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Other d20 Books

The following **d20** rulebooks and manuals published by various companies will be found useful by players of **Prime Directive PD20 Modern**. They can provide additional skills, rules, actions, and tactics. Some will provide GM characters and equipment that, while not specifically related to the **Star Fleet Universe**, could be adapted by GMs (perhaps to populate a new planet for exploration). The **Prime Directive Universe** is vast and continually expanding, and you can often find an existing **d20** book that covers the setting you want to use for your campaign.

d20 MODERN ROLEPLAYING GAME CORE RULEBOOK

This book by WOTC is the basis for **PD20M** and is required for its use. **d20 Modern Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook** includes many key rules such as firearms, grenades, wealth, and many skills and feats.

ULTRAMODERN FIREPOWER

This sourcebook, by Green Ronin, is the definitive manual on firearms and their effects in the **d20 System**; most everything in the book can be used or adapted easily to the **Prime Directive Universe**.

d20 FUTURE

The definitive **d20** "science fiction" sourcebook, **d20 Future** covers a number of science fiction concepts, and includes a wealth of classes, characters, and feats that can be ported to the **Prime Directive Universe** with ease.

d20 MONSTER MANUAL

Much of the original source material concerns itself with creatures and aliens, encountered on strange worlds on the frontier. Most of these can be adapted from the **d20 Monster Manual** with minimal work; DR against energy attacks works against phasers and disruptors, ignore most spell-like abilities, and adjust the description to fit the planet they're on. Psionic abilities are particularly appropriate.

OTHER d20 MANUALS

Many **d20** books have been published by various companies which **Prime Directive** GMs could use to provide monsters, aliens, worlds, and weapons.

Green Ronin makes no end of such books, including: *Spaceship Zero*, *Slave Ship of Despair*, *Damnation Decade*, *d20 Modern: Martial Arts Mayhem*, *d20 Modern: Future Players Companion*, *Red Star Campaign Setting*.

The *Lux Aeternum Expanded Setting Guide* by Black Wyrms provides lots of planets with aliens which are easily adapted from the similar *True 20* system.

FM 7-22: Space Boarding Operations by Skirmisher Publishing is a very realistic "field manual" for a future Marine Corps and is not tied to any specific game system.

And Even More!

It is fair to say that more RPG books have been written for the **d20 System** than any other RPG system in the history of gaming. A quick check of on-line or local stores will show you dozens (if not hundreds) of books. While most are done for fantasy/dungeon settings, many can be easily adapted to a science-fiction universe.

More PRIME DIRECTIVE

The following **Prime Directive** manuals are (or soon will be) published by ADB, Inc., as the **Prime Directive Roleplaying Universe** and the **Star Fleet Universe**.

KLINGONS PD20

Everything you ever wanted to know about the Empire of Steel. Government, how the emperor is selected, the military nobility, military academies, the difference between warriors and civilians, the warrior colonies, military ranks and promotion, military awards and decorations, the Knights Paladins (the emperor's personal inspectors and auditors), Klingon religions, the intelligence services that spend most of their time spying on each other, data on dozens of Klingon ships, and much more.

SKU 8703, \$24.95.

ROMULANS PD20

Everything you ever wanted to know about those distant cousins of the Vulcans. The royal family, the role of the praetor, the great houses and how they wheel and deal in the back hallways of the palace, the role of the Intendance Department, intelligence services and Praetorian Teams, colony planets, the previously-unknown suppressed races along the galactic rim, the development of the cloaking device, starships, and much more.

SKU 8704, \$24.95.

FEDERATION PD20

Everything you ever wanted to know about the United Federation of Planets. Government, political parties, the intelligence agencies, Star Fleet Academy, surveys of a dozen member planets, Star Fleet, the Marshal's service, corporations and the dominant role of business, the Prime Directive, the Non-Interference Doctrine, and much more.

SKU 8702, \$24.95, Release in late 2008 or early 2009.

KLINGON G1 GUNBOAT DECK PLANS

Detailed plans with both hexes and squares for the G1 gunboat (including its larger command variant), showing engines, crew positions, power systems, weapons, sensors, repair systems, and color "cardstock characters" for all 27 members of the combat crew.

SKU 8201, \$16.95.

FUTURE RELEASES

During 2009 through 2012, we plan to release:

FINAL FRONTIER PD20M, more races, planets, skills, feats, classes, prestige classes, and monsters for use in the new **Prime Directive PD20M** system.

STAR FLEET PD20, details of ships and weapons.

THOLIANS PD20 including their Seltorian slaves.

GORNS PD20 including their Paravian cousins.

FELINE EMPIRES PD20, the Kzintis and Lyrans.

ORION PIRATES PD20, the scourge of the galaxy.

INTERSTELLAR CONCORDIUM PD20, new species.

Plans are in development for a "magazine" to present new life and new civilizations no one has seen before.

Glossary

d20 is a roleplaying game engine created by Wizards of the Coast for the third edition of *Dungeons & Dragons*. A roleplaying game is one in which a referee (the game-master) guides several players through an “adventure” in which they play the parts of fictional characters. To help you understand the concepts and terms used in this game (and other RPGs), we’ll start with a few definitions:

Ability Score: Part of a character’s mental, emotional, or physical makeup (e.g., strength, intelligence).

Adventure: The basic “unit” of play in an RPG, sometimes called a “scenario.” An RPG is never over until the players want to end it, but a single adventure will have a beginning and an end. It may last through several sessions of play, or be done in a single evening.

Campaign: A continuing series of adventures by a group. A campaign will usually have a continuing cast of player characters and the same gamemaster (or team of GMs). A campaign may move from one game world to another, with a logical reason. The overall goal is for characters to learn from each adventure so that they can handle tougher challenges in future adventures.

Character: Any being (person, animal, whatever) played by the GM or a player in an RPG.

Encounter: One “scene” of an adventure; a meeting between the player characters and one or more others.

Gamemaster (GM): The referee, who selects or writes the adventure, talks the players through it, and judges the results. He is, simultaneously, the enemy, commanding officer, and umpire.

Gamemaster Character (GMC): Any character played by the GM. The GM may control many characters, major and minor. In some campaigns, the party might borrow a GMC who is a technical expert needed for a mission; the GM supervises such use to prevent the party from misusing or sacrificing the GMC. Sometimes a guest player thinking of joining the group might use a borrowed GMC so that he doesn’t have to create a character before starting.

Game World: A background for play; the setting for an adventure. A GM’s own fantasy creation or a published setting created specifically for gaming are both examples.

Party: A group of PCs taking part in the adventure.

Player Character (PC): Any character played by one of the players. Typically, each player controls a single character, but some groups prefer to have each player control two or more, or to have two or more characters and pick one for each adventure.

Race: While most beings in the game use “species” or “empire”, this term can mean either of those.

Roleplaying Game (RPG): A game in which the players take on the personalities of imaginary individuals, or characters, in a fictional or historical game world, and try to act as those characters would.

Skill: Something a character knows how to do.

Stats, or statistics: Numbers rating a character’s abilities, used to determine what each one can and cannot do.

Website: www.StarFleetGames.com/pdindex.shtml

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Rescue On Roon

0200 hrs, The Swaggering Dragon, North Roon City, Planet Roon

"Let me get you another round," the waitress said, whisking away the empty glasses. Christopher Plemmons nodded vaguely and returned his attention to the girl across the table. She was sweet and pretty and seemed genuinely interested in his plight.

"I can't blame Father too much for bringing me here," Christopher said, "at least not since I met you."

"I feel the same way," Kaelyn replied. "I was happy in the country where I could walk and ride my renoth across the fields, but Daddy got a big promotion and dragged me here to Roon City where I don't know anyone. The locals are such snobs. They won't hardly talk to me since I am just a 'country girl' and don't know anything about the city. I haven't had a single friend until I met you."

"Lost souls clinging together," Christopher replied, taking the refilled glasses from the waitress. His father's credit chit would stand a few more rounds, and for dragging Christopher to this backwater planet that wasn't even a member of the Federation yet, Father owed him more than just drinks. Christopher had been bored, lonely, and angry for the three months he had been here, but since meeting Kaelyn two nights ago, things had definitely improved. Not that his father had noticed.

His conversation with Kaelyn wandered from light to deep, from which restaurant they might try tomorrow to what they really wanted to do with their lives. Christopher mentioned that he would be going to a university in another year, and Kaelyn mentioned that she had applied for the off-world exchange student program that was part of the Federation's provisional trade mission. Maybe there was hope that something serious could come of their chance meeting?

"Have you seen the winter lights yet?" Kaelyn asked.

"No, what are they?" Christopher replied, intrigued.

"I can't believe you don't know!" Kaelyn exclaimed. "They're like fire in the sky, like shimmers of color. It's got something to do with electrons and high altitude water vapor and ... well, it doesn't matter. They're ... just pretty, and I want to show them to you."

"So ... do we find a monitor? ... or go outside?"

"No, silly, you cannot see them in the city. All of the lights here make them too hard to see. We'd have to drive a few kilometers out into the country. I know a place with trees and grass, quiet and romantic ..." she let her voice trail off.

"OK, how do we get there? Is there a local shuttle?"

"No, silly ..." Kaelyn laughed, throwing back her hair in a way that mesmerized him. "I have a ground car. Let's go."

"Now?" Christopher sputtered as he took another drink.

"Now is always the best time!" Kaelyn said. "I don't have to work tomorrow, and you said your father would still be tied up in the trade talks. We can watch the winter

lights, and then later, watch the dawn." Her sparkling eyes promised more than just a view of the night sky, and Christopher scrambled to grab his jacket and catch up to her.

1400 hrs, Captain's Office, Light Cruiser *USS Tasmania*, en route to Roon

"Come in, Grissom, and sit down."

"Yes, Sir," Lieutenant Commander Grissom replied, taking the chair the Captain had indicated.

"You know that we have just changed course?" the Captain asked.

"I noticed," Grissom replied, waiting for the Captain to explain the rest. It did not pay to hurry one's commanding officer.

"You've read the file on Roon, I trust," the Captain asked.

"Class-M planet inside Fed space. We've been watching it for some time. Their technology reached warp capability last year, so the Federation sent an envoy to welcome them to the galactic community. By all accounts, the population took it rather well. Some indication that Orion traders have been doing clandestine business there for a decade or more. I do believe there is a Federation trade delegation on the planet right now and that we are scheduled to 'stop by' sometime next month and give the local big shot a joyride around their solar system. *That* Roon?"

"The very one," the Captain replied. "Seems that someone kidnapped the son of the delegation leader, and is pressuring him to walk out of the talks."

"I smell Orions," Grissom responded. The Captain frowned at the interruption and resumed his briefing.

"Rather than following instructions and keeping it quiet, Envoy Plemmons told the Federation Ambassador and together they called me. The ambassador called the local government and asked them to send their special police unit to get the kid back."

"Sensible enough," Grissom replied. "Any civilized planet has a hostage rescue capability of some kind. What's in this for us?"

"Apparently, a hostage rescue job," the Captain replied. "The local police don't want to go in there and take a chance on getting the hostage killed. Seems that in some recent matter, one with no interplanetary implications, the Roon hostage rescue team blew it and some hostages were executed. All the police will do is negotiate, and the Envoy told them he would do that himself."

"Please let me know how the negotiations turn out," Grissom replied as the sinking feeling settled into the pit of his stomach.

"Not an option, apparently," the Captain sighed. "The kidnappers set a deadline, and the ambassador has asked us to do the rescue, tonight."

"The Roon government isn't going to like that," Grissom said. "I can see the local trivideo coverage of the 'Federation Invasion' of their sacred soil. The opposition party will have a field day."

"You only hope," the Captain responded. "No, the Roon government is more than willing for us to intervene. They

actually *want* us to go in and rescue the kid. They just don't want to get blamed if the rescue goes wrong, or if no rescue is tried at all."

"As Hindenburg said, 'send the police to arrest them'. Come on, Captain, we're military. This is a police matter. Nobody on this ship is trained for a hostage rescue job. The Federation has police for this. They have their own patrol ships, and they are trained for jobs like this one. Hell, the local police flagship probably has a Prime Team on board *just* for things like this."

"Strangely enough," the Captain explained "the two Federation police ships in this sector have both been called away due to increased Orion pirate activity in the Delaram system. Convenient, isn't it?"

"OK, we all swore the oath to defend the Federation Charter," Grissom sighed. "I presume that you'll send Lieutenant Yahnke and his Marines? What support can my weapons department provide for them?"

"Actually, Commander, you will be leading the mission. You can pick your team, and you probably want Lieutenant Yahnke and one or two of his troops. Talk to him about who else you want to take, but keep the team small, no more than five or six in total. If things go wrong, I will want to get you out of there in a single transporter lift."

"Why me?" Grissom asked.

The Captain steepled his fingers. "Mister Grissom, this mission needs a senior officer who can think on his feet and improvise when things go wrong, who can deal with things I cannot anticipate in my orders. While Lieutenant Yahnke is quite capable, he'll expect, and we'll supply, direction for him. You're a command-qualified officer of the unrestricted line. Star Fleet doesn't hand out gold tunics for nothing. And of my command grade officers, you're in the best physical condition *and* you shot Expert with a phaser pistol two months ago." The Captain managed a faint smile. "No good deed goes unpunished, Commander."

The intercom chimed.

"Captain, sorry to intrude," came a voice over the comm, "but you asked to be told when Lieutenant Yahnke got to the bridge."

"Excellent," the Captain replied. "Send him in." The door whooshed open, and the burly Marine lieutenant stepped into the room and snapped to attention.

"First Lieutenant Yahnke reporting as ordered, Sir!"

"Belay that, Lieutenant, and sit down." The Captain quickly briefed the Marine on the situation.

"Need intel," Yahnke frowned. "Where is the hostage? What kind of guards are holding him? How many?"

"Everything is in this file," the Captain explained, handing both officers datapads. "The younger Mr. Plemmons was seen leaving a nightclub with a young lady he had met recently. Police found out that the waitress had helped set up the kidnapping. She gave them a lead on a local businessman; police confirmed it. The young lady's car was found parked near one of his warehouses."

"And what a warehouse it is," Grissom whistled. "None of the locals noticed that it's sitting on an outcropping of trithallium ore?" That material would block transporters and most sensors, making any underground facilities impos-



sible to probe from outside.

"Warehouse wasn't built until ... hmm, two local years ago, three standard," Yahnke jotted down a note. "Room doesn't *have* our advanced sensors, the ones that *cannot* probe through trithallium, not that theirs can either, so the locals don't realize the significance. The company paid through the nose for the property, and relocated the former tenants into new houses 20 kilometers away."

"I smell Orions," Grissom said. The others nodded.

"They've probably got him underground," Yahnke sent data to the other pads. "I've annotated the blueprints they filed with the planning office; probably been changes since the walls went up. Excavation permit says warehouse number eight is ... here." He paused to think it through.

"Here's what we do. Transport to a storeroom of this warehouse, stun a few guards, crack the locks into that elevator, search the underground complex, deal with more guards, find the hostage, pick up any evidence, and get back up the elevator shaft to a point that transporters can pick us up ... Sounds doable."

"Sounds sneaky," Grissom said. "I would have expected blazing phasers and the red glare of rockets."

"A main force rescue would be too noisy," Yahnke explained. "They'll kill the kid if they hear us coming. This takes stealth. We have to sneak in, not blast our way in."

"Then I want Daneric-Tren," Grissom said. "He's an engineering technician who spent two years working on a self-contained colony world. He can figure out their elevators and ventilation shafts. And I want Stulak."

"He's the junior science officer ... *and a botanist!*" the Captain objected.

"He's *Vulcan*, which will make interrogations a lot faster if we need the passcodes for a locked door or have to find out anything else is a hurry."

"And Corporal Kilrathie," Yahnke said. "Nobody is better at silent take-downs, if we have to go that route. And I want Private Dellik out of the brig immediately."