

# galactic underground 3

**BATTLELORDS®**  
OF THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY



ISBN 978-1-931320-00-9 • SSDC1001

# Credits

## Written By The Gang From SSDC

Benjamin Pierce, Lawrence R. Sims

## Additional Material

Scott Tulleners, Louis Norton, Michael Osadciw, Aaron Thies,  
Nick Vasi, Pulsar Games, Christen Roberts, Kevin Taufner

Thanks to Todd Previte for the timely binary assist

## Artists

Michael Osadciw, James Carlton, Pat Presley

## Cover Art

Michael Osadciw

## Art Director

Michael Osadciw

## Technical Advisers

Louis Norton, Michael Wagner

## Editors

Tyson Mueller, Richard Bermudez, Kevin Taufner,  
Louis Norton, Aaron Thies, Michael Osadciw, Tom Javoroski & Shauna Dudley-Javoroski

## Type Setting/Layout

Michael Osadciw



PO Box 60575  
Sunnyvale, CA 94088  
[www.ssdc.com](http://www.ssdc.com)

*Galactic Underground 3™*, *Battlelords of the Twenty-Third Century®*, personalities, game system, and images are © 2002 SSDC, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced without written permission from SSDC, Inc., except for review purposes. Any similarity to characters, institutions, corporations, etc. is strictly fictional, coincidental, or satirical. *Battlelords of the Twenty-Third Century* is a trademark of SSDC, Inc. First Edition, Electronic Version, July 2009. Printed in the U.S.A.

The Galactic Underground 3 contains mature themes and it is suggested reading for ages 14 and above.

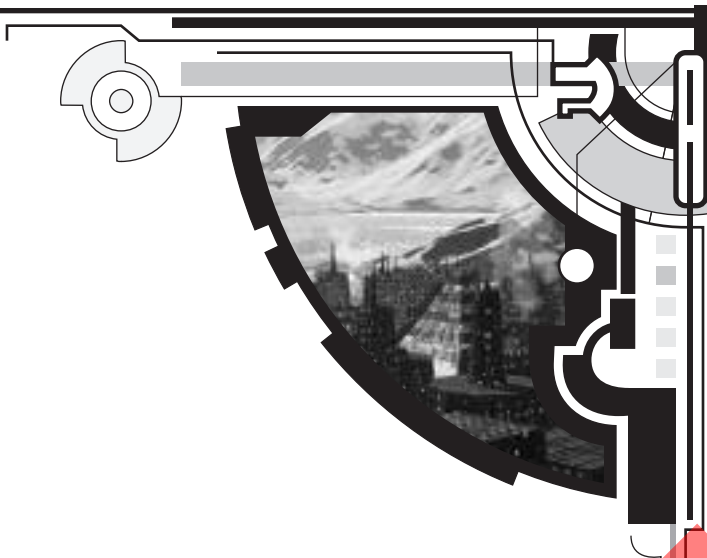
# Table of Contents

<b>1. Life in the Flexsteel Jungle</b> .....	<b>4</b>	Kizanti .....	59
Introduction .....	5	Mazian .....	60
Alliance Bureaucracy .....	6	Misha .....	62
Customs .....	7	Mutzachan .....	63
Moving Around the City .....	8	Orion .....	64
NPC Samples .....	8	Phentari .....	64
The Big 50 .....	15	Python Lizard .....	66
A Soldier's Retirement? .....	23	Ram Python .....	67
<b>2. The Galactic Armed Forces</b> .....	<b>26</b>	Sye-Men .....	68
Benefits to Being in The Service .....	27	Tanndai .....	69
Galactic Marines .....	29	Tza-Zen Rigeln .....	70
Galactic Stormtroopers .....	30	Zen Rigeln .....	72
Galactic Reconnaissance Force .....	31	<b>5. Fortune Tables</b> .....	<b>74</b>
Galactic Navy .....	32	Company Man .....	75
Galactic Fighter Corp .....	32	Jack-of-All-Trades .....	76
Galactic Control .....	33	Scientist .....	77
Galactic X .....	34	Scout .....	77
Incorporating Galactic Forces Personnel .....	35	Security .....	78
Graffiti Wall .....	36	Spacefarer .....	79
<b>3. The Media</b> .....	<b>38</b>	<b>6. Matrix Expansion</b> .....	<b>80</b>
Freedom of the Press .....	39	Introduction from Bluerazor .....	81
The Networks .....	40	Ikrini Geomancer Matrices .....	82
<b>4. I Was Just Growing Up</b> .....	<b>42</b>	Jezzadeic Priest Matrices .....	88
Aeodronian .....	43	Sye-Men Matrices .....	94
Andromeni .....	45	<b>Appendix A • Availability of Items</b> .....	<b>98</b>
Ashanti .....	46	<b>Index</b> .....	<b>103</b>
Chatilian .....	48		
Cizerack .....	49		
Eridani .....	50		
Fott .....	51		
Furbl .....	52		
Gemini .....	53		
Goola-Goola .....	54		
I-Bot .....	56		
Ikrini .....	58		
Jezzadeic Priest .....	58		



## CHAPTER 1

## Life in the Flexsteel Jungle • 1



## IN THIS CHAPTER...

Introduction  
 Alliance Bureaucracy  
 Customs  
 Moving Around the City  
 NPC Samples  
 The Big 50  
 A Soldier's Retirement?

◀ "Driving with one hand and foot in one hopper and the other hand and foot in another? 180kph too? Well, let's call that a level 18 piloting check."

When you're screwin' with some bad dudes, you better have a fast ride and nerves of steel. Oh, and a buddy in the back seat with an anti-armor missile launcher wouldn't hurt either.

Thank me dear reader.

I have finally finished translating this collection of stories, information, and "rules" from a variety of authors—most of whom should return to their writing primers in whatever school they attended as small whelps. The rampant slang and colloquialisms of Malachai Armageddon, and the rambling lunacy of Blue Razor (collector of the matrix information), to name a few, have nearly driven me into a large magnum of Yutaban Scotch.

Why I was taken away from my normal duties to translate this work into Galactic Standard is beyond me, but my employers felt it was necessary, so here I am. I believe this work will be of use to those few mercenaries who can in fact read. They will most likely only be interested in the military sections of this volume, though they should take notice of the descriptions of the Alliance bureaucracy and the media. Though overly simplistic (I must consider the largest percentile of my audience), they should shed some light on what keeps this wonderful entity known as the Alliance running. For a more detailed explanation of Alliance government and corporate systems I would highly recommend Glinnel Shanten's seminal work Descriptions of Alliance Bureaucratic Entities and Their Impact on the Economic Development of Frontier Planets, Asteroids, Stations, and Other Settlements, Vol. 5. A rousing good read, and quite humorous from time to time. But I digress.

This, the third installment of the Galactic Underground series, details life within an Alliance corporation and describes fifty of the largest. Perhaps you may be able to find gainful employment with one of them. There is also an extensive section on joining the Alliance military, which details terms of service and the training one will receive. Later, that most annoying fellow Blue Razor has gathered together a listing of newly discovered matrix powers for the Ikrini Geomancers, Jezzadeic Priests, and Sye-Men. Then there is the curious section of race-specific "I Was Just Growing Up Tables." I am not quite certain what they are for, but my employers insisted that I include them. Some are quite humorous—and sometimes quite frightening. After reading them, I've come to the conclusion that this document may be some sort of addition to a simulation game. I would certainly hope not, as my various talents and significant intellect are too valuable to be wasted on a piece of entertainment.

Homolor Fi

Vissu Galactic Sage

Battlelords of the 23rd Century is a game about adventure and exploration. The player characters generally spend most of their time out on the frontiers of the galaxy, risking their lives and reaping great rewards. The key word here, though, is “usually.” Nobody spends all of their time in armor, and eventually any rounded Battlelords campaign is going to branch out into non-combat areas. Grabbing your Crusader laser cannon and going out to trash an Arachnid or five is fun, but there’s a lot more to the game than just killing things.

This chapter explores what happens when the Battlelords come home to roost, hang up the armor, and head out into the city, whether it be for a drink or to break into SSDC Sector HQ and steal their fiscal plans for the upcoming year. We’ll take a look at the noncombat aspects of life in the 23rd century, and how they can work for (or against) a character. Don’t get the wrong idea—just because nobody’s firing big weapons, doesn’t mean you can’t get your players in a peck of trouble! Personally, I’d rather deal with a horde of angry Star Trolls than the Department of Interstellar Vehicles any day...

## THE ALLIANCE BUREAUCRACY

*We’d just gotten back from a six-month search-and-destroy, flushing Star Trolls outta the jungle on Nephangia. Piece of cake. So we decide to stop in at the local bar and get something to drink before checking in at HQ. Somebody musta spiked the drinks, because I’ve never seen Ugg pass out after two Nectars! So we’re trying to drag a half ton of Ram back to HQ, and a bunch of Orions in gang colors jump us. They got Rennie’s wallet, and had me down on the ground, when Ssithicus finally decided he’d had enough and opened up on them with those Tenteclax lasers of his. THEN the cops show up and ... get this ... drag US down to the station and book us on charges of aggravated assault! I tell ya, this city just ain’t safe anymore ...”*

—Jaxon McBane, Orion Rogue

Sooner or later, our heroes are going to have to come in from the field. And when they do, an old adversary will be there to greet them. An enemy scarier and tougher than anything they’ve faced in the field. You can’t shoot it, you can’t hide from it, and sooner or later, you’ll have to face it. It’s the bureaucracy of the Galactic Alliance, and it’s waiting to make your life a living hell...

There are a lot of reasons to make your players deal with the bureaucracy. The Alliance likes to keep tabs on mercenary types, especially the ones with really big guns. They also like to make sure that their unfair share of your hard-earned booty is finding its way into their pockets! This is accomplished through taxes, fees, and customs, all of which are detailed below:

### Taxes

The government runs on taxes. Sometimes it seems like they spend most of their time and energy dreaming up new ways to squeeze a few more tax credits out of Joe Average Alliance Citizen. And Battlelords aren’t exempt from this wonderful part of Alliance living. Any uppity mercenary who says, “I don’t need to pay my taxes,” is likely to find a platoon of combat accountants from the Alliance Bureau of Revenue on

his doorstep, ready to audit him with an Abomination Omega cannon or twenty! Rule Number One: The bureaucrats have more firepower than you do.

Alliance income taxes are on a graded scale, as follows:

ALLIANCE INCOME TAX	
ANNUAL INCOME	TAX PERCENTAGE
10,000 or less	2%
10,001-20,000	5%
20,001-35,000	10%
35,001-50,000	15%
50,001-75,000	20%
75,001-100,000	25%
100,001-500,000	33%
500,001 or more	45%

Alliance officials point to this graded scale as proving that they don’t favor the rich. This is, of course, utter bulls@#%. The truth is that the rich are still better off because they can afford to hire the best lawyers and accountants to find them tax loopholes and write-offs. To lower the taxes one has to pay takes Accounting or Law skill. A level 5 check is made against the applicable skill. For every 5 percentile points (rounded down) that the check is made by, the character’s taxes are reduced by 1 percent (so someone in the 33% tax bracket who made their accounting check by 73% would only pay 19% of his or her income in taxes this year.) If the player has both skills, he or she may make two checks, but the second is a level 8 check (to represent the fact that a lot of the loopholes have already been found and used.) The sad truth is that there are trillionaires in the Alliance who haven’t paid a dime of taxes in years, thanks to their financial advisors! By the way, any character with both Law and Accounting at level 8 or higher can seek a career as a financial advisor, at a starting salary of 60,000 credits or more.

### Fees

In addition to taxes, Battlelords also have to shell out their precious creds for a myriad of processing fees, permits, and other really obnoxious surcharges. Some of the most common fees a mercenary will have to put up with are listed below:

**Weapons Permit, Class 1:** This permit allows a character to carry a handgun or rifle (non-automatic) of tech level 4 or less openly, but not concealed. The character is still subject to all tech restrictions and regional weapons restrictions of the planet he or she is on. A Class 1 permit will cost a character 100cr per standard year.

**Weapons Permit, Class 2:** The Class 2 permit allows a character to carry all tech level 6 or lower weapons, including those covered by the Class 1 permit. The character still may not carry weapons concealed. This is the permit most Battlelords characters will have. A Class 2 permit costs 250cr per standard year.

**Weapons Permit, Class 3:** A character with a Class 3 weapons permit may legally carry any weapon of tech level 6 or less, and may conceal weapons on his person. Class 3 permits are extremely hard to get, and are usually issued only to Galactic Law enforcement officials, Class