

Forty years after the First Cylon War, the Cylons have returned and their wrath has brought humanity to the brink of extinction. The remaining humans, led by the crew of the Battlestar Argonaut, have fled in hopes of finding a new home, one known by legend as Earth.

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DEAR COMMANDER,

The Battlestar Argonaut is yours to command. The last vestiges of humanity, over 30,000 souls, depend on you for their survival. Recently, to keep government from turning into a total circus, you ordered the newly formed Quorum of Twelve to disband or spend the rest of their days in the brig. They agreed to abdicate their posts, but were furious when they left. But you've got more immediate problems though, than appeasing some politicians.

Your last jump was bad, really bad. **Coordinates that your Raptor pilot Selena "Touchdown" Valakis reported were safe landed you right in front of Cylon forces.** Moments after you arrived, the fleet was attacked by a Basestar and several Raiders. The toasters had you dead to rights, if not for the skill, perseverance and loyalty of your crew. Vipers and ship weapons were able to hold their forces at bay long enough to warm up the FTL and jump back to your original location.

3 civilian ships were damaged and the DRADIS shows the Damascus, a cargo freighter, didn't make it back. The viper squadrons took heavy fire as well. **Your communications have been buzzing since you returned – confusion from your troops, panic and outrage from the civilians. What no one has said yet, but you can see on the faces of everyone inside the CIC, was, "Do we have a Cylon among us?"** Unless the President has already done it, drop the ship count by one, and population by 634.

Before the game starts, I'll ask you to roll+hard. On a 10+, pick 2. On a 7-9, we'll each choose 1. On a miss, you get them all.

There is a fight inside the hanger deck. Someone, maybe it was a pilot, maybe a deckhand, said Valakis almost got us all killed. Maybe she isn't on our side after all. Right now it's fists, but everyone down there is armed. The situation with Valakis is complicated; she was there when you disbanded the Quorum of Twelve and clearly did not approve. She belongs in the brig, not the airlock.

Godsdamn the Argonaut took a beating. 15 of your crew died in the attack, another 40 were injured, and your weapon systems were damaged. Antiship guns and nukes, if you have them, are offline until you get them repaired. Supplies will be needed. Drop population by 15.

A Gemenon ship, the Miya San, is begging for military aid. Captain Sherrie Nisset, a former member of the Colonial Navy, was granted entry on the Argonaut and is waiting for you now. The only word you received was a communication she sent before leaving the Miya San that she urgently needs to speak to you, in private.

SO SAY WE ALL!



COMMANDER

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DEAR CAG,

You are Captain of the Air Group, and in charge of a lot of hot-headed Viper jockeys and wise-cracking Raptor pilots.

Your last jump was bad, really bad. **Coordinates that your very own Selena "Touchdown" Valakis reported were safe landed you right in front of Cylon forces.** Moments after you arrived, the fleet was attacked by a Basestar and several Raiders. The toasters had you dead to rights, if not for the ace flying of your Viper squads. All of them reported kills. You were able to hold the Cylons off long enough for the fleet to warm up the FTL and jump back to your last coordinates.

Before the games starts, I'm going to ask you to roll+sharp. On a 10+, choose 1. On a 7-9, choose 2. On a miss, we'll each choose 1.

Raptor pilot Selena "Touchdown" Valakis has been serving under you for a year. You have personal history, the kind a CAG shouldn't have with a pilot. Answer these questions.

- **Do you normally avoid her or keep an eye on her?**
- **Who wronged who?**
- **Why do you still love her?**

Nesip "Alley Cat" Polati went completely out of formation in the fight. He charged the Basestar and left his wingman Ricoh stranded. Ricoh tried to do his job and keep on Alley Cat's tail but Raiders blew him away. Now Alley Cat is babbling like he's frakking lost it, and you need to put order in your house. Ricoh died because of that stunt! Decrease population by 1.

The stress is wearing on you. You've been snapping at people that don't deserve it and not catching people's mistakes. Name one of the players that you either tore into without reason or let get away with something you shouldn't have. What are you going do to fix it?

SO SAY WE ALL!



CAG

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DEAR PILOT,

You were the one out there blowing away the machines. You got six confirmed kills just in that fight alone. Godsdamn you are good!

It happened all of a sudden. The fleet was making a routine jump while you were in your locker room and next thing you know a report from the CIC says there is a Basestar and 20 Raiders on the DRADIS. With your flight suit barely on, you launched and saved the day, but it was close. Your ship took a beating; mark 1-harm and activate the ship's weakness until you get it patched up.

You held off the toasters until the fleet could warm up the FTL and jump back to the last known safe coordinates. You saved the day. When you opened the hatch in the hanger and expected to find the flight crew cheering, instead you saw anger and fear. A Raptor pilot had reported the jump location safe. What the frak is going on?

Before the game starts, I'll ask you to roll+cool. On a 10+, choose 1. On a 7-9, choose 2. On a miss, we will each choose 1.

That self-righteous bitch Selena "Touchdown" Valakis started it. She had the audacity to blame you for Ricoh getting shot down. Then someone shouted that it was Valakis that gave you the coordinates for last jump. Touchdown should be airlocked! She took the first swing but you've given as good as you got. Mark 1-harm and you're in the middle a fight!

The Vipers took a beating. The engineer's got to get to work quick, but the commander's got him working on bringing the weapons systems back online. Frakload of good those did; the Vipers are what saved the fleet! You need to go over and talk with the CAG, or even go over their head if necessary. You need the engineer, and you need the supplies to fix up your squadron.

You haven't slept since gods know when. You've got some stims, but you're chewing through those pretty quick. Now the doc won't give you a refill, and you can hear the whispers that you're a frakking junkie. They have no idea! How else are you supposed to be at the ready to save their asses the next time there's a Cylon attack? The last thing you need is the CAG getting wind of this and grounding you, so you better find a way to get what you need and keep it on the down low.

SO SAY WE ALL!



PILOT

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DEAR ENGINEER,

You knew. Just a split second before the FTL engaged, something in your bones told you not to jump. But it was just a hunch, right? You can't tell the commander of a Battlestar not to jump because you have a hunch. You wish you had. The jump was bad, really bad. A Basestar and Raiders were waiting for you. Seconds after you arrived, the fleet was thick with Cylons. You got the Viper jockeys in their jets and worked on warming up that FTL as fast as you could, but the Battlestar can't leave until the fleet is ready, so you waited and watched as the Damascus was destroyed, other ships took fire, and the Cylons made a little more progress in obliterating you.

Once the fleet was ready you jumped, back to where you started from – it was the only place you had coordinates for. For a few brief moments you waited, knuckles white, praying everyone would make it back to the hanger bay... Now you're going to be busy for a week! The Argonaut is all torn up, Vipers damaged, and cries from civilian ships that they need your aid as well. So much for taking a break ever again.

Before the game starts, I'll ask you to roll+sharp. On a 10+, choose 1. On a 7-9, choose 2. On a miss, we'll each choose 1.

Sherrie Nisset may be captain of the Miya San, but you know she is a manipulative thief. Years ago when she was in the Colonial Navy, she was discharged after you discovered she was stealing hardware and selling it. Now she's onboard the Argonaut and meeting with the commander. You're not sure why, but it can't be good. Unfortunately she has dirt on you as well. What is it?

There's only so much one person can do. So what do you fix first? Ship's systems, Vipers...This all means supplies that are already limited, and time that you don't have. At this point you may as well flip a coin, unless someone can give you a good reason to work on their mess first. You can salvage 1-supply from the wreckage if you're willing to scrap something. What is it and who are you going to piss off if you do it?

You keep losing track of things. Forgetting your tools. Getting distracted. The other day you were halfway into removing a burnt-out engine when you realized you were working on the wrong bird. Some say that skin-jobs can go around for years without even knowing what they are. Is it crazy to question your own identity? Will just talking about it get you sent to the brig? You need some reassurance, some guidance. So who do you go to?

SO SAY WE ALL!



ENGINEER

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DEAR PRESIDENT,

You were on Colonial One when the fleet jumped. Suddenly you're in the middle of a Cylon raid. Thank the gods the fleet was able to jump back, but the Damascus, a cargo freighter, didn't return.

Now you have to keep everyone calm, before what everyone's thinking becomes a rumor, and rumors become facts, and facts become a witch hunt. Was it a trap? Is there a Cylon in the fleet? It doesn't help that moments before the jump you received resignations from all 12 members of the Quorum.

Unless the commander has already done it, drop the ship count by one, population by 634, and raise the Morale Crisis to 6:00.

Before the game starts, I'll ask you to roll+cool. On a 10+, choose 2. On a 7-9, we'll each choose 1. On a miss, you get them all.

❑ You need to make a statement to the people quickly, before rumors of Cylons in the fleet become rampant. You have no intelligence yet, however. You could send someone from your Quorum, but after their last trip to the Argonaut, they all resigned! Officers on the Argonaut haven't responded to your request for information, you're going to have to find out from someone on the Battlestar yourself!

❑ It's come to your attention that a pilot, callsign Alley Cat, is making his way through the Argonaut spreading some fantastic tale about what happened while he was out fighting the Cylons. This is not the time to be spreading paranoia, and especially something that could incite more religious fervor. Maybe this will settle on its own, but maybe you should nip this in the bud and check in with some of the local religious leaders, just to make sure they don't take this pilot's fantasies as some sort of false prophecy.

❑ The Condor, an agricultural ship responsible for a significant portion of the fleet's produce, was damaged during the fight. Their FTL engines burnt out and it's a miracle they made the jump back with the fleet in the first place. If their FTL isn't fixed, they won't be able to perform the next jump. If the Cylons know where you are, that could be any moment. Someone on the Battlestar needs to send an engineer over to get that FTL drive fixed immediately.

SO SAY WE ALL!



PRESIDENT

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DEAR OPPORTUNIST,

You were in the commons on the Condor, having a glass of ambrosia (a gift from a grateful friend), when the fleet jumped. And came under fire! Aren't they supposed to have intel, recon, something that would prevent the whole fleet from jumping into a Cylon ambush? Thankfully the fleet – or most of the fleet – made it back.

Your little birds are all a-twitter. Was the Damascus destroyed or left behind? Who didn't do their job, leading to the bad jump? Is there a skin-job in the fleet? There's a lot of power behind these questions, and power behind those who can find the answers, too.

You try to keep things under control, but in these chaotic times, nothing is certain. Before the game starts, I'll ask you to roll+hot. On a 10+, choose 1. On a 7-9, choose 2. On a miss, we'll each choose 1.

The FTL engines on the Condor were burnt out after the jump back. Gods forbid the Cylons find you; your ship will be left just like the Damascus was! The Condor is an agricultural ship, responsible for much of the fleet's produce. How will the fleet survive without you? Getting the Condor fixed should be the fleet's first priority. You need to have a private word with the commander to make this point clear. What knowledge can you use to your advantage?

Raymond Weiss, a businessman who deals in "necessities," has a lucrative operation that he'd like to let you in on, if only you can open some doors to the Argonaut for him to make sales there. Pilots are tired and need stims. Officers need cigarettes. There is never enough ambrosia or Hawryliw liquor to wet the pallets of military men. You're pretty sure there is a law against this but it's worth 1-favor to you if you create an opening for him.

Secrets are your stock and trade. A Colonial Navy officer on the Argonaut named Valakis has offered to give you information about the Quorum of Twelve in exchange for the paltry task of giving her brother shelter and food. You've done your part, he's comfortable aboard the Condor. Now it's time to find her and get the story on why the Quorum just announced that it was disbanding.

SO SAY WE ALL!



OPPORTUNIST

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DEAR VISIONARY,

You never asked to see the divine. Mystics never do. Was it divine will that brought humanity these trials or simply our own hubris? Will all of this make sense one day or is your faith as superstitious and ludicrous as most people believe?

Space compacted around you and for a brief moment the entire fleet was everywhere and nowhere at once. When the jump completed, the skyline was not filled with stars, but Cylon warships. There was fire in the sky and a blazing battle broke out around you. Your followers took it worse than some. The ship you and your followers live on, the Miya San, was damaged during the fight and two of your followers were killed in a fire that broke out onboard.

During this time something spoke to you; you had a vision of the Cylons' plan. Was it destruction? Conquest? Assimilation? Like so many visions, it was there and gone too quickly. You could have seen more if the fleet hadn't jumped so soon.

Before the game starts, I'll ask you to roll+faith. On a 10+, choose 1. On a 7-9 choose 2. On a miss we'll each choose 1.

- One of the pilots, a man named Alley Cat, saw something while he was flying his Viper through the Cylon attack. You need to know what that is before political machinations silence him, and determine if he too has touched the divine.
- Your followers aren't safe on the Miya San; they tell you there is a radiation leak on the ship. The Argonaut is huge, surely they could suffer your small congregation and offer them a new home?
- Your followers are frightened. The ship is frightened. The whole fleet is frightened. It's up to you to go among the people and spread your faith, bestow calm among civilians and crew alike, and unite the last of humanity. You need the support of a powerful public figure – or even bringing such a person into the fold – in order to give your mission strength.

SO SAY WE ALL!



VISIONARY

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DEAR ACTIVIST,

These are the times when the worst atrocities are committed. Fallout from the first Cylon war 40 years ago still shows the separation of classes today. Capricans command ships, take office, and invest the Colony's resources into their own interests. Meanwhile Sagitarians are lucky to get work on a fuel refinery ship.

These are the times when social structures are formed. The iron is hot and if left alone will be forged by the same masters that gave themselves privilege 40 years ago. Some people say now is the time to follow orders, to show your support. Frak that. Now is the time for change!

The Quorum of Twelve, the only semblance of democracy simultaneously resigned. Not a day later, the fleet jumped into a Cylon ambush. The fleet jumped back but not after taking heavy losses. How can anyone have faith in the military and political leaders when they continue to fail and betray you at every turn!

Before the game starts, I'll ask you to roll+hard. On a 10+, choose 1. On a 7-9 choose 2. On a miss we'll each choose 1.

- The Quorum may not have been a good government, but this is martial law! The president needs to grow a spine or the commander needs to eat humble pie. Maybe both. Something has to change, and you're the one to do it.
- You have a dirty bomb, an old nuclear warhead, aboard the Miya San. It was never meant to go off, just leverage in case you needed it. The ship was hit during the attack and the report you received from the guards you posted around it was that the containment (which was never very good) was damaged. What are you going to do about this mess?
- Control the Battlestar Argonaut and you control the fleet. With so many systems damaged and so much chaos, there is no better time to make your coup d'état. Name one of the players and tell us what you need from them before you and your criminals can make a grab for power.

SO SAY WE ALL!



ACTIVIST