

STAR*DRIVE SESSION SUMMARY

07/10/2011

Attendance

Bruce was not here for this session, but *Patrick*, *Ernest*, *Chris* and *Tim* all were. As per usual, *Paul* was in charge no matter how much he might deny it to the agents of the law. Tim provided the session notes, in a style that expertly expresses the perceptions of his character, the heavily medicated Gerard Peppin. So if they seem a little Hunter Thompson-esque in coherence, that's allegedly why.

<i>Player</i>	<i>Character</i>	<i>Deal</i>	<i>Status</i>
Bruce	Lambert Fulson	Rigunmor Guido Free Agent	Absent
Bruce	Taveer	Mechalus Concord Engineer Tech Op	Absent
Patrick	Martin St. John	Concord Naval Officer Tech Op	Present
Patrick	Lenny	T'sa Ambassador Free Agent	Present
Chris	Ten-zil Kem	VoidCorp Ambassador Diplomat (TO)	Present
Chris	Drest Talorgin	Pict Warchief Combat Spec	Present
Ernest	Markus Oroszlan	Warlion Bartender Combat Spec	Present
Ernest	Ken Takashi	Concord Naval Officer Diplomat (TO)	Present
Tim	Gerard Peppin	Borealin Ambassador Mind Walker	Present
Tim	Haggernak	Weren Concord Administrator Combat Spec	Present

The Notes – Stream of Consciousness Style

We've been talking to a general, arranging a weapon deal and selling him some teln scanners.

The *Red Queen* scans the crater, and tells us that it's the remains of a long ago horrific curse or other magical calamity. It looks mostly harmless, but full of horrific beasts (Bugs! Big bugs! With poison that irritates humans and kills t'sa!)

We buy some sonic bug repeller things (they drive off bugs within 20 yards). They work on the irritant bugs, but not the three-meter long human-killer bugs. Also, there are no birds on this planet. Anywhere.

Dogs are disgusting!

We meet with *General Morod*, who is maintaining local security. *Mila Jind* runs the Northern Pride mining operation, and is reporting the sealfin attacks (kind of, she's also kind of trying to cover it up). Sealfin is the slave name of the native inhabitants of the planet, who look like a cute mix between a sea otter and a Chinese dragon.

The sealfin have been conducting strikes. Strikes! What kind of strikes? Military strikes against Northern Pride Mining installations.

The general tells us that if we can locate a sealfin village, we should let him know so the military can bomb them further into the Stone Age.

Markus Oroszlan warns everyone not to tell the lower ranked soldiers what we're up to. The higher ups will play fast and loose with the rules, but random captains will slap cuffs on us and expect to get a medal for it.

Markus also suspects that the sealfin aren't even attacking anything. The mining colony is using them as a scapegoat to cover up their fuck-ups.

We stop at a *Space Applebee's* for lunch, and speculate on whether we should tell the general that we found a sealfin colony here. Markus wants see a military strike on a TGI Friday's, but an Applebee's is just as good.

We later head off to the *Northern Pride* mine, and see a column of black oil smoke rising from the horizon. *Lenny* asks if that's normal, and *Ten-zil Kem* offers that the grease-fire tree is in bloom this time of year...

We motor over, and see the smoking wreck of a petrochemical plant. Workers in overalls and hardhats are trying to put out the fires. *Alice* offers that the locals and humans are at war. Ten-zil checks his info goggles, and sees that his image files of a sealfin have been replaced with images of an elf with hair wafting past his buttocks, riding on a seal-headed dragon.

The workers report that they had an out and out fight with the sealfin, who attacked en masse. The sealfin apparently have some sort of grenade launchers. The workers claim to have given the sealfin a hell of a fight, but we can't see any sealfin bodies.

Gerard Peppin post-cognates. He sees hairy seal like creatures running around on their critter hands, using special gun harnesses that look custom built for them. They also carry satchel charges and place them on the buildings.

The worker tells us that the sealfin have been making a stink about mining their magic islands or whatever for a while now. Things have escalated recently. These sealfin, they worship rocks. It's some sort of animist religion. Especially sacred to them are the islands in the archipelago, the ones that are currently being mined.

We look for local eco-scientists, and find a rich local hippy named *Carlos Aguirre*.

Ten-zil Kem looks up a fancy restaurant, called *Beeph*. Markus sells the local paparazzi that *Gerard Peppin* will be at Beeph in two night's time.

The food is esoteric, bizarre, and more about art than feeding people. Peppin copes with this by taking copious hallucinogens.

We see Carlos Aguirre, the real reason we booked a meal here. Ten-zil sends Carlos a note, suggesting a business proposal involving a misting sea. Peppin promptly draws his stutter pistol and opens fire, but Markus has prudently removed the charge clip ahead of time. Peppin just yells "Pew pew pew!" at a nonplussed crowd of restaurant patrons.

Peppin learns that sealfin is an offensive term. The proper nomenclature is xe'reen. Peppin explains that he wants to showcase them on his show. Carlos eventually tells us to seek out a retired general.

We look up *General Therald Kel*, a 107 year old cyborg. Peppin is puzzled as to why the Thuldan keep a bunch of geriatric cyborg generals around; the last one we met got turned into a brain in a jar. (The brain in a jar is now sitting on our council of admirals).

The general has some information that the islands are loaded with trans-uranic elements, but none of that ever goes to the locals. It's either going to the Galvinites or to the externals. A scientist uncovered the information, but Kel won't tell us who it is, because he doesn't know us and Galvinite intelligence is hunting the guy.

Peppin gets frustrated by the stonewalling, and remembers his psychic powers, and simply plucks the information from the general's brain. The scientist is named *Dr. Sid Bray*, and living under the assumed name *Michael Walkins*, and the hotel address where we can find him. (The Garrison Arms, room 212).

We go to the hotel and arm ourselves with stutter pistols. Markus notes that there's a bathroom window for people to escape out of, so he places Ten-zil out back. He then kicks the door down and yells "Narcotics!" to keep the neighbors from being too curious.

(Note: previously, Peppin's camera crew was costumed up as the COPS film crew). Most of the locals hunker down because of the appearance of police and film crew, except for some camera happy rednecks. Peppin saunters over and tries to impersonate a police officer and take the witnesses' information; he fails, but the rednecks play along for the hell of it.

We interrogate the scientist; he worked for a survey firm and found massive deposits of heavy metals, three times the weight of lead. Before the report could be published, most of the surveyors ended up dead. Dr. Bray is the last one left. Peppin offers him a job on the *Lighthouse*, which he accepts.

Then 10 soldiers show up! They open fire on the entire motel! We get pinned down in a hotel room, desperately pushing mattresses up against the door and window to get cover from their hail of autofire.

Peppin reads the mind of a soldier, and determines that they are indeed Galvinite intelligence. He gets riddled with bullets for his troubles. Fortunately, he gets better.

Ten-zil sees if the *Red Queen* can help, but all of her guns would involve sterilizing a 400-foot radius. She offers to send one of her knights, and Ten-zil said he'll let her know if the knight is needed. Lenny and Markus do most of the damage to the soldiers with gunshots and grenades.

Ten-zil sneaks around front and gets in the car to find the camera crew already inside. He drives off while the soldiers are occupied with the T'sa and warlion. He drives around to the back of the motel and pulls up to the bathroom window.

Everyone flees out the back window into the hovercar, and we fly off while getting shot at. Peppin and Lenny are both unconscious.

Markus knocks out a trio of soldiers and stuffs one into the trunk. Ten-zil takes the hovercar to high altitude and calls the red queen into the low atmosphere to take us in, while blasting the escaping soldiers' van from existence with her anti-missile laser. We all seek medical treatment in the ship's med bay.

Peppin uses mind probes to get as much of a Galvinite org chart out of the captured agent. He also confirms that the Galvin agents were watching the retired general, and then followed the PCs from the general to the scientist.

The Plan: We call General Morod and give him info on the moles as a gesture of goodwill. (We don't want to show up in person, in case he decides to arrest us.) “We will ask for a favor from you in the near future. Peace out.”

We scour the car and our car of any trackers and other bugs. We string up the enemy agent and get ready to abandon him in the bathroom of a *Stuckey's*.

We then go to Carlos and dangle the scientist to get him on board, and then go meet the sea otters and look for unobtainium.

Carlos refers us to someone named *Kit Feren*, an environmentalist. Otherwise, Carlos stonewalls us and won't help directly. As we leave, Ten-zil instructs the Red Queen to level Carlos' compound should he die.

Peppin charms the hell out of Kit Feren, and Kit invites us out to meet *G'kell*, the sea otter leader.

We take a trip the middle of damn nowhere. The little island in the middle of nowhere, they live with the sea otters, has four eco-militants on it.

We meet G'kell, and Peppin manages a favorable first meeting. He sets up his camera crew and spends several hours learning about the xe'reen and their ways.

G'kell can point out one of the deeper mines, but it is heavily guarded. We decide that an air-strafe from the *Red Queen*, followed by a xe'reen raid with PCs' support, is the way to go. Kit pushes for the PCs to spend the night on the island, largely because he's starstruck with Peppin. So, Peppin bunks with Kit for the night, and in the morning we go to war!

The End of the Session

6 experience points for each participating character! Woot!