Cap'n – Harry Reel – Captain – BLACK SNAKE HORNET CLASS

My Job – All I ask is a tall ship and a star to sail her by. (Captain)

My Vice - I would fain die a dry death. (Liquor)

My Fear - Hell is empty, and all the devils are here. (Reavers)

My Hope – All debts paid, and a clear night sky (Ship out of hock)

Kay - Caleb Ng – Pilot – ALL THE SHIPS I'VE FLOWN

My Job – I come to fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds. (Pilot)

My Vice – All that glitters is not gold. But I wish it were. (Money)

My Fear - Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows (I end poor and in one of the slums)

My Hope – A bit of renown and respect might be nice. And a whole lotta cash. (Wealth)

Otto – Ottoker Prosper – Engineer – THE MINING MOON I LEFT

My Job – Can't hold a gun steady, can't hold the hearts of the crew to me… but I can keep a ship in the black, and make her parts sing in unison. (Engineer)

My Vice – My head in the clouds, my heart in the stars (Dreamer)

My Fear - The strongest oaths are straw to the fire in the blood (Betrayal)

My Hope - Our fortune is set on a most auspicious star. (Continue to live the life of a freelancer)

Tony – Antonia Sebastian – Hired Gun – ALL THE GUNS

My Job – If you're bringing trouble, by this hand I will supplant some of your teeth (Hired Gun)

My Vice – A pox on your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog! (Wrath)

My Fear – The injustice of the past be perpetrated again. (The Alliance)

My Hope – The Alliance falls like so many tyrannies before it. (Revolution)

Fergie – Sangha Andrea Ferguson – Doctor – ALL THE DRUGS

My Job – At my command, graves have wakened their sleepers (doctor)

My Vice – The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few. (Altruism)

My Fear – Ultimate wrong brought to pass at the hands of those I like and even respect. (Disappointment)

My Hope - Space enough have I in such a prison. (I can do good out here on the Rim, that I could never do in the core)

Harry Reel (Cap'n)

My Job – *All I ask is a tall ship and a star to sail her by.* (Captain) The *Black Snake* is mine.

My Vice - *I would fain die a dry death.* (Liquor) I have bad dreams. Some of 'em while I ain't sleeping. I see a young boy wandering, alone, afraid. Sometimes he's me. Sometimes he's covered in blood. Sometimes his eyes burn and he's a Reaver. Liquor keeps it all at bay.

My Fear - *Hell is empty, and all the devils are here.* (Reavers)

My Hope – *All debts paid, and a clear night sky* (Ship out of hock) Three years ago we got in hock something fierce over a deal that went south. Dodging a Reaver ship, we crashed on a small moon. We lost our contracted cargo and paying for that and repairs put us deep in the red. Since then, every job has been to keep one step ahead of the reaper. This job to Miranda could be the big payout to get us back on track.

My Big Damn Secret: I don't remember anything before coming aboard the *Black Snake*. My first recollection is being adrift, alone aboard the *Black Snake* at the end of the War. Before that, nothing. Not what happened to my previous crew, not what my mission was, nothing. Not even sure what side I was fighting on, but I suspect I was Alliance as Black Snake is definitely an Alliance ship. I might have been a spy working for the Browncoats, though. My sympathies tend in that direction, and I ain't rightly sure why.

My Crewmates

Tony (Hired Gun) - Back at the end of the war Tony came aboard the ship and found me, a mite bewildered as I was. Everyone else were missing without a clue. Boy, was she annoyed. Thought the ship was salvage, but with me alive, it became a waste of her time. I convinced her to sign on with me, and help me get Black Snake up and running again. She's asked me many a time what I was doing and what happened to my shipmates and I ain't let on that I have no idea, only that it weren't her business to pry. Tony is my rock, though, she comes across as hard as nails, with a temper like a thousand blazing suns, but her heart is in the right place. Hates the Alliance something fierce, so there must be some history there.

Kay (Pilot) – First hire was Caleb. He has a deserved reputation as an excellent pilot, and stands out in a crowd at half my height with silver (replacement) eyes. Don't talk much about that. He got us away from the Reavers that time, and though the ship were so much wreckage after, the Reavers got the worst of it. Since then we ain't been able to afford his rates, and it has been a bone of contention. Might lose him if opportunity came knocking.

Otto (Engineer) – Back when that deal went south we lost our cargo and half the engine in the crash on that small moon. Engineer at the time was in the bit that got crushed. We looked to be selling out for scrap, but luck turned. Otto was a mining engineer who got a good look at the ship and figured her out, and signed on for rates low enough that I could afford. Plus the local mining company gave us a long-term loan we sweetened with some long hauls for them. We're still deep in hock, can't afford the parts we need, but Otto keeps us in the Black somehow. Bit bookish, a little on the portly side, but he tries.

Fergie (Doctor) – We ain't had much call for a Doctor ourselves. A couple jobs came up running supplies and giving assistance to folks in the far rim, and having a doctor made good sense. She came onboard awful cheap, but has been with us for a couple years now, and seems to have no desire to move on. Might be she's trying to get away from something, or might be she's taken to religioning the sick out here in the reaches. Can't say. She has a calm way about her I like to have around. I can tell she used to work for the Alliance, but keeps quiet about it. Her business is her business, as long as she keeps the same course as us.

Otto Prosper (Otto)

My Job – Can't hold a gun steady, can't hold the hearts of the crew to me… but I can keep a ship in the black, and make her parts sing in unison. (Engineer)

My Vice – My head in the clouds, my heart in the stars (Dreamer)

My Fear – The strongest oaths are straw to the fire in the blood (Betrayal)

My Hope – Our fortune is set on a most auspicious star. (Live the life of a freelancer)

My Big Damn Secret – I'm a starship geek, having studied engineering at the best universities on the sufferance of my parents. They intended I understand mining in all ways, and I took to heart all the lessons of mining ships and rim-bound frontier workers. Them stories fueled my imagination. Truth be told, I am incredibly wealthy and don't need to fly in an old starship. I own a small mining moon, bequeathed in my parent's will. I always dreamed of getting away from the terrible boredom of society, and being useful. When the *Black Snake* landed on my moon after a job gone bad, and looked to get a loan to get her flying again, I couldn't believe my luck. I had heard of the pilot, Kay, from old war vids - he was a famous Browncoat. I had intermediaries offer the Captain an easy loan. It wasn't enough, so I arranged to take a look at the ship. And it was there I met the Captain, Harry Reel. He was like a character out of an adventure novel. His ship was a right mess, but I could figure her out. I offered my services at low pay with the *Black Snake* just to see if I could pull it off. I did. I tried to play up being a thick-headed mercenary, and being strapped for cash, and it's a story I have been telling for three years now. Truth be told, I love the ship and care for the crew, and just want us all to go on as we are right now.

My Crewmates

Harry (Cap'n) (Captain) – A hard drinking, tough talking leader; straight out of an adventure sim. He don't talk much about his past, but he has a care for his crew under his rough exterior. Truth be told I've a lot of respect for the Cap'n, and wish I had his level of cool.

Tony (Hired Gun) – She's got a history with the Cap'n from the war, but neither talk about it. She don't trust no one, though I've tried to get her to open up once or twice, and had my head bitten off for my trouble. I know she's got her room booby-trapped. Out of habit I figured out how to get in there if needs be, by decrypting her wireless passkey. Not that I'd intrude on her privacy, but you never know when getting to the wiring panels in that room to repair something might be called on.

Kay (Pilot) – He has a deserved reputation as an excellent pilot, and stands out in a crowd at half my height with silver (replacement) eyes. He complains the most about the poor rates the ship has been able to pay out, and it's a concern he might jump ship if the right offer came knocking. I considered getting another offer on the cards discreetly to tide us over, but the Cap'n has been onto a lead on a few big jobs, and I am betting he'll pull us through. I try to pre-empt Kay's complaints by complaining about the cash first.

Fergie (Doctor) – A couple jobs came up running supplies and giving assistance to folks in the far rim, and having a doctor made good sense. She came onboard cheap, and has been with us for a couple years now. I've spotted once or twice she's gotten into the ship's computers on the sly, and put tabs on her access in case I ever want to find out what she's in there for. Shows she's got some serious netskills, though, which is a mite odd for a Buddhist nun. She's legit though, a real believer, no question, so might be something from a 'before' life.

Antonia Sebastian (Tony)

My Job – If you're bringing trouble, by this hand I will supplant your teeth (Hired Gun)

My Vice – A pox on your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog! (Wrath)

My Fear – The injustice of the past be perpetrated again. (The Alliance)

My Hope – The Alliance falls like so many tyrannies before it. (Revolution)

My Big Damn Secret: I was a Browncoat double agent working under cover for the Alliance during the war. It's why I don't trust folks easy. When the war ended, everyone who knew I was undercover was dead, and my mission was pointless. I couldn't live the comfortable life my established cover had set up, not with the memory of all my Browncoat compatriots. Couldn't rest surrounded by enemies. So I bought out a corrupt alliance officer, and using his assistance, stole the most valuable secret weapon I could identify – *RU4986*. Then I done killed him to cover my tracks. I planned to try to see if there was some kind of underground movement, doing the guerilla war thing, and join up with them. Seems fortune had a different idea.

My Crewmates

Harry (Cap'n) (Captain) – Turns out, the thing I stole was a bio-weapon: a living one. After cracking the weapon out of cryosleep, I discovered he was an amnesiac man. He came to awful fast, and, while confused, he seemed to pick up ideas pretty damned fast too. I quickly came up with a cover that I was a scavenger coming to salvage the ship, and I convinced him his identity was that of the officer I killed and the *Black Snake* was his ship. Since then he has been the Captain, and I the untrusting mercenary. I keep some of my old war kit in my booby trapped room, to remember. Truth be told, I feel a sense of responsibility for the Captain: I freed him; he trusts me. I have used a lot of what I've earned to keep our tracks covered, kept us in the black. It ain't helped the money problems though. I think the Alliance might have gotten close to our trail once or twice, and I need a lot of cash to keep one step ahead of the Reaper, with paying off the right folks to keep things quiet. Every now and again I get the feel Harry is remembering something of what happened to him before, but he hits the bottle pretty hard right about then, and in a day or two he's back to normal. It's a concern.

Kay (Pilot) – First hire was Caleb. He has a deserved reputation as an excellent Browncoat pilot, and stands out in a crowd at half my height with silver (replacement) eyes. Never met him in the war, so he don't know about my past and I ain't asked about what happened to his eyes. We had a contract go south on us once, ending in a chase by Reavers. He got us away that time, and though the ship were so much wreckage after, the Reavers got the worst of it. He's got my respect, and when there ain't much else going on I usually hang by the cockpit cleaning my kit, in spite of how aggravating he can be. Complains on the pay.

Otto (Engineer) – Back when that deal went south we lost our cargo and half the engine in the crash on that small moon. Engineer at the time was in the bit that got crushed. We looked to be selling out for scrap, but luck turned. Otto was a mining engineer who got a good look at the ship and figured her out, and signed on for rates low enough that we could afford. Plus the local mining company gave us a long-term loan we sweetened with some long hauls for them. We're still deep in hock, can't afford the parts we need, but Otto keeps us in the Black somehow. Bit bookish, a little on the soft and sweet side, but he tries.

Fergie (Doctor) – A couple jobs came up running supplies and giving assistance to folks in the far rim, and having a doctor made good sense. She came onboard cheap, and has been with us for a couple years now. A real Buddhist Nun, and her faith talk can be grating.

Caleb Ng (Kay)

My Job – I come to fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds. (Pilot)

My Vice – All that glitters is not gold. But I wish it were. (Money)

My Fear - Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows (I end poor in one of the slums)

My Hope – A bit of renown and respect might be nice. And a whole lotta cash. (Wealth)

My big damn secret: (Tony) It ain't a secret I was a ship's captain on the side of the Browncoats in the last war. I joined up early, anything to get out of the mines that cost me my normal eyes and left me with these third-rate chrome peepers. My size had me the jobs others couldn't do. I never want to end in a mineshaft again. It was during the Browncoat training that my aptitude for flying ships came apparent. It got me rank and respect; it was the best time of my life till it all went to hell. My ship was scrapped when my crew voted to turn in during the amnesty, and it broke my heart. Since, I play up the heartless mercenary. Truth be, it's mostly what I've become. I joined up with the *Black Snake* about four years ago, with the Cap'n and Tony her only crew at the time. Always been a hope I might get a ship of my own some day. About three years ago one of the contracts we were on went south, and I made the call to take us close to Reaver territory to get out of Dodge, against the Captain's preference. Reavers give him the fear something fierce; I've seen him stare down bigger ships and bigger men without blinking but say the word about the Reavers and he gets the shakes. One of their ships caught wind of us, and escaping it I had to do some pretty serious flying. The engineer at the time took the worse of it, ended up getting crushed under twisted metal when we 'landed' on a small mining moon. Reavers burst open when they hit, so we made it clear. I bear the responsibility on my soul, though the crew thanked me for it. Truth be, I carry that and more burdens from the war, and if I were to pay them the attention they deserved I wouldn't be able to get by. I've thought of getting out, changing ship, getting another pilot's berth. If I were the mercenary I pretend I would have, they ain't been paying my contract fair since then. No one has had enough pay out from the jobs, we got in hock pretty deep repairing the ship after that. If it weren't for the fact that Tony don't seem interested in leaving this old *Black Snake*. Not that she'd look at me twice, to be fair, but I do like her company. Every time I think of cutting my losses and getting a better seat on a better ship, the motivation to leave don't last past the thought of leaving her on this hunk of junk. Capt'n ain't as much of an ass as I make him out to be either, when it comes to it.

Harry (Cap'n) (Captain) – A hard drinker and tough talker. He don't elucidate about his bit in the War. I trust his instincts for the most part, but he ain't done enough to get the ship out of hock and pay the crew. I've taken to telling him as much to his face at most junctures.

Tony (Hired Gun) – She's got some kind of history with the Cap'n from the war. Her heart is Browncoat, that much I know. She don't trust no-one. It's cute the way her buttons are so easy to push on the trust angle. She's taken to hanging out near the cockpit cleaning her guns when not much else is going on. She's pretty much the perfect woman. Damn it.

Otto (Engineer) – A mining engineer who got a good look at the ship and figured her out, and signed on for rates low enough that we could afford post Reavers. Otto keeps us in the Black somehow. Bit bookish, on the soft and portly side, but he knows the *Black Snake.*

Fergie (Doctor) –She came onboard cheap, assisting with some medical transport jobs a while back. She's legit, a real Buddhist Nun. I've got no common reference with her mode of thought, and ain't had a reasonable conversation with her in three years. She tried to offer to do something about my eyes at one point, but I am who I am with 'em.

Sangha Andrea Ferguson (Fergie)

My Job – At my command, graves have wakened their sleepers (doctor)

My Vice – The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few. (Altruism)

My Fear – Ultimate wrong brought to pass at the hands of those I like and even respect. (Disappointment)

My Hope - Space enough have I in such a prison. (I can do good on the Rim, that I could never do in the core)

My Big Damn Secret: I am a doctor and pacifist Buddhist nun. I am also an agent for the Alliance, sent to find a missing bio-weapon – *RU4986*. I have been under cover aboard the *Black Snake* for the last two years. I was recruited from Medical School and prior to this mission I worked primarily as a toxicologist, both as a doctor and as a spy on other doctors on behalf of the Parliament. I spied especially on a Doctor Ravi Chandanam: Ravi was a friend, and I left her team on good terms, having determined there was nothing illicit going on with her research, and passing on my findings to my handler (who I only know as Janus Kane, probably a pseudonym). I have always believed in acting for the greater good, and prior to this bio-weapon mission never had question that service to the Alliance was the path to follow. I was not given all the details about the bio-weapon, only that an Alliance officer was involved in its theft. After some time and effort I learned the name of the officer: Captain Harry Reel. I tracked him down, and found that after the war he had become the captain of a small freelance transport ship, the *Black Snake.* I organized my handler to set up a contract requiring the services of a doctor (which the ship didn't have) – transporting delicate medicines to distant worlds, then made myself known and offered on at very reasonable rates. And since then I have served with the one who may have stolen the weapon, and learned everything I could about the man. But there is the problem: he's a good man. I have learned to respect and admire him, and I have not had the will to act further to find what he may or may not have taken. In fact I can honestly say that since signing on with the *Black Snake* I've done far more good directly ministering to the sick and needy out here on the rim than I ever did in a lab back home. But the thick of it: I was re-contacted by my handler a day ago. Information on the source of the bio-weapon led to suspicions it may be tied up in the world of Miranda. They planted a job to be done, and I made sure the captain heard of it. They want me to go to Miranda and retrieve some information about the Pax. Might be that my mission is coming to an end. I don't know what I'll do when they recall me. If it should turn that the Captain is at cause of the things that happened at Miranda, it might come to pass that I break a friendship. Or a vow.

Harry (Cap'n) (Captain) – A hard drinking, tough talking man. I've tried to get under his skin a couple times, but he's pretty good at defusing questions. I've figured he's got some kind of mental trigger to do with the Reavers: he always drinks after they come up in talk.

Tony (Hired Gun) – She's got some kind of history with Harry from the war. Leans towards paranoia, and seems pretty protective of the Captain. There's something odd there.

Kay (Pilot) – Stands at half my height with silver (replacement) eyes. I've offered to help do something about them, but he rebuffed me. Pays a lot of attention to Tony. Very pragmatic.

Otto (Engineer) – He runs the tech on the ship, and he's frighteningly good at it. Very highly educated, which is odd for an ex-mining engineer. I had him looked into, but came up blank.

Short Sheet: Rules

Doin' Stuff: Attribute dice + Skill dice, compare to difficulty.

Shifts: When stuff gets inconvenient, you shift to lower sided dice rolled. When stuff gets easy you roll bigger sided dice. One shift is one dice size (d6->d8)

Doin' lots of stuff at once: You can do several things at once. Roll for each, with a -2 shift to all actions for each action after the first.

Extraordinary success: Roll result = difficulty + 7 or higher

Botch: All dice rolled come up Ones.

Getting out the way: Evading the bad is an action. If you get caught unexpected like, you can take a dodge anyhow, and get a -2 shift to your next round actions. Each extra dodge is a cumulative -2.

Complicated stuff: Doing things that take a long time you roll your Doin' Stuff dice every now and again, and add to the total. When you got enough total, it's done. If you botch before then, it's stuffed.

Spending Plot Points: You can use plot points to add dice to a roll. Each plot point is one side of dice added (1 plot point = d2. 2 plot points = d4). Some advantages let players spend plot points for special effects. See character sheets. You can also spend plot points to save your caboose when you would otherwise be dead, and the cost is depending on how dead you would otherwise be. Bad luck in a fist-fight = easy, a point or two. Surviving your ship being blown open into the black = really hard, ten or more points.

Getting Plot Points: You get a plot point when your Complications make your life harder. You can initiate this, by telling the GM you want to complicate your own life, or the GM can tell you your complication comes into play. You also get a plot point for cool stuff (role play, good ideas, fun times) and for completing a challenge (getting past them reavers, getting to the planet we're aimed at).