

The Eye - Fanzine



For the **ECLIPSE PHASE** Roleplaying Game

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Welcome Back!



This is the second issue of *The Eye*. We got good feedback from *Eclipse Phase* fans that checked out our freshman issue, and we still have a lot of submissions in the queue for future releases. You are a creative bunch, and I'm sure it makes the people over at Posthuman Studios, LLC proud to see you all kicking around in the world they created, and using the Creative Commons license to it's fullest!

Still, we can always use more! If you've got a plug-in, rule hack, scenario, fan fiction, or just a head full of story hooks, drop by the darkcast site at **www.firewall-darkcast.com** and submit your work. We can especially use artists to draw, paint, and render art to bring the submissions to life, or stand as works on their own! We'd like to throw out a special thank you to painter Char Reed (**charreed.com**) for her excellent work in issues one and two!

Help spread the word about *The Eye*! If you frequent the official *Eclipse Phase* forum, you can get *The Eye* userbar at **www.eclipsephase.com/userbars**. We also have presence on Facebook (**www.facebook.com/pages/The-Eye/175182579197447**) and Twitter (@TheEyeEP), so be sure to friend/follow us where you can!

Convention season is in full swing as well, so if you are heading out to any of the cons and find yourself gaming or hanging out with *Eclipse Phase* fans, be sure to let them know where to find us!

Thanks!

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M66: Dante's Road

by Quincey Forder

On Earth, through the centuries, there are been many roads of legend. Roads of tears, of shame and hope, courage and even faith. Man has trodden the paths of trade, foolish treasure hunts and the Silk Road. The devout have made the pilgrimage to St Jacques de Compostel, walked the 40 years walk through the desert to a promised land, and followed the bricked street of the Via Dolorosa. Even the long walk to a certain death...examples are aplenty. And now that Transhumanity has found a new home on Mars, you will discover that here too we have such a road, aptly named Dante's Road.

ORIGINS OF A NIGHTMARE

When the architects of the Fall, the abominations known as the TITANs, reached Mars and rendered thousands of square miles uninhabitable and hazardous to cross, it made traveling in that region a nightmare. Railroad and highways were severed, not to mention that the transportation of goods, ores, and morphs became impossible. Cities were cut off and left to fend for themselves. Most were abandoned and others that remained soon died. Things didn't get better once the dust settled and the Offworld Consortium became the Planetary Consortium. The East and West M5 roads were cut with a hundreds miles wide gap between them. The entire perimeter was fenced and designated a no-fly zone for air traffic.

About 2 AE, a group of minor corporations, who later became known as The Five, came to Mars with the blessing of the Tharsis League, and with what seemed, at the time, to be a bright idea: build a whole new road, the M66, circling the hell known as the TITAN Quarantine Zone.

Almost from the get go, corruption ran rampant at every level of the project, and criminal cartels found a brand new source of revenue. The Triads found a never-ending demand for drugs, both physical and algorithm. ID Crew provided forged property titles and licenses, Nine Lives purchased and sold Egos for indentures and, shall we say, evening entertainment. You get the picture.

As a result, throughout the past decade five hyper-corps have invested in the road as a whole, and every single one of them has gone belly up. The Planetary Consortium washed its collective hands of the project and refuses to spend one more credit on it.

Today, the M-66 is a patchwork of roads, tracks, and semi-abandoned highways not appearing in any official maps or automatic piloting AIs itineraries. If you are thinking of plotting your course based on the original consortium plans that you found on the Mesh, think again; it has changed so much over the years that you will find yourself in the middle of the TQZ before you realize your mistake. You should also know that use of Dante's Road is not, in any way or form, sanctioned by MDOT; and if something happens to you while you're on that road (and that's a very likely prospect) you won't be helped. Not by MDOT anyway...

"I WANNA LIVE, I WANNA DIE, BUT IT'S A LONG HARD ROAD OUT OF HELL!"

Very few look at the unsung heroes who built—or rather, tried to build—the M-66: the indentured workers.

The Five treated them as little more than canon fodder, working day and night, seven days a week. They dug through dirt and rock, carving their ways through the mountainous edges of many craters. When they weren't being attacked by roaming nanoswarms, those who were not efficient enough were shot down by the mercenaries hired by The Five and their cortical stacks retrieved for psychosurgical punishment. But who knows exactly how closely those orders were obeyed?

When the Five were driven into bankruptcy, about twenty percent of the roads were completed and the infrastructure as a whole was almost completely done; the general shape of the road is still sketched out for those who know were to look.

hooks

Escape From Dis

An oligarch hires the PC to retrieve his wayward daughter. Couldn't be that hard, right? Except said daughter isn't a daughter at all, but a personal assistant who stole a dangerous nanotoxin from the oligarch's personal collection, and is hiding in Dis.

Il Etait Beau Mon LEGIONaire!

A roadie relay on Dante's Road, comprised of a fuel station, small mall and motel, is besieged by a horde of Exsurgents coming from the all-too close TQZ. Wouldn't be much of an issue... if the PC weren't stopping at the relay, and that one of the people present was infected by an Exsurgent virus corrupted Petal, and is having hallucinations of biblical proportions.

Children of Giant Corn

Sent by Firewall to investigate the disappearance of a trio of Sentinels on their way to Elysium after a mission on Dante's Road. Last known position is only a mile from BeRe. Their last report mentioned a gang of presumed exhumans who stole a stock of Neotenic morphs and healing vats. Coincidence?

Rodeo and Juliet

As arguments between two opposed settlements, Cape Hewlett and Monstescue's Hope, is going to be resolved in a deadly race on the Road as it is every year, Jules the teenager daughter of Cape Hewlett's mayor, sneaked in the contenders -and the player characters among them- as did Ronna Montescue, her lover. And in Jules' belonging belongings, several millions credit worth of Rosal-In, a potent new brand of Petal. As the race starts, so do rumors about the deadly drug and who brought it. What are the characters going to do?

//Quincey Forder

However, the safe distance between the road and the TQZ, a nominal two miles, was not often respected for reasons ranging from embezzlement of the mapping maintenance budget to human error to gross negligence. In some places the road rides the very border of the Zone...when it's not venturing a few hundred yards WITHIN the Zone.

But the workers didn't give up. While friends, loved-ones and comrades died (or worse!) building the highway they christened Dante's Road, many settlements were founded or reclaimed from the dust of the red planet. The Consortium, to a point, ignored the new lives and new homes that the indentured workers carved for themselves. As of 10 AF, those settlements number in the hundreds, with populations varying from a few dozen to tens of thousands, organized and allied into a loose coalition of fiercely independent insular villages and Barsoomian and Scum black market trading outposts.

To describe them all is nothing short of impossible, as they are ever changing, appearing and disappearing, though some have begun to enter Martian folklore. Their memes are strongly opposed by the Hypercorps of the Planetary Consortium, sometimes even by Oversight itself, and newsfeeds of or from these forbidden cities all but censored by Experia. Following, you'll find two of the most extreme examples of what kind of settlements you can find along Dante's Road.

DIS

Located just off of the roads near the South West corner of the Zone (five minutes in a buggy), Dis is, by far, the largest settlement; the most populated, and undoubtedly, the most dangerous. It is built deep underground in an ancient mine used in the early days of Mars's exploitation, and featuring only one known exit to the surface, which is guarded by a twelve foot tall Flexbot morphed AGI named Phlygias (though most denizens of the city simply call him Phil).

Dis is a mile-deep pit sectioned with nine donut-shaped concrete platforms, each opening onto a maze of tunnels into the surrounding rock, constantly bathed in the 100-degrees Fahrenheit heat and red-hued light radiating from the old



fusion core salvaged from an O'Neill Cylinder. The original refining facilities that were built on these platforms have since been replaced by favelas made of cheap concrete and prefabs built from the cornucopia machines with pirated or faulty blueprints. At the bottom of the pit, one crazy or desperate enough (or both!) could find not only the enormous atmospheric generators that provides this cursed city with breathable yet nauseating roasted bacon smelling air, but also the meat crops that feed the nearly one hundred thousand souls that reside here. NOT questioning where the "raw material" for the meat crops comes from is a lesson learned early on when you establish in Dis.

As for local government...well, there is none. This is a lawless cesspool of crime, vice and human trafficking (be it with illegal indentures, ego smuggling, or darkcasting), and most criminal organizations maintain a presence in the city for their share of profit. Although it is mostly an Old Economy, don't expect to survive if you don't have, ahem, a

decent level in G-Rep. If you want something, you steal it or make it. Or, if you have sufficient money or don't have a CM, you can buy it at a wildly varying price range (a Moderate price tag can become Expensive here, but a High priced item can be sold for a Trivial amount). Racketeering, trafficking, theft, murder, rape and slavery are the Dis Way of Life. If you value your life, your Ego or your general Sanity, avoid Dis like the plague it is.

BEATRIX'S REDEMPTION (BeRe)

BeRE is much smaller and, in many ways, the polar opposite of Dis. Only two hundred strong (as of today), the population of Beatrix's Redemption lives under a dome with a general technological level coherent with the late 19th-early 20th Century on Earth. Its founder, Beatrix Lamont, was a truck driver for ComEx supplying The Five with fresh, cheap Case or Flat Morphs that they were oh-so-kindly offering to their Indentured workforce. About six years ago, Lamont found herself lost and stranded in the TQZ with a load of Synth and Flats in her truck when she was attacked by a roving group of Exsurgers. Not even Beatrix could tell you for sure how she managed to escape uninfected with strains of the Exsurgent Virus, but the fact is that she made it back from the Zone without so much as a scratch; although she was an emotional train-wreck. Her trucks automated systems, Muse and AI copilot were destroyed, her Synth cargo was lost but the Flats were untouched. Three hundred intact and unmodified human bodies.

For Beatrix, it was an Act of God; proof that He hasn't abandoned his wayward children and a clear message: only those in base human bodies who forsake technological comforts will be Saved. She stole the remaining cargo, and began searching for a place to settle a new home for the "True Humans", as she called them. It took her months to find the spot for her new Promised Land; a small impact crater (six miles wide) 660 miles South of Elysium-bound M4 highway on Dante's Road.

Along the way, she had gathered a flock of people eager for something to believe in, disenchanted by the false hope and hollow dreams of fame in the glittering Elysium, or eager for a sedentary life after years of traveling aimlessly with their Barsoomian



Sufi. Runaway indentured workers, survivors of the failed construction of the M-66, also joined here, and together they built a dome that wholly covered the crater. Beatrix's Redemption was founded with five hundred people in total, with only three hundred Flats available. Some were full neo-luddites eager to be rid of ALL technologies except for the necessary evil that would insure their survival. Others just wanted a new start, or to hide from cruel masters, but did not wish to reject all modern technology, a view that drastically clashed with Beatrix's utopia.

But as all utopias built upon or by tyranny, things went horribly wrong for half of the population of Beatrix' Redemption. A true witch-hunt began in the closed microcosm of the dome. In less than a year, of the original five hundred people, three hundred died a True Death. The luckiest ones were killed right away by the mob, or fighting them, taking about a hundred of them. The less lucky were subjected to a gruesome execution after a summary trial; their cortical stacks forcibly ripped out of their living bodies or synth morphs, and then crushed and burnt in view of the public.

Whoever enters the dome will find themselves on a dirt road between cornfields of 30 feet tall crops (thanks to Mars' lower gravity), and Case morphs used as scarecrows. Two miles down, they will find a village with the eerie appearance of a mix between an Amish community and western Earth-frontier decors. There are no motorized vehicles in evidence, only genuine (though cloned) horses, and drawn carts. The center of the village boasts a modest town square. In the center, a dais supports a surgical chair with an Egobridge awaiting the newcomers wishing a new life (in one of the few flat morphs left of the original stolen batch), and sinners sentenced to "Death by Extraction".

Among Barsoomians, there are rumors that the maintenance of BeRe's dome is sponsored, if not paid in full by Jovian Republic sympathizers. Some say the Junta itself always foots the bills, keeping the dome and wind turbines fully functional. Aside from Beatrix Lamont herself-

assuming she is still alive and didn't perish in the Witch Hunt-there is no indication of who lives there, and even less of who is keeping the population under a tight leash.



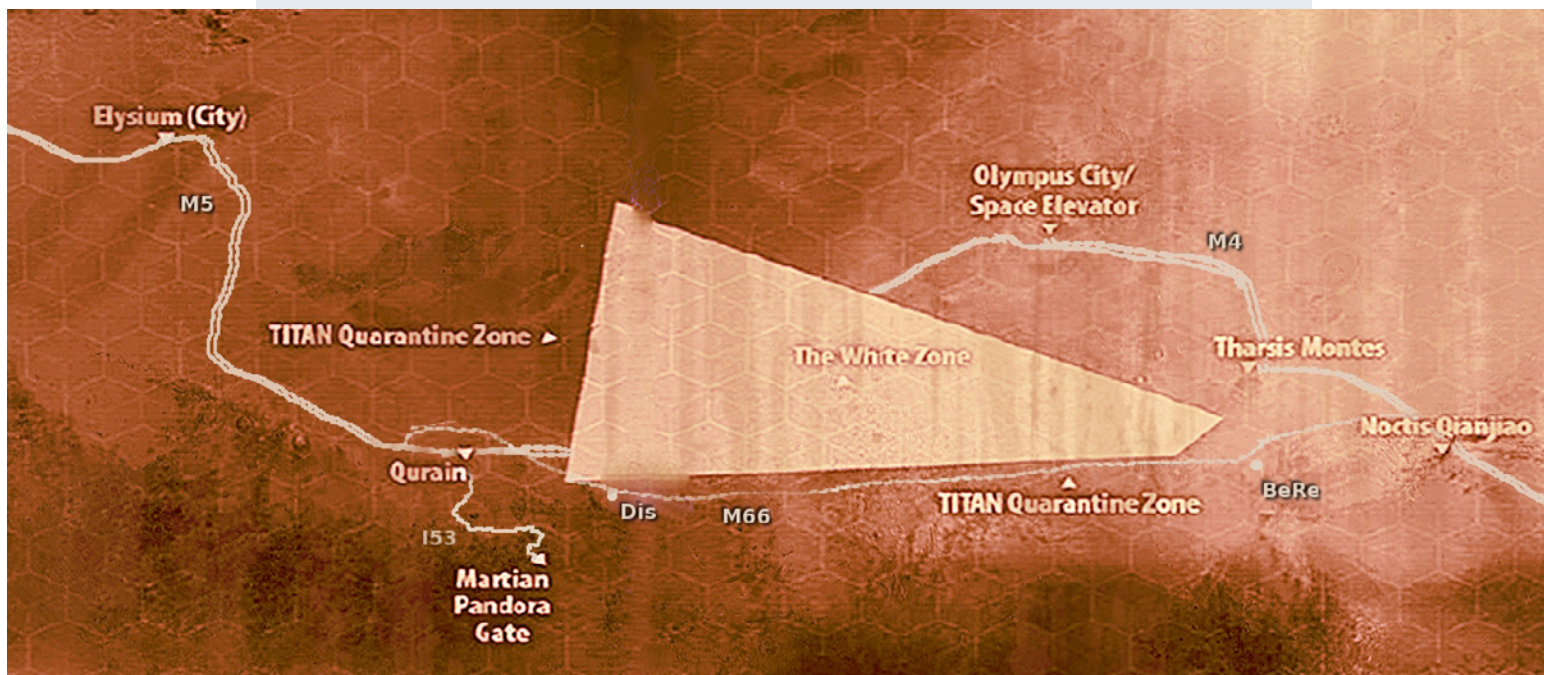
WHO USES THE ROAD, NOWADAYS?

With all this said, Dante's Road is far from unused, besides the Damned (as the settlers along the road call themselves), Martian Rangers greatly benefit from the road while patrolling the perimeters of the TQZ. Many of them are Damned themselves (or inversely, many Damned were enrolled among the Rangers). Les Goules use the Road as a means of relatively easy and safe itinerary on smuggling runs. Greedy, penny-wise Hypercorps transport on that road so they don't have to pay fees to the MDOT, or answer for questionable cargo.

Rumor has it that Cognite and Experia recruit "volunteers" for their less-than-moral experiments, and that Pathfinder holds a buffer habitat (some say concentration camp) on the edge of the Gusev Crater for those who were forcibly returned from exoplanets or came back changed.

Other regular users of the road are the Red Caps, a gang of bikers affiliated with the Scum's and Barsoomian's less savory cliques. They ride stolen or black-marketed thrike exoskeletons, typically painted red (sometimes with blood), and a skull pattern on the face-plate. They prey on unsuspecting, careless travelers and hypercorps convoys; sometimes even on fellow Barsoomian groups





known to be trading with the Tharsis League or Planetary Consortium. They'll rip your stack out of your neck and use your skull as decorations for their gang leaders' buggies.

To reach the M66, you have to take either the M-5 West from Elysium or the M4 North of Noctis Quinjao. Switch off any skinning you might be using for your AR interface, even the mandatory ones with the panels and driving code signals. If you are on the M5, turn off your autopilot about ten miles from the TQZ border. You'll cross a turnpike normally hidden by the MDOT skinning. Take the exit, and you will find yourself on the M-66 about two hours drive from BeRe. If you are on the M-4, at 666 kilometers from Noctis Quinjao (not miles, kilometers!) make sure you're on the ground, in the right side lane, and like on the M-5, turn off the skinning and autopilot. Take the unmarked exit and you'll find yourself on the other end of the M-66, about three hours from Dis and at the edge of the Red Caps territory. From there, my friend, you are on your own.

MORE SETTLEMENTS!

In future issues, more settlements will be presented or posted on this Mesh site, but feel free to create your own. The masterword of these settlements is 'eerie' as a taste of things to come:

*O-Wan: A settlement inhabited only by Synth sleeved transhumans that looks like an odd mix of container park and gold digger outpost by way of how the containers are disposed. A power struggle is heating up between local chapter of the Steel Liberators and radical Mercurials led by an AGI for the control of O-Wan. But they agree on one thing: biomorphs aren't welcome here!

*Ryugu-jo named after the fabled undersea palace of the Japanese folklore, Ryugu-jo is built in a disused water tank located under the Gale Crater. Dating from the early days of colonization it was used as a salt-water reserve to serve as coolant for primitive nuclear plants. After almost a century of exploitation, the water level was drastically diminished, and an island formed. Indentures of Japanese, Korean and Chinese origins fleeing the Five, and later the Planetary Consortium, came here looking for a simpler life. The buildings are made to resemble Edo Era architecture, with modern technology hidden out of sight but readily available. The question is, who paid for all that, seeing that Ryugu-jo is strictly old economy? ☐

Aquatic Morphs and Gear

by Martin Swan

Although it has been said in the past that future supplements of *Eclipse Phase* may contain morphs specifically orientated towards aquatic environments, I found myself unable to wait the months or possibly even years to get my hands on them. So, I did what any self-respecting home brewer would do and made my own. Then I noticed that I could also do an entire article expanding on the gear that aquatic morphs might be able to use. This is the result.

First, the additional morphs, each of which is, of course, balanced to those that appear in both the Core rulebook and Sunward. They are designed using the system that can be found elsewhere in this very issue of the Eye, which is itself an expanded version of a system hosted online on both the RPG.net forums and the official *Eclipse Phase* forums. These morphs make use of new traits and gear that will be expanded upon later in this article.

New Morphs

AQUA (BIOMORPH)

This tall, lithe, blue-skinned, humanoid morph is capable of spending extended periods of time living underwater. It is the morph of choice for many transhumans who live in an aquatic environment, but find themselves unable to adapt to the exotic nature of dolphin uplifts and are unable to afford the more standard Aquanaut. Featuring webbed hands and feet, an elaborately designed gill system that runs down their back, and a thin layer of adapted blubber-like flesh under their skin, these morphs are perfectly suited for life both above and below the oceans surface.

Implants: Basic Biomods, Aquatic Mesh Inserts, Cortical Stack, Direction Sense, Echolocation, Gills, Swim Bladder, Temperate Tolerance (Improved Cold)

Aptitude Maximum: 30

Durability: 30

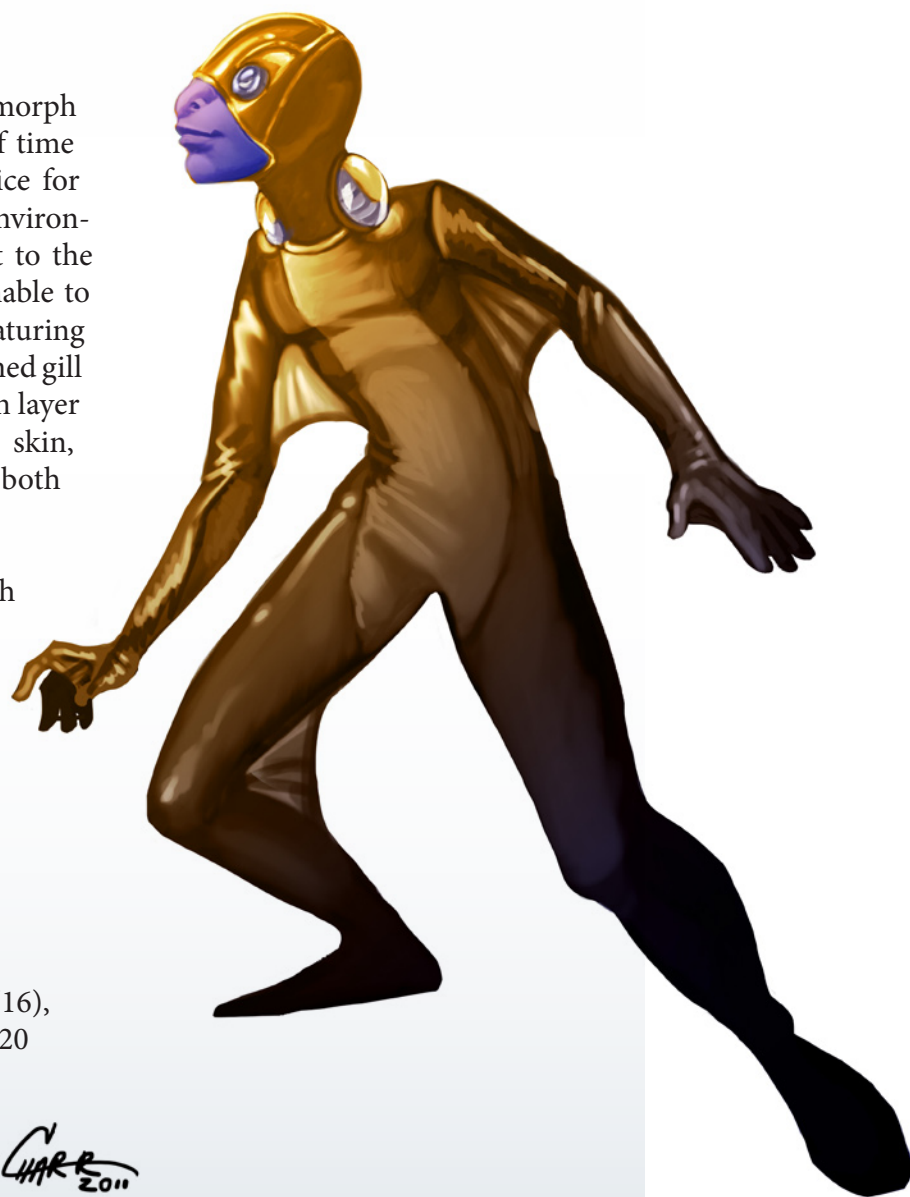
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Wound Threshold: 6

Advantages: Swimming (Movement Rate 4/16), +5 to one aptitude of the players choice, +20 Swimming skill

CP Cost: 25

Credit Cost: Expensive



CHAR 2011



TURSIOPS (BIOMORPH, UPLIFT)

An aquatic morph based on the genetic stock of the bottle-nosed dolphin, the Tursiops is the morph of choice for many of the dolphin uplifts that survived the Fall. Modified to be faster, stronger, more intelligent than their natural brethren, and capable of human like speech; the Tursiops also features a specially designed gill system that gives them the option of spending their entire lives submerged. Although many find this morph's practical inability to survive on land a major disadvantage, advocates cite its spectacular speed and maneuverability underwater as being worth it.

Implants: Basic Biomods, Aquatic Mesh Inserts, Cortical Stack, Direction Sense, Echolocation, Gills, Lateral Line, Swim Bladder, Temperature Tolerance (Improved Cold)

Aptitude Maximum: 30

Durability: 30

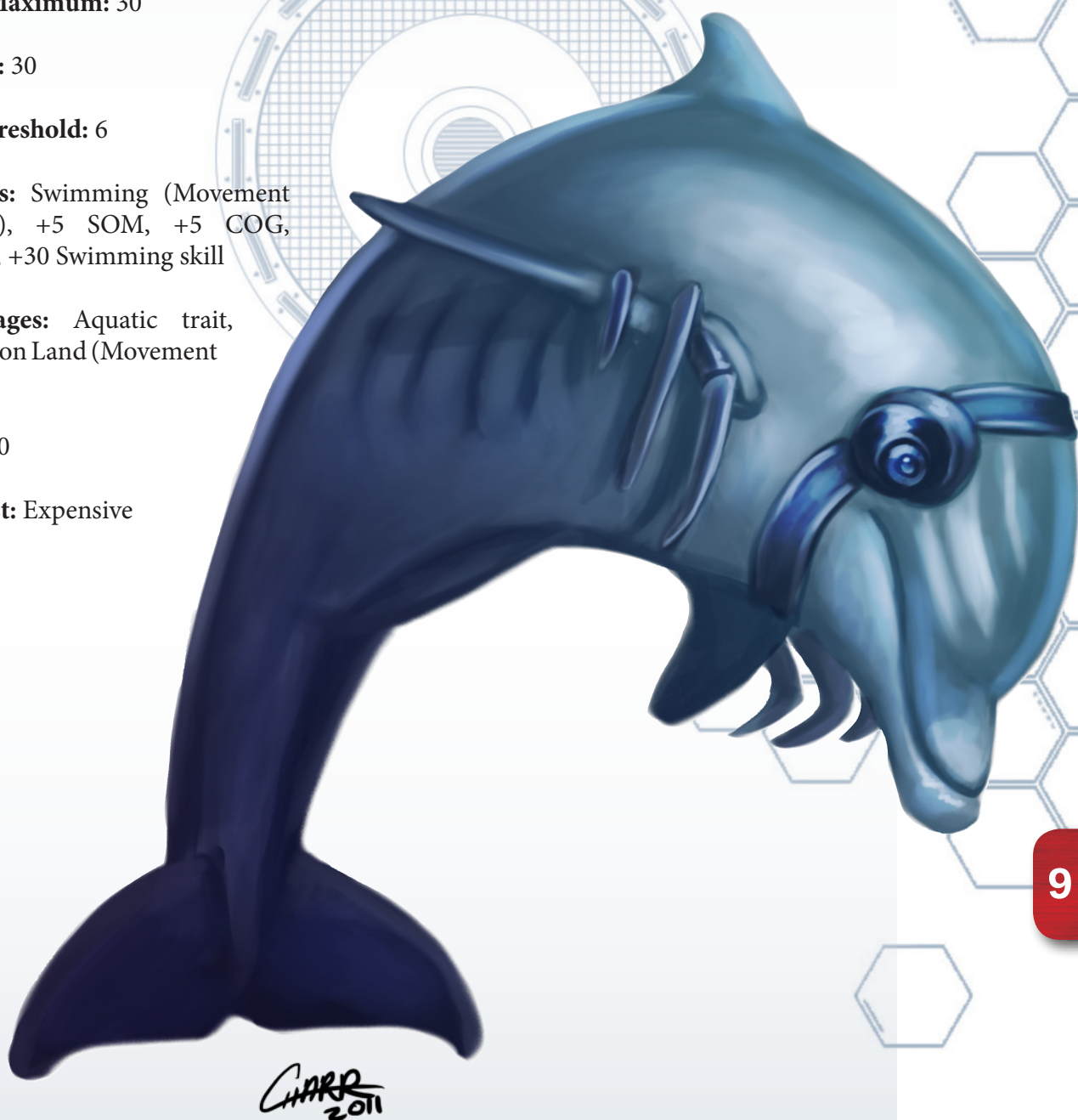
Wound Threshold: 6

Advantages: Swimming (Movement Rate 8/40), +5 SOM, +5 COG, Limber (1), +30 Swimming skill

Disadvantages: Aquatic trait, Movement on Land (Movement Rate 1/3)

CP Cost: 30

Credit Cost: Expensive



Diver (Biomorph, Uplift)

This incredibly large, whale-like creature is one of the few biomorphs capable of surviving the crushing pressures of the European deeps. Using incredibly advanced technologies that are rumored to be based on TITAN research, the diver morph is as at home in the depths of Europa as a flat would be on pre-Fall Earth. Currently limited universally to Europa, although a few hypercorps have considered moving modified versions to aquatic exoplanets, the whale uplifts who primarily occupy these morphs tend to dedicate their lives to mapping the unknowns of the European reefs that are out of reach of other, less able, morphs. Due to their enormous bulk, the diver morph is physically incapable of surviving for any significant length of time while above water.

Implants: Basic Biomods, Aquatic Mesh Inserts, Cortical Stack, Direction Sense, Echolocation, Gills, Lateral Line, Swim Bladder, Temperature Tolerance (Improved Cold)

Aptitude Maximum: 30

Durability: 125

Wound Threshold: 25

Advantages: Swimming (Movement Rate 6/34), +15 SOM, Extreme Depth Enhancements trait, +20 Swimming skill

Disadvantages: -5 COO, Extremely Large (+30 to hit in combat), Aquatic trait, Movement on Land (Movement Rate 1/1)

CP Cost: 75

Credit Cost: Expensive (rare, 50,000+ minimum)



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Orcinus (Biomorph, Uplift)

Genetically based on the, now extinct, orca of Earth; the orcinus morph is the sleeve of choice for many of the displaced, uplifted whale population who survived the Fall. Although physically very large, these morphs are also surprisingly graceful and speedy while submerged, though they suffer from the same limitations as the tursiops and diver morph while above water. Much like their tursiop cousins, the orcinus morph features a substantial gill system running along their belly that gives them the ability to survive indefinitely underwater, as well as a modified larynx that allows them to speak most transhuman languages, though many find their extremely deep voices hard to understand.

Implants: Basic Biomods, Aquatic Mesh Inserts, Cortical Stack, Direction Sense, Echolocation, Gills, Lateral Line, Swim Bladder, Temperature Tolerance (Improved Cold)

Aptitude Maximum: 30

Durability: 30

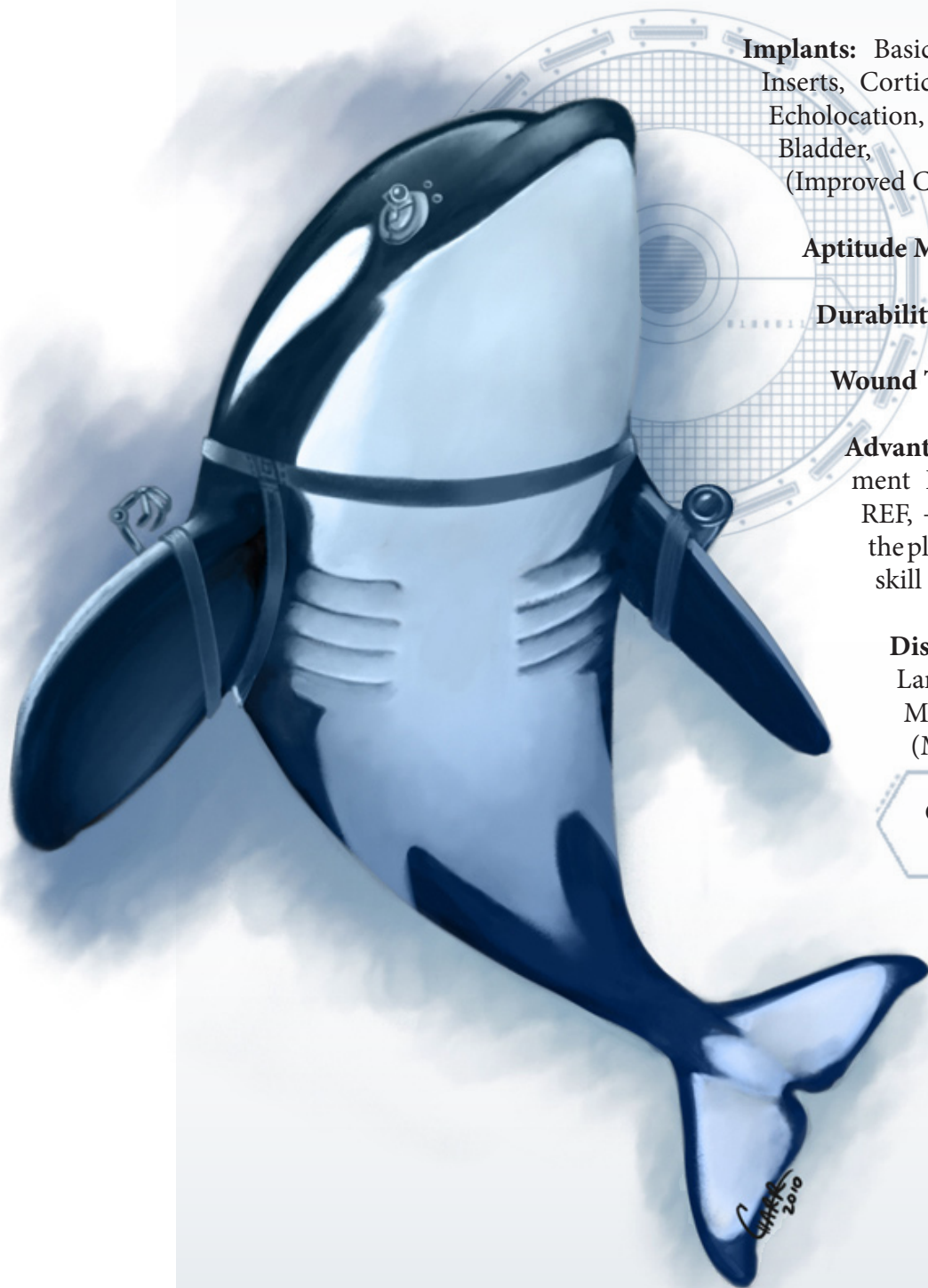
Wound Threshold: 6

Advantages: Swimming (Movement Rate 8/40), +10 SOM, +5 REF, +5 to one other aptitude of the players choice, +30 Swimming skill

Disadvantages: Aquatic trait, Large (+10 to hit in combat), Movement on Land (Movement Rate 1/3)

CP Cost: 55

Credit Cost: Expensive (30,000 minimum)



New Special Aquatic Traits

The following morph traits count neither as Positive nor Negative. It neither costs CP nor provides a CP bonus. It only applies to biomorphs and pods created specifically for the purpose of either living under water or at extremely high pressures.

Aquatic

This morph is designed to operate solely in an aquatic environment, enabling it to spend its entire life in water, but limiting its ability to survive on the surface. These limitations are due to being physically incapable of keeping their skin sufficiently moist, the strain of supporting their massive bulk without the aid of buoyancy, or for some other reason that causes the morph to struggle if out of the water for more than a few minutes. Such morphs quickly begin to feel the negative effects of exposure, temporarily losing 5 points of SOM and 1 point of COO for every 5 minutes it spends outside of water. These same penalties are applied to all SOM and COO based skill tests. If the morph's SOM drops to 0, it will begin to take 5 points of damage every further minute it remains above water. The morph retains all normal cognitive function and mesh access while in this state, but it is unable to move under its own power. Even after being placed back into water, the morph will still suffer from these effects for at least 5 minutes, as its skin begins to rehydrate and its body readjusts to having the strain of supporting its mass reduced by buoyancy. This trait may only be applied to biomorphs and pods.

Extreme Depth Enhancement

This biomorph has been adapted to survive the extreme pressures of deep oceans, and is easily capable of withstanding 250 (Earth) atmospheres. This trait may be adjusted to allow specific morphs to dive much deeper than stated here, as per GM judgment. This trait may only be applied to biomorphs and pods.

New Aquatic Gear

Aquatic Mesh Inserts (Cost: Moderate, Low for nanobot refit.)

Aquatic mesh inserts are normal inserts that have been specially modified to operate in aquatic environments, such as Europa, where the signal scattering effects of the water blocks almost all conventional communication devices. Instead of depending on direct radio communications, these inserts have a built in, dedicated, non-reprogrammable nanohive that releases a cloud of signal transmitters. Through these transmitters the owner is able to piggyback his signal along the swarm all the way back to the mesh proper. Although the nano machines the hive releases are designed to be as stable as possible in a shifting body of water, tidal forces present in almost all large expanses of water will cause them to disperse. On average, a connection swarm will only remain viable for approximately one month; less if a large movement in the water, such as the wake of a passing submarine, disturbs the swarm. After this time, the nano machines that make up the swarm quickly begin to spread out of range of one another, severing any connections they were maintaining.

If an owner of these mesh inserts is, for any reason, unable to produce a swarm cloud in their wake; and then moves to an area that is not frequented by other users of aquatic mesh inserts (or is moved to such an area by being placed in a secure container and then released away from civilization), or stays outside the range of a hardwired mesh hub for longer than a month; these inserts are effectively useless until the owner is able to reconnect directly to the mesh proper and begin a new daisy chain to carry their connection. These mesh inserts contain enough nano bots to run for three months before needing to be refitted, but otherwise perform exactly as normal mesh inserts would while above water.

hooks

Escape from Mercury

An agent of Firewall has been captured and sent to a prison inside Mercury. There is a large amount of highly valuable information in his head that Firewall wants recovered. Time to go in and out, and race against the sun!

//Costán Sequeiros

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Ultrasonic Transmitter (Cost: Low)

This plug-in for mesh inserts is widely used by aquatic individuals who spend most of their time extremely close to the mesh networks of large habitats. Much cheaper than aquatic mesh inserts, this transmitter effectively boosts the range of mesh inserts while underwater from negligible, to a workable 100m.

Utility Harness (Cost: Moderate)

This harness, usually designed to fit uplifts with no manipulative digits (i.e. hands), uses smart materials to provide a snug fit, no matter what shape the user's body may have. Featuring ample storage space and two mesh controllable robotic limbs most commonly controlled through a modified skin link system, this harness allows the otherwise physically restricted uplift morphs to perform many of the same tasks of which their humanoid comrades are capable. When using the robotic limbs, the uplift uses his own skills and aptitudes; however, tasks that require careful manual dexterity (more than firing a weapon or operating a utilitool) are difficult and receive a -10 modifier.

Wetsuit (Cost: Moderate)

A wetsuit is a skin tight, smart material body sleeve that covers a morph from head to toe and serves to keep their skin moist during extended exposure to air. Used primarily by aquatic uplifted morphs, who would otherwise suffer extreme debilitating effects while not submerged, the wetsuit has opened opportunities for many dolphin uplifts who would otherwise be limited to a planet bound existence. While wearing a wetsuit, a morph with the aquatic trait may ignore any negative effects the trait causes. This suit provides very little actual protection to the wearer; however, its smart material composition means that it is capable of self-repairing all but the most damaging tears in seconds.

Net Hook (Cost: Low)

Designed solely for the use of tursiops and orcinus morphs, this harness fits snugly around their bodies just in front of the pectoral and dorsal fins. Smart materials allow the harness to quickly and easily stretch to fit almost all body sizes. The net hook allows swimming morphs to easily drag cargo or passengers along behind them, although they tend to take a severe hit in swimming speed while doing

so. While wearing this harness, the user loses (1/6) from their movement rate for every (SOM*3) kg. in weight, or for each human sized passenger being dragged. If their movement rate is reduced to zero the user is unable to haul the weight behind them.

Bright Light (Cost: Trivial)

Nicknamed "bright lights", these orbs of chemically incandescent light are considered invaluable by many aquatic morphs while exploring dark ocean depths and the generally dark waters of Europa. When sparked, these orbs give off a brilliantly bright aura that will light waters up to 30m from the source.

Fins (Cost: Trivial)

These composite material swimming fins are commercially produced in almost any locale where unmodified morphs are forced into the water. While wearing these fins, any morph that does not already have a stated underwater movement speed may move underwater at a rate equal to half their walking speed. Wearing these fins while out of water is clumsy and hinders the users movements, applying a -5 to COO and all COO linked skills.

Artificial Gill (Cost: Moderate (24 hour battery), High (48 hour battery))

Designed to allow earthbound water enthusiasts as much freedom as any fish, this small backpack and mask combination allows the wearer to breath for prolonged periods of time while submerged in oxygenated water. Limited only by battery life, the standard Artificial Gill is usable for roughly 24 hours of continual use before requiring recharging, although more expensive versions can last for twice as long. □

Over The Ice

by Costán Sequeiros

Berlin was a mess back then, eighteen years before the Fall. It was another cold summer, and there had been snow storms up until April. Even then, at the turning of July, some days you would wake up to find a small layer of ice had formed on the streets during the night. Berlin, the city around which modern history was built, seemed like a freezer gone mad. It's incredible to me now that, back then, people wouldn't bother speaking too much about the climatic change, and only mention it from time to time, even though even places far to the south like Spain and Italy now had long icy seasons.

But I wasn't there for that. For a change, the workers were again on a violent strike, and had already caused some major damage to several hypercorporate offices and shops. Now they were heading to the Reichstag in an attempt for their voices to be heard, so that the local government could raise their pleas for work and better social conditions to the European Union's government. It was the tenth time this year that they had tried, and each time they had no positive results.

And so, there I was, deployed together with the rest of my unit in front of the entrance to such a historical building. Hoping to calm them down, or anxious to control any attempt to turn the strike into a full fledged riot again; I'm not sure which of those two feelings was stronger. Southern Berlin had partially burned during February due to a similar protest, and the local government had asked for some of the stretched resources of Brussels in order to be able to face the growing tensions...it hadn't worked. Long had the time of a strong European Union gone by, even I barely remembered those times with my long years of life. Now, the whole Union government was barely more than an empty and failing shell, under a growing pressure for resources it could no longer even pretend to satisfy.

And so, there I was with my companions. Two hundred police officers in different combat morphs and riot equipment...pretending to be able to control a situation with up to five thousand crazed and increasingly violent potential rebels. We saw them come as they turned the corner

of a nearby street, a tsunami of people raging for money, food, clothing, work, or proper heating. An earthquake heading to us, willing to crush us under with full strength.

And they did. God heavens, they sure did! One moment we were standing, side by side, as our muses scrolled all the tactical information in front of us...and the next one we were each pushed in a different direction by the strength of despair, of need. I started to fight for my life, but I hadn't downed more than a couple of them before a bulky metallic hard-labor synthetic morph crushed my knee. I was swept aside, thrown into the masses of people, as they pushed through to enter the building. They broke both of my arms just by stepping over me in their attempts to push through, and I would have asphyxiated if I hadn't had my own supply of oxygen inside my body.

Finally, after an infinite number of hands and feet had hit me or gone over me, while pain made it hard for me to see and Wintermute continued to send alarm signals calling for an ambulance that wouldn't come, I found myself pressed against a column. I'm not sure even where the hell I was. I only know they kept on going beside me, heading to an entrance I could no longer see, much less guard.

And then I saw her. She was small, frail, maybe not older than eight or nine. She showed the signs of famine, her parents weren't able to feed her properly, and her face was marked with small impurities that showed she hadn't been genetically cleaned. She tried to hold on to her mother's hand, in a maddened world that she could no longer understand. Tears were falling down her face as she cried her soul out, but probably not even her mother could hear her with all the noise and shouting surrounding us.

I probably only saw her a couple seconds, but her face was all I could remember when my eyes opened again in an infirmary unit of the Re-Gen Corporation. I felt small, maybe a bit lighter, and had the expected urge to vomit. It always happened to me after a resleeving. Still, that small face hung in front of me, like an AR projection, just memories



trying to call my attention to something. What it was, I have never found out.

Wintermute kept reporting on the developments of the last few days, the time it had taken for the government to be able to resleeve the cops that had died that day. They couldn't even offer me anything better than a splicer, because the contract with the corporation had been toned down due to an increasingly obvious difficulty in payment. Probably we wouldn't have all the riot equipment next time either. That's how bad things were back in the day.

And yet, as I left the resleeving facility trying to adapt to the small difference of length between both legs, I couldn't help but think about the girl.

I never saw her again in all the years I remained in Berlin after those events. From riot to riot, from combat to death, attempting to control a world

increasingly out of control, her face remained with me. Even now, after so many years, I can still recall it: small, red, covered in her tears, with her golden hair dirty and badly-cared, her blue eyes wide open with incomprehension. I don't know what it is that still draws me to her, but I know it took my life away.

Maybe she was a ghost. Maybe she was a projection of my soul. I don't know. All I know is that something inside me broke that day, something much more important than the rib that pierced my heart and caused my death. Since then, I haven't had any normal relationships. All of them break, are incomplete, or don't work for any other reason. I'm left alone, here, for all eternity, for death is something we can't even fear anymore.

All I fear is not ever finding whatever it was I lost that strange, violent, and painful day. ☐



Reality Check For Socially Motivated Reality Framing

by Marc Huete

Following my mixed success at habitat Peyo, a number of enterprising and misguided anarchists have established their own toehold at the edge of the system, following the tenets laid down by a social theory I have previously described (Social Motivations in Autonomist Societies, Socialism Review, 04/07, Group Metapsychology as Applied in Altruistic Organizations, Edge, 08/08). They have established their tiny habitat around my theory of 'Socially Motivated Reality Framing', the idea that redefining identities and the environment to strict standards may eliminate causes for competition which result in social inequalities. The idea has become dogmatic, literally a mantra among them, and has been documented as a common chant among the general population (normally as its acronym, SMRF) during productive work, play or social interactions.

Of course, the core of my theory is sound - by reducing names to the most basic of identifiers, by removing all unnecessary rank and hierarchy, by removing morphological differences and limiting or prohibiting personal property, a society may undermine the causes which lead to social inequalities, which are the causes of repression among all socialist and anarchist habitats. However, the theory is meant only as a single aspect in the larger web of psycho-socio relations, of which these individuals do not appear to be cognizant. As such, the organization they have created is extremely fragile, at both the organizational and individual level, and liable to fragment at the introduction of the slightest deviation from their established rules. Lacking other identifiers, individuals identify with their core work or skillset, or other involuntary traits, and sacrifice adaptability. As an organization, the introduction of anything that may be 'possessed', signs of rank, or significant cultural or genetic diversity may result in a rise of personal ambition that has lost the appropriate channels for release.

In view of this, I have made it my personal project to attempt to capture and return these SMRFs to normal culture, through a gradual transitional program of my personal design. While they have thus far resisted, I feel that the culture is young and still embodies the naive idealism that normally accompanies that age. Through minor manipulations of the social structure or capturing individuals and separating them from the group, a safe and effective transition may be effected.

//D. Gargomel

Game Information

Socially Motivated Reality Framing (SMRF) is Dr. Gargomel's theory that removing evidence in the physical world that permit personal differences, profit, gains or diversity reduces or eliminates social competition. The SMRF habitat embodies this. It is a small, crude O'Neill Cylinder, with a large solar collector and meteorite shield at one end, lending it a toadstool-shape. The re-purposed habitat is free-floating, past the orbit of Saturn, and is extremely resource poor. The habitat currently contains two hundred individuals and relies heavily on AI and drones for most work. Due to these factors, life on board the SMRF habitat is difficult and risky, with a strong emphasis on resource-efficiency.

SMRF society shirks all personal identifiers, and any indications of hierarchy or rank, excepting the lead program manager. Individuals are required to stay in uniform at all times (white slacks, boots, hats and, optionally, coats). Individuals forgo names or personal possessions, although oftentimes develop nicknames, usually based off of personal traits or interests. Being a member of SMRF society requires extreme political idealism and loyalty. The core theory of SMRF is treated as canon, and any individuals who disagree may be outcast from





the society. Individuals strive to always show their loyalty to the party philosophy and population in their behaviors and language.

SMRF has no functional economy to speak of. Everyone is fed the same amount of a homogeneous diet and given identical uniforms. Possessiveness in any form is strictly forbidden. There is no sense of social rank. Nevertheless, a weak reputation system has naturally formed, mostly for the purpose of determining if any individuals are stepping outside of accepted guidelines. Reputation from outside of the habitat and credits hold no local value, although individuals may barter with outsiders on behalf of the community.

SMRF Morph

SMRFs are designed specifically to be extremely resource-efficient, and absolutely identical. All SMRFs are neuters, approximately .75m tall, and show signs of cyanosis (blue skin) from their super-efficient respiratory system.

Implants: Basic Biomods, Basic Mesh Inserts, Enhanced Respiration, Temperature Tolerance

Aptitude Maxium: 25

Durability: 25

Wound Threshold: 5

Advantages: Small Size

CP Cost: 10

Credit Cost: High

Re-Gen Corporation

by Costán Sequeiros

History

Originally named Outer Space Pleasure Exploration, the current Re-Gen Corporation was a small company with headquarters in New York that devoted its time to organizing flights across the solar system for those wealthy enough to pay it. It had a small fleet of ships that voyaged to Venus, Mars, and beyond, slowly but pleasantly. It was so successful that it soon relocated its base to Mars, where gravity was lower so the ships could be sent out for a lower cost. Since the Martian government wanted to attract external interests the company also received favorable financial conditions from the local government.

Since most of the company's clients came from Earth, it expanded its business to include resleeving as most clients came via farcasters and needed bodies. Soon the resleeving part of the business became more profitable than cruiser tourism and a new corporation was born: the current Re-Gen Corporation.

During the Fall, the ships were modified in order to support servers containing vast amounts of data. The corporation sold passage on the ships and thousands of egos were put in cold storage in each ship. Each ego was isolated completely from the others and the mesh in order to prevent infection. The ships were sent to the outer rim, far from Earth and were to return in two years time when all would have been solved or all would have been lost. In exchange for passage on these ships an enormous amount of money was asked of each client, though the service did include resleeving once the ships returned in case the R-G C still existed.

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This proved to be an excellent business and the R-G C grew well beyond expectations. Since then the corporation has expanded throughout the solar system. Often enough the R-G C isn't welcomed as the profits gained after the Fall turned many people against the company on moral grounds. Enemies of the corporation occasionally directly attack branch offices physically and by memes.



Important NPCs

Reginald Furhard, the current president of the corporation is a man in his forties. Since the growth of R-G C he has been known to use male, female and neuter morphs, leading some to say that this is his way of turning himself into a hypercorp advertisement. He's a cunning individual in whatever form he takes and is charismatic and open. Most of his life is known to anyone that checks his profile in the mesh. He often resorts to alpha and beta forks in order to attend simultaneous meetings, and in the past this has led to a few conflicting decisions that have caused internal problems for the corporation.

Elisse Hardt, the owner of the largest share of the corporation's portfolio, is a woman in her thirties with a look that most consider too mundane for someone of her power. She owns shares in many different corporations and is considered one of the best sharks in the pond. Operating from Luna, where her many contacts with banks and other investment sharks allow her to stay in touch, she



remains a step ahead of her many competitors. She has owned the R-G C shares for quite some time, but some say she's starting to think of selling. This could be a sign of internal problems in the corporation.

Main Station

Currently, the main office is on Extropia where the corporation has strong ties with the "government" of the habitat. This allows it to operate both in the sunward and rim-ward areas. Access to both markets is very important to the corporation given their farcasting interests.

Logo

Over a black background there is a green triangle with an R above the apex, a G on the lower-left angle, and a C on the third.

Corporate Policy

The corporation is very apolitical, ironic as that may be. R-G C remains outside the Planetary Consortium and all other leagues and alliances, only making arrangements with them in order to be able to place offices in their territories. In those territories, the corporation limits its activity to handling egocasts and obtaining needed supplies. R-G C does have a business alliance with Martian morph producers and designers in order to guarantee the availability of the morphs to resleeve clients into. This remains a key part of their business and the company expends great effort into keeping good relations with its Martian allies.

Offices

All R-G C offices are exactly the same. Each is decorated in green and white colors and is accompanied by a smell that resembles that of a pool or an old hospital, no one is too sure which. A woman in the same morph model at each location attends the receiving room, and the same male morph model attends four medical rooms as well. Her name is Rossane and his is Hassan, and both are forks of the original staff that attended the first clinic of the Re-Gen Corporation. Besides the four medical rooms there is one high security vault at each location where all ego copies are kept, so that each ego

can be re-instantiated in case something happens to a client. This vault is always attended by hardened security AIs guaranteeing that attacks on the stored egos will be difficult, minimizing the risk to the clients.

Each office is identical in an effort to make the process more comfortable to the ego being resleeved. Since each client finds itself in a familiar environment with familiar people, this supposedly partially reduces the trauma of the process.

Services

The main services the corporation provides are ego storage and resleeving. Related to this, it also serves as an egocaster and ego receiving office. The corporation also functions as morph broker, working with hypercorps such as Skinaesthesia in order to provide their customers with morphs that better suit their needs. Lastly, some of the corporation's cruise ships did survive the Fall to return, so the company also serves as a small pleasure trip provider. Their lines include open space travel and shuttle services between other providers where their long-range services don't cover a particular customer's needs.

Corporate Rivalries

R-G C's best-known rivalry is with Ectomorph, Zevi Oaxaca-Marten's corporation based out of Elysium. Ectomorph and R-G C once battled heavily for the resleeving market on Mars, especially for the upper echelons of Martian society, but Ectomorph won in the end partially due to the Oaxaca-Marten's family fortune. Thereafter R-G C has focused on middle class clients and relocated to Extropia in order to distance itself from its rival. But Ectomorph's interest in eliminating R-G C continues and the economic combat has continued at long range.

Plot Hooks

Voices From the Past: one of the missing ships sent out during the Fall has been located. The R-G C would like to recover it since clients on board have resleeving contracts with the corporation and R-G C would like to fulfill its side of the contract. Rumors also indicate that an important authority

during the last days of Earth may be on board whose valuable ego may attract pirates and scavengers. Lastly, Firewall is unsure if such a ship is safe due to the possibility of a dormant TITAN threat.

Doppleganger: there's a new Reginald Furhard. One day there was one, now there are two, and both say that the other is an alpha fork gone rogue that should have no power and be assimilated. The problem is, how to decide which should be the one assimilating the other when both have equal claims, both seem true, and neither can decide? Of course, both are in new morphs and both carry the correct id and paperwork. Could there have been a problem in the corporation's resleeving process? ☐



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Re-Gen cold storage ship



Expanding the Role of Nanofabrication

by William Wilson

The Fall managed to kill, or worse, 92% of the human race. With the deaths of so many people, it's no surprise that much of the labor and expertise necessary to maintain the infrastructure for an industrial economy died with them. To prevent us from entering a literal Dark Age where the technologies we had come to depend upon suddenly became impossible to recreate, nanofabrication was embraced. The very technology that brought humanity to the brink of extinction has now become transhumanity's salvation.

Nanofabricators

Nanofabrication is the foundation of the post-Fall economy. There are currently three main types of Nanofabricator commonly available to individuals.

Makers, the ubiquitous food and beverage units, are available in a variety of makes, models, and price ranges, and can be found in practically every apartment, office, and living area in the solar system. The majority of Makers, even when hacked, are unable to produce any item other than the basic foodstuffs that are normally on their menus. This is due to shortcomings inherent to the unit and its nanobots, rather than software limitations or safeguards. One notable exception, however, is the Cermatex Coffee Maker. When hacked, it can produce any kind of item, as long as the user has the necessary blueprint and materials. The fact that the Cermatex is a common open source design, even in the inner system, is often quietly ignored, probably because of the outstanding quality of the coffee it produces.

Fabbers are compact Cornucopia machines, fully capable of building any item for which they have the blueprints. In the inner system, most Fabbers come with a predetermined list of what they can fabricate. Garage Fabbers, Kitchen Fabbers, and Bedroom Fabbers are often all found in a single household. Of course, the marketplace for Fabbers also includes Official Downloadable Content that

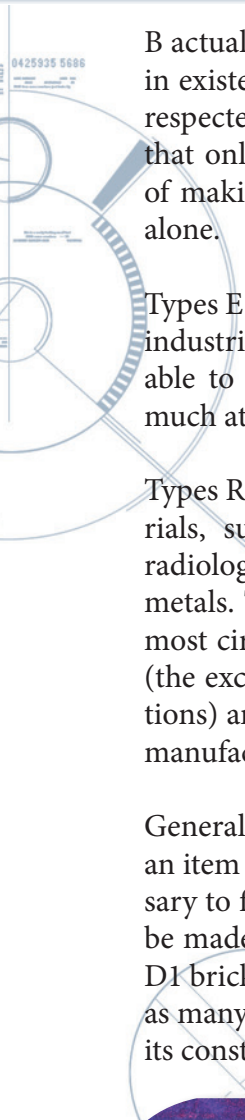
can easily expand a blueprint library as needed. Aside from the threat of hacked Fabbers upsetting the carefully balanced economies of the Inner System, another threat is from the capabilities that become possible when a Fabber is put into the hands of a skilled programmer. A sufficiently skilled programmer could create a reverse "Matrioshka" of Nanofabricators; they would only need to use each size-category of Fabbers to build the parts for the next largest category; from the smallest Fabbers, to Desktop Cornucopia Machines, all the way up to full-scale Industrial Fabricators.

The Desktop Cornucopia Machine is the most popular of all nanofabricators. The reason for this popularity is that they are large enough to make everyday equipment in a single seamless piece. As such, they have become the preferred assembly tools for manufacturing and replacing high-value equipment, especially since replacing complicated pieces of worn out equipment is often far faster and easier than repairing them.

Fabber Bricks

Fabber bricks are small, concentrated blocks of raw materials, usually mixed with filler at a 4:1 ratio of material to filler. The alphanumeric codes commonly pressed into the surface of Fabber Bricks are based upon size and material composition. The alphabetic digit designates the class of material from which a brick is made, while the numeric digit specifies the brick's size. The smallest bricks, category 1, measure $2\frac{1}{4}"$ (57.15mm) \times 4" (101.6mm) \times 8" (203.2mm) with each step up to a larger size category doubling the dimensions from the previous category. In many communities it has become common for half, quarter, and eighth sized brick to be used as a barter currency. They are commonly called "half an A" or "eighth of B".

Type A through D bricks are the categories most often found in the average home, with type A and



B actually making up over 98% of all fabber stocks in existence. In the outer system some of the most respected designers focus on making blueprints that only requires type A and/or B bricks instead of making their reputation from acts of creativity alone.

Types E through Z are most predominantly used in industrial manufacturing, but they are also available to the general public without attracting too much attention.

Types RA through RZ are various dangerous materials, such as high-energy reactive compounds, radiological isotopes and atomically reactive metals. They are usually restricted or illegal under most circumstances due to their dangerous nature (the exception being anarchist controlled jurisdictions) and are also used in industrial, and military, manufacturing.

Generally speaking, the more complex or expensive an item is, the more expensive the materials necessary to fabricate it. So where a regular pistol might be made up of parts of an A1 brick and some of a D1 brick, a plasma rifle could require could require as many as 3 or 4 different types of fabber bricks in its construction.

Copier Hack

It is almost always far easier to gain access to a blueprint than it is to lay hands on an actual item, but sometimes only a physical example is available when many are needed. This is where the copier hack comes into play.

A Desktop Cornucopia machine, or larger fabricators, can be modified into a Nanocopier. To convert a fabricator a hacker needs to unlock a Cornucopia machine and edit its base programming, using Programming (Nanofabrication) to include the needed copy features.

Before the copy process is started the item must be powered down, its batteries removed, its capacitors discharged and any programming needs to be saved to another device. For the majority of items a corresponding Hardware test should suffice. However, any missed power sources could cause considerable damage to the Cornucopia Machine as the nanobots scan the item, just as the nanobots could cause considerable software corruption to the item.

There are two types of scans that can be used. The first is the destructive scan, which is a detailed molecule-by-molecule analysis that takes place

Available Fabber Stock Bricks

Brick Category	Materials	Primary Uses	Cost
A	Food Safe Organic Compounds	Food, Organic Plastics, Clothing, Furniture, etc.	Trivial
B	Organic Compounds and Traces of Conductive Metals	Personal Electronics, Smart Clothing	Trivial
C	Organic Compounds, Conductive Metals, Silicate	Professional-Grade Electronics	Low
D	Carbon, Industrial and Conductive Metals, Silicate, Silicon	Industrial Electronics, Weapons, Armor	Low
E – M	Non-toxic Metals	Industrial and Military Manufacturing	Moderate
N – V	Solid State Chemical Compounds		Moderate
W – Z	Safe-Radioactive and other Heavy Metals		High
RA – RZ*	Restricted Materials: Toxic or Highly Reactive Compounds, Radiological and Atomically Reactive Metals		Moderate-Expensive

*Toxic, highly reactive, and radiological materials are mixed with a high proportion of filler to prevent chemical and atomic reactions.



while the item is disassembled. This type of scan will create a blueprint capable of perfectly replicating the original item, and is most commonly used on complex items that contain moving parts or electronics. The second is a passive scan, which scans the basic internal and external properties of the item while leaving it intact. However, passive scans cannot create blueprints with enough detail to replicate complex internal moving parts or heavy electronics. This type of scan is used to copy simple items (such as furniture, normal clothing, or other solid state items), or, to create non-working replicas of complex items that appear externally identical to the original.

It is up to the game-master's discretion, but a general rule is that: the more complex an item is, the more important a destructive scan becomes. Scanning an item takes 12 hours for destructive scans, and half an hour for passive scans. Blueprints created by a Nanocopier come with no tolerancing data. When used with the Tolerances rules described below the rules for a Flat Blueprint should be used.

Tolerances

Manufacturing is based upon the concept of tolerances. Every item has very specific measurements and material details that, when combined, create a blueprint. In a perfect world, items would have zero deviation (i.e. perfect tolerances). However, even though manufacturing is now done by nanofabrication, and preventing design deviation is easier than ever, doing so is still very inefficient. Due to that fact, in many cases the main difference between a good design and an excellent design is that the excellent design makes appropriate use of tolerances. While extremely complex items (Cost of High or Expensive) may require zero deviation, others are perfectly fine when fabricated using looser tolerances of both structure and materials.

Whereas programming quality is a good measure of how effective a design will be at accomplishing its intended task in an ergonomic and efficient fashion, tolerances reflect how quickly an item can be fabricated. If a designer wishes, they can take their time with the Programming: Nanofabrication Task Action to create a design with looser tolerances, resulting in an item that can be fabricated in less

time than normal. This extra time taken for the task action can be used to increase the programmer's chance of success, as normal, or, each multiple of +10 gained toward the success roll can instead be applied as a 10% reduction on the amount of time it takes to fabricate the item, to the normal maximum of +60.

Designs that have no tolerancing data at all available to them are described as Flat. Flat designs are either of an extremely amateur quality or they are a byproduct of a nanocopier scan. When fabricating from a Flat blueprint the manufacturing time is doubled, for Low and moderate items and tripled for high and expensive cost items. If someone wants to tolerance a Flat blueprint use the standard Programming: (Nanofabrication) rules for creating a design from scratch, but with a bonus of +30 for a blueprint created from a destructive scan and a +10 bonus for a passive scan. This bonus stacks with the complementary skill bonus. □

The Stranger

hooks

Security spimes have sent an alert ahead of a spacecraft scheduled to arrive on Mars in three weeks. The security protocols triggered when the pilot was scanned and found to be hosting no tracking nanoinfections. What are they hiding? What are they planning on doing on Mars? How did they manage to entirely rid their system of nanoinfections, and how did they get their hands on a spacecraft with no embedded history?

//Root

Runner

The PCs find a passenger transport buggy full of corpses five clicks outside a major martian city. An inhuman figure drenched in red can be seen in the distance, quickly approaching the city limits. Can they get to it before it disappears into the urban jungle?

//Tachi

Fun with Heavy and Crew-Served Weaponry

by G.W. "Tachi" Cooper

If you're like me, there may have been times when your *Eclipse Phase* gaming group has asked you, "Are these really all the weapons available in this game? What if I need to make something really big, really dead, really, really fast?" Well Sport, I may have the answer you're looking for.

Whether you're holding quarantine on an exsurgent outbreak; resisting incursions by gigantic, animalistic, cyborg refugees from Dr. Moreau's habitat; or are just simply summarily executing random, cheeky, scrofulous ruffians; there's a weapon for every situation, even if you have to design it yourself. Trust me; as your very own resident sociopath, this is one subject I tend to think about constantly.

Heavy Weapons

If you stay in the business of violent solutions for any extended period, you'll find that there are times when bigger really does mean better, and the solution to your problem may actually be a "bigger hammer." Whether you are wearing a Battle Suit exoskeleton, happen to be sleeved into a very strong morph, or just want to reach out and touch someone from a greater than normal range, heavy weapons could be just what you need.

Heavy weapons usually mount a bipod, gyro-mount, tripod, or occasionally all three as extruded nanotech accessories.

Conversion Rules

To design a heavy weapon, first, choose a standard weapon for your base template. Then, increase the AP rating, Damage Value, and ranges by 50% (round up or down to fit your game style, I suggest rounding down), and reduce their ammo capacity by a third (except machineguns and plasma weapons, which should stay the same). Finally, increase the weapon's cost by one level. Easy, wasn't it?

Crew-served Weapons

If heavy weapons just aren't doing it for you, upgrading to a crew-served engine of death may be in order. Manning a crew-served weapon was, in the 20th & 21st Centuries, a three-man job; one to carry the weapon, one the ammo, and a last carrying a 20+ kilo tripod. However, with post-Fall era technology allowing for lighter materials and nanotech tripods that can be extruded from the gun itself; there is no reason, other than triple redundancy of the targeting system or carrying extra ammo, to have more than two people in a crew-served weapon team.

Crew-served weapons are likely to have a built-in extruding nanotech tripod, and it normally takes a minimum of two people to carry the weapon and its basic ammo load, but they can also be fitted with bipods and gyro-mounts for those strong enough to wield them.

Conversion Rules

Start with a standard weapon as above, but double the AP rating, Damage Value, and ranges (round normally),

Anti-Material Rifle (Heavy)

An anti-material rifle is, basically, a sniper rifle of ridiculously large caliber, and most often employed against light vehicles or people at extreme distances. [High]

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Railgun	Armor Penetration	Damage Value (DV)	Average DV	Firing Modes	Ammo
Anti-Material Rifle	21	3d10 + 18	35	SA, BF	20
Weapon (Type)	Short Range	Medium Range (-10)	Long Range (-20)	Extreme Range (-30)	
A-M Rifle(Railgun)	0-405	406-900	901-2500	2476-5200	

while reducing ammunition capacity to half that of the standard weapon (except for machine-guns and plasma weapons, which should still stay the same). Next, just increase their cost by two levels, and you're done.

There's Always a Catch

Some of you, no doubt, are joyfully imagining picturesque scenes of wanton slaughter, your enemies laid out in burning windrows, that delightful smell of roasting pork, even now, filling your nostrils. Others are sitting and thinking, "What's the catch? There's always a catch." And, you would be right. There is always a catch. So, sit back, relax, and give me a moment to slap you with it.

Even though *Eclipse Phase* doesn't use strength and encumbrance rules, allowing a SOM 5 Neotenic super-hacker to tote an anti-material rifle around as though it were a toy is likely to unbalance your game in near record time. There are Somatic Aptitude related strength requirements below and summarized in the included chart to address this issue. I advise applying them strictly.

Restrictions:

Allowing a PC to wield a gun larger than they are, while popular in anime, is blatantly munchkin-esque behavior. If that is the type of game you want, feel free. For the rest of us, maintaining some vague semblance of realism requires putting a few restrictions on the use of weapons made with the rules above.

The categories below constitute a quick and dirty guide for gauging whether a PC has the necessary strength to properly handle a weapon. If a PC is wearing a strength enhancing exoskeleton, the effective Somatics Attribute category into which they fall is increased by one level for every ten bonus points applied toward strength tests. Feel free to change these requirements as you see fit for your game.

Light Plasma Cannon (Crew-served)

Similar to the standard plasma rifle, but larger and more powerful, light plasma cannons are most often employed in an assault or area denial role due to the short range inherent to all plasma weapons. [Expensive]

Beam Weapon	Armor Penetration	Damage Value (DV)	Average DV	Firing Modes	Ammo
Light Plasma Cannon	-16	6d10 + 24	55	SS	10
Weapon (Type)	Short Range	Medium Range (-10)	Long Range (-20)	Extreme Range (-30)	
Light Plasma Cannon	0 - 40	41 - 100	101 - 200	201 - 600	

SOM: 1 - 15

Weakling PCs with low Somatics Attributes may not use heavy or crew-served weapons unless the weapon is mounted directly to a solid object. Even with their weight supported, they are far too unwieldy to use without a hinged and rotating mount, like a tripod or vehicle mount, to balance the mass.

SOM: 16 - 30

Average PCs may use heavy weapons as long as the weapon's weight is supported using a bipod, gyro-mount, or a sturdy surface they can lay the weapon across; but, they will suffer a -20 penalty to attacks if such support is unavailable, as their hands shake far too badly with the strain of supporting the weapon's weight to aim with any real accuracy. Crew-served weapons, however, are still far too heavy to use without a mount.

SOM: 31 - 39

The very strong may use heavy weapons as easily as they would normal weaponry. They may also use dismounted crew-served weapons, as long as the weight is somehow supported, but they will still suffer the aforementioned -20 penalty without that support.

SOM: 40 +

Herculean PCs with a Somatic Attribute this amazingly high are capable of wielding even crew-served weapons as if they were normal sized. This is not especially surprising, since they tend to be larger than some personal vehicles.

A Little Friendly Advice from a Bloodthirsty Savage

While I have play tested these rules, and found them adequate and balanced, a character skilled with a weapon created using the rules above may be able to walk through nearly any opposition with little or no difficulty. As such, you may wish to apply some, or all, of the following advice:

1. Apply the Somatics minimums for non-standard weapon use!

2. The opposition is NOT made up entirely of paper silhouette targets and suicidal berserkers (except when it is); each NPC or monster (usually) has a brain. They should behave intelligently (when appropriate) and use combat tactics suitable to their abilities, physiology, psychology, and training. You don't need to be MacArthur to run them properly, just stop and think about it for a few minutes while planning the scenario, and make a few notes. Don't be afraid to have them retreat, or run like hell for that matter, if they are about to be slaughtered.

3. Enemies are often at least as capable of using their environment in an intelligent manner as the PCs. In some cases, they may be more familiar with the environment and might have had time to prepare some nasty surprises. Remember, in RPGs, the environment is always dynamic, any wall or object can be destroyed if enough force is applied, trapping PCs or letting them escape certain death. The opposition will set traps, use cul-de-sacs, create hasty and prepared ambushes, use cover, evacuate atmosphere, etc. If your PCs have faced many hostile life forms, but have never found themselves screaming, "They're coming out of the walls!" you may be doing something wrong.

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4. Smart enemies will often run observational recon of their targets in order to gather usable intelligence before committing to a fight. This can also give the PCs an opportunity to discover this recon element and find out what they are dealing with before they find themselves ambushed and outnumbered, or torn into tiny little pieces.

5. Keep in mind that the PC with the heavy weapon becomes the enemy's number one



target. If he (or she) can be taken out from ambush to even the odds at the beginning of an encounter, the enemy will definitely make the attempt. Even if that does not kill the PC, it will likely make them more cautious, at least enough that the player will probably stop pretending to be the Terminator.

6. Lastly, keep your eyes on your players while they're using these rules. There are just some weapons that are ridiculous, or which you, personally, may not allow; use your common sense, and remember, as the GM, **your ruling is final!**

Random Optional Rules Additions

Ahh, yes. Random optional rules additions, use 'em or don't, it's your game.

Plasma Weapons – Thermal Bloom

In many Science-Fiction universes plasma weapons create a thermal bloom on impact. Even if the shooter misses, nearby foes will often be badly burned and flammables will be set afire. Using this rule, plasma weapons become area-effect weapons due to this thermal bloom, with the damage value



Somatic Attribute Requirements for Non-Standard Weapon Use

Somatics Attribute

Heavy Weapons

Crew-Served Weapons

1 - 15

Tripod or Vehicle Mount

Tripod or Vehicle Mount

16 - 30

Bipod, Gyromount, or
Supported Position*

Tripod or Vehicle Mount

31 - 39

As Standard Weapons

Bipod, Gyromount, or
Supported Position*

40 +

As Standard Weapons

As Standard Weapons

**A supported position simply means laying the weapon across the top of whatever solid object you are using as cover.*

dropping -10 DV per meter of distance from the point of impact. To determine the distance by which the shooter misses, divide the margin of failure by 10 and apply the quotient in meters (round up) as the distance by which they missed. To determine direction, simply roll as normal for scatter.

Using this rule can be something of an equalizer in situations where the PCs are badly outnumbered. It can also save the lives of carefully created and important antagonist NPCs by causing a serious conflagration from which the PCs must retreat. Thermal bloom tends to be completely negated in vacuum, and targets wearing military armor will often be entirely immune to thermal bloom unless it was a very near hit, or the shooter is firing a plasma cannon. ☐

