PCs

Player	Character	Stats	Service History	Skills
Eris	Captain Baron Wendell “Wen” Rodriguez	12796C	7 terms Merchant (46) 8000/yr Retirement	Blade-1, Bribery-2, Electronics-3, Gunnery-1, Jack-o-aT-1, Mech-1, Medic-2, Navigation-1, Pilot-1, Steward-1, Auto-Pistol-(1)
Eris	1st Antony “Andy” Sokolov	787AA8	7 terms Merchant (46) 8,000/yr Retirement	Admin-1, Bribery-2, Electronics-1, Engineering-2, Navigation-4, Pilot-1, Revolver-1, Shotgun-1
JR	Anevay “Vee” Becker	886953	3 terms Merchant (30)	Electronics-1, Mechanical-1, Medical-1, **Navigation-2**, Pilot-1, Auto Pistol-1
Ramona	Anastasia “Ana” Jones	9A7583	5 terms Army (38) 4,000/yr Retirement	ATV-1, Admin-1, Brawling-1, Electronics-1, Gambling-1, Mechanical-2, Rifle-2, SMG-2, Tactics-1, Diving-0, Engineering-0, Blade-0 (1)
Lenusmars	Sara Kelley	9DA9C7	2 terms Scout (26)	Jack-o-a-T-1, **Pilot-2**, Diving-0, SMG-(1)
Piper	Pongo Green	B37C86	3 terms Scout (30)	Computer-1, Jack-o-a-T-2, Navigation-2, Pilot-1, SMG-1
Keven	Buzz	AA4563	1 term Scout (22)	Air/Raft-1, Jack-o-a-T-1, Pilot-1
Starbeard	Colonel Aarav Chu	55A986	4 terms Army (34)	ATV-2, Admin-1, Brawling-1, Electronics-1, Rifle-1, SMG-3, Tactics-1
Tiglath	General Gauvain de Beauhernais a L’Espée Foix, Comte de Foix.	AA88AD	5 terms Army (38)	Air/Raft-1, Sword-1, Fwd Obs-1, Rifle-2, AutoRifle-1 (2), SMG-1, Autopistol-1, Leader-2, Tactics-2, **Medic-2**
Tiglath	4th Officer Grimaud	894A66	5 terms Merchant (38)	SMG-1, **Steward-3**, Navigation-1, Vacc Suit-1

Combat

Character	Wound Status	Primary Weapon	Secondary Weapon	Additional Weapons
Wen Rodriguez	127	Auto-Pistol-(1)		Blade-1
Andy Sokolov	787	Revolver-1	Shotgun-1	
Vee Becker	886	Auto Pistol-1		
Anastasia Jones	9A7	Rifle-2	SMG-2	Blade-0 (1)
Sara Kelley	9DA	Revolver-0	SMG-(1)	
Pongo Green	B37	SMG-1		
Buzz	AA4	Shotgun (JoT)	Auto Pistol (JoT)	
Chu	55A	SMG-3	Rifle-1	
Foix	AA8	Rifle-2	SMG-1	AutoRifle-1 (2), Sword-1

Grimaud	894	SMG-1		

Training Log

Player	Character	Date Attempted	Skill and results	Date Next Eligible
Eris	Captain Baron Wendell “Wen” Rodriguez	1231:044	Auto-Pistol - pass (8 + 0)	1235:044
Eris	1st Antony “Andy” Sokolov	1231:044	Shotgun - failed (4 + 0)	1232:044
JR	Anevay “Vee” Becker	1231:044	Medical - failed (7+0)	1232:044
Ramona	Anastasia “Ana” Jones	1231:079 1231:079	Engineering - failed (5+0) Blade- pass (7+1)	1232:079 1235:079
LenusMars	Sara Kelley	1231:079 1231:079	Cudgel - failed (3+2) SMG - pass (9+2)	1232:079 1235:079
Piper	Pongo Green			
Keven	Buzz			
Starbeard	Colonel Aarav Chu			
Tiglath	Comte de Foix.	1231:079	Auto-Rifle - pass (9+1)	1235:079 **
Tiglath	4th Officer Grimaud			

** Note, when improving a skill from 1 or higher, a 2nd 4 year program is required to make the increase permanent

Who Is Where

Gear

Character	Credits	Gear	Load
Wen Rodriguez	16,000	Low x 3	
Andy Sokolov	50,000	Low x 2, Revolver, Shotgun	
Vee Becker	37,000	9mm auto pistol, Low x 2, hand comp/comm, computer tablet, duffel bag with clothing and personal items	
Anastasia Jones	13,000	High x2, Middle x1, Rifle (Sold off Passages)Rifle 200 (muster benefit / semiauto / bullpup (Nightshade or Does Not Compute)), x5 Rifle Mag 100, Electronic Sight 2000, SMG 500 (Antiope-D), x5 SMG Mag 100, Service Sidearm 200, x5 Sidearm Mag 50, Officers Sword (aka wall mounted dust collector) 150, Electronic Tools. 2000, Mechanic Tools 1000, Combination Mask 150, Googles IR/LI 1250, Hand Computer 1000, Watch 500, Flashlight 150?, Imperial Cellphone,	

		Dress and duty uniforms (couple of each), Civilian clothes (half dozen outfits), Vac Suit TL12 10,000, Cold Weather Gear TL10 800, Cloth Armour 1500, Scuba Suit, Rebreather	
Sara Kelley	960	Revolver, 36 rounds, Hand Computer, Vacc Suit, Filter Mask	
Pongo Green	60,000	Low Passage (x2)	
Buzz	50,000		
Chu	1,065	High Passage, High Passage, Middle Passage, Middle Passage Submachine gun w/ folding stock (6,000) + 10 clips (2,000) Laser rifle w/ telescopic sights (9,000) + 1 power pack (1,000) Dagger (250) Reflec armor, Combination mask, Wrist watch, Long range communicator (TL9) (1,200), Electronic binoculars (2,000)	
Gauvain	17,030	Sword 150 Cr 1kg, Autorifle 1000 Cr 5 kg, Mags (10) 200 Cr @ 0.5kg, Belts (5) 120 Cr 2.5kg, **Spare barrel 1.5kg,** SMG 500 / 2.5kg, Silencer 200 / 0.6kg, Folding stock 100 / 0.5kg, Mags (10) 200 @ 0.5kg, **Armourer's Tools 300Cr 3kg,** IT/LI Goggles 1250Cr / Nil, Cloth Armour 1500Cr, TL12 Vacc Suit 10,000Cr 2kg, TL 9 Comms (Long Range) 500Cr 1.2kg, Medscanner 1500Cr 1kg, Medical Kit 1000Cr 10kg, TL12 Binos 1200Cr 1.25kg, Autopistol (spare) 200Cr 0.75kg, Autopistol ammo (5) 50 @0.25kg, Silencer 200 0.6kg, **Sniper Rifle 400Cr 4kg,** Electronic sights 2000Cr 1.5kg, **Match Quality Ammo (cost x10 = 400Cr) 40rds @ 0.5kg per mag of 20,** Standard Ammo (10) 200 @ 0.5kg, **Ghille suit / coverall,** Smartphone, High to Good quality clothing, Reversible/Camo pattern cloak, "Rolex" quality wrist chrono (A departing gift from the family – it has been recording "elapsed time" for almost twenty years), Gold Wedding Band	
Grimaud	58,300	**Chef's Knives, specialist pans etc 2000Cr 5kg,** SMG (Benefit) 2.5kg, Folding stock 100 / 0.5kg, Mags (10) 200 @ 0.5kg, Revolver 150Cr 0.9kg, Ammo (10) 50Cr Six shot reloads @0.1kg, TL12 Vacc Suit 10,000Cr 2kg, Hand Computer 1000Cr 0.5kg,Smartphone, Good quality casual clothing, Chef's "whites" for kitchen work	

Detailed Character Histories and Other Notes

Wen Rodriquez

Merchant Senior Captain Baron Wen Rodríguez has recently mustered out, and taken papers for the Free Trader Mazie Star with a 30 year mortgage remaining. The ship has recently had it's annual maintenance.

Wen Rodriguez walked slowly from the berth where The Mazie Star was sitting. She wasn't a 5 KDTon liner like the one he had recently Captained. She was only a 200 dton Free Trader, but she was his! Thinking that made him grin, but just as soon as the smile appeared under his filter mask it disappeared and worry lines creased his brow.

He'd had to travel, mostly by low passage, all the way out to the edge of the Imperium with a rift at his back and unknown systems in front of him to claim his ship. His crew-less ship, he corrected himself. And she was sitting in a port with an active war less than a klick to her north. All it would

take was a stray shell..."Oops! That one got away from us."...and he'd have a wreaked pile of junk! He needed to get a crew and get out of here ASAP!

My name is Wendell Rodriguez and I own a 200 ton Free Trader by the name of The Mazie Star. As Vee said just a minute ago. I arrived aboard another ship and am looking for a crew.", says Wen.

He continues,"Just a short story...I worked for Turgilu Lines for 20 plus years prior to taking my retirement. I was very pleased that the company awarded me title to a ship upon my retirement rather than a watch or something like that. What they failed to tell me was that the ship in question was two sectors away and a bank repo with a 30 year mortgage hanging over it. It's taking me the better part of a year to get out here, travelling low most of the time."

"I've never been out here in the Wine Dark Sector and know absolutely nothing about the worlds or the conditions in this area. It will be an adventure to see new territory, but first I have to get the ship off this war torn planet!" Wen adds, "I placed advertisements on the local net and posted notices at the Merchant's Guild Hall. I take it you all are also looking to get off this planet and are interested in doing it aboard my ship?

"As you know from the advertisement I am looking for folks interested in forming a Company to trade and travel throughout the Wine Dark." Wen takes several sheets of actual paper from his jacket pocket and starts distributing them around the table, "I've written up some Articles of Agreement that outline how I'd like to organize such a Company. These articles are based on several I've seen used by successful ship board partnerships over years so I don't claim to be inventing anything new."

"Now, as owner of the ship, which I would contribute to the company as my share of the buy in, I'll have a really big stake in its success, so I propose to start off as both Captain and Quartermaster. If, after we get going, you want to vote me out of one or both of those positions, I won't squawk. Actually, once we get going it might be best to separate those two positions. Having all the power and responsibility centered on one person works for the military, but it doesn't seem to work all that great for small trading companies, or so I've been told."

"In any case, look the Articles over and if you agree to them, or want to make revisions before we ratify them, now is the time to discuss it. Oh, and if you could each put a name to your faces, tell us all a little about your background, what shipboard skills you hold Certifications for, and other skills you think might be useful to this venture I think we'd all appreciate it.

Andy Sokolov

Andy is 46, just mandatory retired from the Merchant Service, but not looking to settle down anywhere. He is looking for a tramp merchant ship to sign aboard. He is a crack Navigator-4 and picked up Pilot-1 when he was last promoted. Andy is also good in engineering (Engineering-2 and Electronics-1). On the business side Andy has picked up Bribery-2 and Admin-1. Over his 28 years in service he's had to become skilled with firearms (Shotgun-2 and Revolver-1), but would rather avoid a fight than not. He's got a revolver, shotgun and a couple of Low Passage vouchers to

go with his 8 Kcr retirement pay. Andy has saved KCr50 that he hopes to use to "buy into" a ship or start buying spec cargoes. He'd also like to buy some supplies...like a vacc suit.

Andy walks into the bar and pulls down the filter mask he was using outside in the dense but tainted air. The outside air that leaked in with him burns his eyes and makes him blink a few times as he looks around the half filled bar. People who look up see a short broadly built man of middle age with close clipped salt and pepper hair and piercing blue eyes...now with red rims around them. He's wearing a pair of brown pants tucked into his spacer boots with a brown leather jacket over a light blue crew necked shirt. There is a circle of lighter colored leather on the jacket where a patch has recently been removed. A filter mask hangs around his neck.

Vee Becker

A tall woman with dark skin and blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail stands and walks over to him. She pulls a large duffel bag behind her, and smiles as she approaches. "I helped give you a ride here, and I heard that you're looking for a crew." She extends her hand. "Vee Becker."

"We had shops aboard and ashore where I bought a few things. I was born on a starship, so where would I want to visit for a month? At least, that's how I felt before. Now," she looks around, "I think I'd rather see a place where there isn't a war in progress."

Anastasia (Ana) Jones



Beyond the rimward frontier of charted space lies the sun baked, lawless world of Helheim. A penal colony prior to the Contraction, Helheim descended into anarchy when she lost contact with the Imperium. Technology collapsed and the few remaining vestiges of civilization fell back to a handful of permanent oasis's. Marauders controlled the deserts, preying upon isolated communities, stragglers and the few trade routes.

When she was recontacted centuries later little had changed, raiders still controlled the deserts, strongmen and their armies controlled the oasis's and anarchy reigned supreme. Ordinarily a world as violent and chaotic as Helheim would have been interdicted and left to her own devices but vast surface deposits of rare minerals made the world a variable gold mine ripe for the taking. The Imperial military moved in, put down the strongmen

who resisted and scattered their hordes to the wastes.

Growing up in Brottin Skurður, a small settlement outside the Imperial zone of control, Anastasia Bleikthjarta Kråkedóttir went to work for the Imperial army early, acting as both a guide and a translator. By the time she was 17 she was the mother of twins and had been assigned to defending Imperial harvester machines from raider attack. Ana gave the twins up for off world adoption as soon as they were born, it's not something she likes to talk about. At 18 she changing her last name to Jones and officially signed on with the Imperial army as a regular thus earning herself a ticket off planet.

Ana's military career has been one of success and misfortune. She's bounced from war zone to war zone over the last century and her record speaks for itself. Ana's won more than she's lost and buried fewer soldiers than many peacetime commanders. She's never left a man behind and never had a soldier removed for misconduct. As such a posting under her command was a coveted one.

On the subject of misfortune Anastasia has been wounded in battle twice and had her low-berth misplaced intentionally or otherwise 6 times for a total of 108 years. This actually makes her older than she thinks as her actual birthdate was never recorded Helheim and all the Imperial records list the day she joined the military as the date she was born. Were someone inclined to devote the time to dig through Imperial records they would determine she's actually 146 going on 147.
Ana believes, rightly or wrongly, that she's the subject of some long term study on the long term effects of lowberth suspension.

Leaving the army was never her choice, at an evening budgetary review over a cup of tea and raspberry scones some Imperial functionary 3 sectors away demobilized large swaths of the Imperial frontier army in an attempt to meet some arbitrary targets. Some units, with well placed noble commanders, were withdrawn from the frontiers while other units were simply disbanded in place. Ana was one of the later, abandoned in a warzone with no prospects for relief, resupply or rescue.

Sara Kelley



Growing up on an orbital habitat gave Sara lots of interesting nooks and crannies to explore, to the exasperation of her line-mothers, as did the various mining facilities operated by her clan. From an early age she demonstrated exceptionally quick reflexes and coordination and a strong intuitive understanding of space and spatial relationships. Helping out her various family members she often demonstrated a talent for intuiting the

basics of whatever task was to hand. She did very well in school (Edu C), and proved especially talented at low and zero-G sports, even given her small stature, due to a combination of her reflexes and her dogged ability to last in competition (End A)

Not wanting to settle down as a junior wife to one of the other clan lines and a career in middle management, she joined the Scout Service for the opportunity to explore. Piloting came naturally and she improved rapidly (Pilot-2) and she learned to trust her instincts for managing just about everything else (J-o-T 1). She would have happily stayed on as a Scout but a personal conflict forced her to muster out early. Her wanderlust not yet sated, she looked for another opportunity to return to space.

She loves exploring and music. Hates ‘normal’ gravity (her home hab was usually 1/6th) but loves new places and people. She’s short. Pretty but rather baby-faced and generally cheerful and warm.

Dabney “Pongo” Greene

Intelligent and somewhat well educated, Greene wanted to be in the Navy but failed enlistment (rolled 3 versus a needed result of 7). Hoping to be drafted in, he submitted to draft and was assigned to Scouts. Easily survived his first term (rolled 11 versus 7) in which he learned the baisc skills of piloting and navigation. Further, his ancient and decrepit Type S required frequent "off the manual" repairs, resulting in an increased ability to kludge repairs and gets systems running using the resources at hand (Pilot-1, Navigation-1, JOT-1). The scout service accepts his reenlistment (5 versus 3) and Greene enters his second term.

Again, Greene easily survives his next four years of service. He becomes a dab hand at navigation (increasing that skill to navigation-2). After realizing his natural clumsiness (dexterity 3) might rule out more subtle weapon skills, Greene opts for working with an SMG he found abandoned in the ship's locker when he took possession of the IISS Eiger. Long, dull hours in j-space are taken up with target practice over his years of service, resulting in some ability to compensate for his low dexterity (SMG-1). Greene barely survives his roll to reenlist (8 versus 7) and decides this will be his final term.

During his last hitch, Greene continues to tinker with his aging ship's systems, becoming increasingly able to keep things running with little more than chewing gum and bailing wire (increasing to JOT-2). Over the years he has also found an aptitude for repairing and programming his ship's computer, spending the last term of service working on formalized classes while in j-space (computer-1). The IISS decides to accept his resignation and Greene musters out.

Upon mustering out Greene receives the following benefits: 2 low passages and gun (submachine gun). While he will always regret not getting into the Navy, he is absolutely loyal to the Scout service. He is currently looking for a crew, working passage, low passage off-world.

Pongo Greene is average height and build, making him a natural spacer. Brown hair and eyes. He has a long, jagged scar on his right forearm.

Gauvain de Beauhernais a L’Espée Foix, Comte de Foix.

Looks: Tall and muscular he has dark hair and piercing blue eyes, a scar runs over the orbit of his left eye. He is classically handsome with an urbane charm and has a definite eye for the female form.

Instead of taking a post in the regular army of his homeworld the young Foix joined the Legion. He found himself to be an able soldier and a natural leader. Furthermore the Legion cared nothing for social station and dealt with all only on merit.

Foix became a master of small unit tactics and always lead from the front. His promotion to Colonel lead to independent command of his Paras in a fire base where he learned medicine to triage and treat his own wounded direct from the field.

Further promotion took him from his beloved battalion and whilst on leave he met and married his wife Lysette Eloise. Returning to the Legion he volunteered as a Forward Observer to allow some contact with fighting units.

The Legion was withdrawn from the frontline following the siege of Hessia. Foix completed his master’s degree and news from home now finally caught up with him. A series of events amongst his extended family had catapulted him to primacy for the position of Comte. His military instincts warned him that given the devious nature of his family this apparent good fortune may in fact be part of a more sinister plot.

He determined to travel incognito until he could gain better intelligence of events in the murky politics of his noble family.

World Details

Starting Rumors

Runaway environment has swamped Bistron and flooded all it's cities. The Class B high port still operates. There is sure to be sunken wealth for those willing to brave the freak storms that wrack the world.

The company in charge of the fuel concession at Arthiop charges double and there has been trouble with sabotage.

Kauran has an Area-51 and there is supposedly some kind of ancient orbital station the Marines are charged with preventing from awakening.

Textiles are particularly cheap at Ludgates, made from silica fibres mined from the moons. Gems are often found during the mining with low grade Cystals being more common. Radioactives are also easily found. One moon (Fizzer) produces pharmaceuticals.

On Sheddezar, where it sometimes is hard to tell the difference between the ocean and the atmosphere, divers seek out strange crystals in underwater caves. A fellow Scout whispers to Sara that some think the crystals may unlock psionic potential, and as such, might be of interest to the Fizzer corporation at Ludgates, but don't let the locals know that, they are raging anti-psi. He also mentions that there might be some shipping crates of diving gear abandoned at the star port warehouse.

Shedezar has a gas giant mine that is largely run by robots and a small anti-social human administration.

Tegel

Tegel is a balkanized world with a dense tainted atmosphere.

The other characters have also recently mustered out.

Unfortunately, this was perhaps the wrong time and place to muster out.

Ryefield was the capital city of the Roglaroon Federation, but has recently been captured by forces from the dictatorship Modron. Imperial forces are holding the Modrones at bay for the moment, but the situation is somewhat dicey. A leadership team from the Roglaroon Federation has set up in one of the nicer taverns in the starport. They have been begging the imperial forces to intervene and bombard the capital of Modron.

You may purchase equipment (up to TL 12) at the starport, but some items may be in short supply or more expensive. The starport is a bit outside Ryefield, a valley separates the starport from the city..

Fogbound is an un-populated world that was destined for settlement, but when the Imperium started to have troubles back home and pulled back from the region, the colonization effort never got underway.

While you are meeting each other in a tavern, a man comes up to you and asks if you have a ship departing for Fogbound in the next week. Manon gives a nod to request the man at the bar (Andy) join them at their table. Hmm, so another out to join this Captain Rodríguez. He is mindful of potential Modron surveillance here but the sooner the group can gather-n-git, the better. Buying supplies will be next on his list.

Ana Jones stood outside the starport bar watching the Modron transports come and go pretty much unopposed. Occasionally a stream of tracer rounds would light up the evening sky followed by the staccato rattle of COACC artillery. It was a bad situation all around and it was probably about to get a whole lot worse before it got better, the Imperials were unlikely to intervene, it was to expensive, to dangerous, and outside of the Imperial

mandate of simply keeping the trade ways open. As a result a whole lot of civilians were going to die because some bureaucrat a hundred light years away had written half this sector off as, acceptable losses, while trying to balance their budget.

Defend the starport, protect the staff and keep the infrastructure intact. Twenty years of service had drilled the mantra into her head. Imperial assets were the priority and anything outside the fences was on its own. Ana frowned but beneath the filter mask, goggles and long scarf she had wrapped around her head it was pretty much impossible to tell. She'd always hated those orders, soldiers were supposed to protect civilians, and so she'd snuck troops outside the wire after dark to hunt down snipers. It was a small gesture but every little bit helped.

A salt and pepper haired spacer pushed past her and into the bar as a massive fireball lit up the horizon. A handful of seconds later the windows of the bar shook as the shockwave rolled over the starport. She took one long last look at the burning city in the distance and the troops watching nervously from inside the wire before turning and heading into the bar.

She leans forward and grins impishly, “Now a stray rocket or mortar shell accidentally landing on your starship, that is a very real possibility.”

"Yeah, that's my worry. There are a lot of shells landing awfully close to the Star Port fence. It would only take one 'oops' to put us out of business." Wen says.

I seem to have missed the part about a war."

“Really?” Ana replies, “It's been all over the news here.” A salvo of rockets shriek out of the agricultural lands to the West pass directly over the starport and head towards the city. “One of those damn things goes haywire and ends up inside the fence and we've got real problems, bad enough they're using the starport as cover. Lord dinglefrizt needs to get his act together and put a stop to that.”

“Oh it's probably that old rust bucket out in long term,” Ana replies waiting for one of the outer iris valves on the main terminal to cycle, a pair of Imperial soldiers walk past and salute crisply, Ana returns the salute motioning for Vee to step inside.

The outer iris seals behind them and the atmosphere is quickly exchanged. Ana pushes her scarf back, puts her goggles atop her head and pulls her mask down around her neck.

The terminal is a massive open concept building with three levels over looking a large atrium, hundreds, perhaps thousands of refugees fill the space camping out on every available surface. Most of the businesses are shuttered and the filtration systems are taxed to the limit trying to keep the smell of to many people in not enough space down.

Ana pushes her way through the crowd like a woman with purpose, “Four or five months back this A-Type shows up, crew just walked away, don't know if they defaulted or it was a delivery. Starport folks sealed it up and that was that, just been sitting out there gathering weeds ever since.”

On the far side of the lower level are several dozen rows of lockers, “Make a hole people,” Ana says with authority, “let me get my stuff and the lockers are yours.” The refugees move as Ana forces her way in.

Ana points across the field to a series of steep sided earthen berms, “Long term is over there, it’s kind of no frills, think there maybe power and black water recycling, not sure.” She revs the engine twice as Vee climbs aboard, Manon and Stefan have to scramble into the luggage compartment before Ana guns the motor and starts driving across the starport, “We really need to talk about this poor kid who had to pick out your underwear.”

Articles of Agreement

A. There will be a Ship's Company of crew members that control and operate this ship.

1. To initially join the Ship's Company an individual must contribute cash or goods equal to (or more than) 20,000 credits to the Ship's General Fund. This contribution may be a lump sum or paid in over an agreed to period of time.

2. In return each member of the Ship's Company will receive an equal share of profits made from carrying freight and passengers and from trading.

B. At the end of each month (or jump), a meeting of the Ship's Company will allocate income earned as follows:

1. All revenue earned during the period (month/jump) will be placed in the Ship's General Fund.

2. The amount needed to cover mortgage, maintenance, repair, life support, berthing and dockage fees and other normal operations will be moved to the Ship Operating Fund and will be spent for that purpose.

3. The Ship's Quartermaster may allocate additional money from the General Fund to the Ship Operating Fund to cover unforeseen expenses, but such allocations are subject to review by the Ship's Company at the next meeting.

3. By majority vote of the Ship's Company all remaining revenue will be divided among the General Fund, a Ship Trading Fund, and direct allocation to each crew member.

4. Ship Improvements, such as new software, turrets, weapons, fuel purifiers, etc. will be purchased from the Ship's General Fund after approval by the Ship's Company at a meeting.

C. The Captain of the ship will make decisions concerning the operation of the ship while it is "in space."

1. The Captain's orders will be obeyed by all crew members while the ship is not "in port."

2. The Captain will assign crew members to the positions of pilot, navigator, engineer, medic, steward and other ship operating positions.

3. The Captain will hire additional (non Ship's Company) crew for any position not covered by members of the Ship's Company. These hires will be subject to review at the next meeting.

4. The pay for non-Ship's Company crew will come from the Ship's Operating Fund and the Quartermaster is in charge of moving money from the General Fund to the Operating Fund. That is, the Captain may hire, but the Quartermaster controls the pay. {Checks and Balances}

D. The Quartermaster will make decisions regarding the carriage of freights, passengers and the purchase/sale of speculative cargoes purchased with the Ship Trading Fund.

1. The Quartermaster will keep good records of the Ship Funds and will make those records available to the Ship's Company at all times.

2. The Quartermaster will assign crew members with tasks related to revenue producing activities: freight, passengers and speculative cargoes.

3. The Quartermaster will assign quarters to each crew member.

E. The positions of Captain and Quartermaster are chosen by majority vote of the Ship's Company and may be replaced at any Company meeting. The same person my hold both Captain and Quartermaster positions, if so voted by the Ship's Company.

F. Additional articles may be added to these and existing articles may be modified by majority vote of the Ship's Company.

Ships

Mazie Star - Type A Free Trader

The PC’s ship does not currently have turrets or fire control mounted.

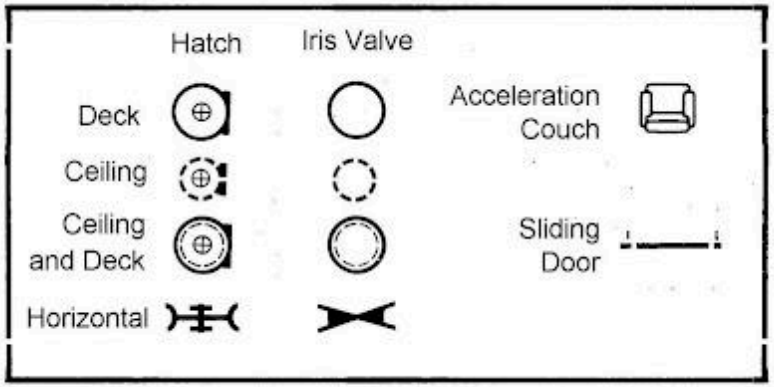
	200 Ton	Type A (Free Trader)	P-1, M-1, J-1
The Mazie Star	10 staterooms, 20 low berths	Model 1 (CPU 2/4)	Maneuver (1), Jump-1 (1), Navigation (1), Anti-Hijack (1), Library (1)
	30 tons fuel	82 tons cargo	2 Hard points (no turrets or fire control)
			Annual maintenance Cr 37,080

POSITION	CREW MEMBER	QUARTERS	NOTES
Pilot	Sara Kelley		(Vee as backups)
Navigator	Wen Rodriguez	Crew-1	(Pongo, Andy, Vee as backups)
Engineer	Andy Sokolov		(Anastasia, Vee, as backups)
Medic	Foix		(Vee, Wen as backups)
Steward	Grimaud		(Wen, Ana as backups)
Computer	Pongo		
Backup Medic	Vee Becker		
Backup Pilot			
Security	Anastasia Jones		
Security	Colonel Aarav Chu		

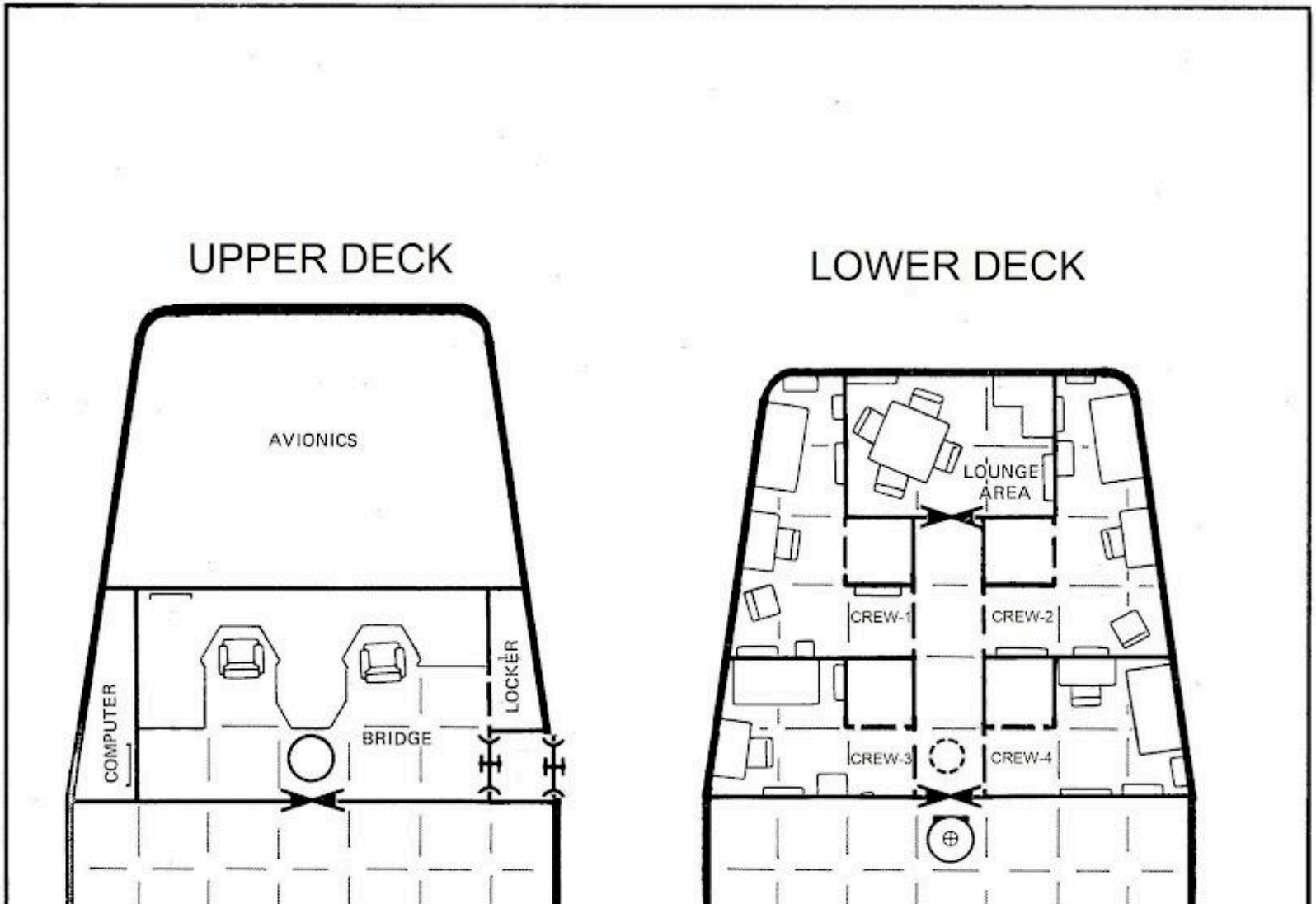


Deck plan image for those having issues: http://www.mindspring.com/~ffilz/images/ACS-2-02-Port%20of%20Call-edited.jpg

Deck Plan Slides -- Proposed Crew Cabins
https://docs.google.com/presentation/d/1uofvO9luXEbWmsBdoiKQ1hwcDNHkLXyR4u7UtgLp4t8/edit?usp=sharing



Port of Call Class Free Trader



Finances:
https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1hqedvAtURpPrrrTmvqR4W3PZtbqpyo2cB8qtlvWrs2R-14/edit#gid=0

Inactive Characters

Player	Character	Stats	Service History	Skills
coil23	Manon Abe	756A94	6 terms merchant (42) 6000/yr retirement	Bribery-1, Electronics-3, Gunnery-1, Jack-o-a-T-1, Mechanical-1, Pilot-1, Shotgun-2, Streetwise-1, Vacc Suit-1
coil23	Stefan Perez	B78CCA	4 terms merchant (34)	Jack-o-a-T-1, Medical-1
godric/bryan	2nd Officer Mark Wood	B779C3	2 terms merchant (26)	Computer-1, Gunnery-1, Medical-1, Shotgun-1, Steward-1, Vacc Suit-1
erkenbrand	Senior Captain Simon Tanaka	787CBA	7 terms merchant (46)	Body Pistol-2, Bribery-1, Mechanical-4, Pilot-4, Streetwise-1, Vacc Suit-1

Character	Wound Status	Primary Weapon	Secondary Weapon	Additional Weapons
Manon Abe	756	shotgun-2	Sawed off shotgun-2	daggers-0
Stefan Perez	B78	Auto pistol-0	dagger-0	
Mark Wood	B77	Shotgun-1		
Simon Tanaka	787	Body Pistol-2	Foil-0	

Character	Credits	Gear	Load
Manon Abe	25,030	Shotgun, sawed off shotgun, 2 daggers, mech tools, elec tools, combination mask, cloth, TL 12 vacc suit	
Stefan Perez	50,640	9mm auto pistol, dagger, combination mask, medical kit, medscanner, cloth, TL 12 vacc suit	
Mark Wood	~~30,000~~ 14,300	Low passage x1, Shotgun (5), Shotgun Clipsx5, Med Kit (7), Medscanner (10), Electronic Tools (7), Hand Computer, (11), Vacc Suit (12)	
Simon Tanaka	0	Body Pistol, +Clip (x5), Foil, Vacc Suit (12), Compact Metalwork Toolkit (9), Compact Mechanical Toolkit (9), Combo Mask, IR/LI Goggles, Hand Computer, clothing	

Manon Abe

Manon Abe was a first officer in the merchant core though he and his shotgun have seen quite a bit of action dealing with pirates and smuggling deals gone wrong. He retired to get away from formal authority and all of the bureaucracy, hoping to find some like-minded souls to discover their own path. He took an able but too outspoken young officer with him who was more likely to follow his orders than the commander's. Shotguns and electronics are his specialties but he has dabbled in everything from bribery to mechanics to piloting, not to mention his aptitude at picking skills up cold (JoaT skill 1).

Stefan Pérez

Stefan Pérez is a smart, inquisitive officer who has authority issues and an often too keen curiosity. He found someone he could respect and follow in Manon Abe and so "left" with him (ignoring that his re-enlistment would have been denied had he tried as the merchant corps had had enough of Mr. Pérez). Stefan was moderately able medic (skill 1) and also has a knack for being a decent jack of all trades (skill 1).

Mark Wood

Mark Wood, “Mac” to his friends, was eager to follow in his trade of his father—a very successful businessman. He longed to travel and trade far and wide, jumping from one adventure to the next, crossing the Imperium and making a name, and more importantly some “bank”, for himself.

He quickly advanced to the rank of 3rd Officer, picking up important skills through some hairy experiences. He helped stand down an attempted mutiny, coming to the captains aid armed with nothing but a shotgun and a wild eye. After that, he never went far without “Weatherby”.

It was this mutiny that turned Mark on to the study of Computer systems. The would-be mutineers had sabotaged just about every system on the ship in order to undermine Captain Grace Filbin’s ability to do her job. In the forensic aftermath, Mark vowed to educate himself in order to prevent this from ever happening again. While he didn’t quite have the head for business that his father had, he DID have a head for numbers.

During his second term, Mark faced more trials-by-fire as he saw certain vacancies aboard ship that required a learned hand. He spent time learning basic Medical skills, did a fair bit of work assisting with projects outside the ship in Vacc Suit, and—when necessary—cobbled together an edible menu when the ship’s cook was down with the gout.

Mark chose not to reenlist. His captain retired. The new captain and crew, a disagreeable lot. He figured he'd take his chances with a more entrepreneurial disposition.

Simon Tanaka

A recent retiree from the Merchant Navy, serving all over the local trade routes with various mega-corporations, and getting a reputation as an efficient and trustworthy pilot. Simon is tall and slim, with a wash of crew cut grey hair that makes him look much older than his mid forties, he has a "nice" face and a "cultured" accent. His manner is incredibly polite and his attitude is towards non-violence, using talk, and perhaps a bit of imperial credit, to gain favor. Around new company he appears on edge, but this is just his way of coping.
After many a stint planet-side, he gained worthwhile underground knowledge and took time to learn how to defend himself with a concealed weapon, whilst not entirely legal on most worlds, he sees the body pistol as his safety and fallback, for when negotiations go wrong, "talk, but carry a big stick" is his motto.
A keen tinkerer, he has an accomplished skill in mechanical expertise, he always carries his tool kit and is often checking non-electronic gadgets to make sure they are working at peak efficiency, this is borderline OCD, but a useful trait when your life depends on mechanics working every time.
He is a competent pilot and has run his own company ship before, but as an experienced crew member, he knows needs the navigator to guide him and the engineer to propel him.
He came to Tegel to get some specialised tools to finish his metalworking kit, but unfortunately found himself in the middle of a war.