

**PRIVATEER Main Plot Conversations**  
**G.P.A. - UPDATED 1-27-93**

Series 1  
Mission A

TAYLA: Ah, \$N. You look just like your picture. Too bad.

PC: After a few drinks you'll change your mind, Miss...?

TAYLA: Call me Tayla. I used to do business with Sandoval.

PC: I'd rather talk about my face. What's wrong with it, anyway?

TAYLA: Nothing, except the police have it plastered all over the holos.

TAYLA: Sandoval is dead, and they want you for questioning.

TAYLA: Tough break, \$N, but I'm here to offer you work now that you're...between jobs.

TAYLA: I need you to make four special deliveries for me.

PC: By special you mean risky and illegal.

TAYLA: And lucrative. I'll fit your ship with a jump drive, and pay you (\$) as well.

PC: Thanks, but I got my own leads to follow up.

TAYLA: Right, the artifact. You have it, but you don't know anything about it.

PC: I know it's worth a fortune to the right guy.

TAYLA: You don't know the half of it. I could fill you in... after you fly my missions.

TAYLA: So what's your answer, Captain?

**if mission refused:**

PC: I think I'll check into this artifact business alone.

TAYLA: Bad choice. You're in danger as long as you hold onto that thing...

TAYLA: ...and you're walking away from more money than you ever dreamed of!

**if mission accepted:**

PC: With the police after me, I could use the trip offsystem...

PC: I'll take the job, but I want the jump drive installed right away.

TAYLA: You need the drive to make the run, but you don't get paid until you finish.

PC: Fine, provided you tell me about the artifact now.

TAYLA: So you can run out on me afterwards? Forget it.

TAYLA: Now listen. The first mission is a milk run.

TAYLA: You'll be carrying legit cargo to Regallis, plus one package not on the manifest.

TAYLA: Once there, leave your ship unattended...  
...and meet me back here when you're done.

PC: Just be sure no one kills you while I'm gone, Tayla.

PC: I've got an investment in you...and I mean to collect.

**if returns without flying mission;**

TAYLA: Hey, I just spoke with my contact on Regallis.  
They told me you still haven't delivered the cargo!

PC: Something came up, sweetheart. You know how it is.

TAYLA: Sure do. Unless you fly that declared cargo to Regallis...  
...as well as that special package not on the manifest...  
...you can forget about the payment!

PC: Okay, okay, no need to panic. I'll get to it.  
Once I arrive, I should leave my ship unattended, right?

TAYLA: If you want to make a profit, yeah. Meet me back here when you're done.  
And step on it, will you?

**if refused mission and returns;**

TAYLA: Back, huh? I figured you'd change your mind.

PC: That remains to be seen.

TAYLA: Look, it's a great deal. You'll transport legit cargo to Regallis...  
...plus one package not on the manifest.  
Once there, leave your ship unattended.  
Afterwards, meet me back here for your pay.  
In exchange for the service, I'll install a jump drive on your ship...  
...and pay you (\$). And don't forget, I have information on the artifact...  
...information I'd be willing to part with...if you fly the mission.  
So...is it a deal?

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MISSION SUMMARY: In space local patrols give you an unnerving once-over. If you keep cool, you get through okay.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 1  
MISSION B

TAYLA: What took you so long, \$N? Rough day at the office?

**if succeeded;**

PC: Business before banter, Tayla. The money.

TAYLA: Relax, \$N. The first installment is right here.

PC: That's better. Now tell me about the artifact.

**if failed;**

PC: The patrols were all over me. I had to abort.

TAYLA: Then I'll have to withhold your first payment, \$N.

PC: Fair enough, but you still owe me some info on the artifact.

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PC: Why would Sandoval just hand it over if it's so valuable?

TAYLA: Maybe he got a sore neck from watching his back all the time.

TAYLA: How's your neck feeling? Getting sore yet?

PC: No...but I don't intend to let you get behind me, Tayla.

TAYLA: Wrong, ace. I've never whacked anyone for profit.

TAYLA: That isn't my line, though not everyone in the sector shares my...high moral standards.

TAYLA: You'll beg me to take it off your hands before long.

PC: Don't count on it, Tayla. What's the next mission?

TAYLA: You can't mess this one up. It's strictly legit.

PC: Why do I find that hard to believe?

TAYLA: A paper trail of straight runs in your logbook now will throw off the port authorities later.

TAYLA: And believe me, for your last two jobs, looking legit will come in real handy.

**if mission refused;**

PC: You're pulling my chain. I'll learn about the artifact on my own.

TAYLA: You'd better reconsider, Captain. You'll need all the help you can get.

TAYLA: Someone knows what that artifact is. And if it was worth killing Sandoval...



TAYLA: ...then killing you will be no more to them than...overhead.

**if mission accepted;**

PC: I'll take your word for it. What's the mission?

TAYLA: You're taking a load of plastic travel cups to New Caldonia.

PC: Uh-huh. And who do I deliver them to?

TAYLA: Walk away, leave them under your pillow and let the tooth fairy take them.

PC: A legit mission, eh?

TAYLA: Within reason. I'll meet you here if you get back.

PC: WHEN I get back, Tayla, you better have some answers.

**if haven't flown mission;**

TAYLA: You haven't flown the mission YET? What's the problem?

PC: I'm waiting for the mood to hit me.

TAYLA: Unless you fly that cargo to New Caldonia quick...  
...the only thing that's gonna hit you is hard times.

PC: You need to chill, Tayla. I know the routine.  
  
I hit New Caldonia, leave the ship docked, let your goons go over it...  
  
...and remove what law enforcement officials refer to as "the evidence".  
  
Then I head back here and link up with you to get my pay.

TAYLA: Just make sure you complete the delivery, \$PC. SOON.

**if return for mission;**

TAYLA: So...you want the mission after all?

PC: Let's just say I'm reassessing my options.

TAYLA: Smart move. You can make (\$) by flying a delivery to New Caldonia.

PC: Plastic travel cups, right?

TAYLA: Might as well be. I don't like pilots who are too nosey.  
  
Just hit New Caldonia, leave your ship docked...  
  
...and meet me back here when you're done.  
  
I'll pay you then...and tell you a little more about your treasure.

How about it?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: A pirate ship tries to hijack your cargo. The tooth



fairy is furious...

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SERIES 1  
MISSION C

TAYLA: You took your sweet time, Captain. What happened?

PC: A pirate vessel was nosing around New Caledonia.

**if succeeded;**

PC: He slowed me down a little, but I handled him all right.

TAYLA: Better late than never. Here's your money.

**if failed;**

PC: He was too hot to handle. No plastic travel cups for New Caledonia, I'm afraid.

TAYLA: Which means you wasted a trip. I don't pay you to screw up, \$N.

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PC: Okay. But you still owe me a story.

PC: Either tell me something about that artifact, or get yourself another pilot.

TAYLA: I won't say anything that will tip my hand prematurely...

TAYLA: ...but I can tell you that Sandoval got it by killing its previous owner.

TAYLA: Before that a spice merchant named Deiter...obtained it from his own father.

TAYLA: Death follows this thing, \$N. Feel lucky?

PC: Just give me my next mission, and let me worry about my health.

TAYLA: Your next job is a very delicate bit of smuggling.

TAYLA: I've put in some substantial bribes to make sure you're left alone.

PC: Great. Any job requiring substantial bribes sounds risky.

TAYLA: You're taking a bigger risk holding on to that artifact...

TAYLA: ...without knowing the first thing about it...or the opposition.

PC: I'm taking a risk trusting you in the first place.

TAYLA: You got the jump drive as promised. You've been paid on schedule.

TAYLA: But if you want to get filthy rich off this thing, don't cross me.

**if mission refused;**

PC: Wealth sounds great, but I tell you what, sweetheart...  
PC: ...I'm going to find it on my own. Stay good.  
TAYLA: Stay alive without my help, \$N...if you can.

**if mission accepted;**

PC: I made an agreement with you and I'll honor it.  
TAYLA: Smart move. Your next mission takes you to the Pyrinnes.  
PC: Twice the price. That's one heavily patrolled sector!  
TAYLA: Stuff gets in and out all the time. Just keep your cool.  
TAYLA: Once you arrive, leave your ship unattended for an hour...  
PC: ...then get the hell out. I know the drill, Tayla.  
TAYLA: A hotshot pilot with brains. Wonders never cease.  
TAYLA: Hurry back. I'll be waiting right here with your pay.

**if mission not flown;**

TAYLA: Please, tell me you've completed the delivery.  
PC: Not yet. What's the hurry?  
TAYLA: Time is money, \$N. How much is how soon, get it?  
PC: Got it. I'll be heading for the Pyrinnes soon.  
Whether or not I get out depends on how substantial your bribes were.  
That's one heavily patrolled sector!  
TAYLA: I told you, Insys has been taken care of.  
Just dock, leave your ship, take a stroll for an hour...  
...and then return here for your pay.  
PC: And more information on the artifact, Tayla.  
I'll uphold my end of the bargain. Make sure you do the same.

**if return for mission;**

TAYLA: Hey, I really hope you've changed your mind about flying this mission.  
I need someone to make a run to the Pyrinnes. It's one heavily patrolled sector...  
...and I need someone good to fly it.  
I'd pay you (\$) to make the Pyrinnes run, dock and leave the ship unattended.  
PC: And meet you back here for my pay...and information, right?

TAYLA: Yeah. I've spread a few bribes around Insys to pave your way...

...so you should do fine. How about it?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You have the option of fleeing, fighting or bribing the patrols in the Pyrinnes Sector.  
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SERIES 1  
MISSION D

TAYLA: \$N, you look terrible.

**if succeeded;**

PC: Now I know what happens to charm school dropouts. Where's my money?

TAYLA: Keep your shorts dry, will you? Here, take it.

PC: I can't understand why a woman as attractive as you...

PC: ...has to pay for the company of men in bars.

TAYLA: I see it as an investment...with a penalty for early withdrawal.

**if failed;**

PC: I told you the damn sector was too heavily patrolled.

PC: There was no way to complete the delivery.

TAYLA: This really sets back my operation...and your pocket book.

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PC: Well, since you're so quick with the answers, here's another question.

PC: If you know the artifact's value, why don't you want it for yourself?

TAYLA: You're going to have to kill a lot of people to hang onto it. And I'm no killer.

PC: After this next job we're all settled, agreed?

TAYLA: Sure...I tell you all I know after you finish this last job.

PC: Let me guess...I'm running a shipment of catnip to Kilrah.

TAYLA: Nope, I save the really lucrative jobs for myself. Ready to listen now?

**if mission refused;**

PC: Sorry, Tayla. I got a feeling my luck is running thin. I'm out.

TAYLA: Are you kidding? You've almost completed your part of the



deal!

TAYLA: You back out now, and we're BOTH screwed!

**if mission accepted;**

TAYLA: I've gone over the schematics of your ship.

TAYLA: I've located a space where we can install a secret compartment.

TAYLA: It'll be completely undetectable and make smuggling much easier.

PC: I'll believe it when I see it. Where am I going?

TAYLA: Back to Pyrinnes. This time I promise you won't have any problems.

PC: Famous last words.

TAYLA: Just handle your end, and report back here for your pay.

PC: You never have to worry about THAT, Tayla.

**if mission not flown;**

TAYLA: I can't believe you haven't made the drop yet.

You think I had that secret compartment installed in your ship just for kicks?

Get on the ball, will you? I've had enough of your waffling!

PC: Easy, Tayla. I'll make the Pyrinnes drop pretty soon...

I just hope that compartment is all it's cracked up to be.

TAYLA: Just make the run, dock, drink for an hour...

...and come back here for your pay.

Is that so tough?

PC: Believe me, with all the patrols in that sector...

...it's not the docking so much as the DUCKING...

**if return for mission;**

PC: Tell me a little bit more about this mission you're offering.

TAYLA: We'd install a secret compartment in your vessel and pay you (\$)...

...in exchange for your making another delivery to the Pyrinnes.

You know the routine...

PC: Yeah. Dock, leave the ship and meet you back here for my pay.

TAYLA: You got it. So...is it a deal?  
\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: In space you meet rival privateer William Riordian,  
who used to work for Tayla before she fired him and hired you. You  
share a memorable encounter.  
\*\*\*\*\*

**if succeeded;**

TAYLA: Here's your final payment, \$N.  
PC: Thanks, Tayla. That secret compartment worked like a charm.

**if failed;**

TAYLA: You've been a great disappointment to me, \$N.  
PC: There isn't a smuggler in the galaxy who can deliver every  
time.  
TAYLA: Yes. I'm afraid this is our final meeting, Captain.  
PC: Hold on a minute. You still owe me info on that artifact.  
TAYLA: The person you need to talk to is Roman Lynch.  
PC: You mean the mob boss on New Constantinople?  
TAYLA: He may be a thug, but he's also an expert on exotic and  
valuable items.  
TAYLA: I set up a meeting with Lynch, \$N.  
TAYLA: He's expecting you in the bar on New Constantinople.  
TAYLA: I really don't know any more about that thing than I've  
already told you...  
TAYLA: But play your cards right with Lynch, you'll be a rich man.  
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\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 1  
FUCK UP CONVERSATION

PC:  
Okay, sweetheart. What's my next assignment?  
TAYLA:  
Uh uh. You're a bad pony. I can't afford to bet on you anymore.  
You've screwed up too many missions, \$PC. I'm cutting my losses.  
You'll have to take your chances with Insys. I'm out of here.  
PC:  
But I need information on that artifact, Tayla!  
TAYLA:  
You should've thought of that before you choked up. Later.

SERIES 1 RUMOR CONVERSATIONS

1. Hey, buddy, have you heard the latest?  
Seems that the TCS Valiant has just...disappeared.  
That's the second carrier the Confederation has lost along the border.  
It's a sure bet the Kilrathi have their paws in this somehow!
2. Have you seen a guy named Tybol Carr?  
The Intersys Ops are looking for him...something about a murder trial.  
I hear this Carr is well-connected.  
Anyone who can get him off-world wins the jackpot...
3. Listen, I heard that there's this hollow asteroid along the Kilrathi border...  
The thing of it is, the Kilrathi use it as a munitions dump!  
The guy who finds that dump can help himself to as much ordnance as he can haul!



SERIES 2  
MISSION A

LYNCH:

Ah, Captain \$N. I've been expecting you. I am Roman Lynch.

PC:

Mr. Lynch, as you know, what we have to discuss is...confidential.

LYNCH:

Oh, you may speak freely around my assistant Miggs. He is exceedingly loyal.

PC:

Okay. As Tayla probably told you, I need information on an artifact...

...what it is, its history and, most of all, its value.

LYNCH:

Alas, information is such an expensive, elusive commodity...

...one I could scarcely dispense without...compensation.

PC:

Do you know anything about it or not?

LYNCH:

I have examined the holo your associate Tayla provided me.

I believe I could shed some light on this mystery...given the right motivation.

For example, there is a certain pilot who has caused me much professional embarrassment.

Could you take care of him for me, Captain?

PC:

You must be joking. I'm no assassin.

MIGGS:

You want I should take \$N outside the airlock and teach him how to suck vaccum?

LYNCH:

Gentlemen, please, let us remain professional.

\$N, I only want you to find the man and deliver a personal message.

Simply tell him how profoundly displeased and...disappointed I am with him.

Do this, and I will pay you (\$), as well as investigate this artifact of yours. Agreed?

**if mission refused;**

PC:

This sounds like an internal problem. Get one of your own people to do it.

LYNCH:

I go to great lengths for my friends, Captain. But I am not a charity.

If you wish to learn about this artifact, you'll have to talk to me...sooner or later.

**if mission accepted;**

PC:  
Okay, what's this pilot's name?

LYNCH:  
You'll find Captain Seelig in the Pentonville System.

His ship is the Hooded Hawk. See that he gets my message.

PC:  
And what about the artifact, Mr. Lynch?

LYNCH:  
Naturally I'll need to borrow it, so my experts can appraise it.

PC:  
Naturally, you'll excuse me while I laugh.

Tayla never told me what a funny guy you are, Lynch. I like that.

Now that we've had our fun, will a hologram of the artifact be sufficient?

LYNCH:  
It will not. The analysis will take longer, and be less thorough.

PC:  
But I'm sure you'll do your best for someone you owe a favor.

LYNCH:  
Very well. This is my place. We'll meet here when you've finished.

**if mission not flown;**

LYNCH:  
Ah, \$N. How did Captain Seelig react to my chastisement?

PC:  
Actually, I haven't taken him the message yet.

LYNCH:  
Indeed? I must admit, I'm surprised.

I suppose you're not as curious regarding the artifact as I had thought.

PC:  
You suppose wrong. I just got...delayed. Trust me...

...I'll find the Hooded Hawk, and inform Seelig how disappointed you are with him.

LYNCH:  
I hope so. Unless you succeed, I fear I'll be quite incapable of helping you.

PC:  
Or quite unwilling.

LYNCH:  
Either way, neither of us profits. Remember that.

**if return for mission;**

LYNCH:

Well, if it isn't \$PC. Have you reconsidered?

PC:

I'm waiting to be convinced.

LYNCH:

Your services are not indispensable to me...however, I'll humor you this time.

I want you to fly to the Pentonville System.

There you will locate a man named Seelig, captain of the Hooded Hawk.

I wish you to tell him how profoundly...disappointed I am in him.

For that service I will pay you (\$)...

...and provide you with information regarding the...object.

So...either accept my deal, or stop wasting my time.

\*\*\*\*\*

MISSION SUMMARY: When you encounter the Hooded Hawk and deliver Lynch's message, Seelig becomes convinced that Lynch has sent you to kill him. He attacks you, and you are forced to kill him.

\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 2  
MISSION B

LYNCH:

Did you deliver my message to Captain Seelig?

**if failed;**

PC:

I couldn't complete delivery of the message, Lynch. Sorry.

MIGGS:

Hear that? Wise Guy says he's sorry. That's rich.

LYNCH:

Quite. Sorry doesn't cut it in business, \$PC.

I'm afraid you'll need to fly another mission to secure my cooperation.

**if succeeded;**

PC:

Yes. He attacked me.

LYNCH:

Alas, who would've thought Captain Seelig would react in such paranoid fashion?

PC:

I have a feeling that's just what you wanted. I don't like being manipulated, Lynch!

LYNCH:

The Captain was always lamentably unpredictable, I assure you.



Perhaps this payment, along with some information, will smooth your furrowed brow.

According to the Confederation Interstellar Law Enforcement Database...

...nothing matching the description of your artifact has been reported stolen.

Nor does it match anything in eleven branches of the Terran Archeological Archives.

We're still checking the remaining nine branches.

Thus far, our search of private records and databases has turned up nothing.

On numerous worlds my people have been harrassed, arrested, interrogated...

...all for asking questions about your artifact.

Granting you this favor is costing me rather dearly.

You will therefore need to make another effort to keep our relationship a happy one.

PC:  
Another chump job, Lynch?

MIGGS:  
Ever seen your lungs? Keep crackin' wise, I'll show them to ya...up-close, like.

PC:  
Jeez, where do you get your dialogue, Thugs-R-Us?

LYNCH:  
Enough. Violence will not be necessary, Mr. \$N.

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I only need you to make a very important delivery.

It will further finance the study of your artifact. I'll also pay you (\$). Interested?

**if mission refused;**

PC:  
You've told me nothing so far, Lynch. I'll take my search elsewhere.

LYNCH:  
You'll find it severely impeded. I have a monopoly on this sort of information.

Especially since we both know you can't go to the authorities with this.

Mark my words...you'll be back.

**if mission accepted;**

PC:  
I suppose I don't have any real choice, do I?

LYNCH:

Wise choice. I need you to rush a weapons shipment to Rikel. It's already late.

Merely dock, and my people will unload your ship.

Leave immediately thereafter, and return here for your payment.

PC:

You'd better have more on the artifact by then, Lynch...

...and this better not be another elaborate set-up for a wet job.

LYNCH:

I'd be remiss if I didn't caution you regarding one...potential danger.

One of my less scrupulous competitors may be out to stop the shipment.

But I have every confidence that you will handle him...appropriately.

**if mission not flown;**

LYNCH:

I understand you've not completed that weapons delivery to Rikel.

I did inform you that it was late already. What's the delay?

PC:

I do have other business to attend to, Lynch.

MIGGS:

Other business? You want I should help him priority-wise, Mr. Lynch?

LYNCH:

Not now, Miggs. \$PC, when you fly for me, MINE is the only business that matters.

However, I'll overlook this if you move immediately.

Deliver the weapons to the Rikel space port.

Afterwards, return here for your payment of (\$).

PC:

Fine...but I'll want info on the Artifact when I get back, Lynch.

LYNCH:

Rest assured, you will have it.

**if returns for mission;**

LYNCH:

I do hope you've returned to accept the mission.

Really, you should, you know.

All you need do is complete a delivery of weapons to Rikel.

Afterwards, return here and I'll pay you (\$). Interested?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: In space you encounter rival privateer Salman Kroiz.  
He and several of his friends attempt to stop the shipment.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 2  
MISSION C

LYNCH:  
So, \$N, how is my old friend Mr. Kroiz?

**if succeeded;**

PC:  
Treacherous. He ambushed me...but I got the better of him.

LYNCH:  
Excellent. Here's your payment and, as agreed, some additional information.

**if failed;**

PC:  
As you suspected, he ambushed me. I had to abort.

LYNCH:  
Unfortunate, but it spares me the burden of paying that exorbitant fee.

PC:  
Fine, but I want some more on that artifact, or I'm walking now.

LYNCH:  
Regarding that, we are tossed in a veritable storm of complications.

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Your find is of alien origin and, as such, virtually priceless.

Which also means the Confederation will want to keep it from private hands.

To keep your possession of it secret, I've incurred additional expenses...

...something I trust you'll appreciate.

PC:  
You want another favor, right?

MIGGS:  
Mr. Lynch did you a favor, pal. Better get grateful quick-like...while you still can walk.

PC:  
I could always get crutches, Miggs...but there's no cure for ugly.

LYNCH:  
I urge you to observe caution with Miggs. My control over him extends only so far.

Actually, my request is personal. I'll pay you (\$) to take someone off-world.

Do this, and I'll continue to procure the information you seek.

**if mission refused;**

PC:  
Sorry, Lynch, but we had a deal. I've lived up to it. You haven't.



LYNCH:

I wouldn't be exaggerating if I said your artifact is worth millions of credits...

...credits you'll never see without my help.

**if mission accepted;**

PC:

Doesn't sound like much to ask. What's the catch?

LYNCH:

My cousin Regis and I share certain business interests.

Sadly, he's been subpoenaed in a murder trial. It would be best if he disappeared.

PC:

Uh-huh. Is he a witness...or a suspect?

LYNCH:

He is my cousin, which is enough for you.

Regis enjoys spending time on Castor. I suggest you take him there.

I'll continue my investigation. In the meantime, guard that artifact well.

After you've dropped Regis off, return here for another meeting.

**if haven't flown mission;**

LYNCH:

My dear cousin Regis called. You have yet to deliver him to Castor.

I did communicate the urgency of the mission, did I not?

PC:

Sure. He's the one facing the murder rap.

LYNCH:

A subpoena in a murder trial. I'd advise you not to assume anything.

MIGGS:

Yeah, it just makes an ass out of me.

PC:

If a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, Miggs has Kilrah licked.

I'll deliver your cousin safely, Lynch.

Just make sure you deliver the goods on the artifact. Later.

**if return for mission;**

LYNCH:

Pray, \$N, do us both a favor and accept this mission.

My cousin Regis simply cannot appear at that murder trial. I wish him to disappear.

PC:

I charge extra for magic tricks, Lynch.

LYNCH:  
Magic is not required, only guile and a certain amount of...discretion.  
I'll pay you (\$) to get him off world. Agreed?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: The pigs knew Lynch was gonna pull this crap, so they  
are waiting for you in force once you get off the planet.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 2  
MISSION D

LYNCH:  
\$N. I trust you took care of my dear cousin.

**if failed;**

PC:  
He's alive, but Intersys was ready for us. We couldn't punch through to  
Castor.

Your pals know you too well, Lynch. Well enough to know you can't be  
trusted.

LYNCH:  
Alas, poor Regis. I'll have to insure his silence some other way.  
Sadly, I cannot reward failure. Your fee is, of course, forfeit.

**if succeeded;**

PC:  
Intersys was ready for us. But I got him to Castor all right.

LYNCH:  
Excellent, \$N. Please accept this payment...and my warmest thanks.

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PC:  
Yeah, yeah. All I'm interested in is the artifact.

LYNCH:  
Steel yourself for bad news.

Smythe, a man in my employ, found vital information regarding the  
artifact at the Oxford Library.

PC:  
This is bad news?

LYNCH:  
Unfortunately, Mr. Smythe is currently trapped on a planet in the  
Newcastle System.

The authorities there, rife with corruption, have stopped me  
from...exerting my influence.

PC:  
I see. What is the nature of the information?

LYNCH:  
Smythe has not communicated that, but I believe our best chance of  
identifying your find...

...resides in the files at Oxford. Smythe has access to this information.

I could pay you (\$) to retrieve this man. It would be in our mutual interest, after all.

**if mission refused;**

PC:

I think I've gotten enough out of you. Our business is done.

LYNCH:

Hardly. I'm in contact with a buyer who'll pay full price for the artifact.

Minus a reasonable commission for me, of course.

You'll come back, once your luck runs out...as it surely will.

PC:

Forget it. I'll head for Oxford myself and locate the information I need.

LYNCH:

Smythe is an information retrieval expert. You'll never find what you need alone...

...but I suppose you'll need to learn that the hard way.

**if mission accepted;**

PC:

Makes sense. Which planet is Smythe on?

LYNCH:

Liverpool. A small refinery in the Newcastle System.

He'll be waiting for you in the bar there.

PC:

And you can't get me any backup at all?

LYNCH:

I believe you'll encounter less difficulties than I have through official channels.

PC:

Look, why don't I just head for Oxford myself and locate the information?

LYNCH:

Smythe is a data retrieval expert. You'll never find what you need alone...

It will be easiest to locate Smythe. But time is of the essence.

PC:

I'll hurry...though I hate to run off without giving Miggs a kiss. Where is he, anyway?

LYNCH:

Miggs is currently eliminating a...labor difficulty. I'll convey your regards.



**if hasn't flown mission;**

LYNCH:

\$N, I am truly dismayed at your haphazard attitude regarding our business.

Unless you retrieve Smythe from the Newcastle System...

...our mutual search for information on the artifact is stymied.

PC:

We know he uncovered something at the Oxford library. Why not go there?

LYNCH:

Wasteful duplication of effort. Smythe knows what we want to know.

Better to retrieve him than to attempt to duplicate his research.

PC:

Okay, Lynch. I'll get him off...Liverpool, was it?

LYNCH:

Yes, in Newcastle. And I'd advise you to hurry.

**if returns for mission;**

PC:

I've been thinking...maybe you're right.

Your man Smythe uncovered something important at Oxford...

...something it might take me months to locate on my own.

LYNCH:

An optimistic estimate, I'm afraid. The Oxford stacks are voluminous.

We'll both be better off if you rescue Smythe...

...who is currently trapped on Liverpool in the Newcastle System.

As added incentive, I'll pay you (\$) to retrieve him. Interested?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: Miggs ambushes you, along with a detachment of Lynch's men. Lynch wants the artifact for himself. If you survive, Lynch sends you a transmission assuring you the ambush was "nothing personal, just business."  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 2  
FUCK UP CONVERSATION

PC:

Sorry I haven't been coming up with the goods, but I'll do better next time.

LYNCH:

Regretably, there shall be no next time.

You're services are no longer required, \$N. Good day to you.

PC:

What, you're cutting me off just because of a few mess ups?

We had a deal, damn it! You owe me information on that artifact!

LYNCH:

That deal was not based upon failure.

MIGGS:

Want me to explain it to him, Mr. Lynch?

LYNCH:

No, Miggs. \$PC is incompetent, not stupid. Good day to you, \$N...

...and trouble me no more!

OXFORD BRUSH OFF CONVERSATION  
(If PC visits Oxford before finishing Series 2)

MASTERSON:

Excuse me, where do you think you're going?

PC:

I have some personal research I need to conduct.

MASTERSON:

I'm sorry, sir, but access to the Oxford library files is restricted to students.

PC:

Look, couldn't I just buy a library card...?

MASTERSON:

I'm afraid not. Good day to you, sir.



SERIES 2 RUMOR CONVERSATIONS

**1:**

Hey, I heard an assassin from the Church of Man was here last week. He was looking to whack some artist, a writer or something. Go figure. Those Retros give me the creeps. I hear they hate all technology...  
...just the kind of whackos you want to run into on a space station, eh?

**2:**

You wouldn't believe the trouble Oxford has been having with data theft. These database jackers I know are looking to trawl the Oxford net. They been at it for months, but it's a tough crack. .  
I bet it's worth it, though. Lot of valuable info at the Oxford Library...

**3:**

I can't stop shaking...  
I just heard that the 6th Confederation fleet was lost around Midgard...  
Gone! The Kilrathi must've destroyed them so fast they couldn't even get a message off!  
An entire fleet, lost! We're doomed, it's only a matter of time...  
Drink up, friend. While you still can...

**4:**

I met this dancer on Saxtogue. Real operator, this woman.  
You heard of Roman Lynch? Well, she lifted one of his bank codes. She's been siphoning off money slow, but I think she's in over her head. If Lynch finds out, she's history.

SERIES 3  
MISSION A

MASTERSON:  
I'm sorry, but library use is restricted to students and teachers only.

PC:  
Yeah? What makes you think I'm not enrolled at Oxford?

MASTERSON:  
I've been the bursar here for twelve years...

...and students don't generally conduct research while armed.

PC:  
Okay, you got me there. Look, my name's \$N. I'm a privateer.

Couldn't we work something out, Mister...?

MASTERSON:  
Masterson. No, I'm afraid not.

Use of our facilities IS sometimes granted to endowment sponsors, however...

PC:  
How would I go about doing that? Making an endowment?

MASTERSON:  
If you have to ask, you can't afford it.

PC:  
Fine, to hell with money. A man with my background can be...useful.

Maybe we could work a trade. I could fly a job for the University.

MASTERSON:  
Intreging. But we have no job big enough to substitute for an endowment grant.

PC:  
How about a number of small trips, in return for access to your files?

MASTERSON:  
Hmmm...that may just work. You could fly, say, six runs...

**if refuse;**

PC:  
Forget it. What do I look like, a charity?

MASTERSON:  
You're the one who brought this matter up.

If you're not interested in working for Oxford, then don't waste my time.

**if accept;**

PC:  
Make it four, pay \$P per trip for the fuel, and we have a deal.

MASTERSON:  
I think...yes, that will do. You will become an honorary sponsor of Oxford...

...with full library access, provided you complete the four missions.

PC:

How about an honorary degree thrown into the bargain?

MASTERSON:

Sorry, but we no longer give degrees in Interstellar Smuggling.

Now listen carefully. We need you to escort someone to Oxford.

You will find him in the XXN-1927 system, in orbit around refinery station Jolson.

The man you are to escort here is named Hunter Toth.

PC:

Hunter Toth? He wrote that book, what was it...?

MASTERSON:

"Prometheus Unplugged". The Church of Man has marked him for death because of it.

He's scheduled to give a commencement speech here...and he's already cashed the chit.

Unfortunately, the Church of Man has vowed he will never reach Oxford.

PC:

Too bad you couldn't cancel the chit before the Retros cancel Toth.

But don't worry, Masterson. I'll bring him in.

**if mission not flown;**

MASTERSON:

Where's Hunter Toth?

PC:

Still in orbit around refinery station Jolson I guess. I haven't flown the mission yet.

MASTERSON:

Maybe I didn't make myself clear. Time is of the essence!

Toth is scheduled to deliver the Oxford commencement speech in just a few days!

You've got to escort him out of XXN-1927 system...

...and protect him from Church of Man fanatics who want to kill him.

PC:

All right, all right. I'll bring him in alive...or die trying.

MASTERSON:

Oh, THAT'S a BIG comfort.

**if returns for mission;**

MASTERSON:

Back again, eh? You must need library access rather badly.

PC:



Let's just say I'm reconsidering. Refresh me on the mission details.

MASTERSON:

Oxford will pay you (\$) and grant you library access to escort Hunter Toth here.

Toth has agreed to deliver the commencement speech this year.

You've got to escort him out of XXN-1927 system...

...and protect him from Church of Man fanatics who want to kill him.

So...have we got a deal?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: Church of Man fanatics attempt to kill you and your passenger.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 3  
MISSION B

**if failed;**

MASTERSON: The Graduating Class will be most disappointed at Mr. Toth's R.S.V.P.

PC:

Not to mention his R.I.P.

MASTERSON:

You can't afford to jest, Mr. \$N. I'm afraid our deal is off.

PC:

Not at all. I promised to fly four missions. We didn't say anything about success.

MASTERSON:

Hmm. A technicality. But unless you begin succeeding, the amount of your endowment will be found...wanting.

PC:

Fair enough. What's the second mission?

**if succeeded;**

MASTERSON: I and the Oxford Graduating Class thank you for bringing us Mr. Toth unharmed.

PC:

Think of it as a tribute to free speech. What's your second mission?

MASTERSON:

Some low-level data pirates have been troubling us.

We would like you to intercept them, and end their activities.

**if mission refused;**

PC:

Forget it. I'm already tired of this deal, Mr. Masterson.

MASTERSON:

I see. A pity you'll never discover whatever you came here to learn...

Ah well. Higher education isn't for everyone, Mr. \$N.

**if mission accepted;**

PC:

Sounds easy enough. Where can I find these hackers?

MASTERSON:

They operate a ship that hides somewhere in this system.

From their vessel they somehow tap into our database remotely. No one knows how.

Information is copied from the Library and then our memory is deleted.

Afterwards, they try to sell our own information back to us!

More often than not, we lose it anyway. It goes to the highest bidder.

We simply cannot afford to outbid the private sector.

PC:

Yeah, I can tell how strapped Oxford is for capital...

...ever since smugglers like me started making endowments.

MASTERSON:

Yes, well...I apologize for that earlier remark.

PC:

No apology necessary. If I were offended, you'd know it.

Any other leads? That's not much to go on.

MASTERSON:

Only one. The name of the ship is "The Black Rhombus".

**if mission not flown;**

MASTERSON:

Were you able to locate the database pirates?

PC:

I haven't gotten around to looking for them just yet...

MASTERSON:

What the hell are you waiting for?

They're stealing information from our library and then deleting it from our banks!

If you want access to our files...those that are intact...you'd better get moving!

PC:

Okay, don't blow your stack...

MASTERSON:

The pirates are doing a good job of that already!

Now, they're on a ship called "The Black Rhombus".

Don't come back until they're taken care of!

**if return for mission;**

MASTERSON:

I already told you everything I know, \$N.

Data pirates are tapping into the Oxford database...

...stealing information and then deleting it from our files!

They operate out of a vessel called "The Black Rhombus"...

...currently located somewhere in the Oxford system.

We'll pay you (\$) to stop their piracy. Interested?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You encounter the data pirates, and do do that voodoo  
that you do so well.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 3  
MISSION C

**if failed;**

MASTERSON:

You don't have to tell me. We just had the pirates break in again.

PC:

Couldn't help it, Masterson. I'll tell you about it later.

**if succeeded;**

PC:

Okay, Masterson. Those pirates won't be hassling you again.

MASTERSON:

That will be a welcome change. How did you manage...?

---

PC:

Right now I'm more interested in getting into your stacks...nothing personal.

MASTERSON:

Perhaps if you told me specifically what you're looking for...

...we could help locate it for you.

The fee for research is much lower than that required for private access.

PC:

I don't think so. This is personal.

MASTERSON:

Might there be a large sum of money involved?

PC:

Might you be looking for disability payments?

MASTERSON:

Really, \$N, you needn't be threatened that I've discovered your intent.



People are always coming here to research one treasure or another.

PC:

What interest could a desk-bound bureaucrat like you have in adventure or treasure?

MASTERSON:

The same interest a hopped-up errand boy might evince in books. But that's about to change.

We have a shipment of rare and valuable books en route here.

The ship bringing them in needs an escort. Can you handle that?

**if mission refused;**

PC:

Nah. You shouldn't let a hopped-up errand boy get near books. He might eat 'em.

MASTERSON:

No doubt. Still, this is the largest repository of information in the entire sector.

You'll be back, sooner or later...

**if mission accepted;**

PC:

Okay, where can I intercept the courier?

MASTERSON:

"Vulcan's Forge" is awaiting her escort on Jolson in the XNN-1927 system.

PC:

Any particular reason it needs an escort?

MASTERSON:

Several unscrupulous collectors have offered a..."finder's fee" for the books.

PC:

I get it. And how do you know I won't cash these books in?

MASTERSON:

They can't be as valuable as your treasure, \$N.

You need information, and we have it. Remember that.

**if mission not flown yet;**

MASTERSON:

So...where are my books?

PC:

Sorry Masterson...I haven't been in the neighborhood of Jolson lately.

MASTERSON:

Unbelievable! "Vulcan's Forge" has a cargo hold full of priceless books...

...she's a sitting duck waiting for you to escort her back, and you're wasting time!

PC:

Point taken. I'll hook up with her in system XNN-1927 ASAP...

...and I promise you, none of those book collectors will get to her.

MASTERSON:

They'd better not! Any one of those books is worth more than you make in a year!

PC:

Give me the library clearance I need, and we'll SEE about THAT...

**if return for mission;**

MASTERSON:

I hope you've changed your mind. I'm against the wall, so to speak.

I need someone to escort "Vulcan's Forge" to Oxford.

She's carrying a load of rare books here...books many collectors would kill to have.

"Vulcan's Forge" is awaiting her escort at Jolson in the XNN-1927 system.

We'll pay you (\$) to fly this mission...

...and this will count as part of your endowment to Oxford...

...which will get you access to our files...sooner or later.

PC:

Better make that sooner, Masterson.

MASTERSON:

That depends on you, \$N. Are you in?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: Several galactic reprobates are briefly introduced to the joys of reading before being vaporized.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 3  
MISSION D

**if failed or succeeded;**

MASTERSON:

I don't have time to swap pleasantries, \$N.

We have an incoming freighter laden with materials about to be attacked by several fighters.

Valuables as well as vital supplies are aboard.

You'll probably find it somewhere near the jump point to XXN-1927.

Save this freighter, and access to this library is yours.

PC:

How long before they strike?

MASTERSON:

They could arrive at any moment. Please, will you help?

**if mission refused;**

PC:  
Shove it, pal. Consider this payoff for all the crap you've given me.

MASTERSON:  
Unless you take this mission, consider our agreement terminated.

Whatever your angle is, \$N, you might as well forget about it paying off.

**if mission accepted;**

PC:  
Okay, I'll save your freighter. But I'd better get full access to the Library...

...hell, you better name an entire wing after me!

MASTERSON:  
Stop stalling and save that freighter, damn it!

PC:  
Touchy, touchy...

**if mission not flown yet;**

MASTERSON:  
Of all the...what are you doing here?

Our freighter is being attacked even now!

Unless you hurry up, vital supplies will be lost!

What are you standing there for? MOVE!

**if return for mission;**

MASTERSON:  
Look, \$N, our freighter is about to be attacked, and I don't have time to waste with you.

That freighter is carrying vital supplies, and we can't afford to lose it.

It's in the Oxford system, probably in the vicinity of the jump point to XXN-1927.

I told you, if you want (\$) and access to our files, you need to defend it!

Will you help us, or not?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You're incompetent, and fuck up. The freighter is destroyed. You replay the mission and get all except that last one.... You reboot after supper, but your computer crashes. You re-reboot, re-fly the mission, and this time, finally, you destroy all the fighters and save the freighter. What a hero.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 3  
EPILOGUE



**if failed;**

MASTERSON:

I understand you failed to save the freighter.

PC:

Couldn't help it. The opposition was too tough.

MASTERSON:

You've cost this university dearly and disgraced yourself, \$N.

PC:

Yeah, yeah, I'll stand in the corner with my dunce cap later. My library access...?

MASTERSON:

Everything has been arranged...although if it were up to me after THIS performance...

PC:

Yeah...I love you, too. I'd like to banter with you some more...

...but I've got some research to do. Later.

**if succeeded;**

MASTERSON:

The freighter is safe, thanks to you, \$N.

PC:

Skip the hearts and flowers. My Library access...?

MASTERSON:

Everything has been arranged.

Good luck with that "personal business". I hope you find what you're looking for.

\*\*\*\*\*

LIBRARY RESEARCH: You find a general overview of the field of xenoarchaeology. Dr. Lemuel Monkhouse is the field's foremost authority.

A decade ago Monkhouse discovered many artifacts of an ancient extraterrestrial civilization called the "Stelteks". These are being held by the Confed.

Monkhouse's last known location is the Palan System. There a giant food company known as the Rondall Corporation was preparing to offer him a grant to continue his work.

\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 3  
FUCK UP CONVERSATION

PC:

So what's next? Evicting bookworms? Repossessing delinquent library cards?

MASTERSON:

How about retirement?

PC:

What do you mean?

MASTERSON:

Our deal is null and void. You've simply failed too many of the tasks I've given you.

That's not the way to earn access to the Oxford Library, sir.

PC:

Look, I need that access. Just give me another chance.

MASTERSON:

Impossible, I'm afraid. Now kindly leave...or I'll have security assist you out.

SERIES 3 RUMOR CONVERSATIONS

1.

Didn't I see you here, 'bout six months ago?

You know, back when the Rondall Corporation was hiring mercs.

Yeah, I tried to get on, but they were looking for people with blockade experience.

Oh well. Can't win 'em all, I s'pose.

2.

What? Gotta 'scuse me, I'm kind'a drunk...

Still no word from Palan. Like the whole planet just...disappeared.

Hell, I got family there...I...had family there...

Buy me a drink, pal. I don't wanna think no more...

3.

Get this. Kilrathi patrols are sweeping the outskirts of Rygannon.

Nothing there but refineries, but they're flying sweep patterns...

...almost like they're looking for something. Weird.

4.

Beastly affair. Seems the Intersys Patrols are looking for a murderer.

He eliminated a diplomatic party on Matahari. Ten dead. Horrid.

I hear this was done to stall negotiations with Oresville...

...prolonging the labor disputes. What do you think?



LIBRARY RESEARCH TEXT

XENOARCHAEOLOGY (CONT)

ENTRY 1009872

RESEARCHERS (CONT)

MONKHOUSE, LEMUEL A.

Doctorate - Xenoarchaeology - Oxford University

Masters - Xenobiology - Olympus Mons University

Bachelors of Science - Xenophilology - Oxford University

OVERVIEW

Dr. Lemuel Monkhouse is widely considered to be the Confederation's foremost expert in xenoarchaeology. Bringing to the field his unique multi-disciplinary approach, grounded both in a working knowledge of alien biological systems as well as his own research into the conceptual analogues common to all alien/human languages, Monkhouse's work in the Steltek ruins on Mars secured his unsurpassed reputation in this highly competitive field.

The pinnacle of Monkhouse's career was his discovery and excavation of the Mars Steltek Site in 2667, relics from which have been dated at two-point-four billion years of age. His dating of this find shook the scientific community to its foundations and called into question previous estimates of the age of the universe. This was also the first tangible evidence found which supported the "Steltek Hypothesis", the postulation that a highly advanced, galaxy spanning civilization existed before the so-called Dawn of Intelligence. That evidence has been confiscated by the Confederation, and the Mars Site has been closed since 2668. Despite Monkhouse's solid reputation, many authorities still dispute the "Steltek Hypothesis".

Dr. Monkhouse serves as Chairman of the Jones Memorial Archaeological Foundation. He is widely sought for consultation on alien artifacts and materials. Rumor has it that Monkhouse retains other Steltek artifacts in his possession. Currently, he can be found on Palan, overseeing further excavations at an undisclosed site. Funding for Monkhouse's Palan excavations is provided by the Palan-based Rondell Corporation.

OTHER TOPICS (MONKHOUSE, LEMUEL A.)

MAJOR WORKS

RESEARCH PAPERS

BIOGRAPHY

SERIES 4  
MISSION A

LYNN:  
You here to sign up?

PC:  
Sign up for what, Miss...?

LYNN:  
"Miss" nothing. The name's Lynn Murphy. I go by Murphy.

PC:  
Fine, Murphy. Look, all I want is to get down to Palan.  
I'm looking for...an old friend, and I can't get through.

LYNN:  
Join the club. Bronte Corporation has the entire planet blockaded.  
Tough luck...but you could turn a nice profit, if you're smart.

PC:  
I'm listening.

LYNN:  
There's two corporations in the Palan System, Rondell and Bronte.  
Bronte is responsible for the blockade. They want to block Rondell food  
exports...

...while kicking up their own to fill the void, stealing Rondell's  
market share.

The blockade is total. No ships get off-planet...

...and all messages are kept in-system, blocked at the subspace level.

I'm organizing the resistance from this base. Hired resistance.

Rondell is hiring mercs to break the blockade...and you look like you  
could use the work.

PC:  
My reasons for wanting to get down to Palan are personal.

LYNN:  
Sure, but you'll never break the blockade alone. Smarten up...what's  
your name?

PC:  
\$N.

LYNN:  
\$N it is. Why not sign on? The money's good...(\$) a run, plus kill  
bonuses. Interested?

**if refused;**

PC:  
I'm not looking to get involved in any corporate war.

I'll take my chances with the blockade alone.

LYNN:  
Your loss, ace, I got no time to argue with you. It's your funeral.

**if accepted;**

PC:  
Hey, if I'm gonna bang up against that blockade, might as well get paid for it.

When do I start?

LYNN:  
Got a mission right now. We've traced several jumps in-system.

They're merc ships, coming to reinforce the Bronte blockade.

I want you to intercept them, and prevent them from joining the main group...

...by any means necessary.

PC:  
Funny, you don't look like the type to use euphemisms.

LYNN:  
Just trying to spare you, ace. You look like the squeamish type to me.

PC:  
Yeah? Guess you've never seen a real man up close. I could arrange it, if you like.

LYNN:  
Sure. If one comes by, let me know.

Just stop those reinforcements, and meet me back here afterwards...

...without the cheap come-ons, got it?

PC:  
Murphy...you're all heart.

**if haven't flown mission;**

MURPHY:  
Didn't I give you a mission to fly, Mister?

PC:  
Yeah, but I had business to tend to...

MURPHY:  
Stow it. This is important, and if you want this blockade broken...

...and want to get paid, you better listen up!

Merc ships have jumped in-system to reinforce the Bronte blockade of Cornucopia.

Unless you intercept them, this blockade is gonna go on a LONG time.

PC:  
Okay, okay...I'm on my way.

**if return for mission;**



LYNN:  
Back again? If you're here to bust my chops some more...

PC:  
Chill, Murphy. I'm thinking of signing on after all.

LYNN:  
Yeah? Well, God knows we could use an extra hand.

Bronte has hired mercs to reinforce their blockade of Palan.

The merc ships have jumped in-system, and are set to rendezvous with Bronte forces.

We'll pay you (\$) to prevent the reinforcements from joining the main group.

For the last time, are you interested or not?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You and a wing of other mercs intercept and destroy the reinforcements.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 4  
MISSION B

LYNN:  
How'd you make out, Ace?

**if failed;**

PC:  
Bronte picked their reinforcements well. They were more than we could handle.

LYNN:  
Well, looks like you let the real men slip away after all.

Tough luck for both of us. You can kiss that fee goodbye, \$N.

PC:  
Okay, okay. But we've still got a mutual problem. What's the next run?

**if succeeded;**

PC:  
You have to ask? I'm disappointed, Lynn.

LYNN:  
Make it Murphy, \$N. Only my close friends call me Lynn.

PC:  
And how do I go about getting close to you?

LYNN:  
I'm a sucker for love letters...posted from Kilrah.

PC:  
Jeez, you must have a lot of company.

LYNN:  
No. And I like it like that. Now let's talk business.

We've received a tip that a large scout patrol is approaching our base.  
They're probably just looking for the first reinforcement wing...  
...but if they come across this base, they'll destroy it.

We're not equipped to deal with an assault.

So we'll pay you (\$) to eliminate this patrol. How about it?

**if refused;**

PC:  
No can do. The downside's too steep.

I think I'd do better against this blockade on my own.

LYNN:  
I think you're kidding yourself. You'll never get down to Palan without help...

...but that's not my problem. Good luck, \$N. You'll need it.

**if accepted;**

PC:  
I can handle that patrol, no sweat.

LYNN:  
I hope so. If they destroy this base, forget about landing on Palan...  
...or about finding your friend.

PC:  
I'll handle things on my end. It's your end I'm concerned with.

LYNN:  
Again with the cheap come-ons? How about a fat lip, Mister?

PC:  
Lighten up. I only meant for you to have the money when I get back.  
I like you, Murphy...but you ain't keeping me up nights.

LYNN:  
At last, we have something in common.

**if haven't flown mission yet;**

LYNN:  
Well, you may talk a good game, \$N...  
...but I can't say I'm impressed with your performance so far.

PC:  
Performance? We haven't even gotten to the good night kiss yet.

LYNN:  
If you spent as much time flying as you do making lousy jokes...  
...you'd have flown the mission by now. What's the hold-up?

PC:

No problem. I just got tied up.

LYNN:

Look, either take out that intercept patrol headed for our base...

...or quit wasting my time.

**if return for mission;**

LYNN:

You want me to beg you to take the damn mission? Forget it!

A large scout patrol may be headed toward our base...

...but I'll never be desperate enough to plead with someone like you.

PC:

C'mon, Murphy. Can't a guy have second thoughts?

I've got to get down to Palan.

Seems like if you get blown to atoms, it doesn't improve my chances.

LYNN:

Logic from a spacer? That's a first...but you're right.

This base won't survive an assault...and we could use your help.

We'll pay you (\$) to intercept that patrol. That's my final offer.

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You trash da patrol.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 4  
MISSION C

**if failed;**

LYNN:

I heard you let the patrol get by you. I shouldn't be surprised I guess.

PC:

That's right, rub it in.

LYNN:

Excuse me for not sparing your feelings, but your little screw-up here...

...means we've had to pull back forces from the blockade to counter.

**if succeeded;**

LYNN:

I heard you waxed the patrol. Not too bad, Ace.

PC:

That's the closest thing to a complement you've ever given me.

Getting sentimental in your golden years, Murphy?

LYNN:

If I came on to you in my golden years it wouldn't be sentiment...



...it'd be senility. Now listen up.

---

Our interdiction of Bronte's reinforcements has finally weakened the blockade.

They're running low on fuel, food, patience, you name it.

It's time to make the big push and break the blockade.

As usual, we'll pay you (\$) and kill bonus. You in?

**if refused;**

PC:

This is a really bad idea, Murphy. Bronte's net isn't as frayed as it seems.

This is a suicide run. I want out.

LYNN:

This is the best chance we'll get...we can't hold off the reinforcements forever...

...but do whatever you want. No skin off my nose.

**if accepted;**

PC:

I can't speak for everyone, but...I like kicking a guy when he's down.

When do we start?

LYNN:

Right away, before more reinforcements try to break in-system.

This will be a tough one. If we make it through, pick up your friend...

...and then return here for your pay.

PC:

You worried about my pay...or that I might leave without saying goodbye?

LYNN:

Believe me, if you had left without saying hello I'd be delighted.

PC:

You're one tough broad, Murphy.

LYNN:

Why \$N...that's the nicest thing you've ever said to ME.

**if mission not flown yet;**

LYNN:

I don't know what your angle is, mister...

...but if we don't punch through that blockade now, while it's weakened, we never will.

PC:

Yeah...I have been kind of dragging my heels.

LYNN:

You should be dragged BY your heels, \$PC.

Look, if you want to pick up this friend of yours, now is the time.  
Don't come back until you've flown the mission and want your pay.  
I've wasted too much time with you as it is.

**if return for mission;**

LYNN:  
What's your problem, \$N? You're about as decisive as a politician.

PC:  
Just trying to check out all my options, Murphy.

LYNN:  
Hey, you want to get down to Palan and hook up with your friend...  
...you have no option but to fly this mission.

We're going to try and break the blockade, with you or without you...  
...but this is your best chance to get to Palan...and make (\$) to boot.

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You run the blockade, and must disresemble Riordian  
forceably-like. You locate Dr. Monkhouse in a bar on Palan, the lousy  
souse.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 4  
MISSION D

PC:  
Dr. Monkhouse, I presume.

MONK:  
Yes, you do, greatly. I wish to be alone.

PC:  
Sorry, Doc, but I didn't run the blockade just to be treated like a  
vaccum salesman.

MONK:  
The blockade? Broken? How extraordinary.  
You did this just to locate me?

PC:  
Yes and no. I understand you're an expert on alien...antiquities.

MONK:  
Don't speak to me about extraterrestrial artifacts! I'm sick of them!  
I nearly got killed here because of my work. You've heard of the  
Steltek?

Well, suffice it to say, I recovered an interesting piece of Steltek  
manufacture...

...a piece which interested certain corrupt corporate interests who  
shall be nameless.

All I need is a libel suit on top of everything else. What's your name?

PC:  
\$N.

MONK:  
Well listen, \$N. I was kidnapped and brought to Palan by men who wanted my artifact...

...and then I was nearly killed in last month's bombing attacks.

PC:  
Where are the kidnappers now?

MONK:  
About twenty feet beneath the rubble of the interrogation compound.

I escaped. They didn't. Ever whimsical is fate, no?

PC:  
And what happened to your artifact?

MONK:  
Never you mind about my artifact. I still don't know what you want of me...

PC:  
Okay, fair enough. I have this artifact of my own. No one knows what it is...

...but they're willing to kill for it just the same.

MONK:  
Naturally. Ignorance, being the natural state of riff-raff, is hardly\* deterence for violence.

PC:  
Uh...yeah. Listen, I just want you to take a look at this thing for me.  
I've come a long way...will you help?

MONK:  
I'd consider it...in exchange for transportation off-world.

Palan's charms have worn rather thin, I'm afraid. Have we a bargain?

**if refused;**

PC:  
Sorry, Doc. I don't like those terms at all.

MONK:  
And yet you expect to employ my years of hard earned knowledge for nothing?

No, young man. I don't like those terms either. Farewell.

**if accepted;**

PC:  
Okay, Doc. I'll get you off this rock.

But once we clear orbit, you better prove you were worth the trouble.

MONK:



Most assuredly. If I can't tell you about your find...no one can.

**if mission not flown yet;**

MONK:

I thought we had a deal, young man.

PC:

We do.

MONK:

Well, in that case, I'd advise you to get me off this wretched planet immediately!

My patience is wearing thin...and the longer we delay, the more it deteriorates!

If you want me to help you identify your find, GET ME OUT OF HERE NOW!

**if return for mission;**

MONK:

See here, young man. I won't be trifled with.

If you'll transport off this wretched world, I'll help you identify your find...

...otherwise, we have nothing to discuss. Have we a bargain?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You encounter three Kilrathi stealth fighters who want Monkhouse.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 4  
EPILOGUE

**if failed;**

PC:

I had a feeling that blockade would still be too strong.

LYNN:

I had a feeling you'd make excuses.

PC:

Lighten up, Murphy. We can always try again.

LYNN:

Forget it. Reinforcements have punched through.

They're all over Palan like a screwy jump drive.

We're cutting our losses and moving out.

PC:

But what about my friend? He's still on the planet!

LYNN:

I hope he's got some nice beachfront property, cause he's gonna be there awhile.

**if succeeded;**

PC:

Just like I promised, I've come back for my pay...

...and anything else you'd like to give me.

LYNN:

I never considered a swift kick in the butt an incentive, but have it your way.

PC:

Cute. Give me my money before I get all mushy on you.

LYNN:

Here it is. Did you find your friend?

PC:

Uh-huh. He's waiting at the next table.

LYNN:

Then goodbye, \$N. And take care of yourself.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 4  
FUCK UP CONVERSATION

PC:

What's the matter, Murphy? You look more sour than usual.

LYNN:

You want it straight? Well here it is.

I don't think much of your flying. You're sloppy.

You fail to realize mission objectives. We can't afford to waste time with you.

Your washed up here. Collect your things and pull out.

PC:

But we have the same goal. I have to get down to Palan.

LYNN:

Then you'll have to do it alone. Good-bye.

NEXT BAR YOU LAND AT

**if failed stealth mission, they're atoms;**

**if succeeded;**

MONK:

I've examined your artifact. A very interesting piece you have there, young man...

...especially since I have one almost exactly like it.

Ironically, it's the very piece that my kidnappers were interested in.

PC:

Then you still have it?

MONK:

Oh yes. And a good thing, too. Your appearance here is most serendipitous...

...and I must now take you into my confidence regarding this business.

PC:

You know what it is?

MONK:

Ah yes. You said you knew nothing of the Steltek.

\$N, long before man emerged on Earth, the Steltek ruled an empire that spanned the galaxy.

Even then, they were more technologically advanced than we are now.

By the time their empire crumbled, they were possessed of wonders beyond our comprehension.

PC:

Is that so? Well, if they were so tough, what happened to them?

MONK:

No one knows. Some say they perished in a civil war that lasted millenia...

...others believe they simply grew weary of their power, surrendered it...

...and even now enjoy a simple, tranquil existence at the heart of the galaxy.

PC:

Nice fairy tale, Doc. But what about the artifact?

MONK:

Here's my piece of it. Notice anything odd?

PC:

The markings...

MONK:

Hold it up beside yours, \$N.

(ANIM OF THE TWO PIECES FITTING TOGETHER)



MONK:

Now, what does that look like?

PC:

A map. God Almighty, it's a treasure map!

MONK:

Superficially. It also contains a complete set of the Steltek alphabet.

PC:

Who cares about that? What are we going to find at the spot indicated, Doc?

MONK:

Again, I don't know...but Sandoval considered it dearer than his life...

...and those who covet the artifact deem whatever it is worth killing for.

PC:

You think whoever got Sandoval knows the artifact is a map?

MONK:

Certainly. I hypothesized my fragment was part of a map in my Confederation report...

...but I didn't have the other piece, so I couldn't confirm my suspicion.

PC:

Oh, great. So you mean out of all the people who are after this thing...

...I'm the last one to know what it is?

MONK:

That's what you get for missing meetings.

The question is, where do we go from here?

PC:

The sector on the map seems to be located on the edge of the frontier.

MONK:

Bad luck indeed. That area is currently uncharted.

Without the location of the sector's jump points...

...exploring the area will be nearly impossible.

PC:

Unless I enlist with the Exploratory Service in Rygannon.

That way I could map the jump points, and get paid for it at the same time.

MONK:

Always the privateer, eh?

Care you nothing for the possibility of scientific advancement?

PC:

You got it, Doc. Nothing. I'm in this for the profit.

MONK:

Very well. I have no interest in baubles...

You may keep my fragment, and whatever treasure you find...

...so long as you agree that I shall publish any scientific finds.  
Agreed?

PC:

Sounds good to me.

MONK:

Excellent. Before you go, I'll program your computer with the nav  
information from the map...

...as well as the Steltek alphabet. It may come in handy where you're  
going.

PC:

What, you think X marks the spot to a Steltek colony?

You've been watching too many late night holos, Doc.

MONK:

We shall see.

SERIES 5 RUMOR CONVERSATIONS

1.

Talk about bizarre stories, this is incredible.

A Kilrathi attack force was spotted on sensors...

It was moving along the frontier in a search pattern.

On Confed screens, one by one, each Kilrathi ship vanished...just vanished...

...all except one, which moved into Confed space. Strange, huh?

2.

More trouble from the front.

Confederation Outpost 57 is gone.

Now there's a crater on the asteroid where Outpost 57 used to be.

Not a trace of residual radiation. No weapon we've ever heard of.

Intel reports call it a new Kilrathi weapon. Do you buy that?

3.

I heard this from a privateer out of Saratov.

He ran across this daft bloke while lane-skipping along the frontier.

The terminal wooly was sitting in the middle of a "ship's graveyard"...

...wrecked ships all around. He opens fire on my mate, no reason...

...ranting and cursing him like he was the devil himself! Fancy that...



SERIES 5  
MISSION A

PC:  
Excuse me, I'm looking for Taryn Cross.

CROSS:  
You've found her. So...you gonna slit my throat, or just rob me?

PC:  
Don't let my clothes fool you. They're a little rough, but times have been hard...

...which leads me to the point. I'm looking for work...

CROSS:  
...and you heard that the Exploratory Service takes anyone, is that it?

That's a misconception, I'm afraid. Our work is hazardous, yes,...

...but not all our employees sport scars and pirate hats.

The job requires brains as well as blasters, Mister...

PC:  
\$N. Please believe me, I'm not looking for a handout...

I have a lot to offer the ES.

CROSS:  
Any charting background?

PC:  
Not specifically, but I've logged a parsec or two in my day...

...most of them off the established space lanes.

CROSS:  
And what about combat experience?

PC:  
Believe me, I have everything you need for this job...

...an eye for detail, a nose for trouble and a butt that's never been kicked.

CROSS:  
Suppose I'll have to check that out for myself...later.

Okay, \$N. Something tells me there's more here than meets the eye...

...but I like you. If you want the job, you're in...on a per mission basis.

Right now I need someone for a potentially dangerous assignment.

I'm in charge of charting maps for the sector.

The ES has lost a number of ships through jump point Delta, which remains unexplored.

Could be Kilrathi, a singularity or black magic. No one knows...

...but I need someone to go out there and check it out.

We'll provide you (\$) for your trouble. Interested?

**if refused;**

PC:  
Somehow the idea doesn't grab me. Got anything else?

CROSS:  
Not at the moment.

PC:  
Then I'll pass. Thanks anyway.

CROSS:  
Sorry it didn't work out. Good luck, anyway.

**if accepted;**

PC:  
Mysterious disappearances, eh? Sounds like a challenge.

CROSS:  
Here's a disk with the navigational info you'll need.  
Let's hope you're up to it...more so than the others were.  
We've lost three vessels so far.

PC:  
Yeah, but did those pilots have scars or pirate hats?

CROSS:  
Neither.

PC:  
Well, there you go. I'm off to dust off my hook and parrot.  
Get ready to strike "Here there be dragons" from your map, Ms. Cross.

CROSS:  
It'll be a pleasure, Mr. \$N. Good luck.

**if mission not flown yet:**

CROSS:  
Just as I suspected...all talk and no action. You disappoint me, \$N.  
You should have charted through Jump Point Delta by now.

PC:  
I'll get around to it sooner or later.

CROSS:  
Make it sooner. I may be desperate for someone to fly this, \$PC...  
...but I can't afford to wait forever.

**if return for mission;**

CROSS:  
I didn't think pirates were known for their waffling.

PC:

We're not, but we never jump into things without thinking them through...if we can.

CROSS:

Look, I can't let you take too much longer to decide.

I need someone who can chart through jump point Delta, which remains unexplored.

We've lost three ships attempting to do just that...

...and I'll pay (\$) to the man who can bring back the cartographical info we need.

How about it? Yes or no?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: Pirates attack you with red herrings. You return smelling of dead fish, but no worse for the wear.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 5  
MISSION B

CROSS:

Well, \$N, are the dragons slain?

**if failed;**

PC:

No, but I've isolated the problem. Pirates are whacking your ships.

They're not much tech-wise, but the area is lousy with them.

I couldn't handle them all. I had to pull out before completing the mapping run.

CROSS:

I see. I'm disappointed, \$N...but at least you survived.

That's more than the others can say.

Unfortunately, I can't pay you for just surviving. We need results.

Still, I have another run which you'll probably like better.

**if succeeded;**

PC:

Wipe the dragons from your charts, and replace them with Pirates.

Dead Pirates, anyway. The area was swarming with the low-tech buggers...

...but I did a little exterminating before completing my mapping run.

They won't be intercepting ES ships anymore.

CROSS:

That's good to know. If I don't get this sector mapped real soon...

...the brass at HQ will have my rear.

PC:



Lucky brass.

Any way I can beat them to it?

CROSS:

Hmmm...maybe we'll discuss that after this next mission.

---

This time you'll enter a completely unexplored region, through Jump Point Beta.

All you have to do is complete a mapping run, I'll update the chart...

...and for that we'll pay you (\$). Think you can handle that?

**if refused;**

PC:

Sounds kind of boring. I think I'll bow out.

CROSS:

Too bad. I think this one would've been a lot easier...

...but I guess you have your reasons...

**if accepted;**

PC:

Like I told you before...I need the work.

CROSS:

Don't worry, \$N. This mission should go smoother than the last one.

At least you're not going into a known hazard area.

PC:

Yeah, but it's the unknown hazards that scare me.

I'll meet you back here when I'm done.

CROSS:

I'm counting on you, \$N. Don't let me down.

**if mission not flown yet;**

CROSS:

Back from the mapping run of Jump Point Beta already?

PC:

Haven't left yet, actually.

CROSS:

Look, \$N, this is easy money. If you don't want it...

...I'll be happy to find someone who does!

PC:

Like I told you...I need the money.

CROSS:

Then collect the data and report back here for your pay.

Good luck!

**if return for mission;**

CROSS:

Why are you hesitating about taking this mission? It's not difficult.

This time you'll enter a completely unexplored region, through Jump Point Beta.

All you have to do is complete a mapping run, I'll update the chart...

...and for that we'll pay you (\$). Think you can handle that?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You discover a ship's graveyard, and a nutty captain who, like Elmer Fudd, bwasts anything dat moves...huhuhuhuhuh!  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 5  
MISSION C

CROSS:

Routine run, \$N?

PC:

Not quite. I ran into some lunatic, called himself Captain Garrovick...

CROSS:

Garrovick was piloting one of our ships when it disappeared!

We'll have to send out a rescue party. Thank God he's still alive!

**if failed;**

PC:

Easy for you to say. The man's flipped out, Taryn.

**if succeeded;**

PC:

Uh, well...actually, I had to kill him.

CROSS:

What?!

PC:

I couldn't help it. Garrovick was out of his mind, Taryn.

---

He fired on me as I approached...for no reason.

Whatever attacked his ship must've been so frightening...

...it pushed him over the edge.

CROSS:

Garrovick was one of our best pilots. And that was one tough ship.

I can't imagine what could've broken him like that.

PC:

His ship's engines were heavily damaged.

He was floating amid a number of destroyed vessels.

I can only assume that whatever hit Garrovick took out those other ships.

That's what bothers me. I can't believe the Pirates did all this.

CROSS:

Which means there's a new player in the sector.

PC:

One tough enough to end the game.

So where do we go from here?

CROSS:

Keep exploring. What else can we do? I have maps to prepare.

I'll pay you (\$) to make another mapping run...

**if refused;**

PC:

What, with Death Incarnate sucking around out there? No way.

CROSS:

I'm disappointed...but I can't say I blame you. Good luck, \$N. And good-bye.

**if accepted;**

PC:

Ah, why not? Some say life is hell and death an escape...

...others say heaven awaits us in the world beyond...

...but either way, I need a new pair of shoes.

CROSS:

I'll see to it you're buried with them on...if you don't make it back.

And I'm confident you will. If anyone can make it, you can.

Complete a mapping run through Jump Point Gamma...

...and hurry back here to collect your pay.

**if mission not flown yet;**

CROSS:

Back already, eh? Did you turn your flight disc over to Cartography?

PC:

To tell the truth, I haven't left yet.

CROSS:

Look, I know it's dangerous out there, but if you can't take the heat...

PC:

Hey, no sweat. I'm not afraid. Things come up, you know?

CROSS:

All I know is, the ES brass are breathing down my neck.



They're interested in the sector, and they're pressuring me to finish up.

Map the course through Jump Point Gamma and report back when you're done.

**if return for mission;**

CROSS:  
Thinking twice before bailing out? Smart boy.

This is easy money if ever there was such a thing.

I only need you to map the course through Jump Point Gamma and report back here.

PC:  
Sounds easy enough. So why are unmentionable portions of my body spontaneously puckering?

CROSS:  
Don't let the disappearances bother you. Just focus on the mission at hand.

What could be easier? How about it?  
\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: Oh, those peaky Kilrathi.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 5  
MISSION D

CROSS:  
Did you complete the run, \$N?

**if failed;**

PC:  
I had to abort, Taryn. The sector was crawling with Kilrathi.

**if succeeded;**

PC:  
Yeah...no thanks to the Kilrathi.

CROSS:  
Kilrathi? What were THEY doing there?

---

PC:  
They were flying an inverted V, the usual formation for a broad sector sweep.

CROSS:  
But what could they be searching for, out here in the middle of nowhere?

PC:  
You tell me. Why is the Confed interested in mapping this sector, anyway?

CROSS:  
I don't know. The top brass makes those decisions, I only implement them.

If you're suggesting there's some kind of hidden agenda here...

PC:

All I'm saying is, if the Confed is out here looking for something...

...it makes sense that the Kilrathi would share their interest.

Anyway, I think we've found the culprits responsible for trashing your ships.

Pirates couldn't do that kind of damage...but the Kilrathi could.

CROSS:

Makes sense...I guess. Up for another mapping run?

I can pay you (\$)...

**if refused;**

PC:

If I'd wanted to tangle with Kilrathi, I'd have enlisted. Forget it.

CROSS:

Too bad. Another run, and we'd have finished with this sector...

**if accepted;**

PC:

Good enough. Now that I know what I'm dealing with...

...I'm sure this run will go smoothly.

CROSS:

I need you to go through Jump Point Delta...

...then to explore through a new jump point we found in Delta system called Delta Prime.

Afterwards, report back here.

If it goes well, this will be your last run in this sector.

Good luck, \$N. And hurry back.

**if haven't flown mission yet;**

CROSS:

Damn it, am I expecting too much...

...asking you to complete your mission in a timely manner?

I can see it in your eyes. You haven't flown it yet, have you?

PC:

Quit nosing around in my eyes, Taryn.

I promise you, your mission is now on top of my list of "things to do".

CROSS:

Yeah? Then get to it! Go through Jump Point Delta...

...and map through the newly discovered jump point Delta Prime.

Just one more mapping run, and we've completed our chart of the sector.

Just fly your programmed course, and return when you're finished.

PC:

You don't have to remind me. I'm negligent...not stupid...

**if return for mission;**

CROSS:

You've changed your mind?

PC:

I'm considering rethinking my decision.

CROSS:

Talk about fear of commitment...

Look. I need you to go through Jump Point Delta again...

...then to explore through a new jump point we found in Delta system called Delta Prime.

Afterwards, you'll report back here for your payment of (\$).

If it goes well, this will be your last run in this sector. Agreed?

\*\*\*\*\*

MISSION SUMMARY: At last your ship comes in. You find the derelict, and help yourself to some ol'-fashion hospitality, Steltek-style.

\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 5  
EPILOGUE

CROSS:

Well? How did it go?

**if failed;**

PC:

Right down the old wormhole, so to speak. You're not going to like this...

CROSS:

Screwed the pooch, eh? Well, I figured that was the case by your expression.

Tough break, \$PC. I had to send someone else out to cover your route.

Of course, I can't pay you.

**if succeeded;**

PC:

Pulled it off, naturally. What else did you expect?

CROSS:

No offense intended.

I suppose you want to be paid for pushing back the frontier for all mankind?

PC:

Not to be crass...but yeah.

CROSS:

Here it is. Last payday. Don't drink it all at once.



---

PC:  
Yeah...well, I guess that wraps up my stint in the ES.

CROSS:  
Where are you headed now?

PC:  
Oh, I have a little business in New Detroit to tend to.

Taryn, it's been fun.

CROSS:  
Too much fun can kill you, \$N.

PC:  
Yeah...that's why I'm heading out before it becomes a joy. Take care.

CROSS:  
You too.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
SPECIAL SURPRISE: When he tries to leave, the Kilrathi have him  
TRAPPED!  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 5  
FUCK UP CONVERSATION

PC:  
Look, you don't have to tell me. I know I screwed up.

CROSS:  
Yeah, you did. It hurts me to say this, because I like you...  
...but I'm afraid you're fired.

We need results, \$PC. And I don't want to sit around this god-forsaken sector forever.

PC:  
Hey, I'll try harder, I'll work faster...

CROSS:  
Sorry, \$N...you had your chance and you blew it.

I wish you luck. Good-bye.

SERIES 6  
NEW DETROIT CONVERSATION 1

PC:  
Hey, have you gotten around to installing my gun yet?

WILMER:  
Can't do it.

PC:  
Why not?

WILMER:  
I suggest you ask Mr. Lynch.

PC:  
LYNCH? Roman Lynch? What the hell is that sorry gangster up to THIS time?

WILMER:  
I suggest you ask Mr. Lynch.

PC:  
Screw that! I'm tired of being jerked around by that bastard!  
I'll find someone else to do the work.

WILMER:  
Sorry, but your gun has been impounded for the duration.

PC:  
IMPOUNDED? On whose authority?

WILMER:  
Mr. Lynch's. He's waiting for you in the bar.  
You'll talk to him, if you ever want that gun installed...  
...and looking it over, I got a feeling you DO. BAD.

SERIES 6  
MISSION A

LYNCH:

Ah, Captain \$N. How good of you to come. Have a drink?

PC:

You've got something of mine. I want it.

LYNCH:

All in due time, my excitable friend.

You see, ever since my dear Miggs was freeze-dried and vaccum-sealed...

...certain business concerns of mine have gone unaddressed.

I believe it only fitting that you take his place for a time.

PC:

Get yourself another errand boy, Lynch. I've seen how far you can be trusted.

LYNCH:

Unless backed into a corner, I assure you I'm as pure as the driven snow.

PC:

In a martian sandstorm, maybe. Sorry, but I'm not buying.

If I have to, I'll go to the authorities, get my gun back that way.

LYNCH:

My dear Captain, the authorities in New Detroit are nothing more...

...than ciphers on my monthly expense account.

It's more a rental than a purchase, although I always have the option to buy later.

If you want the weapon back, talk to me.

PC:

All right, damn you...what do you have in mind?

LYNCH:

A simple business proposition. You need only fly four missions for me...

...I'll pay you fairly for each operation, and you'll retrieve your property at the end.

From what Wilmer tells me, that weapon you've found is unlike anything seen before,

I've always fancied the unique. And I tend to acquire what I fancy.

However, I'd be willing to eschew immediate satisfaction for some substantial service.

How about it, \$N? Can we do business, or do I add your gun to my collection?

**if refused;**



PC:

Shove it. You can't have every New Detroit cop in your pocket.

You're nothing but a common thief, Lynch. And I'll see you behind bars.

LYNCH:

Only if you're on the inside looking out, my poor deluded friend.

You're wrong about my resources. My pockets are very deep, and my grasp inescapable.

Search for legal aid all you like.

Sooner or later you'll find the only way to get your weapon back is to deal with me.

**if accepted;**

PC:

All right, Lynch. I'll fly your missions, but so help me God...

...try to cheat me again, and I'll hear you scream your last scream.

LYNCH:

Another entry for my memoirs...Cheap Threats I Have Known and Loved.

Now listen carefully. You remember my dear cousin Regis?

PC:

The one who was being subpoenaed for a murder trial?

LYNCH:

Yes. Despite his attempt to go underground on Castor...

...the Confederation uncovered him, and currently has him in custody.

Alas, Regis has outlived his usefulness to me.

Blood may be thicker than water, but neither flows particularly well in space.

Thus, the time for perfect candor has arrived. Regis must be silenced.

PC:

You want me to off your cousin? You must be kidding!

LYNCH:

That alien weapon you found is priceless. Your service to me must be equally valuable.

Now listen. Regis is being transported off Castor tomorrow with a Confederation escort.

Three convoys are accompanying Regis. Two of them are decoys.

PC:

To confuse anyone trying to do what you're trying to do.

LYNCH:

Exactly. Since there's no way to know which vessel bears Regis...

...I want you to destroy all three convoys.

PC:

All three? One hell of a difficult mission!

LYNCH:

One hell of an impounded weapon. But to sweeten the deal, I'll pay you (\$). Deal?

PC:

I have no choice. Regis is a dead man...and so are you, if you cross me.

LYNCH:

Oh, why can't we all just get along?

**if mission not flown yet;**

LYNCH:

I seem to have overestimated your eagerness to recover your property...

...for surely you would've eliminated Regis by now if you truly cared.

PC:

Relax, Lynch. Your cousin won't live to testify against you in the murder trial.

LYNCH:

Who said I was a suspect?

PC:

I can read between the lines. Anything else?

LYNCH:

Just head out for Castor, intercept and destroy those Confederation convoys...

...or you'll lose the (\$) fee...AND your precious weapon.

**if return for mission;**

LYNCH:

What's the matter, \$N? Nary an honest man in Gommorah to help you retrieve your gun?

Have you decided, while in Rome, to do as the Romans do?

PC:

Let's just say I'm willing to consider your terms.

LYNCH:

They haven't changed. My cousin Regis must not be allowed to testify in that murder trial.

He is being transported by Confederation escort from Castor to the secret trial site.

He'll be in one of three convoys. Since I don't know which one...

...you'll need to destroy all three.

In exchange, you'll be paid (\$).

PC:

You sure know how to get your money's worth.

LYNCH:

I always have. Is it a bargain, \$N?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You hopefully blast all three Confederation convoys.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 6  
MISSION B

**if failed;**

LYNCH:

I've seen the gun camera disc from your last mission, \$N.

You failed to destroy all the Confederation vessels.

PC:

It wasn't for lack of trying, Lynch. It was a tough assignment.

LYNCH:

Yes, and I daresay profitless for both of us.

I'll have to waste more resources to guarantee Regis' silence...

...and needless to say, your fee is forfeit.

PC:

Never mind about the fee. I want my weapon back and installed!

LYNCH:

In due time. After you've fulfilled your obligation.

Your next mission is a difficult one.

**if succeeded;**

LYNCH:

I've seen the gun camera disc from your last mission. Well done.

I must confess, I got all teary-eyed, watching Regis go up like that...

PC:

You could send flowers to the service.

LYNCH:

True, but I make it point to wipe my tears away before they touch my wallet.

Here is your payment of (\$) ...and another mission.

---

PC:

God, I hope it's not as tough as the last one.

LYNCH:

It's not as difficult, but could have more lasting consequences for you.

I want you to attack a number of Merchant's Guild ships.

PC:

Give me a break, Lynch! I do business with the Merchant's Guild!

If I attack their ships, my reputation will be shot!

LYNCH:



Then you must weigh how much business they'll bring you...

...against how much you can make with that alien cannon installed.

At any rate, it is vital that you destroy that cargo for me.

Damien Lang, an old business rival, needs those shipments to arrive if he's to save face.

I've never liked his face. I should very much like to see him lose it.

I'd be willing to pay (\$) to see that happen. Will you do this for me?

**if rejected;**

PC:

I can't risk alienating an entire Guild, Lynch.

LYNCH:

A pity. Ah well. I really didn't want to part with that alien cannon anyway...

Good day, \$N. And thank you for sparing me a difficult payment.

**if accepted;**

PC:

No. But I'll do it for myself, since it's in my best interest.

I may be forced to work with you, Lynch, but don't think I like it.

LYNCH:

Understood. Now pay attention.

These MG vessels are taking on a load of foodstuffs in the Varnus system.

Intercept and destroy them all at Rodin.

Once you've succeeded, return here for your payment...and your next job.

PC:

I can hardly wait. What's it gonna be next? Blow up Kilrah?

LYNCH:

I can't see any profit in that...but give some me time, and I just might...

**if haven't flown mission yet;**

LYNCH:

You're dawdling, \$N. I cannot abide dawdlers.

Why haven't you flown that mission yet?

Waiting for that cannon of yours to walk out of impoundment all by itself?

PC:

If it did, guess who I'd blast first?

LYNCH:

If it sprouts legs, I'll gladly pose for you. Otherwise, we have a deal.

I'll pay you (\$) to destroy a number of Merchant's Guild vessels.

You'll find them at Rodin in the Varnus system...if you ever get around to looking.

PC:

Relax. I'll handle it...but I won't enjoy it...

**if return for mission;**

LYNCH:

I knew greed would make you reasonable.

Decided that alien cannon is worth a little inconvenience, eh?

PC:

The mission's a hell of a lot more than a "little inconvenience".

LYNCH:

Nonsense. All you need do is destroy a number of Merchant's Guild ships...

...which are flying supplies from Rodin in the Varnus system.

They're just merchants. It's not as if you're taking on a Kilrathi armada, is it?

PC:

No, but by attacking their vessels I'm closing up a whole market.

My name will be mud with the Merchant's Guild from now on.

LYNCH:

Hence the payment of (\$). And keep in mind what you're working for.

Will you accept the mission, or not?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You trash all the Merchant vessels...theoretically.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 6  
MISSION C

**if failed;**

LYNCH:

How sad, \$N. What is the Universe coming to?

A mercenary unable to dispose of a few paltry merchants.

I suppose you'll be dispelling my childlike belief in the Tooth Fairy next.

PC:

Ah, shut up, Lynch. I'll be taking enough heat from the Merchant's Guild...

...without having you stoke up the oven.

LYNCH:

Alas, the fact that your fee is forfeit is the final log on the fire.

Now listen...if you want that cannon, you'll pay attention.

**if succeeded;**

LYNCH:

I understand the sector is a few merchant vessels poorer.

PC:

And one privateer is a little richer. My (\$)?

LYNCH:

Of course. Here it is...along with your next assignment.

---

A few years ago, I was vacationing on this pleasure cruiser, "The Midas"...

...a high-priced luxury vessel operating out of Magdaline, in the Padre system.

The service there was atrocious...

...and one of the cleaning staff stole some cufflinks I left on the bureau.

I should like you to destroy that ship for me.

PC:

Just because you had a lousy vacation? Are you insane?

LYNCH:

Nothing offends refinement so much as boorishness.

In all the years since, I've never forgotten how I was ill used on "The Midas."

At any rate, I shant justify myself to you.

I'll pay you (\$) to eradicate that blight upon my honor. Interested?

PC:

But that's just a pleasure cruiser, you murderous bastard!

Do you have any idea how many innocent people would die?

LYNCH:

I don't believe I've ever met an innocent person, \$N.

At any rate, my offer stands. Do you accept?

**if rejected;**

PC:

Forget it. I won't commit outright murder.

LYNCH:

I applaud your morality...especially considering how much it will cost you.

Ah well. I've lost an employee...but I've gained a cannon.

**if accepted;**

PC:

You've backed me into a corner. Let it be on your head, Lynch.



LYNCH:

Oh my, however shall I sleep nights?

Now listen. Go to the Padre system...

...intercept and destroy "The Midas" as she departs Magdaline...

...and then return here for your pay.

PC:

Fine. But I have only one mission left to fly for you...

...and after that, I want my cannon. No tricks.

LYNCH:

Your suspicion cuts me to the quick, \$N.

**if mission not flown yet;**

LYNCH:

I understand how this mission troubles your sense of propriety...

...but delaying will avail you nothing...except my ire.

PC:

Maybe this kind of thing comes naturally to you...

...but me, I have to steel myself for butchery.

LYNCH:

Do so quickly. I want you to destroy "The Midas"...

...a luxury cruiser operating out of Magdaline in the Padre system...

...while I'm still young enough to enjoy it.

PC:

Just have that (\$) ready when I get back. Or you'll get a look at MY ire.

**if return for mission;**

PC:

Tell me about that mission again, Lynch.

LYNCH:

Is that a trace of desperation in your voice?

PC:

Just pitch me the damn mission and lose the commentary.

LYNCH:

As you wish. A high-priced pleasure cruiser, "The Midas"...

...has her home port at Magdaline in the Padre system.

This ship has caused me some some inconvenience. I want it destroyed.

I'll pay you (\$) to pull this thorn from my paw. Will you do so?

\*\*\*\*\*

MISSION SUMMARY: You hit 'em hard, you hit 'em low, and if they get up, you hit 'em again.

\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 6  
MISSION D

**if failed;**

LYNCH:

It's times like this I miss my dear friend Miggs the most.

He never failed when I sent him on such a trivial mission as this.

PC:

Maybe I just couldn't stand the thought of killing all those people.

LYNCH:

Maybe you couldn't stand the thought of collecting (\$).

If so, never fear - you won't.

PC:

I don't give a damn about the money. I want my property!

LYNCH:

And you shall have it...after flying this last mission for me.

**if succeeded;**

LYNCH:

An excellent job, \$N, efficient and ruthless.

If only your knuckles scraped the floor when you walked...

...you'd remind me of my dear departed Miggs.

PC:

No need to get nasty, Lynch. What about my payment?

LYNCH:

Here is your (\$).

PC:

To hell with this chicken feed, you know what I want!

LYNCH:

And you shall have it...after you fly this final mission.

---

One of my business rivals has concluded a deal with the Confederation...

...establishing a particularly lucrative trade route which threatens my interests.

I need you to break this trade route by hitting his ships en route.

PC:

Doesn't sound so difficult. Where am I supposed to intercept these ships?

LYNCH:

They're running out of the mining base on Hyades.

PC:

Hyades! In the disputed area? Of all the NERVE...!

LYNCH:

True, it shall be...difficult...but what choice do you have?

You will fly to Blockade Point Charlie, run the Kilrathi blockade...

...and jump to the Hyades colony, killing any of my rival's vessels you encounter.

Afterwards, you need only return to New Detroit alive.

PC:

The space around Hyades is a warzone.

It's one of the most dangerous spots in the Sector, virtually Kilrathi space!

LYNCH:

True. But if you complete this mission, I'll pay you (\$)...

...and see that the alien cannon is installed on your ship. Is it a deal?

**if rejected;**

PC:

That weapon is only good to me if I'm alive to use it.

Count me out.

LYNCH:

I thought that would make you back out. Now that fabulous weapon is mine.

It was a pleasure doing business with you, \$N. Farewell.

**if accepted;**

PC:

Okay, Lynch. Get this straight. I'll run Blockade Point Charlie...

...jump to Hyades and cripple the supply line of your competitor...

...but I WILL have what's mine, or see you dead.

LYNCH:

\$N, I never forfeit on an obligation. It's bad for business.

I always optimize my profit...but I never break a contract.

Fulfill your obligation...and I shall fulfill mine.

**if haven't flown mission yet;**

LYNCH:

What's the matter? Afraid of what lies in the Great Beyond?

Take heart, \$N. Death is only nature's way of telling you you're dead.

PC:

I know you're hoping I get killed on this mission.

After all, the odds of running the Kilrathi at Blockade Point Charlie...

...and making it to Hyades aren't very good, even without facing your rival's opposition...



...so chances are you could wind up owning that cannon free and clear.

LYNCH:

Nonsense. My rival's Hyades operation threatens several of my own.

Hyades ore is of an exceptionally high grade. I cannot allow it on the market.

Believe me, destroying his vessels is quite an equitable compensation for the cannon...

...even with your (\$) fee thrown in.

However, unless you leave soon, neither of us shall profit!

**if return for mission;**

PC:

Go over your pitch again. I've got to hear this again to believe it.

LYNCH:

I want you cripple a rival's shipping operation at its source...Hyades.

PC:

Yeah, that's right. In the disputed space skirting the Kilrathi border.

I knew it was something insane...

LYNCH:

Insane, but lucrative. If you'll fly to Blockade Point Charlie, run the Kilrathi blockade...

...jump to the Hyades colony and destroy my rival's vessels as you meet them...

...I'll pay you (\$) upon your return to New Detroit...

...and see that the alien cannon is installed on your ship. Is it a deal?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You take this crazy risk like the loon that you are.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 6  
EPILOGUE 1

LYNCH:

My congratulations, \$N. I never believed you'd complete these services for me.

They were excessively difficult, and yet you rose to the occasion.

You are a true man, by God.

PC:

Yeah, yeah. Skip the kisses and let's hit the sack. Where's my money?

LYNCH:

(\$), as agreed. Care to count it?

PC:

Later. What about my cannon?

LYNCH:

It is installed even now...except for a few minor connections...

...which await the conclusion of our final piece of business.

PC:

Lynch, you welching son of a bitch! I knew you couldn't be trusted!

LYNCH:

What do you mean? As promised, the cannon is installed on your ship.

PC:

Then what's with this "few minor connections" stuff? Does it work or not?

LYNCH:

It is quite worthless in its present state. But don't despair.

As I said, though I never welch, I always maximize my profits...

...and there remains one last piece of unfinished business between us.

The artifact.

Hand it over, and Wilmer will have you up and running in minutes.

Otherwise, you may take your lifeless piece of junk and depart in peace.

PC:

How do I know you won't try to add another stipulation to our contract?

LYNCH:

It's never been about anything BUT the artifact. You know that.

But to calm your doubts, here is a signed, legally-binding contract.

I am a man of my word...ESPECIALLY my printed word.

Once I have the artifact, rest assured you may keep your weapon...

...for what is a paultry cannon to me compared with such a prize?

Have we a deal?

PC:

(look of intense anger)

Damn you! Ohhh...fine. All right. You win.

LYNCH:

Very good, \$N. Bring it here, and our business is concluded.

SERIES 6  
NEW DETROIT CONVERSATION 2

PC:  
How's installation of my gun coming along?

WILMER:  
It's stalled. You have't completed your contract with Mr. Lynch.

PC:  
Yeah, well I'm just about to give that weasel what he wants.  
Once I do, I better find that cannon in perfect working order.

WILMER:  
The hallmark of New Detroit is quality, sir.  
Square things with Mr. Lynch, and you'll be ready to go.

---

SERIES 6  
EPILOGUE 2

PC:  
All right, Lynch. Here it is.

LYNCH:  
Excellent. At long last, the prize is mine.

PC:  
Then our transaction is concluded?

LYNCH:  
Yes indeed. As we speak, Wilmer has initialized and phased your cannon.  
The contract is fulfilled. You may go.

PC:  
Wonderful. But before I do, I just want you to know...  
...that artifact is completely worthless!

LYNCH:  
Poor fellow. The loss has taken its toll on your reason.  
Didn't you ever figure it out?  
That artifact is a map to treasures beyond compare!

PC:  
Correction. HALF a map!

LYNCH:  
What do you mean, half?  
Damnation, you're right! The edges slot into another piece!  
Why didn't I see it before?

PC:  
Don't feel too bad. Even if the artifact WAS a complete map...  
...you'd find that X marks a spot I've already plundered.  
After all, where do you think I found that cannon?



LYNCH:

Ye gads, sir! You're a bigger scoundrel than I am.

I wish I could find a way to squeeze out of this mess...

...but you've fulfilled the contract. I must abide by it, and besides...

...I don't need a man of your abilities for an enemy.

You may depart in peace, with my admiration and regards.

PC:

Just don't come after me later, Lynch.

LYNCH:

There are never any guarantees, \$N...

...except that I never want to be looking down the barrel of that cannon.

Rest assured of that, at least. Farewell, \$N.

SERIES 6  
FUCK UP CONVERSATION

PC:  
Sorry I've been dropping the ball, but I feel good about this next mission.

LYNCH:  
Regretably, there shall be no next mission.

You're services are no longer required, \$N. Good day to you.

PC:  
What, you're cutting me off just because of a few mess ups?

We had a deal, damn it! You have my weapon and I want it back!

LYNCH:  
Correction. It is now my weapon.

There's nothing you can do about it, and you know it. You're incompetent, not stupid.

Good day to you, \$N...and trouble me no more!

SERIES 6 RUMOR CONVERSATIONS

1.

Mind, this is just hearsay, but it seems the Kilrathi are all stirred up!

The weird thing is, they seem to be looking for something...looking real hard.

God only knows what it could be...but whatever it is, it's got them worried...

2.

Get this...the Confed has lost another ship...in this sector!

I'm afraid it might be related to that Kilrathi secret weapon we've been hearing about.

They tried to hire me to go out and escort it in...like I'd consider it!

No way. I don't intend to vanish from the face of the galaxy.

Let them get some other sucker. In the meantime, count me out!



SERIES 7  
MISSION A

GOODIN:

\$N, I'm Captain Goodin, attache to Admiral Terrell. We've been expecting you.

PC:

And yet no cake? I'm crushed.

Excuse my flippancy, but it's not every day I have the honor of being arrested.

GOODIN:

You're not under arrest, \$N. At least not yet.

I've had our intel boys compile quite a dossier on you.

What does the word "smuggler" mean to you?

PC:

It's an antonym for "plausible deniability".

Sorry, Cap. I won't say another word without my lawyer.

GOODIN:

Relax. Terrell wouldn't dispatch me here just to bag a small-time hood.

To answer your question, I'm here to extend an...invitation.

You'll proceed to Perry Naval Base, where the Admiral will interview you personally.

PC:

Regarding...?

GOODIN:

Playing dumb, huh? Have it your way, then.

We've traced a series of disappearing and destroyed ships to your movements.

Looks like wherever you go, disaster follows. Tell me, \$N...

...are the Kilrathi paying you to test their secret weapon...

...or do you merely keep the plunder?

PC:

I don't know what you're talking about, Cap.

GOODIN:

You'll have plenty of time to think about it...en route to Perry.

PC:

And if I don't want to go?

GOODIN:

You don't have to. As I said, you're not under arrest.

But something out there has the hots for you. Something nasty.

And if you really don't know what it is, if you're as much in the dark as we are...

...maybe the Navy and \$PC can help each other out. How about it?

**if rejected;**

PC:

Sorry, but working with you military types makes me nervous.

I'd rather tackle a monster than a bureaucracy.

GOODIN:

Red tape or blood, same color either way. No skin off my nose.

I'll be here if you change your mind.

**if accepted;**

PC:

I'll hear the Admiral out, Goodin. But I don't like sleeping with the military.

GOODIN:

You don't have to kiss us, \$N, just grit your teeth and close your eyes.

Better get a move on. You never know what's out there waiting for you...

**if haven't flown mission yet;**

GOODIN:

Look, I know you hate cooperating with "authority"...

...but Admiral Terrell is waiting for you at Perry Naval Base.

Are you heading out, or not?

PC:

Yeah, I guess I might as well get it over with...

**if return for mission;**

GOODIN:

Really, \$N, you'd be wise to head to Perry Naval Base at maximum speed.

The Admiral desires your cooperation in destroying that thing, whatever it is...

...and if you've got a brain in your head, you'll welcome his help.

Will you meet with him at Perry or not?

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: The Church of Man attacks the PC en route to Perry.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 7  
MISSION B

TERRELL:

We don't have a lot of time, \$N, so let's cut the niceties.

I'm Admiral Terrell, and the Confederation needs your help.

PC:

Last I heard, your attache accused me of being a kittie collaborator...

...now you say you want my help?

TERRELL:

Yes, well, Goodin has always been a little over-zealous in executing her orders.

We know you're not responsible for the destruction of our fleet...

...at least not directly.

PC:

Then what exactly do you want from me?

TERRELL:

\$N, for quite some time now we've suspected the Kilrathi of having a secret weapon.

There could be no other explanation for the havoc being wreaked upon our forces.

This was confirmed recently when, using the path of destruction as a baseline...

...we drew a correlation between that course and your flight path.

That correlation approaches unity.

PC:

You mean the thing that's following me around is a Kilrathi secret weapon?

TERRELL:

Yes. For some odd reason, the thing has locked on to you.

Maybe it's a flaw in the targeting algorithms. Who knows?

The point is, wherever you go, it shows up eventually...

...and that's why we need your help.

PC:

Are we talking bait here, Admiral?

I've been jumping like crazy, trying to keep ahead of this thing...

...and now you want me to stand still?

TERRELL:

It's not like I'm asking you to slit your wrists, \$N.

Commodore Reismann has assembled an entire fleet!

Even as we speak, they stand ready to destroy the Kilrathi marauder.

All they need is for you to lure it into the ambush.

PC:

An entire fleet, huh? So why doesn't that make me feel better?

TERRELL:

I could force you to do this, \$N...but I won't. The way I see it...



...you can either cooperate, and let the fleet blast it to Kingdom Come...

...or you can keep running the rest of your life.

What'll it be?

**if rejected;**

PC:  
I've done all right so far, Admiral.

Frankly, the thought of being your sitting duck doesn't thrill me.

I'll take my chances on my own.

TERRELL:  
As I said, I won't force you to do this...but you're making a bad mistake, \$N...

...and I hope you live long enough to realize it.

**if accepted;**

PC:  
Running has never been my style, Admiral. Deal me in.

TERRELL:  
Excellent. This should be the easiest mission you've ever flown.

Simply fly to the ambush point at Blockade Point Tango.

That's far enough away to minimize civilian casualties.

Once there all you have to do is kick back and wait. We'll do the rest.

PC:  
I hope so, Admiral. I surely do hope so.

**if mission not flown yet;**

TERRELL:  
What the hell are you doing, hanging around here?

PC:  
What's the matter? Make you nervous having your decoy sitting around the base?

TERRELL:  
Frankly, yes. We don't want to lure the damn thing to Perry!

Head out to Blockade Point Tango where the ambush is set up, pronto!

**if return for mission;**

TERRELL:  
What're you doing here, \$N? Thought you'd be gone by now. Gone as in dead.

PC:  
I'm not that anxious to hit space again. I'm thinking your offer over.

TERRELL:  
Then think fast.



I was about to order the fleet massed at Blockade Point Tango to disperse.

No sense in giving an ambush if nobody's coming.

PC:

You really expect me to lure this...whatever it is...to Tango Point...

...serving as your decoy?

TERRELL:

Sooner or later you'll have to face that thing.

This way you can do it on your own terms...with an armed fleet as chaperone.

It's the best shot you've got. Are you interested?

\*\*\*\*\*

MISSION SUMMARY: The drone kicks the shit out of the fleet. PC jumps right into the midst of the Kilrathi.

\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 7  
MISSION C

PC:

**initiate:**

1. Hey, I always wondered...is smoking catnip illegal on Kilrah?
2. Ever wanted to be a throw-rug? Back off or you'll get your wish.
3. I'm not looking for trouble...but I won't run from it, either.

**reply:**

1. Buzz off, fuzz ball. I'm busy.

KAHL:

**initiate:**

1. A pity you have wandered so far from your tree, Primate!

**reply:**

Insufferable Earth-Monkey!

---

This is Kahl, Commander of the Sixth Fleet.

You are now entirely at our mercy.

Surrender or die!

PC:

**reply:**

1. Better get your furry butts out of here!
2. I don't have any problems with you.
3. Never mind.

KAHL:

Apeling, we're know you work for the Confederation...

...and you've been testing their secret weapon!

PC:

**reply:**

1. Confed...what?
2. Yeah? What're you gonna do about it?
3. Never mind

KAHL:  
Your weapon has wreaked havoc on our forces...  
...but I have assembled an invincible fleet here!  
It will not prevail against us this time!  
We know the weapon is slaved to your course.  
You will remain here, that we may destroy it.

PC:  
reply:  
1. Oh boy...talk about deja vu...  
2. If I remain here, it'll destroy YOU!  
3. Never mind.

KUHL:  
Cooperate, and you may depart this sector alive.  
Defy us, and die! The choice is yours!

**if rejected;**

PC:  
reply:  
1. Come and get me...if you can!  
2. How could I refuse such a gracious offer?  
3. Never mind.

KUHL:  
reply:  
1. You have made a wise choice, Earth-Monkey.  
2. So be it, foolish ape!  
\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: The drone kicks Kilrathi butt, and you jump again.  
\*\*\*\*\*

SERIES 7  
MISSION D

STELTEK:  
**initiate:**  
1. Alien craft. Communication needed.

**reply:**  
1. Alien craft. Information required.

PC:  
**initiate:**  
1. Uh...you're not Kilrathi...are you?  
2. If you think I'm impressed...you're right.  
3. Unidentified vessel, withdraw immediately.  
4. Never mind.

**reply:**  
1. Uh...okay. I'm listening.  
2. Never mind.

STELTEK:  
We are Steltek.

You have technology belonging to us.

You will tell us where you got technology. Now.

PC:

reply:

1. Look, I'm being chased, I gotta go.
2. Do you know why I'm being chased?
3. Never mind.

STELTEK:

Understood.

Steltek war drone keys off Steltek technology on your ship.

Will pursue you until you are destroyed.

PC:

reply:

1. The thing that's after me is one of YOURS?
2. What're you guys, nuts?
3. Never mind.

STELTEK:

Regretable. When retreated from galaxy...

...tried to eliminate all Steltek technology...

...to prevent developing races from finding our relics...

...bringing upon themselves the ruin we wrought.

However, were too pervasive.

Pockets of technology, weapons, drones, remain.

We eliminate these pockets when possible.

Again, query: where did you get technology?

PC:

1. You want to remove it?
2. You think I'm stupid enough to tip my hand?
3. Never mind.

STELTEK:

Again, query: were did you get technology?

PC:

1. I'll tell you...but it'll cost you.
2. What's in it for me, bub?
3. Never mind.

STELTEK:

Cost? Barter, economics?

PC:

1. How about a trade?
2. Forget it. No deal.
3. Never mind.

STELTEK:

1. We could provide weapon to destroy drone...  
...but dispersal of Steltek technology...  
...in opposition to Steltek policy.
2. Then be destroyed.



PC:  
1. We deal, or I reveal the ship's location to friends.  
2. Never mind.

STELTEK:  
Not good.

PC:  
1. You bet your butt not good.  
2. Have we got a deal?  
3. Never mind.

STELTEK:  
Agreed. Will attach power booster to your weapon now.

Booster will provide a limited number of shots...

...to destroy drone. Agreed?

PC:  
1. I guess we have a deal.  
2. Do I have a choice?  
3. Never mind.

STELTEK:  
Power booster installed.

PC:  
1. Just like that?  
2. Never mind.

STELTEK:  
It is installed. Relay coordinates now.

PC:  
1. You guys should work in New Detroit.  
2. I'm relaying the derelict's coordinates now.  
3. Never mind.

STELTEK:  
We have received them. Prepared for jump to derelict.

PC:  
1. How can I destroy that drone?  
2. Never mind.

STELTEK:  
Shoot it.

PC:  
1. Are all Steltek smart-asses?  
2. Thanks for nothing.  
3. Never mind.

STELTEK:  
Booster will eliminate drone.

That is all.

Transmission ended.

\*\*\*\*\*  
MISSION SUMMARY: You trash de drone.  
\*\*\*\*\*

IN-FLIGHT CONVERSATION # 1

PC:

**initiate:**

1. Hey there! How's it hanging!
2. Fancy meeting you guys here.
3. About time you showed up!

**reply:**

1. How do you restrict space? A fence? A girdle?

SMUGGLER CAPTAIN:

**initiate:**

1. Unidentified vessel. You're entering restricted space.

**reply:**

1. This is not a laughing matter.

---

You have deviated from specified shipping lanes.

Return to your designated lane immediately...

...or suffer the consequences.

PC:

1. But I've brought a bagful of groceries.
2. I'm not afraid of you bastards!
3. Never mind.

SMUGGLER CAPTAIN:

1. Paper or plastic?
2. Too bad...you'd live longer.

PC:

1. I only go biodegradable.
2. Okay...I'll turn back.

SMUGGLER CAPTAIN:

1. Glad to see you, \$N. Bring it on in.
2. Do so immediately. Out.

## IN-FLIGHT CONVERSATION # 2

PC:

**initiate:**

1. Proceeding on course. Steer clear.
2. Hey, getting a little close, aren't you?
3. Good day for it, eh buddy?

**reply:**

1. About my business. You should do the same.

RIORDIAN:

**initiate:**

1. Where the hell do you think you're going?

**reply:**

1. You don't recognize me, do you?

---

RIORDIAN:

Hold on, Mister.

I think it's high time we were introduced...

...don't you?

PC:

1. No. I'm picky about my friends.
2. I suppose.
3. Never mind.

RIORDIAN:

1. Come on, you steal a man's business...  
...you ought to at least know his name.
2. My name is William Riordian.

PC:

1. If you care that much, go ahead.
2. Who gives a damn?
3. Never mind.

RIORDIAN:

My name is William Riordian.

PC:

1. Big deal. Never heard of you.
2. Okay. May I be of service?

RIORDIAN:

You take over my route, fly for Tayla...

...and then have the gall to insult me?

There's not enough commerce here for two privateers.

I'll teach you to steal my business!

PC:

1. I thought I was pretty good at that already...
2. There's no need to get hostile, friend...
3. Never mind.

RIORDIAN:

You're a dead man, \$N. Attack on my mark...now!

### INFLIGHT CONVERSATION # 3

PC:

**initiate:**

1. Hooded Hawk, I need a word with you.
2. I'm looking for a Captain Seelig.
3. Hooded Hawk, I'm working for Roman Lynch. Please respond.

**reply:**

1. Sorry, but we have other business right now.

HIJACKER:

**initiate:**

1. Nice ship, Captain. How about a little impromptu tour?

**reply:**

1. Okay...you got my attention. What do you want?

---

PC:

1. Roman Lynch is very disappointed in you.
2. Never mind.

HIJACKER:

He is, is he? Want to hear our response?

PC:

1. Yes.
2. No.
3. Never mind.

HIJACKER:

Well, here it comes...

#### INFLIGHT CONVERSATION # 4

PC:

**initiate:**

1. Requesting identification, over.
2. So...what's your game?
3. What are your intentions?

**reply:**

1. I've never been that good to strangers.

KROIZ:

**initiate:**

1. I say...would you be so good as to identify yourself?

**reply:**

1. I believe we should start by establishing the pertinent facts.

KROIZ:

Excuse me for being blunt, but you ARE \$N, aren't you?

PC:

1. That's right. Who are you?
2. Who wants to know?
3. Never mind.

KROIZ:

Salman Kroiz, Privateer Extraordinaire.

Terribly sorry to interrupt your flight, but...

...oh, this is SO awkward.

It seems as if we're a bit at odds, here...

...if you take my meaning.

PC:

1. You represent one of Lynch's business rivals?
2. You mean to stop me, is that it?
3. Never mind.

KROIZ:

Ah, you have indeed grasped the gist of it.

Yes, I'm to prevent you from delivering those weapons.

Since we both cannot successfully fulfill our contracts...

...it seems we'll need to arrive at a settlement among ourselves.

Would you consider dumping your cargo and turning back?



PC:

1. Nope.
2. Excuse me while I take a dump.
3. Never mind.

KROIZ:

1. Alas, we'll have to settle this by violent means.  
Ah well. To the victor the spoils, then. \$N...farewell.
2. A wise decision, sir.  
Dump your cargo, and depart in peace.

#### INFLIGHT CONVERSATION # 5

PC:

**initiate:**

1. You're making me nervous.
2. I hope you're not looking for trouble.
3. Hey, what's going on here?
4. Never mind.

**reply:**

1. Hmmm...that primitive grunting sounds familiar...
2. Never mind.

MIGGS:

**initiate:**

1. Hey, bright boy, guess who just got himself into trouble?

**reply:**

1. Huh huh! Wise guy don't know what he's in for, trouble-wise!

---

MIGGS:

Okay, pally, jettison the artifact quick-like...

...before I get mad.

PC:

1. Miggs? Is that you?
2. Cheetah, Tarzan with Jane. Go find.
3. Never mind.

MIGGS:

1. In the flesh, smart guy.
2. Very funny, smart guy.

Mr. Lynch wants that artifact.

He said it's nothing personal, just business...

...but he don't care how I get it.

We can do it easy, if you hand it over...

...or we can do it fun.

PC:

1. Fun means blowing me to bits, right?
2. Want a banana instead?
3. Never mind.

MIGGS:

1. Life's simple pleasures are the best.
2. Crackin' wise to the end. I like that.

I'm gonna count to ten, pal. You got that long to cough it up.

PC:

1. There, take the damn thing.
2. It ain't gonna happen, Miggs.

MIGGS:

Dumb choice for such a smart guy.

You ain't gettin' out of here alive.

So long, sucker!

#### INFLIGHT CONVERSATION # 6 - DELETED

#### INFLIGHT CONVERSATION # 7

PC:

**initiate:**

1. I think you may be the guy I'm looking for.
2. If this is XXN-1927, you must be my man.
3. Is Hunter Toth aboard?

**reply:**

1. Hey, I'm no fan of the Church of Man, I assure you.

TOTH:

**initiate:**

1. Oh dear, I hope you're not of those dreadful retros!

**reply:**

1. Please, tell me you're not here to kill me!

PC:

1. Mr. Toth, I'm here to escort you to Oxford.
2. I hate whiny cowards. You're a dead man.
3. Never mind.

TOTH:

Thank you, young man.

I just hope we don't encounter any retros along the way.

PC:

1. Don't worry. You're in good hands.
2. If we do, we're dead meat.
3. Never mind.

TOTH:

1. Of that I'm sure.
2. Oh gracious me!

Later...

PC:

**initiate:**

1. Back off!
2. I'm a trader ferrying medicine. And you?
3. Hey, seen any Insys patrols lately?

**reply:**

1. You don't know your butt from a wormhole.

RETRO:

**initiate:**

1. We know of your cargo, heretic!

**reply:**

1. Silence, technospawn! It is not you we're interested in!

RETRO:

Hunter Toth!

You are guilty of heresy against the Church of Man!

Betrayer of humanity, you are hereby sentenced to death!

The execution shall commence...NOW!

#### INFLIGHT CONVERSATION # 8

PC:

**initiate:**

1. What's your line?
2. How's it tracking?
3. Hey, how about an ID there, buddy?

**reply:**

1. Well, if it matters that much, I'm happy for you.

RIORDIAN:

**initiate:**

1. At last I've caught up to you!

**reply:**

1. I'll ask the questions here, damn you!

RIORDIAN:

So, \$N. Remember me?

PC:

1. Can't say that I do.
2. Oh brother...not again...
3. Never mind.

RIORDIAN:

Really? You steal a man's job, nearly kill him...

...you ought to know his name.

PC:

1. I guess you're right. What is it?
2. I don't give a damn either way.
3. Never mind.

RIORDIAN:

My name is William Riordian.

PC:

1. So? Your name isn't a dramatic revelation.
2. Look...can't we just all get along?
3. Never mind.

RIORDIAN:

You've insulted me long enough!

You're a dead man!

#### INFLIGHT CONVERSATION # 9

PC:

**initiate:**

1. Give me a break, I'm a civilian!
2. Hope your insurance is extensive, kitty cat.

**reply:**

1. Let me pass, or the fur's gonna fly!

KILRATHI PILOT:

**initiate:**

1. Apeling! You are entirely in our power!

**reply:**

1. Contemptible monkey pilot!

KILRATHI PILOT:

Save your banter!

We know the ape Monkhouse is aboard your craft.

Prepare to surrender him to us immediately!

PC:

1. Why? He's a doctor, not a veterinarian.
2. Sure, I'll turn him over to you.
3. Never mind.

KILRATHI PILOT:

1. We will not explain ourselves to inferiors.  
Surrender, or be destroyed.
2. Excellent!

#### INFLIGHT CONVERSATION # 10

PC:

**initiate:**

1. Are you in need of assistance?
2. Anyone home?
3. \$PC to unidentified vessel, requesting status.

**reply:**

1. Is that any way to greet your savior?

CAPTAIN:

**initiate:**

1. Damn you! Keep back!

**reply:**

1. No...NO!

CAPTAIN:

Stay away! You hear me? BACK OFF!

PC:

1. I mean you no harm.
2. Do you require assistance?
3. Never mind.



CAPTAIN:  
All right...you asked for it!

#### INFLIGHT CONVERSATION # 11

PC:

**initiate:**

1. Looks like the evacuation is on.
2. Where are you headed?
3. The jump point's clear. What's your hurry?

**reply:**

1. You're looking good clear through Tingerhoff.

CROSS:

**initiate:**

1. I hope you cleared that jump point...  
... 'cause that's where we're headed.

**reply:**

1. We're getting out while the getting's good!

CROSS:

This is where we go our separate ways, \$N.

Your payment for this last mission...

...will be credited to your account.

PC:

1. And that's it? No goodbye kiss?
2. Yeah, well, it better be, or I'll be back!
3. Never mind.

CROSS:

I'm sorry to end our little flirtation, \$N...

...but duty calls.

Who knows? Maybe one day we'll meet again...

...under better circumstances.

Goodbye, \$N...and good luck.

#### INFLIGHT CONVERSATION # 12

PC:

**initiate:**

1. I hope you're not who I think you are.
2. Yo, how's it jumping?
3. Are you on an intercept course?

**reply:**

1. Couldn't I just say a few "Our Fathers"?

RETRO:

**initiate:**

1. Sinner! Ready thyself for righteous retribution!

**reply:**

1. Heretic! Slave to the Corruption of the Machine!

We know you possess high-level alien devices...

...machines of damnable intent!

For adding to the technological burden of mankind...

...the Church of Man condemns you!

In the moments left to you...repent!