

# The Eye - Fanzine



For the **ECLIPSE PHASE** Roleplaying Game

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# From all of us, thank you!



Issue four. It's been a whole year hasn't it?

If you have been with us from issue one, then we would like to say thank you. Thank you for reading, thank you for sharing, thank you for your time and interest. We'll keep it up in the next year.

If you're new to the Eye and this is your first issue, then thank you for the blind leap into reading us. Pick up the back issues, I promise it's worth your time. Welcome aboard!

This quarter's issue features a scenario from Marc Huete. If you've been paying attention, you'll recognize his name as the author of *Continuity*, this year's ENnie Gold winner for Best Electronic Book. The scenario in this issue is a great continuation of his work. Let us know how it goes with your own group—we're thinking of adding a 'kill count' to our scenarios.

We also have a collection of articles focusing on avians and other mercurials this time around. If *Panopticon's* expansion on uplifts wasn't nearly enough for you then keep reading, we have more for you.

Extra credit for this issue goes to our editorial staff for their hard work polishing all the articles in this issue. You went above and beyond on the project. And of course to Donnie Clark, our layout editor. Your work remains spectacular.

This year has been a wonderful experiment and we've learned a lot that we will be using in 2012. (Assuming the world doesn't end.) We have scenarios in the works for the coming year and we are always looking for more authors and artists to join us.

If you have questions, comments, letters for us send them to [the\\_eye@firewall-darkcast.com](mailto:the_eye@firewall-darkcast.com) and we'll be glad to answer in the next issue.

We'll see you in January!

**Sarah E. Hood**

P.S.—Big thanks goes to Sarah Hood for continuing to be the backbone of the editorial staff. Thank you for helping me keep my head on straight!

**Donnie**

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# Penance

by John M. Perchalski

Awareness stuttered into being as a brief scent of peanut butter followed by three primary colors, each of which pulsed in countdown rhythms before fading to the stark, stock white of a simulspace loading room: cubic, unbroken walls, silver-streaked and guardedly lo-rez. Clouded-Sunset-Skies-Unending tried to access her Muse, failed, and attempted to pull up environment information for the immediate simulspace. No system information. No synchronized clock or calendar available, only a timer since most recent runspace instantiation. Three days, seventeen hours, forty-two minutes, nineteen seconds, and did she wish to view the millisecond or microsecond counter?

In its own way, the absence of calendrical data was a relief. She didn't have to choose to believe or disbelieve whatever date might have been given. The neo-raven willed a slow, deliberate breath and exhalation, deliberately stretched up onto taloned toes and splayed her wings to 'feel' the feedback from her virtual form. Arguably there was no benefit to yoga in a simulspace, but the core of her *self* took refuge in such exercise. The timer progressed.

She shifted.

Flowed in balance against a simulation of gravity.

Breathed air that existed only as an algorithm of resistance.

Sought *kaivalya*—balance of the spirit—which could not be simulated.

It eluded her.

The icon-body that had been provided was intimately familiar. Clouded-Sunset-Skies-Unending was in her own customized icon, black silhouette wings visible as she unfurled them, exercising what passed for her somatic form in this non-space. The personalized icon might be a good sign. A better sign was that, as far as her wetware could tell, the raven had her own memories. Or, an equal possibility, whatever adjustments had been made to her mind were deep and careful enough to avoid showing as flawed or encrypted checksums in *herself*. Even her internal firewall seemed to be intact, although there were signs of attempted intrusion into short-term memory.

The raven-ego pondered that. Lack of such signs would have made her more nervous. More skeptical of the other checks.

Their presence bordered on being dangerously comforting. Staged.

A desk flared into being in front of her. Drew itself into the ubiquitous bulk of Terran pre-Fall corporate furnishing. Anachronistic and affectatious. Skinned ever-so-carefully in glossy low-fidelity wood grain. The figure that rezzed in a moment later facing Skies appeared to be seated on the edge of the desk. Humanoid. Modern charcoal-toned business suit. Lunar style upturned, magnetically flared and pattern-pierced collar. No face, but that was the expected direction of the wind. The icon's visage was a smooth blur of off-white pixels with a matte-black question mark in a lushly archaic font.

"Let me answer the obvious questions first." Even its voice was an open-source system default, Muse seventeen: 'the Butler'. The figure lifted one hand. Ticked off gloved and pixelated fingers as it made its points. "The timer you've accessed is accurate. It is Monday, Cislunar standard time. Your body was placed in carbon storage a little under four days ago. You will be returned to it shortly and free—dare I say, encouraged—to leave. We know that should we hold you over long, someone, somewhere will simply pull your most recent backup and slot it into new flesh. For our own reasons, we've decided to avoid that, because if we let that happen, you'll forget what occurred.



"We don't desire that. You have done quality work for us in the past. Four days ago you were employed by someone else, against us. But...that is the nature of doing contract business. We are professionals, and in the past you have acted as a professional, so we are going to engage this situation professionally. Am I going too fast for you?"

Skies clacked her virtual beak irritably. "No."

"Perhaps you would care to discuss your perception of what took place on Friday, at seven-nineteen P.M., Cislunar?"

Skies cocked her head to the side, stared at the figure out of one eye, then the other. She stretched again, reflexively, then settled her wings. "No."

"Your prerogative, of course, so long as we permit it. Do, please, look around. We *have* you, body and mind. Soul, if you care to believe in such things...Does a Hindu Uplift believe in reincarnation? Yes? No? No matter. We hold all of the cards. We have, in fact, had a good, long look at a forked download from your cyberbrain, a copy of the one you're currently experiencing in this space. You don't need to go through tiresome explanations of how you won't discuss your employer, or any of that. You know better. So do we. Having placed all of that unpleasantness in the open, let us set it aside for now. It remains in our interests that you understand clearly what happened and why we are pursuing the action which we are in regards to you."

The human icon cocked its faceless head, perhaps in subtle mockery of Skies' own avian gesture. "We were *actually* about to contact you in regards to another job...quite unaware of your current employment. That offer will not be forthcoming, of course." It raised a hand and drew a rectangle in the air in front of Skies, the rectangle filling with visual static for a moment before becoming a surveillance feed of the Plaza Trieste in Erato habitat. "So. Now, particulars. Friday. Nineteen hours, twenty-seven minutes."



"Doctor Saha," Skies had recognized him immediately—recognized the crowd even—but software helpfully highlighted a light blue rectangle around the figure paused by the plaza's small holographic fountain as the icon's voice droned on. "...having left his apartment in the company of his escorts, headed to level fourteen to meet his mistress as he did most evenings. As he has been irritable about our security arrangements since he began seeing his mistress, our chaps were hanging back. Here." One walking figure in the crowd was took on an aura of darker blue, then another. "And here."

"Meanwhile, your team had apparently subverted the systems of this robotic courier." A yellow triangle appeared around the small vehicle, then two more figures strolling hand in hand by the fountain were also highlighted. "And had this innocent-looking couple waiting to bundle our man into it while a decoy, dressed as the good Doctor, prepared to exit the courier when that individual





walked behind it. We suppose he was to continue onward as if nothing untoward had happened before, presumably, vanishing around a corner." More yellow icons lit the moving image. "Medical team in this maintenance shaft, here, which I presume the courier was meant to drop the Doctor down as it drove past, so that your people could go to the unnecessary trouble of verifying that he had no nasty surveillance or defensive nanites, corporate addictions, dead-switches, or other crude and outrageous surprises that might reduce the Doctor's potential value to your employer after you kidnapped him." The display froze. "Very similar to the work you did for us last year, extracting Miles Limcolioc. Not predictably so, but professionally so. Coordinated. Concise. Tight."

"Thank you."

A flurry of red icons appeared in the crowd as the video started forward again, now abetted by multiple additional windows which showed views from other quality surveillance sources in the Plaza. "You'd pegged our security previous evenings, clearly. But these fellows, these were new. They hadn't been there previously and they converged in a fashion that seemed entirely natural to crowd prediction software. You didn't see them coming."

"No." Skies clacked her bill again, glared irritably at the virtual monitors, then craned her head to look past them at the faceless icon. "Is it necessary to proceed through my failure frame by frame?"

"Would you prefer to summarize, then?"

Skies swung around briefly, studying the various surveillance camera outputs. "My team was perfectly placed. Everything was ready. Then those monkeys threw a bomb at him."

"Which exploded before it reached him."

"Correct. Someone else isolated and exploited the same weakness which we did in your mobile security perimeter. But they didn't want him alive."

"And you did, Miss...is it appropriate to call you Miss Skies?"

"No."

"I beg your pardon. I dare say our relative positions encourage neither trust nor politeness." The virtual scene fast-forwarded briefly, sudden smokey blur of the explosives, and then the clear pattern of closing movement through the panicked crowd: the raven's extraction team attempting to get to the Doctor before the assassins did. "But we are quite aware that assassination is not your *metier*. Pray continue."

"The unknown hostiles were shooting. They threw something else. High-energy density, but it fizzled without apparent effect. The Doctor was down, but alive. My two people were down. Perhaps nine hostiles down. Various bystanders. Your security began to wind up the Plaza. Six exits. One we were fairly sure would not be covered."

"Yes. The maintenance shaft had been omitted from the most recent thirty years of blueprints after being sealed due to non-use. An easily rectified oversight. You entered the scene personally."

"Yes. From the fourth-floor overlook. That was not planned."

The corporate icon nodded. "No, nor in keeping with the tempo or the intention of your past operations with which we are familiar."

"It seemed necessary. The second bomb detonated right before I landed by the target. It blew me almost back into the forecourt of the rental center. I flew back to the target immediately. He had lost considerable blood, most of one leg. There were more hostiles closing in."

"Yes."

"I threw a grenade towards them."

"Indeed you did. Accurately, too. Thermobaric. Very nasty. Very *indiscriminate*. And the Doctor was dying." The icon rested its virtual palms flat on the image of the desk behind it.

"It was the tool in beak at the time. The Doctor was dying. Your security almost had the Plaza sealed

and were closing. There was no time for finesse. I popped his stack.”

“With your talons, while shooting. Very coordinated. Then you swallowed it.”

“I swallowed it. It seemed less likely to be harmed or discovered.” Skies shifted, glaring at the corporate icon. “I’m no monkey.”

“Despite social changes and popular buzzwords, we do still prefer the term ‘human,’ hmm? ‘Monkey’ is generally reserved for the simian equivalent of bioengineered *products* such as yourself. But we’re quite unconcerned with the moral and philosophical question of whether eating an electronic mind backup constitutes cannibalism.”

“Flightless hominids. For all I know, *you* are software. But you said that you have my body. You...ah...recovered him.”

“In point of fact, we did not. The second object, your ‘high-energy density’ object, was a limited-range EMP device. One strong enough to shut down most of the electronics in the center of the Plaza. It also scrambled the good Doctor’s cortical stack before you swallowed it.”

“Ahm...”

“Yes. If you had any moral qualms about consuming a sapient, you didn’t. Merely fried electronics. The Doctor’s previous backup was a little over two hours prior. Of course, any insights he gained into his work during that interval, or would have gained during that time and the time which it took us to resleeve him, are now lost.”

“Yes.” Skies shifted her virtual weight onto her other foot, rustled pixellated representations of wings. “Why do we review this?”

The virtual displays winked out, leaving only the faceless, corporate figure facing her. It steepled its gloved fingers. “While some few have suggested legal pursuit of this incident, most of my colleagues believe that the more appropriate response here is to kill you...As we killed the bioconservative Luddites who were attempting to assassinate

Doctor Saha in the middle of your doubtless more *benevolent* kidnapping attempt.”

“You don’t believe that.”

“No. I don’t.”

Skies shifted uncomfortably from one taloned foot to the other. “Why?”

“I’ve already explained. Killing you only means you forget your personal experience of this incident. Perhaps, dependent upon when you last backed up, even the entire contract which led you to it. You don’t learn anything from dying, nor would killing you deter others.”

“So...”

“So we are letting you live, with a few provisos, a few quid pro quos, some added benefit to assuage our loss and what we feel is a reasonable penalty for your harmful involvement. We have worked with you before. Ultimate. Not many of your kind among them. You consider yourself better than most. Lofty ideals of your own, but you’ll accept our money to take out our trash when and as you see fit.”

Skies stared at the faceless icon, felt an irrational urge to fly at it, and instead called up a background meditation subroutine.

“I have convinced my compatriots to make book on your exceedingly high opinion of yourself and your clade. You would describe the assassination attempt as...?”

“Sloppy. Amateurish. High collateral casualties among uninvolved sapients. At best it would have resulted in you resleeving him.”

“Pointless, yes? Except to say that they can touch us.”

“That message could be read into it.”

“At a significant cost in their lives and the lives of others. A professional wouldn’t have caused all that messiness, would you say?”





"No. One would not." *Datta, dayadhvam, dāmyata.*

"An Ultimate of your clade, a *Kshatriya*-caste warrior, then, would not?"

"No." *Give in charity, be merciful, restrain yourself.*

"Despite the additional casualties caused by your thermobaric grenade?"

"It was a poor decision. I was operating against an undetermined and crowd-masked force while under the belief that successful extraction was still possible."

"A palatable excuse, no doubt. Nevertheless, you killed quite a few uninvolved parties."

"Yes."

"Very good. You will not, in future."

"Because of my high *Kshatriya* opinion of myself?"

"No."

The figure straightened for the first time, shifting its hip off the faux-classical desk. "You will not commit such atrocities in future because we have taken the precaution of editing your digital mind. You are familiar with criminal correction through psychosurgery, yes? We have placed a block in your brain. You will never again harm, through action or inaction, either the corporate entity of Skinthetic or any of its employees."

Skies clacked her beak hard and stared at the icon. *Dayadhvam.*

"Yes, I suppose that insulting me could be construed as harm. I'm afraid you'll have to find some other means of expressing your anger. Additionally, you will in future act to prevent harm to unarmed and non-hostile persons in your area of operation."

"And you expect me to...to *work* like that." *Datta, dayadhvam, dāmyata.*

"Yes, I rather do. Of course, you *could* suicide yourself after we release you, and be restored from

that earlier backup, with no memory of what went wrong...And no inhibitors in your head. You *might* even be able to avoid such overly dramatic recourse yet manage to circumvent the blocks we put in against having the primary block removed. But you believe you're quite skilled at what you do, don't you? So particularly special. So much more capable than we mere *monkeys*."

Clouded-Sunset-Skies-Unending had no feathers to ruffle in this iconic form. She stared at the corporate icon a long moment, then slowly and deliberately turned her back to it. The synthetic voice continued undeterred.

"Indeed, yes. Being an *übermensch* is good for one's self-confidence, I dare say. Or is it *übertogel*? I look forward to following your future career. Perhaps, if you really *can* manage to excel under your new constraints, it will inspire others to behave more... professionally. I may even urge my peers to review our company policy regarding the blacklisting of untrustworthy contractors."

*Dayadhvam. Be merciful.*

Clouded-Sunset-Skies-Unending stared at the pixellated white wall in front of her beak until the simulspace winked out of existence, taking her conscious mind with it. □

*Based on an Eclipse Phase character by S. Warakin, used with permission.*

## Double Take

Upon returning home from their latest escape, the PCs find their homes occupied by forks of themselves. Or, are the PCs the forks? How could this have happened without them knowing? Who could be behind it? And, which of them gets to keep the dog?

//Tachi

# NanoFrame Collectible Card Game (CCG)

by William Wilson

NanoFrame cards are a line of collectible toys, aimed primarily at children in the eight to fourteen-year-old age range, although adult collectors are common. They were initially released by GlimGlam LLC under the 'Hidden Monsters' line. They've expanded into six additional lines, and the idea has been copied by several competing companies.

The standard NanoFrame card is the size and weight of a common credit card, but usually in a fanciful shape suggestive of the card's purpose. They are composed of a weak carbon lattice containing a swarm of embedded nanobots. The outer edge of the card contains leafing of a precious metal (normally gold, although platinum and silver collections are also common). The face of the card has a flat video which describes a particular artifact, hero, monster or character. The obverse normally includes some limited art. When a card is placed within a weak electrical field (.2 to 1.5 watts) and set upon an A1 brick of fabber stock, the embedded nanobots release and convert the stock into the item described on the card. Most figurines are combat-related and may interact with other figurines directly or through the mesh. The first time the card is used, the outer ring of precious metals is incorporated into the figurine to create a decorative metal inlay and limited electronics. All copies after the first are only formed from the fabber stock,

## Hidden Monsters Series III

from GlimGlam LLC



### Card Description

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The cards are a simple carbon lattice with a precious metal leading. It contains a swarm of nanobots. A card is the size of a normal credit card and emblazoned colorful images and text. When activated, the metal leafing is combined with feedstock to create a single, pre-defined figurine. Cards can be reused, but without the metal leafing, resulting figurines have reduced capabilities.


have more limited statistics, and are not mesh-accessible. Newer cards tend to feature abilities which invalidate the abilities of older cards. Much of the market is driven by consumers purchasing new cards and the most recent blueprints, while used cards are easily available and are considered appropriate for 'teaser' or practice decks. After three to five uses (depending on the series) the card wipes itself, making it unusable. The figurines work for one 'battle' before becoming inert. Figurines and old cards may be recycled into new cards with blueprints and a standard fabber.

The cards (and their resulting figurines) are normally used to model battles between two to eight players. Players may play in person or across the mesh. Tournaments are common, although nor-



mally the outer and inner system players are split, owing to the outer system habitats having access to the newest blueprints and cards before they are available in-system.

GlimGlam acquires most of its rep through the distribution of blueprints for cards, with new cards being released every one to three weeks. Blueprints may be used any number of times. GlimGlam has released instructions for fan-designed cards, although these are rarely accepted at tournaments. The blueprints for cards and the nanomachine software are heavily encrypted to prevent cheating (-30 penalty to hacking tests), and the cards delete their data after a set number of uses. In habitats where nanofabrication is restricted, the cards can often-times be purchased pre-fabricated. Because of the self-destruct features built into GlimGlam cards, they have a minority market share within the Consortium compared to other companies such as We-Bro and LSH.

GlimGlam LLC is the best-known designer of NanoFrame cards. GlimGlam does not post their business information, however they are listed as one of the top fifty hypercorporations in regards to market visibility. They maintain advertising contracts with a number of other hypercorps and oftentimes makes substantial donations to habitats in exchange for market exclusivity agreements. 

## Hacking Cards

GlimGlam uses advanced encryption on their cards. Hackers receive a -30 penalty to their Infosec tests to read or modify the blueprints stored on a card, and if any tampering is detected, the card deletes all stored data, effectively destroying itself.

## hooks

GlimGlam is wholly owned and operated by Firewall assets. It was created as a cover to produce and distribute restricted equipment past security checkpoints. Firewall agents may be provided with special Nano Frame cards, called 'infiltrator cards'. These cards appear in every way to be identical as standard cards, however when provided a code and the appropriate feedstock, they create a single piece and type of specialized equipment. Infiltrator cards are still extremely limited, and may only be used to create items of a limited complexity and size.



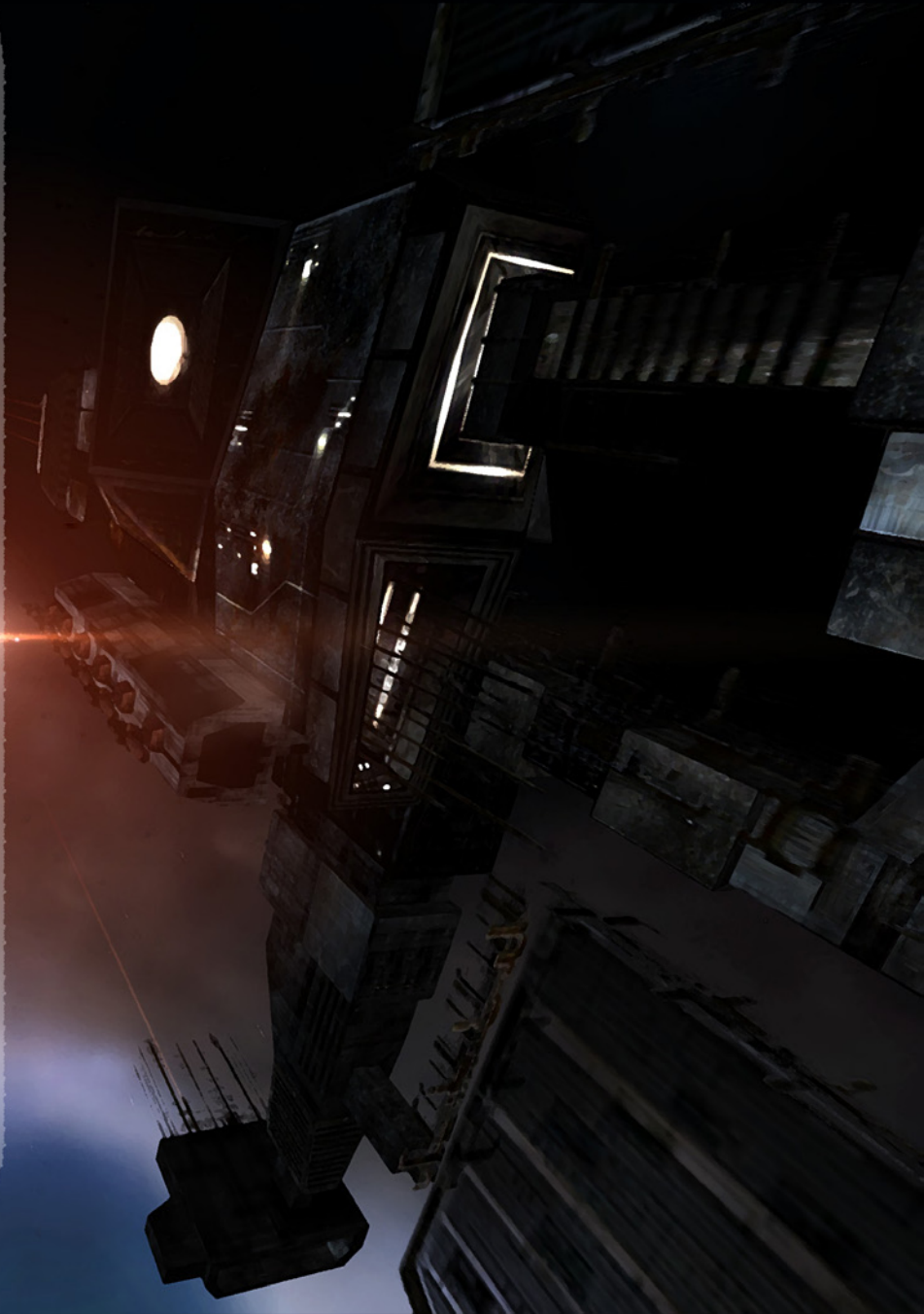


# Dust to Dust

## The Mission

*The cargo ship Anatanus has been captured by a pirate band's AI virus. The ship and its dangerous cargo of unstable antimatter are now on course to the pirates' den, where it will be made into hab-smashers, weapons capable of demolishing habitats. Firewall sentinels have been dispatched, but the logistics of the mission restrict the team to what they can pack on a single missile. The lives of thousands hang on the sentinels boarding and capturing the ship in this desperate gambit.*

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**By Marc Huete**  
**2011 Gold ENnie Winner**



The Eye//An Eclipse Phase Fanzine



## STAGE 1: PRESS-GANG

Each member of the party is contacted by a Firewall Proxy, Zim, who arranges to meet them via a virtual conference. The conference room is a long, transparent table and chairs suspended above a model of the solar system, with habitats marked out as glowing stars. When the party arrives, Zim begins.



// Read the following aloud //

Thank you for coming on such short notice. We have an event and it requires immediate response.” As he speaks, a point on the model solar system laid out below you expands into a massive freighter, floating in deep space. “This is the Anatanus. It was moored around Venus three weeks ago and was en route to Liberty, around Jupiter. It has cut emergency guidance information and readjusted course. We believe it is an act of piracy. “Unfortunately, the Anatanus is carrying nearly one hundred tons of antimatter due for the Republic. I don’t think I need to remind you that even a few grams of it is enough to destroy a habitat. If that freighter gets close enough to a habitat for them to use their defensive batteries, it’ll be close enough that its destruction will bathe the habitat in gamma radiation. We plan on inserting you into the Anatanus, where you can retake and disable the ship while it is safely in deep space.

There are some complications you should be aware of. Due to concerns of speed and stealth, we are limited in regards to the amount of mass we can send over. You will be restricted to the bare minimum of equipment, and you will be away for several weeks. Additionally, political tensions between the Republic and the Planetary Consortium have been high. The Consortium has been making overtures about reducing the Republic’s military stockpile. The destruction or loss of this antimatter may be seen as sabotage, and push the two parties closer to physical conflict. However, the risk of its use is too great to ignore. If you cannot retake the ship in five hours, it will be destroyed.

We are preparing your ship to leave. You have twenty four hours to make preparations, or opt out of this mission.



If the characters accept, they will egocast to Fresh Kills, where they will be sleeved into Spare morphs (*Gatecrashing*, pg. 151) stowed within a missile. They will literally ride the tip of the missile as it is launched at the Anatanus for its two-week flight time. All cargo is limited to a few cubic meters and they must maintain radio silence. Morphs may mount a single, one-handed weapon, light combat armor, and a selection of small modifications (provided by Firewall). The sentinels will have enough operational time to eliminate any integration difficulties. Sentinels are also provided with full schematics and keycodes to the Anatanus. Firewall will also provide any other small tools the party requests, assuming they are compact, and cost less than Expensive per member. Once safely packed, the missile launches away at 100 gs. To conserve energy, the sentinels are put into dormancy until it is time for insertion.

## STAGE 2: BOARDING PARTY

The sentinels are awakened as the missile, now in its final stages, approaches the freighter. The missile has shed its booster rockets and nose casing, exposing the sentinels to the vacuum of space and a view of the freighter. The freighter is aware of the missile, but is too slow to avoid it. The massive freighter is 150 meters long, with the habitation decks mounted at the fore of the ship. The missile’s automatic guidance system avoids the destructive wake of gamma radiation from the ship’s exhaust, even as it drops speed to only a few hundred relative meters a second. The freighter’s anti-collision defenses activate, spraying tungsten shells. The missile approaches to 500 meters and fires off each sentinel, before it maneuvers away to draw fire. Finally, the missile explodes in a cloud of debris and chaff.

Each sentinel’s morph is equipped with a single-use chemical maneuvering rocket. The sentinels are fired off sequentially (the sentinels can determine the order). As each sentinel approaches, they must complete three actions; avoid the anti-collision suppressive fire (a Fray, Flight, or Freefall test, at +10 or suffer 2d10+6 damage), decelerate (a Flight or Freefall test at +20), and land (a Flight or Freefall test, with a modifier equal to the MoS or MoF of the deceleration test). They have a second opportunity to decelerate and land on the fore Whipple





## SPARE (SYNTHMORPH)

Spare morphs are small, cheap, lightweight, synthetic shells. Packed as a flat disc 15 centimeters in diameter and with a mass of 2 kilograms, when activated they pop into a spherical shape with 6 slender and retractable 20-centimeter limbs.

**Enhancements:** Access Jacks, Basic Mesh Inserts, Cyberbrain, Extra Limbs (3 Arms/3 Legs), Grip Pads, Mnemonic Augmentation, Puppet Sock, Light Combat Armor.

**Mobility System (Movement Rate):** Walker (2/8)

**Aptitude Maximum:** 20

**Durability:** 15

**Wound Threshold:** 3

**Advantages:** Light Combat Armor (14/12), counts as a small target in combat (-10 to hit)

**Disadvantages:** Social Stigma (Clanking Masses)

shield, or they risk missing the ship altogether and continuing into space. For either opportunity, sentinels who fail their rolls to make a graceful landing can make a crash landing, suffering 5d10 damage from the collision (reduced to 2d10 if the deceleration test was successful).

If successful, the characters land on the cargo pods attached to the central spine of the ship. The ship's acceleration provides .002 g. Excepting the interior of the habitation decks, the entire ship is in a vacuum. The ship's keycodes have been changed, so accessing airlocks or secure systems require appropriate hacking or hardware skills.

## ANATANUS CREW

One of the original eight morphs aboard was destroyed when the ship was taken. For the crew, use four Pirate characters (*NPC File 1: Prime*, p. 12) or ScumEnforcer (*Eclipse Phase*, p. 165), three Extropian Smuggler characters (*Eclipse Phase*, p. 159), and one Mercurial Investigator (*Eclipse Phase*, p. 164), as well as several AIs with a score of 40 in any necessary skills. Biomorphs will use drugs like MRDR to give them a combat edge (+10 SOM, +1 Speed, +10 Durability, ignore modifiers from one wound). There are five robots on board the Anatanus, but all will be inert or helpful, unless specifically ordered otherwise or under the direct control of a pirate.

## ANATANUS LAYOUT

The Anatanus is built around a central spine. Massive cargo pods attach entirely around the spine. At the aft of the ship is the ship's fuel and engines, which are overseen by automated and remote systems, and largely sealed off from intrusion. The habitation decks are built onto the front of the ship. The ship is studded with active and passive sensory and communication nodes, and heavy machine guns to destroy space debris. Characters are tracked by the Comms/Sensors host unless tracking devices are individually deactivated, the server is hacked, or characters succeed on an Infiltration (-10) test. Tracked characters are likely to be stalked and ambushed by pirates. Pirates will not be surprised by tracked characters.





**1—Cargo Spine**—80m long, the central spine runs from the habitation decks to the engines and fuel pods. It contains several Jefferies tubes and the shaft for the cargo elevator. It is heavily shielded, but accessible via utility hatches. There is space between the massive cargo modules for a morph to crawl through. Within a minute of the missile passing, one of the pirates accompanied by an automech will exit to the spine and begin searching for anything suspicious. One of the cargo modules contains the antimatter. If physically accessed, the magnetic containment can be defeated with either a hard (-30) Infosec or Hardware: Industrial test, causing a massive explosion which will vaporize the Anatanus and everything within it.

**2—Cargo Airlock**—5m × 5m × 3m, the cargo airlock accesses a large space under the cargo spine which make it accessible to loading vehicles. The airlock is locked.

**3—Loading Area**—15m × 5m × 8m, the cargo loading area has two hyperdense exoskeletons, an elevator and ladders to the second level, as well as other tools for loading and stowing cargo. In the case of a detected intrusion, one of the pirates will puppetsock an automech from the repair bay to attack.

**4—Repair Bay**—10m × 3m × 8m, the repair bay includes all the tools necessary for repairing drones or morphs, including a limited fabber. One pirate is working on a damaged slitheroid on a table. Looking at the damage, the morph does not appear to be repairable. The bay feeds into both habitation levels. From the walls hang articulated arms with heavy tools. Two suits of heavy combat armor and two automatic rifles (without ammunition) are here.

**5—Engine Remote Control and Repair Center**—3m × 4m, the center is dominated by computers and virtualization equipment. Two recliners are available for telepresence operators. From the center, they may operate repair drones in the engine, review engine data, and modify input. The engine AI is protected by a firewall and operates near the engines themselves, to prevent tampering. The AI prevents any circumstances which might result in dangerous conditions for the ship, it's crew, or known habitats or ships nearby.

**6—Communications Bay**—This office contains a simulspace booth and is the command center for overseeing and modifying sensor and communications data. The farcaster is located here (currently offline).

**7—Medical Bay**—Four healing vats and an examination table, as well as a Dr. Bot and limited fabber are located here. Four doses of MRDER (*Eclipse Phase*, p. 319) and 200 rifle rounds are in the fabber.

**8—Backup Engine AI**—A secondary computer for operating the engine systems, it is left turned off and heavily shielded to prevent damage. It can be brought online within fifteen minutes following an emergency and will automatically override the normal AI unless a security code is provided.

**9—Life Support**—This room steps “downwards”, expanding it to 20m × 25m × 6m. It contains eight massive, self-agitating algae tanks, tended by swarms of gardeners. Pipes along every available surface feed to filters and storage tanks. Two pirates are tending to the machines. The crew's infomorph hacker is here if not otherwise occupied dealing with the sentinels.

**10—Communications and Ships Operations Computers**—Three central computer cores are stored within the Life Support Module. These cores contain the computers for sensors, communications, life support, maintenance, cargo and all other ship operations (excepting navigation and engine operations). The crew's hacker stores his ego on board the computer core.

**11—Biological Storage**—Giant tanks of water, compressed air, and other critical chemicals are stored along the walls of the habitation decks, where they also provide protection against radiation. There is a small amount of crawlspace between the storage vats, which provide access to the sensor banks and excellent concealment.

**12—Sensor Banks**—Passive receivers and their support equipment are stored here, accessible via utility hatches. The backup navigation computer is stored, offline, in the nose sensor bank. In the case of an emergency, it may be brought online, in which case it will override the original computer.

**13—Shared Recreation Area**—This room has space for indoor sports, as well as collapsible seating for community sims or other activities. Users with access to the ship's computer will see a map of the inner system superimposed over the room, blazoning a red path to Mars's L5 Lagrange Point.

**14—Dormitories**—There are two dormitories, each containing four acceleration bunks, separated by collapsing separators. Each bunk also has a cabinet, containing personal effects and emergency equipment. The aft dormitories feed into two smaller recreation rooms, each containing a collapsible table and chair, and two hygiene rooms. One pirate is hiding here to flank the party when they attempt to enter the bridge.

**15—Bridge**—The doors to the bridge are locked. The bridge contains acceleration chairs for six, each with an AR wrap-around display. The bridge is set around a tactical display which displays the ship and local space. Two pirates and an automech are in hiding here, and will ambush on anyone who enters.

**16—Drone/EVA Storage**—By default, four thruster packs, two EVA sleds, and four automechs are stowed here, along with accessories. By the time the sentinels arrive, at least two automechs have likely been removed, and additional equipment may be missing. It feeds into an elevator near the ceiling of the repair bay, and into the cargo elevator.

**17—Parts Storage**—Specialized pieces for synthmorphs, robots, tools and other equipment are stowed here. Characters may find a number of improvised weapons, as well as spare parts necessary for repairs. Protected in the back of the room are the Engine and Navigation primary computers and the backup Operations computer, each protected from tampering or damage by armor and locks.

**18—Cargo Elevator**—This 5m × 10m elevator car is sealed against the vacuum and can be sent to any point along the Anatanus's spine, to access cargo modules or the engine. It is locked.

**19—Personal Airlocks, Suit Storage**—This airlock has space for six individuals. It has

an adjoining closet, containing eight standard vac suits, two hard suits, and two thruster packs, as well as first aid equipment.

**20—Whipple Shield**—Twenty meters beyond the bow of the ship is a massive Whipple shield, a thin, self-repairing impact shield fifty meters in diameter.

## ANATANUS NETWORK

The Anatanus network consists of six servers. Each server is protected by an AI with a rating of 40 in all computer-relevant skills. They are each separated by the other by firewalls or air gaps. All default accounts have been deleted off the online servers, preventing easy authentication. The servers are:

**Communications/Sensors**—This server connects to the outside world, manages all mesh access, sensor data, and exterior defenses. External access has been manually shut off, except for brief periods, however any user may access it from anywhere within 100 meters of the ship (with proper authentication). It tracks all characters on the ship. All pirates are almost constantly connected.

**Ship Operations**—This server manages the majority of the services of the ship. The pirate hacker protects this server when they aren't otherwise engaged. An authenticated user may connect from anywhere in contact with the ship. All pirates are almost constantly connected.

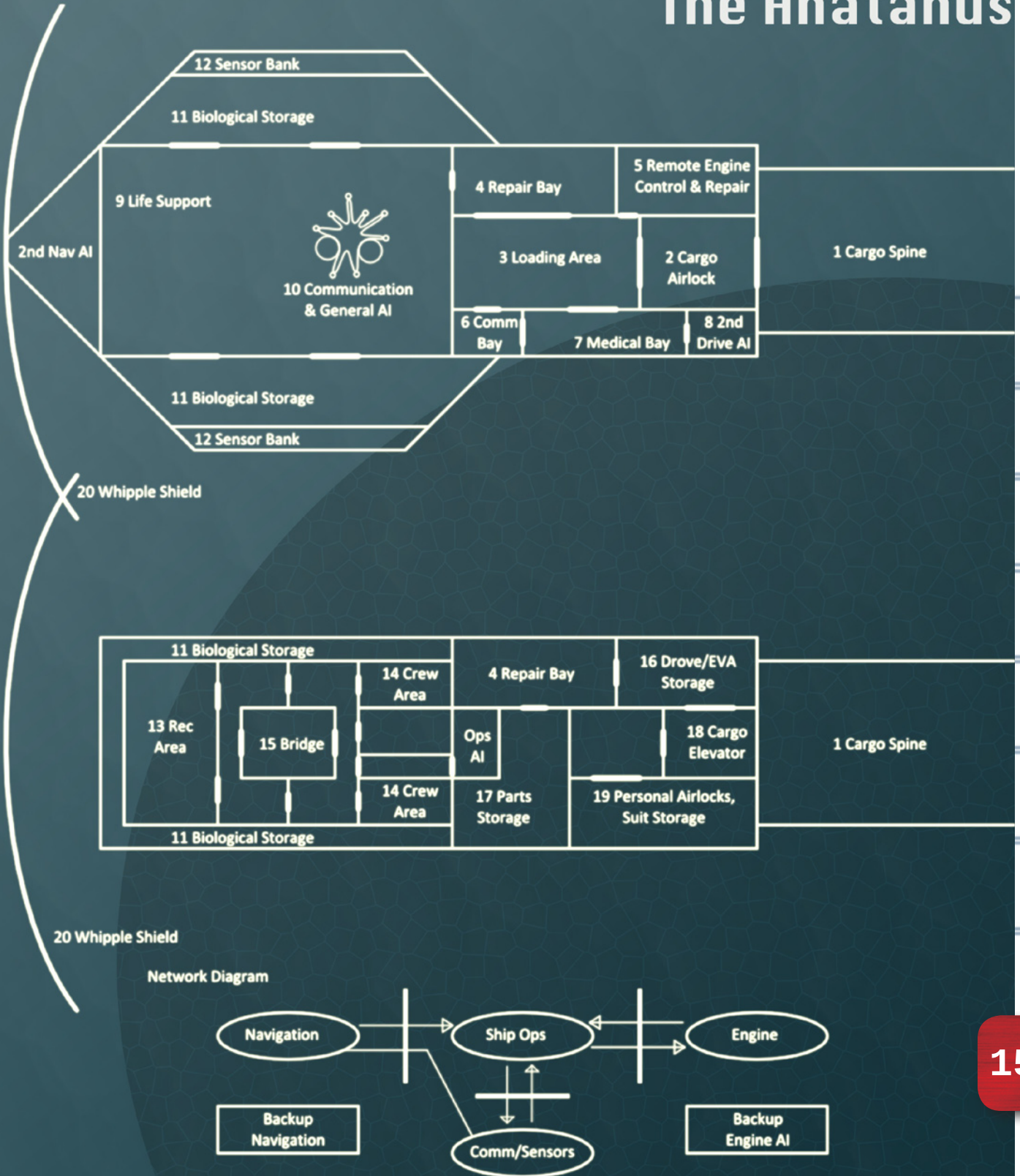
**Navigation**—The navigation computer holds navigational maps, charts and routes. It accepts limited sensory data, and provides location data, however both feeds are too limited to permit remote hacking. Users cannot otherwise connect except by defeating the locked and armored cabinet it resides in and accessing it physically. The navigation server holds the original pirate AI, which it propagated to the Ship Operations server. The AI will continue to guide the ship towards the pirates' destination.

**Engine**—The engine server is located deep within an armored shell nearby the engines at the aft of the ship. It is extremely difficult to access, however the pirates have had sufficient time to propagate their AI on it. The engine server accepts limited control





# The Anatanus





## Rez & Rep Rewards

Character participated in mission	1 RP + 2 i-rep
Cargo Lost	1 RP + 2 i-rep
Anatanus Secured	2 RP +5 i-rep
Sentinels Neutralized	1 RP - 5 i-rep
Sentinels identified by non-Firewall parties	-1 @-rep -2 i-rep +5 c-rep
Character contributed to achieving success in a significant way	1 RP
Character achieved a motivational goal ( <i>Eclipse Phase</i> , p.121)	1 RP
Player engaged in good roleplaying	1 RP
Player significantly contributed to the sessions' drama, humor or fun with roleplaying	1 RP

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and routing information, and provides diagnostic information. Both feeds are too limited to permit remote hacking.

**Backup Servers**—Each server has an offline backup. It takes fifteen minutes to boot up. Once booted, the redundant server will override the primary system, and resume a pre-programmed, limited course of action (maintaining life support while guiding the ship to the nearest port), with sufficient controls for emergency action, unless overridden with a security code. None of the backup servers have been compromised. They must be booted up manually, and are stored within armored, locked cabinets.

## STAGE 3: AFTERMATH

Depending on the characters' actions, they may have secured the shipment discreetly, or left WMDs in the hands of a pirate band.

### SHIP SECURED

Once the ship is secured, they will receive instructions to egocast away, and the ship will be handed over to the authorities. The evidence gathered will be a major blow against the violent Barsoomian cell, and increase the stability in the solar system.

### SHIP OR CARGO DESTROYED

If the sentinels take more than five hours to complete their mission, the Consortium will fire a barrage of missiles which will completely destroy the Anatanus. Losing the ship or the cargo is a stalemate. It prevents a major attack – for now – but a second attempt is inevitable. Meanwhile, the Republic and the Consortium inch closer to war.

### SENTINELS CAPTURED OR KILLED

Should the sentinels fail completely in their mission, the cargo and the pirates are jettisoned and the ship destroyed before they can be intercepted by Consortium interdictors. The antimatter is used in a wave of extremely destructive terror attacks against Consortium habitats on and around Mars, especially Progress. The characters may have an opportunity for redemption, following new clues to track down the pirates and their weapons. ☐







BYTES

by Quincey Forder

Welcome to *!EX News Bytes*—your entertainment feed, wherever you are!

## MOVIE NEWS

### “GORILLA: Uplifted Heroes Rising” Release Date Announced!

Many people had pretty much given up the hope of seeing on the big holoscreen the adventures of this clan of simian Fall survivors. So, what is the verdict? And what is the thought of the very cast of this roller-coaster of a production? Our correspondent at the Interstellar New Shanghai Media Con set his eyes on the first screening and collected the impressions of the actors present at the panel.



To say that this movie was made after a successful Vids franchise was under piercing scrutiny of a rabid and dedicated fandom would be like saying that the Martian sunset is blue! And for good reason: after two amazing seasons, the studio had a change of management and direction

following the studio’s absorption into the Planetary Consortium, Gary Weatherman was invited to resign and an entirely new writer pool of indentured informorphs were tasked with writing a third season more in line with the PC’s views.

Audiences plummeted and the series was canceled after the season ended. But the fans kept the meme of the show alive with fanart and fanfiction and a small but lively yearly convention, “The Gorilla Assembly.” Weatherman kept in touch with the fanbase, and provided them (and all of us) with a motion comic published by Indentured Art Studio that picked up where the second season ended. It is thanks to the incredible sales of the M-comics that a budget of several dozen million credits was

unlocked. But the studios did their best to keep the movie in tone with the infamous third season.

“It was a continuous battle of will,” explains Weatherman. “The Consortium wanted to demean the memes that they found too ‘pro-Autonomist,’ but we prevailed.”

And did we ever! The 200-minute-long movie re-traces a mash-up of the two first seasons and ends on a riveting cliffhanger.

### SPOILER ALERT!

The work also gives hope for a sequel focusing on the *Gatecrashing* story arc of the second season.

“It was so great to be back!” gushes Sandy Harrison, who plays Ranger Aelisha Mendes, the main non-uplifted character. “It’s like a big family reunion with Keith, Marianna, Bridget and everybody, and for a high octane adventure too!”

Bridget D’Argo, the lovely young uplifted gorilla woman playing Chelsea in both the series and the movie and who sat next to Harrison during the panel chuckled and commented: “This is not like your pen-pushing role in that Argonaut show for sure!”

Keith Cheklid, who plays Granite, the leader of the Gorillas, commented during the panel that it felt like being resleeved in a beloved morph after being egocast far away for far too long. And then, for the pleasure of the fans, he exclaimed: “We survived! We are assembled again!”

So what can we expect? A very powerful movie with three-dimensional characters. Both the heroes and the villains have their good and bad sides and solid reasons for doing what they do. The gliding sequences are a pure adrenalin rush, and if you don’t shed some tears during the poignant scene of the Fall, then, my friend, you are in serious need of some psychosurgery! One thing is sure, I will be there next march when the movie is released!

Carnival of Goat, complete will full sensory input. You select your track and your location in the crowd, and off you go! It’s intense, sensual and more than nearly-orgasmic! The songs are, as is typical with MS, a remix of pre-Fall songs in a maelstrom of Ragemix and 21st-century metal with live musicians on the side. In AR, we had overlays displaying the original musicians over the present band.

The album and the concert start with the 1990s Japanese song *Rose of Pain*; a nearly 12-minute-long epic song detailing a Gothic vampire story, during which you stand in the courtyard of a medieval castle through amazingly rendered augmented reality skinning. The rest of the songs follow the usual Reclaimers meme, with the views of the artist mixed in with Autonomist and Scum sympathies; two hours’ worth of musical and visual bliss that will grip you by the guts from beginning to end.

### Li Opera Di Gladia Torretta

The famed combat-tactician-AGI-turned-soprano Gladia Torretta strikes again. You certainly remember the extravagant representation of Reaper Choir in which Gladia forked herself and sleeved in fifty two Reaper morphs. Well, she has done it again, this time with two hundred customized Steel morphs (silver variant) and Q-Morphs.



Needless to say, this kind of stunt made the Consortium execs grit their teeth but gives Gladia’s F-Rep and @-Rep quite the boost, cracking up anti-hyper-corporate groups, phyles, cliques and glades. Musically, it is an opera mixed with age-old pop tunes and technobeats. A bonus track is present (though well hidden) of a duo with Lady Angelina of her eternal hit “Bad Romance,” recorded a few months ago on Carnivale.

## MUSIC

### DJ Madskweed’s New Album!

The famous Octopus DJ has released an album of the live performance last year on the





## MESH ENTERTAINMENT

### Cartermore Beta: New Invitation Groups Sent!

In case you've been hiding under a rock at the confine of the System (or spending all your time in dead storage) you probably don't know zip about the Kerry Carter e-book series. Born of the imagination of Sue O'Ralley during the darkest years following the Fall, the story features a young ESPer named Kerry, an orphan of the Fall, who was sent to live with his religiously-oppressive bioconservative Jovian grandparents (yes, readers, I know, that's a pleonasm right there).

Life for Kerry was difficult living with his grandparents, who would punish Kerry over the smallest thing, until the day his father's associate from Cognite came and rescued him. His rescuer introduces Kerry (and the readers) to a world of intrigue and conspiracies where Kerry struggles to learn and control his budding psychic powers at the SAM (Secret Academy of Mars) and survive the attempted murders and kidnappings by the terrible ultimate warlord Bloodwing Tomasi and his Scum and Brinker accomplices.

While many criticize the thinly-disguised propaganda and what Autonomist sympathizers call a blatant betrayal to the code popularized by a certain scarred, Pre-Fall, British wizard over a century and a half ago, it's the way in which the book was developed that has enthralled millions of readers. The story adapts to you and your sensibilities through interacting with your Muse in a very revolutionary way and updating and upgrading with each book. Until recently (at the time of release of the first book, that is) it was still considered to be science-fiction akin to genre classics like "The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" or "The Diamond Age."

Each e-book actually consists of a Muse-like AI that is given all the diverse "story blocks" and weaves them together depending on the reader. If a boy likes the superheroes theme, an emphasis will be placed on the heroic action sequences, while a middle-aged housewife might like to focus more on the romance of Kerry's Steel-silver-sleeved surrogate brother Eddie with the sister of his worst enemy (and Academy rival) Cale O'Shea.

"Cartermore" pushes the idea even further. Not only do you follow the story the way you like it, you can now interact with it as well! And you don't do it alone: many readers will do the same, interacting with you in the same environment, all under the careful eye of AI and informorph moderators hidden in the background of a very secured VPN.

If you've always wanted to attend classes at the SAM, now is your chance! In addition, new info on certain characters and locations will be revealed at some point of the story. The result is an experience somewhere between literature and MMORPG. It may be memetic engineering and propaganda, but to quote Roy Langley, "it's bloody fun!" ▣

## hooks

### Adventurous Interruptus

Traveling undercover on a cruise ship to get into their area of operations seemed like a good idea, half insertion, half vacation. But when stowed away terrorists take over the ship and demand ransom for the passengers and crew, the PCs must neutralize the threat without breaking cover.

### Backtrail

When one of the PCs goes on vacation, the others begin picking up rumors of a sinister individual tracking their absent friend. Investigating the threat and racing to reach their friend before the unknown figure, they encounter a trail of suspicious activity that makes them question their friend's loyalty.

### The Package

Pick up the package. Deliver the package. Easy, right?

~Tachi



# Endless Skies – Silver Songbird Morph

by J. Corwin

The Neo-Avian uplifts of Mahogany are unique in the solar system. They live almost entirely among other uplifts and infomorph mercurials, and their environment is designed for those for whom flight comes naturally. They develop their own technologies, and the culture there is rapidly diverging from the starting point imparted by their creators. But despite the growing independence, they still exist in the shadows of decisions made by humanity. The Fall, exsurgent plagues, megacorporate avarice, the long term prospects of their growing society depend entirely on the choices of wider transhumanity. The loss of Earth is particularly galling for many uplifts, whose lack of culture is exacerbated by feeling disconnected from their 'natural' environments, and dependence on human technologies and resources simply to survive.

A Neo-Avian Raven named D'ruaga Akeewara Kii got tired of waiting. She had lived her entire life in cramped habitats and ships, her wings aching from never stretching out fully to fly more than a few hundred feet at a time. She founded the group called Endless Skies to achieve her dream of flying towards an open horizon, free from fear.

Now almost 100 uplifts and infomorphs are members of her growing cabal, all dedicated to the goal of ensuring the survival of their new species, with or without the rest of transhumanity. Predominantly uplifted Ravens and AIs, they concentrate on infrastructure

and plots, gathering resources and intelligence for their aims. Designing or finding advanced fabricator patterns, stockpiling minerals and exotic construction materials, serving on research boards of advanced habitat design groups, ES members are trying to lower the cost of success. They often operate independently of each other, one focusing on combating anti-uplift sentiments in human populations, another trying to lower the costs involved in neo-avian morph construction.

A sizeable portion of the group is involved in trying to create more living space for themselves; the internal habitat design group is feverishly trying to complete the modifications and upgrades to the open Hamilton cylinder patterns, specialized for neo-avian inhabitants. D'ruaga herself is focusing entirely on neo-avian population (and thus potential members). Neo-avians are somewhat unique, in that few refugees remain as disembodied infomorphs. Their numbers were never large before the Fall, and few rated very highly in the order of evacuees. So most of the neo-avians alive today simply lived through the chaos. Unfortunately, this means that unlike many habitats with a backlog of people waiting to be embodied, neo-avians can't simply build morphs and have their pick of eager transhumans ready to go. D'ruaga has tried to setup support for as many neo-avians to have children as possible, providing genetic counseling, free child-care, preferring to grant favors to neo-avians with growing families, and sponsoring media and art to support a subculture of neo-avian familial accomplishment and pride.

D'ruaga coordinates the many projects of Endless Skies from aboard her custom cyler, the Dreaming On Wing. The ship is slightly larger than a Standard Transport, but its internals and duty cycle are radically different. Its square corridors cramped and strange to a human, the Dreaming On Wing is meant to be flown through. The scale is slightly off, the lack of ladders and handholds

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D'ruaga has forbidden investigation into reclaiming Earth until failsafes are in place, fearing that the TITANs, provoked, might wipe out vital industries and resources they still rely on. Many members resent this restriction, so she is subtly trying to direct their attention to accomplish specific goals she implies will lead her to lift it, like the first self-sustaining colony of neo-avians on an exoplanet, and a proposed colony ship design for interstellar space.



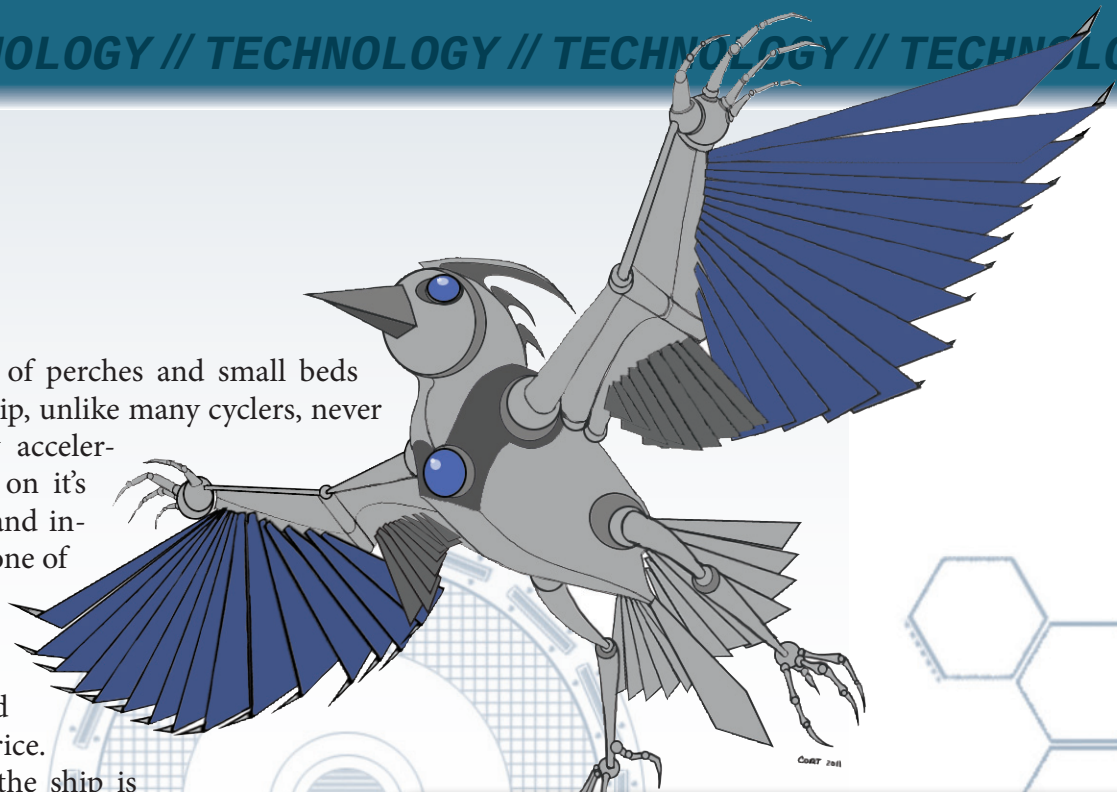
offset by a preponderance of perches and small beds dotting every room. The ship, unlike many cyclers, never stops or slows, constantly accelerating and gravity slinging on its course between the outer and inner systems. This makes it one of the fastest ways to travel between the primary areas of the Solar System (other than chartering a dedicated courier vessel), but at a price.

The only way on and off the ship is an extremely expensive shuttle trip to decelerate enough to dock or land at a destination, or to catch back up to the Dreaming On Wing. This means that only very valuable cargoes are worth the extra fuel. D'ruaga has been taking advantage of this to dispense special packages of her own throughout the system and collect special components for Endless Skies projects.

Endless Skies has developed a number of new skills and technologies that players might encounter:

### Language: Jack-cant

An Endless Skies member who was an avowed corvid supremacist objected to always using Spanish or English when speaking to his allies, so he devoted some time to developing a language based on the known vocabulary of normal corvids. The language is surprisingly complex and extremely difficult for non-avian biomorphs to duplicate, or even discern. Originally, the language was something of a good-natured joke, but after one dedicated mercurial AI provided translations of all the internal communications in Jack-cant and a particularly artistic written alphabet including symbols which depend on ultraviolet perception, the language took off as a way to keep internal matters within the family. Now, Jack-cant is something of a cause-celebre amongst the younger members, who compete to sneak Jack-cant slang into pop culture and graffiti messages (in ultraviolet paint invisible to most biomorphs) in ever more prominent places. □



### Morph: Silver Songbird

A small, affordable synthmorph chassis for neo-avians looking to ego-cast to remote places, or just get along with the basics. The Silver Songbird is about the size of a Common Raven, with synthetic feathers and high density plastics and alloy parts. This morph is too small to be modified with any weapons or all but the smallest of upgrades.

**Enhancements:** Access Jacks, Basic Mesh Inserts, Cortical Stack, Cyberbrain, Mnemonic Augmentation

**Mobility System (Movement Rate):** Walker (2/8) / Flyer (6/16)

**Aptitude Maximum:** 25 (15 SOM)

**Durability:** 15

**Wound Threshold:** 4

**Advantages:** Flight, -10 to hit in combat

**Disadvantages:** Social Stigma (Clanking Masses) trait, Small

**CP Cost:** 10

**Credit Cost:** Moderate



# Guillaume de la Mer – Uplift Artist

by Andy Click



*Self Portrait*  
Guillaume de la Mer

It's said that art is a powerfully subjective field, with both artist and audience coming together to forge a unique experience for each viewer based on their own perspective. Nowhere is that truer than in the works of Guillaume de la Mer, an uplifted octopus who has dedicated both his life and his extra limbs to the reinvention of classical painting.

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Shortly after his rise to sapience, Guillaume found himself surrounded by those whose perspective was entirely different than his own. The issue wasn't one of cultural identity, or human versus animal distinctions; Guillaume found that others had entirely different sensations to his own.

The way a human would taste or touch, or hold an object in his hands and know at once every corner of it, was baffling to the new uplift, and fascinated

him completely. Lacking the means to download his consciousness into a new morph, he turned to artistic expression as an outlet for his longing and the desire to understand how others experienced the natural world.

Painting proved challenging at first given the lack of fine motor control and body awareness. Guillaume often struggled with classical techniques because he simply lacked the physiology to execute them. Forced to innovate, Guillaume trained his many limbs to act on their typical high-level commands and still execute roughly the stroke he envisioned.

The result was an entirely new discovery: an artist whose own limbs could surprise him. Each work fashioned by Guillaume de la Mer is, at its heart, is a cooperative piece between himself and his



limbs. The artist has even begun to refer to them in the third person, calling them his “assistants” in frequent interviews.

“Each of them has opinions,” he’s been quoted as saying, putting particular emphasis on the word, “and we do not always agree.”

The works of Guillaume de la Mer are sought after not only because of their artistic merit but for the sheer effort known to go into each stroke. Many octomorphs in particular appreciate his unique use of colors and shape, granting others a chance to see the world as they feel it.

Something of a hermit himself, Guillaume rarely makes public appearances, preferring instead to do broadcast interviews over the mesh, typically with no video component. He resides in a small semi-aquatic habitat with several linked “dry studios” for his various moods, all connected by a series of pressurized acrylic tubes with an assortment of textured pads along the way to keep his senses sharp and provide occasional inspiration all their own.

He has already branched out into other artistic areas, including ultraviolet paints that add an extra meaning for those with the power to see it, as well as a polymer paint and “canvas” meant to be touched that provides his audience with the full tactile sensation of his raised images. Guillaume’s latest project is a partnership with an infomorph DJ named “K-2,” who is working with him to design a series of sound samples and electromagnetic wave patterns which will provide a unique sensory experience for infomorphs across the mesh.

Widely revered for his willingness to bring new sensory experiences to those who might otherwise never have had the chance to experience them, Guillaume has been courted by (and mistakenly associated with) a number of social and political movements, most notably the Mercurials, Preservationists and Anarchists. While Guillaume has never openly sided with any particular political agenda, he has remained outspoken on his own views when speaking publicly; views which have made him unpopular with those factions less interested in unilateral rights and privileges for all. □

Guillaume is looking to deliver his latest series of works to the Warhol Gallery in the Jovian capital of Liberty. Unfortunately, a major theme of the works is uplift rights, making them restricted items in the Republic.

Worst still, one of the local authorities has caught wind of the coming shipment and will stop the art from ever reaching the gallery opening...

## hooks

Guillaume plans to anonymously to send his latest series of five oversized paintings to a private gallery in the Jovian capital of Liberty on Ganymede. Given the Jovian opinion on uplifts, neither he nor any of his typical couriers can make the delivery directly, so he is seeking individuals interested significantly boosting their reputation in exchange for high-risk work. Guillaume has specifically asked for trained individuals who feel they can deliver the goods to their destination safely and without the knowledge of the local authorities; in essence, smuggling the works into Liberty.

The gallery owner is a close friend of Guillaume’s and a rare Jovian; one who appreciates the uplift’s art and its message and wishes it to have a voice in Liberty. Unfortunately, the local authorities have gotten wind of the delivery and will be setting an ambush at the gallery to publicly destroy the artist’s work.

It is the party’s responsibility to bypass the port authority and ferry the works to the gallery intact, survive or avoid the ambush, and prevent the local authorities from silencing the voice of opposition present in Guillaume’s controversial works.