists down the corridor. Before they can reach another corner, the PCs must make an AVERAGE (7) *Alertness + Perception / Hearing* Skill roll. Unless no one succeeds, read:

You hear the clang of boots echoing upon the metal floor. Someone approaches from the turn of the corridor that is right ahead of you.

"Tangos ahead!" one of the Marines whispers in Bullseye's ear, "What are your orders, sir?"

As four terrorists turn the corner, read:

At the far end of the corridor you see four men outlined against the metal wall behind them. They storm around the corner, their submachine guns ready. When they see you, they hit the deck wordlessly and begin to take aim.

If no one heard the approaching terrorists, they begin firing immediately. The PCs cannot dodge during the first turn. Since the terrorists are prone, they receive a +4 bonus to their defence Difficulties. They cannot dodge or use innate defence, though.

After the battle, one of the EOD specialists takes the lead again. He guides the PCs to a stair case. They climb the stairs, going up one floor at a time. On each level, the technician consults the device he's carrying. On the sixth floor he asks the PCs to go down again. When they reach the fifth floor, he says that the nuke is on this level and leads the PCs to a large door that leads to the mine's operations room. Much as to be expected, it is locked. It is a HARD (11) feat to pick the door's (Armour 5, Life Points 7) lock (*Agility + Covert / Open Locks*). When the PCs open the door, read:

The most important equipment such as computer terminals were put in the operation room's centre, with ample

space for personnel to pass between work stations. In addition to instruments, data screens, and computer access, these offer ports to hook up headset communication units. At this moment, they are vacant, though.

As you cautiously enter the large room, you notice eight men standing in the left hand corner of the room about 30 feet from you. You recognize Julius Pratt immediately. He stands at the chief control console and orders two of his men at the top of his voice to arm the nuke while the others lay suppression fire. Then he looks at you and shouts, "It told you not to test us."

The six S.F.M. members keep up a fierce suppressive fire until the bomb is armed. As long as their attack rolls meet an EASY (3) Difficulty, everyone in their line of fire must defend against the attacks. Note that cover bonuses to Difficulty are halved (rounded up) and that those that are hit suffer a +1 step to the assault rifles' damage die. Moreover, an Extraordinary Success on an attack roll will add an extra stepped-up die to the weapon damage roll. The terrorists use cover, ducking behind computer consoles. Add 8 to their defence Difficulties. Moreover, Pratt will throw a smoke grenade at the PCs that will not only deal d4 points of Stun damage, but also fill the operations room with thick

smoke, obscuring vision in all directions and penalizing all attack rolls by -4 Skill step.

Five turns later, when the bomb is armed, Pratt as well as all surviving terrorists conduct a fighting retreat.

The Colonial Marines and the PCs may choose to pursue the fleeing terrorists. It would be a good idea, however, to guard the EOD technicians as they try to deal with the bomb which turns out to be a sophisticated device and the EOD team finds it is a INCREDIBLE Complex Action (115 vs. Alertness + Technical Expertise / Disable Devices) to defuse it, with each roll taking roughly 30 seconds. Since the bomb's timer was set for 5 minutes, they have 10 rolls to render the device inactive. Success is highly unlikely.

If at least one PC stays behind to guard the technicians, read:

"Good Gods!" mutters the EOD technician under his breath as he examines the nuke. Then he adds more audibly, "This is a nuclear warhead with a yield of round about 50 megatons, I'd say. If this baby goes off, this frakkin' piece of rock will be razed out completely."

The technician trails off and takes a closer look at the device that stands roughly three feet tall. "What the frak?" he swears, "This is a D-class military grade nuclear warhead. According to this label here it should

be stowed away safely on the Ragnar Station Ammunition Reserve, an armoury suspended in the upper atmosphere of the gas giant Ragnar. Either someone frakked up seriously or we're dealing with a conspiracy that reaches right up to the highest levels.

"Now, we've got five minutes till this baby blows. If I were to hazard an educated guess, I'd say that the best course of action right now would be to get the hell out of here. We could try to diffuse this banger, I grant, but I don't see us succeeding in time, really."

Then he turns around and looks up to you. "This would be the appropriate point in time to bawl out an order, sir".

The PCs may either try to stop Pratt and the terrorists from reaching his FTL capable ship and escaping, disarm the bomb, or make a quick getaway.

Once they know that it is almost impossible to deactivate the nuke in time, the PCs should race to their Raptors which requires an AVERAGE Complex Action (35 vs. *Agility + Athletics / Running*) that has to be completed within five rolls, each of which represents a time increment of 30 seconds. If they fail within the stated amount of time, the PCs will die in the nuclear explosion.

If the PCs strike on the idea of taking

the bomb along to drop it off once they've taken off, they may try to do so. However, the bomb is too heavy to be carried by one person, but too small to be carried by more than two PCs. Both PCs will be at -2 Skill step while running towards the hangar bay and will therefore probably not reach it in time.

If they manage to get away, however, they may board their ships and take off. Once they've cleared the danger zone, they will receive a badly garbled transmission on a civilian channel. It says that the Twelve Colonies are under massive attack by Cylons that have somehow disabled the fleet's warships and have inflicted unprecedented casualties. Admiral Nagala took personal command of the fleet following the destruction of Picon Fleet Headquarters, using the *Atlantia* as flagship.

Depending on how you want to continue the story, the PCs may race to the Colonies' rescue, join The Fleet and start a *Galactica Campaign* or be shot down over one of the Colonies where they can participate in a *Resistance Campaign*.

Alternatively, they could also pick up a weak beacon call that is attempting to rally all Fleet vessels in range. The message includes a set of coordinates and the header of a large enough ship for the PCs to base a *Second Fleet Campaign*, or flee on their own.

Regardless of the turn of events, the PCs

should now be rewarded with one to four
Advancement Points.

THE END

NON- PLAYER CHARACTERS

Abraham Driscoll

Agi d8, **Str** d6, **Vit** d6, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Wil** d8;

LP 14, **Init** d8+d8

Traits Cool Under Fire d4, Friends in Strange Places d2 (Underworld), Rebellious d4, Trusting d2

Skills Athletics d6 / Dodge d8 / Running d8, Covert d6 / Stealth d10, Discipline d4, Guns d6 / Sniper Rifle d8, Influence d4, Knowledge d2, Mechanical Engineering d2, Medical Expertise d2, Melee Weapon Combat d6, Perception d6, Technical Engineering d2, Unarmed Combat d6

Equipment None

Background An idealist that fell under Tom Zarek's spell years ago. He was specifically chosen by the SFM to infiltrate Caprica as a sleeper agent and has carefully bided his time since his arrival six years ago. He got the job in the plenary hall two years ago and once activated, spent weeks smuggling the components of his rifle and fake bomb into the building. Absolutely dedicated to the "cause" he is the perfect man to bring the message to President Adar and indeed the entire Twelve Colonies.

Colonial Marines

Agi d10, **Str** d8, **Vit** d10, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

LP 20, **Init** d10+d8

Traits Athlete d4, Cool Under Fire d2, Tough d8, Duty (Colonial Marines) d6, Prejudice (Civilians) d4

Skills Athletics d6 / Dodge d8, Covert d6 / Stealth d8 / Disable Devices d8, Discipline d4, Guns d6 / Assault Rifle d10 / Pistol d8, Influence d6 / Intimidation d8, Melee Weapon Combat d6 / Knife d8, Ranged Weapons d6, Survival d6, Unarmed Combat d6

Equipment Assault Rifle (DMG d8W, RNG 150 yards, MAG 30), Combat Suit (AR 1 W), Wireless Communicator, Knife (DMG d2 W), Medkit, Pistol (DMG d6 W, RNG 15 yards, MAG 20)

Background Professional and deadly, they know their jobs and the risks. They will get the job done.

Explosive Ordnance Disposal Technicians

Agi d8, **Str** d6, **Vit** d6, **Ale** d8, **Int** d8, **Wil** d8;

LP 14, **Init** d8+d8

Traits Cool Under Fire d4, Duty d4

Skills Athletics d4, Covert d6 / Disable Devices d10 / Open Locks d8 / Sabotage d8, Discipline d4, Guns d4, Heavy Weapons d6 / Demolitions d10, Influence d4, Knowledge d4, Mechanical Engineering d4, Medical Expertise d2, Perception d6, Scientific Expertise d4, Technical Engineering d4, Unarmed Combat d2

Equipment Advanced Demolitions Kit*, Combat Suit (AR 3 W, -1 Agi / -1 Ale), Wireless Communicator, Pistol (DMG d6 W, RNG 12 yards, MAG 8)

Background More technicians than warriors, they are non-the-less dedicated professionals that are all too aware of what the price of mission failure would be, which is clearly to them, not an option.

Terrorists / Freedom Fighters

Agi d8, **Str** d8, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d6, **Int** d6, **Wil** d6;

LP 18, **Init** d8+d6

Traits Brawler d2, Tough d8, Overconfident d4, Rebellious d4, Trusting d2,

Skills Athletics d6 / Dodge d8, Covert d6 / Stealth d8, Discipline d4, Guns d6 / Assault Rifle d10 / Submachine Gun d8, Influence d4, Medical Expertise d2, Melee Weapon Combat d6 / Knife d8, Pilot d6, Survival d4, Unarmed Combat d6

Equipment Assault Rifle (DMG d8 W, RNG 130 yards, MAG 20) or Submachine Gun (DMG d6 W, RNG 55 yards, MAG 40), Body Armor (AR 1 W), Hand-Held Wireless Communicator, Knife (DMG d2 W)

Background Hand chosen for their utter commitment to the cause, they will not negotiate or surrender. They are skilled fighters and will fight to the bitter end.

Julius Pratt

Agi d6, **Str** d6, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d10, **Wil** d10;

LP 18, **Init** d6+d8

Traits Friends in Strange Places (Sagittarons) d6, Political Pull d6, So Say We All d6, Coward d4, Infamy (Terrorist) d10

Skills Artistry d4, Athletics d4, Covert d4, Guns d2, Influence d6 / Conversation d8 / Leadership d10 / Politics d10, Knowledge d6, Perception d6, Performance d6 / Oratory d10, Planetary Vehicles d4, Pilot d4, Survival d4, Unarmed Combat d4

Equipment Body Armor (AR 1 W), Hand-Held Wireless Communicator, Pistol (DMG d6 W, RNG 15 yards, MAG 15)

Background Pratt was convinced of the injustice of the Colonies long ago and worked his way into the SFM as soon as he heard of the group. Long a confidant of Zarek, Pratt has the oratory skills that make him the natural mouth piece of the organization. While a complete zealot to the idea of Sagittaron's freedom, he is not personally gifted with courage of any degree. He prefers to act from a distance and when faced with any possible harm, he will choose to flee at the first chance. However, he is dedicated to the cause enough that he will ensure the nuclear device is properly armed before making his escape.

SHIPS

Colonial One

Colonial One is the air and space traffic control call sign of any Colonial spacecraft carrying the President of the Twelve Colonies of Kobol and his staff. The presidential fleet consists of two specifically configured, highly customized passenger liner starships. While these vessels are referred to as *Colonial One* only while the president is on board, the term is commonly used to describe either of the two spacecraft normally used and maintained by the Colonial Fleet solely for the president.

Colonial One

Agi d6, Str d8, Vit d8, Ale d8, Int d6, Wil d6;

LP 14; Init d6+d8; Scale Spacecraft;

Speed 6 (SL/JC)

Traits Memorable (d6)

Skills Mechanical Engineering d4, Perception d6, Pilot d6

Armament None

Armor Wound 2, Stun 3

Description 280 x 50 x 75 feet; **Crew** 15;

Passengers 100

Equipment DRADIS, electronic countermeasure support, decoys

CASSIOPEIA VII

The *Cassiopeia VII* is one of the thousands of heavy cargo transports that ply between the Twelve Colonies. The Heavy belongs to the Colonial Movers Corporation that owns one of the largest transport fleets in the Colonies. Dedicated to hauling dangerous goods, the *Cassiopeia VII* and her captain, Vince Haddon, get around much. Haddon is not only always pressed for time, but also anxious about the increased threat of piracy and terrorism. That is why he has illegally armed his ship.

Cassiopeia VII

Agi d4, **Str** d10, **Vit** d6, **Ale** d4, **Int** d4, **Wil** d6

LP 16; **Init** d4+d4; **Scale** Spacecraft

Speed 4 (SL/JC)

Traits Mass-Produced (d6), Past Its Prime (d6)

Skills Mechanical Engineering d4, Perception d2, Pilot d4

Armament 1 spacecraft scale capital range railguns (d6)

Armor Wound 2, Stun 2

Description 1,950 x 550 x 265 feet; **Crew** 65

Passengers 150

Alice Nesbitt

Rank Captain

Call Sign Hera

Current Assignment CAG, Battlestar Atlantia, Leader of Red Squadron

Agi d8, **Str** d6, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d8, **Will** d10;

LP 18, **Init** d8+d8

Traits Cool Under Fire d4, Dogfighter d4, Renowned d4, So Say We All d6, Duty d10, Overconfident d4

Skills Athletics d6, Discipline d6 / Leadership d10 / Morale d8, Guns d6 / Pistol d8, Influence d6 / Persuasion d8, Knowledge d4, Mechanical Engineering d4, Medical Expertise d2, Perception d6, Pilot d6 / Ship's Cannons d8 / Viper d10, Technical Engineering d2, Unarmed Combat d4

Background Captain Nesbitt is the personification of a Colonial Viper pilot. A talented pilot and a distinguished officer, Nesbitt obtained her current posting the hard way, by earning it. In addition to her considerable flying skills, she has all the organizational and management skills needed for her position as CAG. Her coolness in tight situations is matched by a poise and flare that makes her a natural leader, both in and out of the cockpit. The respect Nesbitt has earned is well deserved thanks to the well-honed talents she has to back her supreme confidence in herself and her abilities.

Balthazar Pollack

Rank Lieutenant

Call Sign Bullseye

Current Assignment Viper Pilot, Battlestar Atlantia, Bullseye's Wingman

Agi d10, **Str** d8, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Will** d8;

LP 16, **Init** d10+d8

Traits Dogfighter d4, Renowned d2, Split-Second Timing d4, Talented d4
(Pilot/Ship's Cannons) d, Duty d6, Glory Hound d4

Skills Athletics d6, Covert d6 / Disable Devices d8, Discipline d6 / Leadership d8 / Morale d8, Guns d6 / Pistol d8, Knowledge d4, Mechanical Engineering d4, Medical Expertise d2, Perception d6, Pilot d6 / Astrogation d8 / Viper d8 / Raptor d8 / Ship's Cannons d10, Technical Engineering d2, Unarmed Combat d2

Background Larger than life and driven to make sure everyone else knows it. Pollack is big for a fighter pilot, which only enhances his image as a rough and tumble warrior. Hands down the best shot in the Atlantia's CAG, Pollack makes Viper gunnery look simple and never lets others forget that fact. Part of a well-to-do family, Pollack was lanky as a child and in an effort to fit in, during a period of rebellion, he resorted to hanging out with unsavory streetwise types and picked up several borderline criminal skills that have non-the-less served him well over the years. He's quick for his size and an avid Pyramid player.

Sean Keener

Rank Lieutenant

Call Sign Cobra

Current Assignment Viper Pilot, Battlestar Atlantia

Agi d8, **Str** d6, **Vit** d10, **Ale** d8, **Int** d8, **Will** d8;

LP 20, **Init** d8+d8

Traits Dogfighter d4, Renowned d2, Tough d4, Duty d6

Skills Athletics d6 / Dodge d8, Discipline d6 / Interrogation d8, Guns d6 / Pistol d8, Influence d6 / Persuasion d8, Knowledge d4, Mechanical Engineering d4, Medical Expertise d2, Perception d6, Pilot d6 / Viper d8 / Ship's Cannons d8, Technical Engineering d6, Unarmed Combat d4

Background Dependability is Kenner's watchword and when assigned a task he will find a way to make things happen regardless of the situation. No where near as flamboyant as the squadron's leaders, Kenner makes up for this difference with a dogged determination that simply will not accept failure as an option. A stern disciplinarian, that has cultivated this demeanor to an art form so formidable that anyone that knows him learns not to try and lie to him as he will pursue the truth with the same sort of dogged determination that marks everything else he does.

Dean Masterson

Rank Lieutenant Junior Grade

Call Sign Argus

Current Assignment Viper Pilot, Battlestar Atlantia, Cobra's Wingman

Agi d8, **Str** d10, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d6, **Will** d8;

LP 16, **Init** d8+d8

Traits Dogfighter d2, Formidable Presence d4, Sharp Sense (Sight) d4, Talented (Pilot / Viper) d6, Contrarian d2, Crude d4, Duty d6

Skills Athletics d6 / Dodge d8, Discipline d4, Guns d6 / Pistol d8, Influence d6 / Intimidation d8, Knowledge d4, Mechanical Engineering d4, Medical Expertise d2, Melee Weapon Combat d4, Perception d6, Pilot d6 / Viper d10, Technical Engineering d2, Unarmed Combat d6 / Brawling d8

Background Despite being of only average size, Masterson sports the powerful frame of a worlds-class weight lifter, which he could be if that was what he was interested in doing. Masterson's admirable physique is only part of what makes him formidable. He is the best natural pilot in the squadron and while not as good a shot as Pollack, he has such excellent vision that he usually gets in the first shot due to seeing the target first. This leads to considerable competition between the two. The biggest challenge Masterson faces is his inability to control his own mouth. He usually speaks what is on his mind with little thought to the consequences and this habit has impacted what would otherwise be a top-notch career.

Sophie Edwards

Rank Lieutenant

Call Sign Maelstorm

Current Assignment Viper Pilot, Battlestar Atlantia

Agi d8, **Str** d8, **Vit** d6, **Ale** d8, **Int** d10, **Will** d8;

LP 14, **Init** d8+d8

Traits Athlete d4, Dogfighter d4, So Say We All d4, Renowned d2, Duty d6, Lightweight d4

Skills Athletics d6 / Running d8, Covert d4, Discipline d6 / Leadership d8, Guns d6 / Pistol d8, Influence d6, Knowledge d4, Mechanical Engineering d4, Medical Expertise d4, Perception d6, Pilot d6 / Viper d8, Technical Engineering d4, Unarmed Combat d4

Background Wildly held to be on the fast track to being a CAG herself, Edwards has all the skills necessary to be a senior officer. Her handle comes from a sharp temper and even sharper tongue, but regardless of her tempestuous nature, she is skilled leader that brings the most out of her subordinates. Captain Nesbitt has noticed these innate qualities and has quietly begun mentoring Edwards to smooth the way for her rise through the ranks. The only thing that keeps Edwards from fitting in with the typical image of the cocky Viper pilot is her inability to handle more than a couple drinks, so she avoids the "Hard fighting and hard drinking" image typical of the wardroom to keep this weakness hidden. However, the downside of this action is that some of the other pilot's perceive her as standoffish.

Seth Harlan

Rank Lieutenant Junior Grade

Call Sign Harley

Current Assignment Viper Pilot, Battlestar Atlantia, Hera's Wingman

Agi d8, **Str** d8, **Vit** d8, **Ale** d8, **Int** d8, **Will** d8;

LP 16, **Init** d8+d8

Traits Dogfighter d4, Renowned d2, Talented (Pilot / Viper) d4, Split-Second Timing d4, Duty d6, Wise-Ass d4

Skills Athletics d6 / Dodge d8, Covert d6 / Stealth d8, Discipline d4, Guns d6 / Pistol d8, Knowledge d4, Mechanical Engineering d4, Medical Expertise d2, Perception d6 / Hearing d8, Pilot d6 / Astrogation d8 / Viper d8 / Raptor d8, Technical Engineering d4, Unarmed Combat d6

Background Every organization has a joker in the deck and for the CAG of the Atlantia, Seth Harlan is theirs. Harlan has always had a razor sharp wit and loves to keep his superiors on their toes and the morale of the squadron high. He is a gifted Viper pilot and keeps an active competition with Masterson on who is the best pilot in the CAG. This competition has reached epic proportions in the wardroom and many a cubit has changed hands based on the results of squadron flight evaluations and in flight exercises.

ADVENTURE SCRIPT

Use the following script to start the adventure. When your character's turn comes, read your lines out loud, speaking the way you think your character would. Be sure to listen to what the other characters say as the script contains important information to start the adventure.

Harley: Can someone explain to me what we're doing here?

Maelstorm: Shut it, you nugget!

Harley: Shutting it right now, ell-tee.

Hera: Listen up, you rooks. President Adar's going to deliver a speech at Picon's parliament and he requested Red Squadron as a security detail that will escort Colonial One and the presidential convoy from and to its jump point above the Colony. That's what we'll bloody well do.

Argus: That didn't sound like no hard six to me back then and it still don't now.

Bullseye: Shut the frak up, Argus. The no-fly zone we'll use as an approach corridor is five clicks wide and there's no one in it except us.

Cobra: That's the point, Bullseye. Where is Colonial One, for the God's sake?

Harley: It's not here, that's for sure.

Hera: Keep waiting, you knuckle draggers!

Cobra: Waiting implies anticipation.

Argus: I ain't looking forward to dress and cover duty, I tell you.

Hera: You're a Colonial Viper pilot, Argus. If the President of the Twelve Colonies of Kobol asks you to attend one of his speeches in full dress uniform, you comply.

Bullseye: Sometimes you've got to take it on the chin.

Argus: Aye, aye, sir.

Maelstrom: Captain, we've got DRADIS contact, sir.

Hera: Identify, Hera! Red Squadron, remember we're weapons free. Treat every unauthorized ship that enters the no-fly zone as a bandit and engage it with extreme prejudice.

Argus: With all due respect, sir, just because Adar frakked up big time don't mean we can bring down civvies without giving 'em a good solid warning shot across the bow, sir.

Bullseye: Godsdammit! Shut your trap already, Argus. We've got our orders.

Hera: You either follow them or spend a night in the hack for insubordination.

Cobra: ... Again.

Argus: Wilco, sir.

Maelstorm: Steady, boys! It's Colonial One and the presidential convoy.

Harley: Finally...