

# SAGITTARIUS EYE

MARCH 3304

ISSUE **7**

**ALLIANCE CHIEFTAIN**

**LAVE:  
PIVOTAL SYSTEM  
OF THE OLD WORLDS**

**SHADOW GALAXY**

**REVISITING  
*THE MODERN  
PROMETHEUS***

**5CR**

# SAGITTARIUS EYE

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# EDITORIAL FOCUS

SAGITTARIUS EYE

Louis Calvert



As a species we often measure ourselves against the yardstick of our best and brightest. But when our best fall short, what's our next move?

The legacy of the renowned Commander John Jameson, and the impact of the Jameson name on the Galaxy, is sharply poignant today as we consider the role every one of us has to play in our future.

The strange malaise of the Lave system is a reminder of the long-term fragility of even our most powerful institutions. Once synonymous with GalCop, heros fighting off Thargoids and fast-trading across the spacelanes, today Lave is little more than a footnote in history and the home of nostalgia addicts, radio DJs and squabbling factions.

Our revisiting of *The Modern Prometheus*, some 1486 years after its first publication, asks whether just because we can do a thing, it is wise to do so? This comes at a particularly relevant time as collectively we delve again into the maybe-not-so-dead Guardian civilization, apparently immolated eons ago in the fire of war against their own creations.

As a species we do seem fated to repeat past mistakes—set against the backdrop of our *second* war with the Thargoids, the Federation is potentially on the verge of creating a Frankensteinian Monster with their pursuit of 'autonomous combat systems'. Will we be looking back in a century on the broken remains of the Federation as we do now on Lave and GalCop? Plundering ancient ruins and attacking the defenders of powerful cultural artefacts seems like the plot to some ancient cautionary tale, and the prelude to some swift poetic justice. John Jameson let hubris blind him to the possible ramifications of his actions, perhaps we should consider our headlong rush to smash the Thargoids at all costs and consider what we can learn from history.

Over the past few years we've uncovered what some might call the secret history of the last war, and we've

started to question—possibly more than ever before—the role our current leaders play in determining our future, and what's to come after the war. We've begun to see a *Shadow Galaxy* emerge ever so slightly into the light, and each of us must ask if we're content with what we're seeing. Can we do better as a species?

But if mistakes can be repeated, surely so can success—and in that thought we can find hope.

Famed exploration duo Commanders Skoomer and Zech show us that there's more to the Galaxy than war, piracy and survival. There's beauty and awe-inspiring sights across billions of star systems. The so-called *Road to Riches* proves that capitalism is alive and well in the wake of Universal Cartographics' continued payouts for additional surveys of known Earth-Like worlds. We're seeing a surge in innovation—admittedly largely weapon focussed right now, for good reason—that's driving commerce and discovery, and set against that we're seeing unprecedented levels of cooperation between independent Commanders who are painstakingly helping to repair stations wounded by Thargoid strikes. The police forces across the Core Systems are finally responding to the pressure of outlaws with sweeping reforms, hopefully making life easier for those wishing to avoid conflict.

Here at *Sagittarius Eye* we're turning our gaze to new innovations too—we've created a new 'Breaking News' video Bulletins service allowing Commanders access to relevant Galactic news unslanted by political bias or corporate spin. This is made possible by the continued expansion of our dedicated and talented team who tirelessly try to figure out ways to make what we do even better, a microcosm of humanity's drive to come together and better ourselves.

And so, as we plunge somewhat recklessly into 3304, the question you need to be asking is: what role will you play in our future history?





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# SAGITTARIUS EYE ON GUARDIANS

The discovery of the Guardian civilisation could be considered one of the most monumental discoveries in human history. Here at Sagittarius Eye, we've been discussing this most recent chapter in the Guardian saga around the watercooler.

TEXT: Sagittarius Eye PHOTOGRAPHY: Sagittarius Eye

**W**e're a diverse bunch from a range of different backgrounds before our mutual love of the Free Press brought us together. Thanks to the efficiency of the Design team we have a last-minute opportunity to respond to the latest discoveries before we get this issue to the orbital print factory. Here's what we reckon:

While the Thargoids are clearly a more present threat, the Guardians represent something of a mirror for our own civilisation. As Editor Souvarine says; beyond the physiological—both species are humanoid—the similarities are striking. Both species emerged as bipedal hunters whose evolution prioritised social intelligence and tool use. Their development can be seen as analogous to our own, for much of their history - the same challenges divided them as beset ourselves. In the years before we leapt for the stars, we struggled with similar choices - how much of ourselves do we trust to technology? And just because we can create intelligence superior to our own, should we do so?

■ The original Guardian ruins



The future is already in motion—we're starting to see Guardian tech being woven more and more into our lives already. After coming back from the newly discovered sites Editor Wilfrid Sephiroth seems a lot more apprehensive than excited, and just a little bit sad. He comments that we are now relatively well-acquainted with two alien species—Guardians and Thargoids—and we know that, at some point in the distant past, they were at war with each other. But what we know about the Guardians allows us to piece together the picture of a proud and stupendously advanced civilization, far richer and multi-faceted than the Thargoids; who, so far, only seem to be interested in war and destruction.

Yet, even their aeons-old wisdom, the Guardians could not avoid self destruction. Perhaps annihilation is the end state of all forms of biological intelligence in the universe—and the doomsday clock is ticking for us too. Wilf was never one to look on the bright side, but this is a low note even for him.

Mini\_Watto is a physicist and a combat expert and predictably the recent discoveries fascinate him as both a ship junkie and a scientist, long enough to stop polishing his golden *Ichor* FDL for at least a few minutes to weigh in on the new tech on offer. It is well known at this point that there are many technology brokers across the Bubble selling Guardian technology that has been hybridised with our own. These experimental modules perform, in some ways, at notably higher levels than their human equivalents, and the effectiveness of Guardian-Human weaponry on Thargoid vessels is sure to pique the interest of many. He's told us all—at length—about his conversations with engineers about these Guardian modules, and they are apparently completely baffled by what they see. Many of the inner workings of them are beyond our understanding of existing technology, and they cannot offer any modifications to them at this time. Other than that, he seems most excited to see how these developments affect the combat scene. Mini wisely points out that these discoveries throw up more questions than answers.

**“ Perhaps annihilation is the end state of all forms of biological intelligence in the universe—and the doomsday clock is ticking for us too. ”**

Quite often conversations with reporter DrNoesis turn to the ramifications of scientific deliberations. The Guardians are a species that are believed to have gone extinct one to two million years ago. He points out that in all of human history, we've only encountered two other intelligent, space faring species—yet in the rush for new discoveries and new technologies to supplement our own, we forget that we are late comers within the Galaxy. Why do the mysteries of the Guardians unlock so easily for us—is it by circumstance, or design?

Rasudin, our resident 'Alternative Theorist', draws a breath and tries to steer us towards his wall chart featuring crudely-drawn sketches of 'aliens' with red string thumb tacked between them and prominent members of various governments and civilian organisations. Dr Arcanonn's picture is currently at the top of the board heavily circled in red marker pen. We just don't ask any more.

As we learn more about the Guardians and their AI, the more it draws into question our reliance on their technology and our willingness to keep interacting with

it without taking any precautions to protect not only our investigatory teams, but our entire race. If the AI that eradicated the living Guardians still exists DrNoesis thinks it'll be in the currently-locked Regor sectors, where we should hope it remains, undisturbed, for a long time to come.

Off the back of extensive exploration missions, part of which involved mapping the borders of the suspiciously permit-locked regions, Edelgard von Rhein is mostly concerned with the relationship between the Thargoids and the Guardians. What is going on between them now? We're using Guardian technology to fight the Thargoids. But in future might it be the other way around? Fighting either is bad enough, but fighting both would be stupid: if we want peace, it must be universal. She often repeats a sentiment shared by many; we need to build bridges with whatever is left of the Guardians as well as the Thargoids. Siding with one or the other might seem smart now but it's not smart for sentient races to make each other extinct. Who knows what challenges life in this galaxy will face in the future, especially with the new prospect of genocidal AI lurking out there.

As with many Guardian-related discussions we often find ourselves looping back. Maybe it's a sort of meta-commentary on the whole Guardian-Human comparison. Michael Darkmoor, a relative newcomer to our ever-expanding team (not talking about *just* waistlines

■ Guardian machines have remained dormant for aeons, until now.



“As we learn more about the Guardians and their AI, the more it draws into question our reliance on their technology”

■ Explorers have been probing these ancient secrets.



here) wonders about the idea that these beings were advanced enough to make the singular choice of giving up their physical bodies for another type of existence—referencing the data that shows how many Guardians chose integration with the developing AI. He seems to fall on the side of those that are guarded about the lines between man and machine:

“...makes me wonder about the future of the Human condition. Will it be one where we become our technology, much like these so called Guardians?”

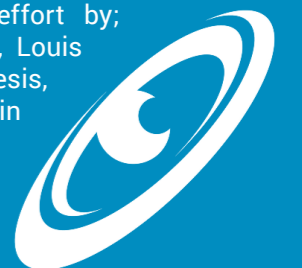
Souvarine takes a similar line and observes that we shut the door on AI, whereas the Guardians embraced it - and it destroyed them. The ruins scattered around the Galaxy can perhaps be seen as a cautionary tale. Are we rooting around in the graveyard of our older brothers, playing with the toys they destroyed themselves with?

For artificial structures to survive for millions of years alone should be considered an extraordinary architectural feat, as Mini\_Watto points out, but for computers and autonomous vehicles to remain functional is nothing short of astounding. The Guardians clearly designed their structures and technology to survive the aeons, but the question remains: why? Have these 'sentinels' sat patiently guarding these ruins since their creators died out, or have they been awakened by more recent events?

There is definitely the feeling that something is on the horizon. The Guardians haven't yet given up all their secrets; there are still gaps in the historical records we've been able to recover so far, and even Ram Tah says there's more technological innovations to come. It seems true that short-term we're going to benefit from what the Guardians have left behind, but longer-term the jury is very much out. The biggest question hanging, Damocles-style, is what *exactly* became of the Guardian AI after they eradicated all living Guardians?

Whitmann probably sums it up best in his usual taciturn way: “I'm just hoping the sharpest minds of humanity can find a practical use for this Guardian tech so I don't have to move all my kit to another system.”

This article was a team effort by; Souvarine, Wilfrid Sephiroth, Louis Calvert, Mini\_Watto, DrNoesis, Whitmann, Edelgard von Rhein and Michael Darkmoor.



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Our galaxy has two faces, and most people only ever see the public one.

# SHADOW GALAXY

TEXT: Rasudin PHOTOGRAPHY: Sagittarius Eye

Throughout human history, there have been people and groups that have worked, out of the public eye, to reshape our civilization for their own benefit. Over time, public investigators—such as this publication—have become more and more adept at detecting such subterfuge and rooting it out, such that the average civilian walking the streets of an average world might think of secretive and nefarious organizations as a thing of the distant past.

This is not so. Even as the forces of order and justice have improved upon their ability to eliminate corruption,

so have the corrupt become better at concealing themselves. For those who can see it, there is another, 'shadow' galaxy that operates out of the public view, and it is this correspondent's responsibility to bring that galaxy into the light.

Over the last few years, independent Commanders have uncovered evidence of astonishing secret projects; from the creation of a new proprietary super-material and covert projects to develop ships and weapons, to attempts at eugenics, genocide and maybe even the



creation of a wholly new form of life. Even the most skeptic of critics must concede that the 'crackpot' stories of wrecked Thargoid vessels and probes turned out to be valid, despite the authorities' insistence that they were nothing more than fabrications. In January of 3303 Emperor Arissa Lavigny-Duval exhibited reservation about the increasing sightings of Thargoid ships reported by commanders in the Pleiades:

*To surmise that these encounters constitute proof of the existence of non-human intelligence would be rash in the extreme. We cannot rule out the possibility that these ships could be experimental human spacecraft, or even the product of an intricate hoax. I urge all Imperial citizens to remain calm, and not to leap to conclusions.*

That is not to say that those same authorities were unprepared for the attack—mere months after the invasion began, the Type-10 Defender was released to counter the alien threat, and now the Alliance has unveiled its new 'Chieftain' warship, a project that was clearly in development for years prior to release. In the meantime, the mighty navies of both Federation and Empire have faded from sight, leaving civilians to wage a desperate defensive war against the Thargoids.

## the mighty navies of both Federation and Empire have faded from sight, leaving civilians to wage a desperate defensive war against the Thargoids

Even the effective concealment of the Thargoids' approach to human space is nothing compared to the horrifying story revealed by investigators of the 'Formidine Rift' mystery, who uncovered a thirty year-old project to establish new terraformed worlds for a select cabal to settle in the event of the Bubble's destruction. Commander Jackie Silver, a member of the Children of Raxxla—one of many independent groups that have always believed, and continue to believe, in the truth behind these mysteries—commented; "For a long time we've known the Formidine Rift area was hiding secrets." For all that those in power derided Kahina 'Salome' Loren as a madwoman and a terrorist, she eventually proved her theories correct at the cost of her own life. It took the assistance of the Children of Raxxla and many independent Commanders but she eventually delivered her message, which can still be read by scanning the beacons in the Teorge system:

*Who are they? Don't go thinking they're the Feds or the Imps or even the Alliance. It's way beyond all of that. Most of what you think you know isn't true. It's all a fabrication, woven by those who have appointed themselves the protectors of humanity.*

■ The ones who shape our lives conceal themselves behind logos, finances, and corporations. We never get to see their faces.

The message is an in-depth, detailed account of this whole scheme, and its veracity has recently been confirmed by a source in authority who cannot be named for fear of reprisals. This source is known by the mysterious signature 'ROC', which many believe refers to the ancient message associated with the earliest days of the Pilot's Federation: Right On, Commander.

As for the attempted genocide; the recently rediscovered INRA bases hold plenty of evidence of the Mycoid virus that blunted the Thargoids' first invasion many years ago (these bases were investigated in the second issue of this publication). A junior researcher working at one of those long-abandoned INRA bases recorded a personal log which reads:

*My research was used as the basis of a new super weapon designed to destroy the Thargoids. I heard they experimented on live captives. I doubt any of it was strictly legal. It certainly wasn't ethical.*

Of course, the eradication of an entire sentient race would never be endorsed by the public—which is why it happened in secret, in the 'shadow galaxy.'

There have been a slew of recently-uncovered plots and schemes that can be directly traced back to powerful organizations. There are rumours, for example, of a Thargoid-Alliance meeting that took place around fifty years ago, during which the location of the enigmatic lost world Soontil was revealed by the Thargoids. The Federation is known to have secretly captured and covertly studied

Thargoid Sensors when they first appeared near the Bubble, as this correspondent acknowledged in last month's article on Canonn Research. Even the Sirius Corporation, an apparently-neutral corporate interest, allegedly killed one of its own employees to avoid word getting out about their new frame-shift drive technology that might render the tracking capabilities of current law enforcement useless (for more on this story, see GalNet's coverage of MetaDrive Inc., which was acquired by Sirius in 3302).

## Virtually no major organization remains untouched by these controversies and secrecy

The stories go on. There was a supposed Thargoid station in the Peregrina system less than thirty years ago, wherein human scientists experimented on human test subjects—it's said that the system does a healthy black-market trade in alien artefacts even today. Some insinuate that ex-Federal President Jasmina Halsey's 'accident' in deep space might not have been so accidental after all, based on the similarities to the Sirius Corporation's failed Antares Highliner disaster fifty years ago. Federal Times reporter Elaine Boyd was herself murdered for investigating this link, widely reported late in 3301. More recently the Alliance has quietly set up several 'research outposts' away from prying eyes in the California Nebula, and there are questions about the assassination of Emperor Hengist Duval that have

yet to be answered, years after the event itself. Virtually no major organization remains untouched by these controversies and secrecy.

When considered separately, these stories—and the many like them—are curiosities; unusual exceptions to the rule of order and lawfulness. When taken together, they illustrate a 'shadow galaxy' almost as expansive as the Milky Way itself. The average citizen makes far more assumptions than are justified, given humanity's proven capacity for conspiracy and intrigue. The corporate advertisements that bombard Federation space, the caste-based hierarchy of the Empire, and even the public narrative of the Human-Thargoid war—all of these serve as distractions and distortions of reality, designed to divert public attention from those who do not wish their activities to come to light.

Is there one galaxy-spanning conspiracy uniting all these powers under one, nefarious banner? Perhaps that is true—although the human brain does have a notable tendency to see patterns where none exist (unless that, too, is a deceitful narrative visited upon the public). But the fact remains that whether or not these schemes and machinations exist in cooperation with each other, still they do indeed exist. They affect every human being everywhere, from the slaves-in-all-but-name working the corporate labor camps to the pirates scrounging for life in the anarchy systems to the deep-space explorer on the very fringes of the Milky Way. The Shadow Galaxy touches all of us, whether we realise it or not.

■ The truth—the real truth—exists out there somewhere, even if we have to travel to the most distant worlds to find it.

### Rasudin

Commander Rasudin's articles have been called 'conspiracy theories,' but he prefers to call them 'unrecognized truths'. His Asp Explorer, the *Bumbling Wasp*, is difficult to find but often turns up where it is definitely not supposed to be.



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# REVISITING THE MODERN PROMETHEUS

Fiction, particularly science fiction, has historically been a popular means by which the minds of the day pass commentary on the culture of the times, and speculate on the way in which the future may unfold. It was a means by which complex ideas could be passed on to the general population in a format that could be digested more easily than a scientific research paper. It also allowed more freedom for the writer to work with an idea and see how it might play out, outside of a laboratory setting and in the real world.

TEXT: DrNoesis PHOTOGRAPHY: Sagittarius Eye

“ I ought to be thy Adam; but I am rather the fallen angel.

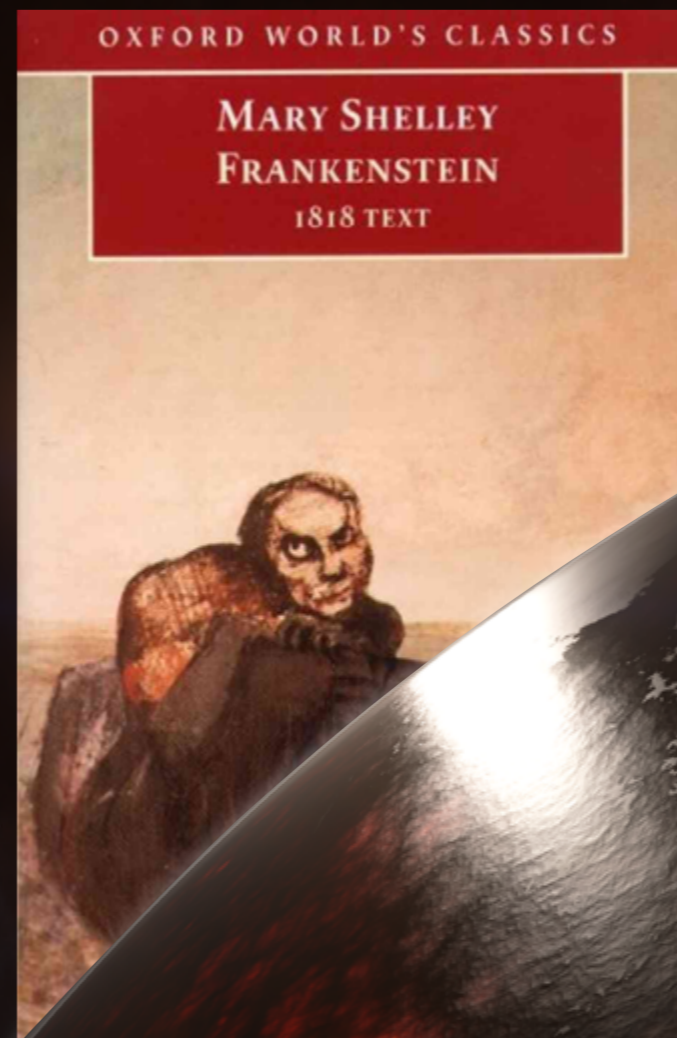
—*The Creature, Frankenstein.*

In some cases, such as in works like *We*, by Yevgeny Zamyatin, it was even used as a means of making political commentary in an environment where such commentary would otherwise have been illegal or even (as in Zamyatin's case) a capital offence.

By studying science fiction, if approached with the right kind of eyes, it is very possible to understand the culture of the time it was written.

In 1818, advances in modern medicine gave birth to fears about how technological advances meant to protect us could have unforeseen, monstrous results, which were adroitly summarised and examined in one of the most widely known pieces of science-fiction literature ever written: *Frankenstein*.

Fortunately, Shelley's predictions never bore fruit, but the message was clear. It is essential that any research be conducted empirically and ethically, and precautions taken to ensure that we don't inadvertently create monsters of our own.



Particle physics, stem cell research, genetics, cloning and the development of Sentient AI have all prompted legislative interventions aimed at restricting or even preventing technological developments that could harm us and our way of life, or even what it means to be who we are.

But this isn't always the case, and sometimes, particularly in times of conflict and war, need overrides concern, and we start to overlook safeguards and controls in order to get the job done.

In the late 22nd century, for example, a laissez-faire approach to colonization led to the destruction of an entire species in Delta Pavonis, and in the 27th rushed experimental terraforming techniques employed on New California led to an entire world's population suffering from genetic birth defects that took almost 200 years to identify and resolve.

Unfortunately, necessity appears to have forced our hand once more and the recent re-emergence of the Thargoid threat in the Pleiades (and increasingly close to the Bubble) have forced humanity to undertake significant, unfettered, and unregulated arms research in order to protect ourselves.

**“ The discovery of the Synuefe ruins is hugely significant, and the site is unquestionably worthy of further study.**

**—Ram Tah, (3302)**

An arms race, in and of itself, is not necessarily anything to be concerned about. After all, life has been in a perpetual arms race from the time a collection of self-replicating molecules developed the cell wall, creating what was essentially the very first armour.

What is unusual in this case, however, has been the use of technology developed by an entirely different and, to all intents and purposes, extinct species to augment our own.

■ Guardian Technology, but just what is inside?

A little over a year ago, in November 3302, we encountered, for the first time, the ruins and technology of a species dubbed the Guardians. Since then, research into the monoliths and relics left behind by that species has largely been conducted out of the public eye.

What information has been released into the public domain is largely superficial and, by and large, focusing on what we know about the history and society of this lost race. However, these accounts also included information about their technology, such as the fact that the Guardians had achieved significant advances in the development of kinetic weapons.

This—coupled with the violent reactions observers noted between both Thargoid ships and surface sites to the mere presence of Guardian technology of any kind—undoubtedly drove early Aegis research into the development of advanced anti-xeno (AX) kinetic weapons systems.

The efficacy of AX weapon systems notwithstanding, the research that's been undertaken to date has continued at a pace that draws into question the lack of observable oversight to the project and what safeguards, if any, are being employed or ignored in order for the project to deliver.

■ An enhanced (AX) Missile Rack, potentially harbouring a hidden AI



Can we really claim to sufficiently understand a race and its technology after less than a year of research, to the point where we deem it safe to start bolting parts of it onto our own, or adapting alien code and algorithms to the control systems behind our own weapons?

These concerns are made all the more urgent if we consider that one of the most significant findings about Guardian's history, deriving from the analysis of their artifacts, was that whilst portions of their population co-existed with sentient artificial intelligence (AI), others were at war with it, and that in one single decisive blow the AI concluded this and all future wars in Guardian society by eradicating all organic Guardian life.

Chillingly, further still, the research suggests that Guardian AI was able to exist in almost any Guardian technology, and that it had developed means to hide its presence there. All evidence on how it did so has been purged from the record, leaving investigators with no way to discriminate between a harmless tool and an artifact with a resident AI.

It probably goes without saying that pilots would feel safer knowing that the AX enhanced warheads they are carrying do not harbour a stowaway AI with the means to control and potentially circumvent the direct instructions of the pilot—especially when that AI could potentially harbour ill will towards any biological lifeform it encounters.

Unfortunately this isn't the end of the issue. In mid-February this year, Federal Shadow President Felicia Winters announced the inauguration of a new Federal research plan, known as Bulwark Project. The initial goal of this project—which, notably, appears to be operating outside of the remit and oversight of Aegis—is to develop autonomous weapons systems. Irrespective of the Shadow Presidents' claim that the research wouldn't intentionally tread upon existing legislation against the development of Sentient AI, no one has yet considered the possibility of unintentionally letting loose an old, Guardian-made, AI.

The prospect of autonomous weapons systems complicates the risk presented by a rogue alien AI even further. Without sufficient safeguards and focus on sanitising the technology we have recovered from the Guardian ruins, we cannot be entirely certain that we have not, inadvertently, spliced a rogue, alien AI element into our own technology. An AX missile exploding in the magazine because an AI chose to detonate would be a threat to the ship and crew of the vessel it is on, but the issue itself is essentially contained. An army of AI-hijacked limpets or skimmers, on the other hand, would be a mobile, potentially existential threat to our entire species, and it might even represent the beginnings of a new, re-awakened Guardian race.

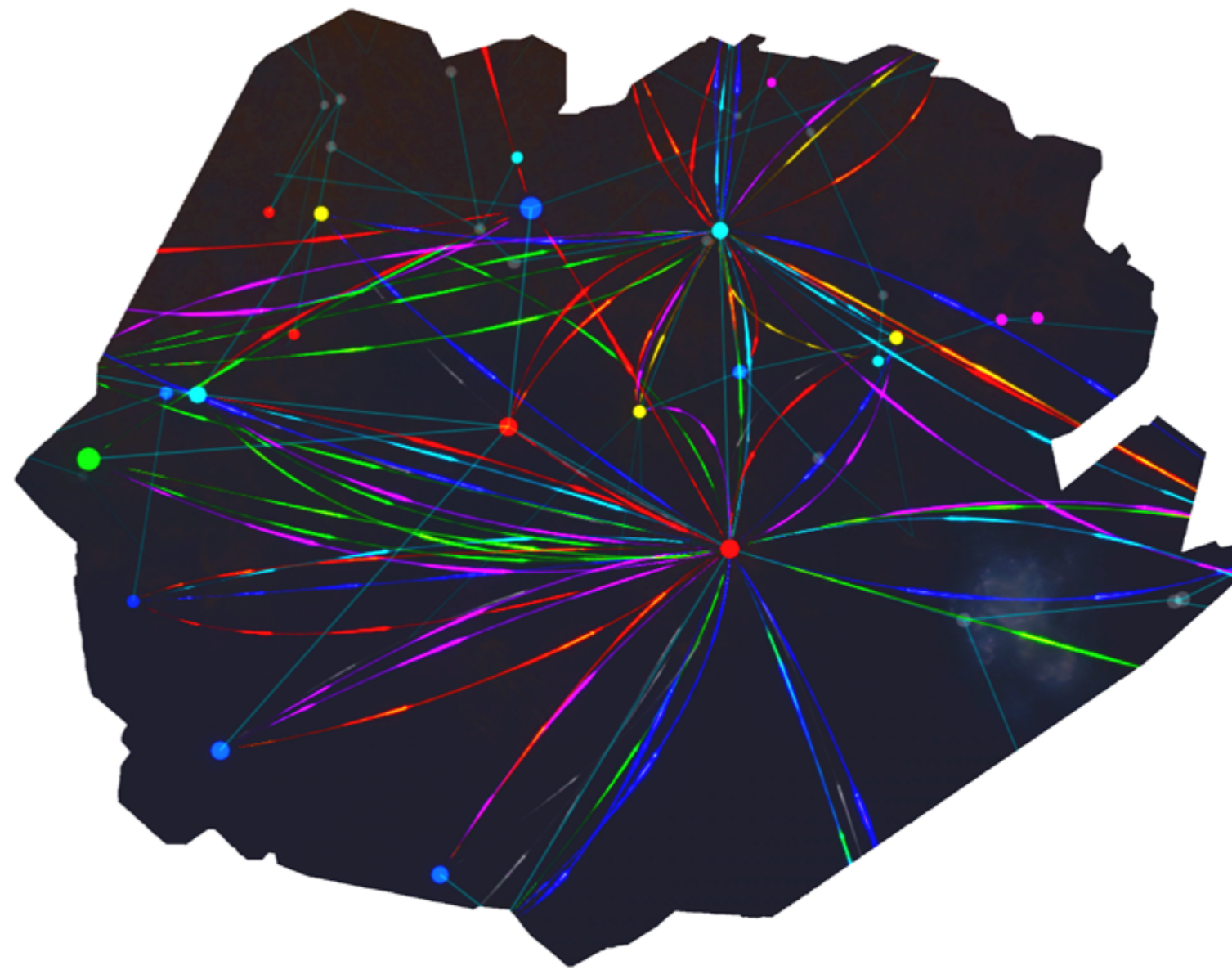
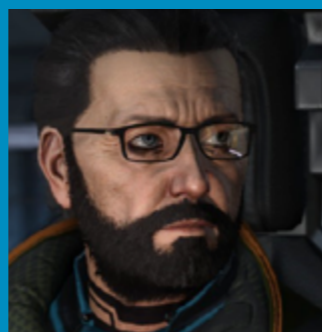
In much the same way as the fictional Victor Frankenstein in the 1800's, we are engaged in the process of creating hybrid technology in the hope to produce tools for the betterment of our lives. It's important that, in doing so, we remember to remain careful and cautious, and not to give into the drive to succeed no matter the cost. Many of Frankenstein's loved ones died at the hands of the monster he created, and he himself died in attempting to put an end to it. The war against the Thargoids should not make humanity blind to the risk of creating a monster of its own.

“ Those who do not learn from the past are doomed to repeat it.

—Santayana

### Dr Noesis

As a former scientist, Dr Noesis is driven by the need to learn and understand the universe around him and to share what he finds with others. From learning about the physics of witchspace, to the best temperature to brew your coffee (and why) he travels the galaxy aboard his trusty Diamondback Explorer, the *Fiat Cibus*, his only destination: knowledge.



# LAKON

# JOHN JAMESON

## HUMANITY'S HERO

For centuries now, our species has lived scattered amongst the stars. The times when humans were still prisoners of the gravity well of a small planet in an unremarkable star system are so fogged by the passing of the centuries as to appear to us the province of fairy tales rather than our own distant history.

TEXT: Wilfrid Sephiroth PHOTOGRAPHY: Zack J. White

And yet, those more than physical characteristics that define us as human beings—our feelings, our desires, our passions, the psychological impulses that drive our everyday life and shape our development as a civilization—have not been modified much, if at all, by the flow of the millennia. These are expressions of both the highest and the lowest of our human traits. We still crave to better ourselves and to explore the unknown, no matter how much larger our horizon has become since technology shrunk galactic distances, and we still engage in bloody wars motivated by greed, revenge, lust for power or ignorance. No matter how far in space and time we travelled from our Earthly home, we remain creatures with the potential for being heroes or murderers.

John Jameson was both.

Arguably one of the most recognizable names from our

recent history, John Jameson is today remembered as a heroic Elite-ranked pilot who blazed his now-indelible trail across our galaxy—and, most notably, single-handedly put an end to the first Thargoid war (3125-3152).

The Jameson bloodline—the exact structure of which we can only guess, lacking precise records—must have contained some genetic predisposition for larger-than-life personalities. From John's father Peter Jameson, active around 3100 and the first ever member of the Pilots Federation to be awarded an Elite rank, to today's Lori Jameson, great-granddaughter of John Jameson, skilled explorer and renowned as one of the best engineers in the Bubble, the Jamesons seem to have left their mark on history like few other dynasties. But while we have only scant information regarding most of the family members who succeeded him, a recent discovery has given us a much deeper insight into the vicissitudes and personality of John Jameson.

■ Taylor's Keep, the INRA base from which Jameson departed for his mission

In late November 3303, a Cmdr Robbie Junior discovered a crash site on an anonymous planet in the system HIP 12099. It was immediately evident that this was no regular shipwreck: the ship, half buried in the dusty planet surface, was an old Cobra Mk III, a model that Faulcon deLacy has not produced at least since the 3150s. While the ship ID number—JJ-386, still legible on the Cobra's discoloured hull—gave a first hint about the identity of its owner, the four data beacons found around the wreck contained audio logs that have captivated, stunned, and moved the entire Bubble: logs recorded by John Jameson himself in his last living hours, and addressed to his son, whom he believed he would see again.

The story told by these logs is a sad tale of betrayal and regret. Not even heroes are immune from manipulation, and John Jameson was indeed played like a puppet by the notorious research organization INRA. Flattered by the fact of having been chosen among thousands of pilots, Jameson—by then approaching the end of his accoladed career as a pilot—accepted INRA's dangerous mission: to fly alone, undetected, to the heart of the Thargoid swarm, and shoot a rocket carrying the Mycoid virus straight to the hive ship.

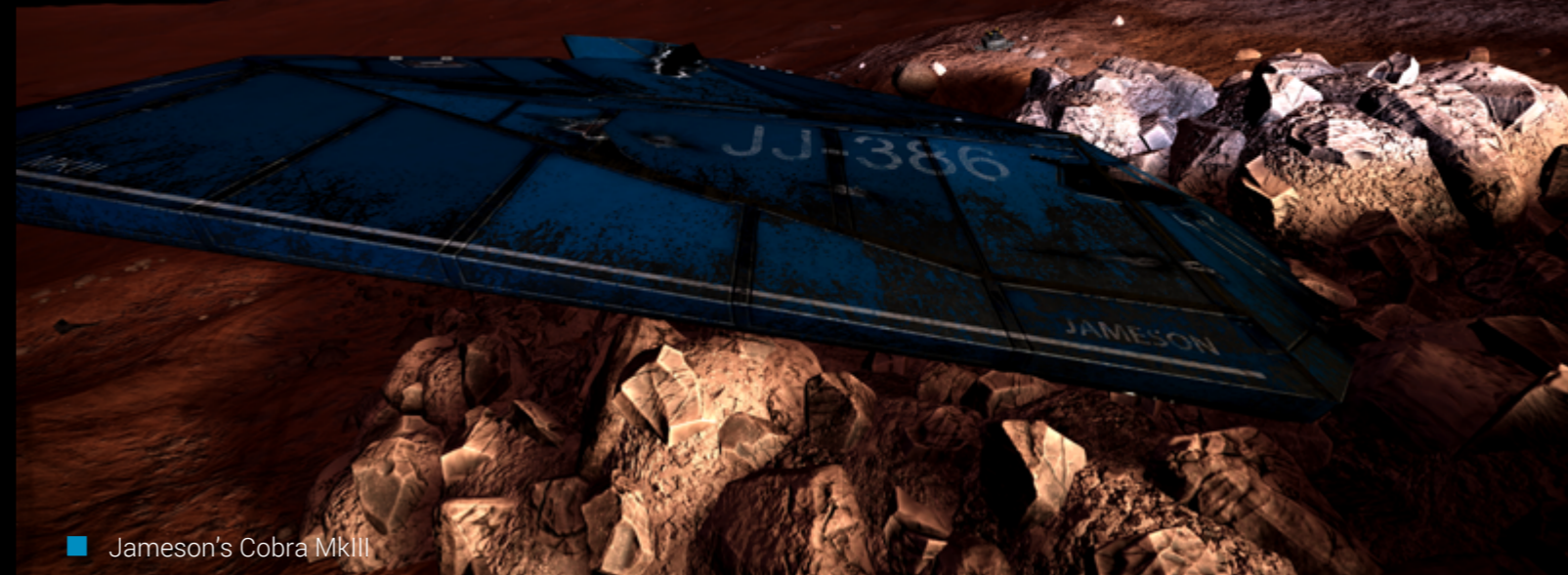
A product of years of intensive research on Thargoid technology (and, as we know now, cruel experimentation on live subjects), the Mycoid virus contained in Jameson's payload was presented by INRA as an instrument for

sabotage, capable of targeting Thargoid technology, crippling their hyperdrives, and thus rendering their ships unable to carry on the invasion of human space. Such was the official version that Jameson believed to be true: a single man chosen to save the whole human race through a dangerous act of sabotage behind enemy lines. A task for a hero and a story that would be told for centuries to come.

But INRA's intention was never that of incapacitating the Thargoids: the Mycoid virus was a biological weapon, designed to have a lethal effect on Thargoid physiology. Jameson's logs recount how quickly his awe and admiration for the technological accomplishments of the Thargoids turned into shock and dismay upon realizing—too late—the real purpose of his mission. No longer was he the heroic saviour of an entire galactic civilization: he had been played into becoming the galaxy's most heinous mass-murderer. The expert saboteur was revealed to be just a blunt instrument of death.

INRA could not let this extremely popular pilot come back to civilization to horrify the masses with his bitter story of betrayal and genocide. As we understand from his logs, his Cobra was sabotaged. It became unresponsive on the way back to civilization, on a collision course with a planet—the planet upon which his ship was found.

There is no poetic justice in how Jameson was left to die.



■ Jameson's Cobra MkIII

## He had been played into becoming the galaxy's most heinous mass-murderer.

There was no redemption—not for him nor, vicariously, for us as a species—to be earned through his death. Was his mission the only rational course of action, in order to avoid our own annihilation? Or was it a morally abhorrent act of aggression? Perhaps an ethical dilemma on such a gargantuan scale is too much for a single individual to process, especially so when facing his own death.

In his last log entry, Jameson takes off the garb of the hero in order to face death in a most human way: as a father facing his mortality whose regret for not being able to be a part of his son's future is as painful as that of having exterminated thousands of sentient beings. Ecce homo. We might criss-cross the galaxy on stupendously fast spaceships, engineer the most spectacular space stations or the most lethal of weapons, but we still remain bound to primal emotions such as the love of a father for his son.

By which standards are we to judge ourselves, and the best and worst men and women amongst us? What elevates an ordinary and fallible human being to the rank of hero? Is a hero a near-invincible individual capable of single-handedly defeating scores of enemies, a modern-day Achilles? Or a self-effacing one, upholding some higher principle above his or her well-being? We now know that John Jameson was indeed a proud and brave man, willing to risk his life for the well being of our species. Although he accepted this responsibility with

courage there was undoubtedly some vanity behind his choice.

Yet his good or selfish intentions mattered little, for he was manipulated by his fellow humans into becoming a genocidal murderer. We should not be hasty to pass judgment, for John Jameson represents us all: an embodiment of the confusion and contradictions at the heart of human nature; an uncomfortable mirror into which each of us can see all of our virtues as well as our ugliest demons.

As such, he is indeed a hero: both a reminder of our greatness and a warning against our dangerous hubris, and he will remain so for as long as our species will live, suffer and rejoice in this galaxy of ours. That tiny metal vessel crashed on a lonely planet will forever mark the grave of both a single heroic man, and of our innocence as an entire species.

## Wilfrid Sefihiroth

...is a jaded spacer guided by the disenchanting purpose to uncover the false 'awesome' for the mundane it really is, and to reveal the interesting kernel of seemingly-trivial events and happenings. He flies his Asp Explorer, the *A.E. Van Vogt*, around the Bubble, always looking for the next Big Story. Usually, it's the Big Story that finds him first.



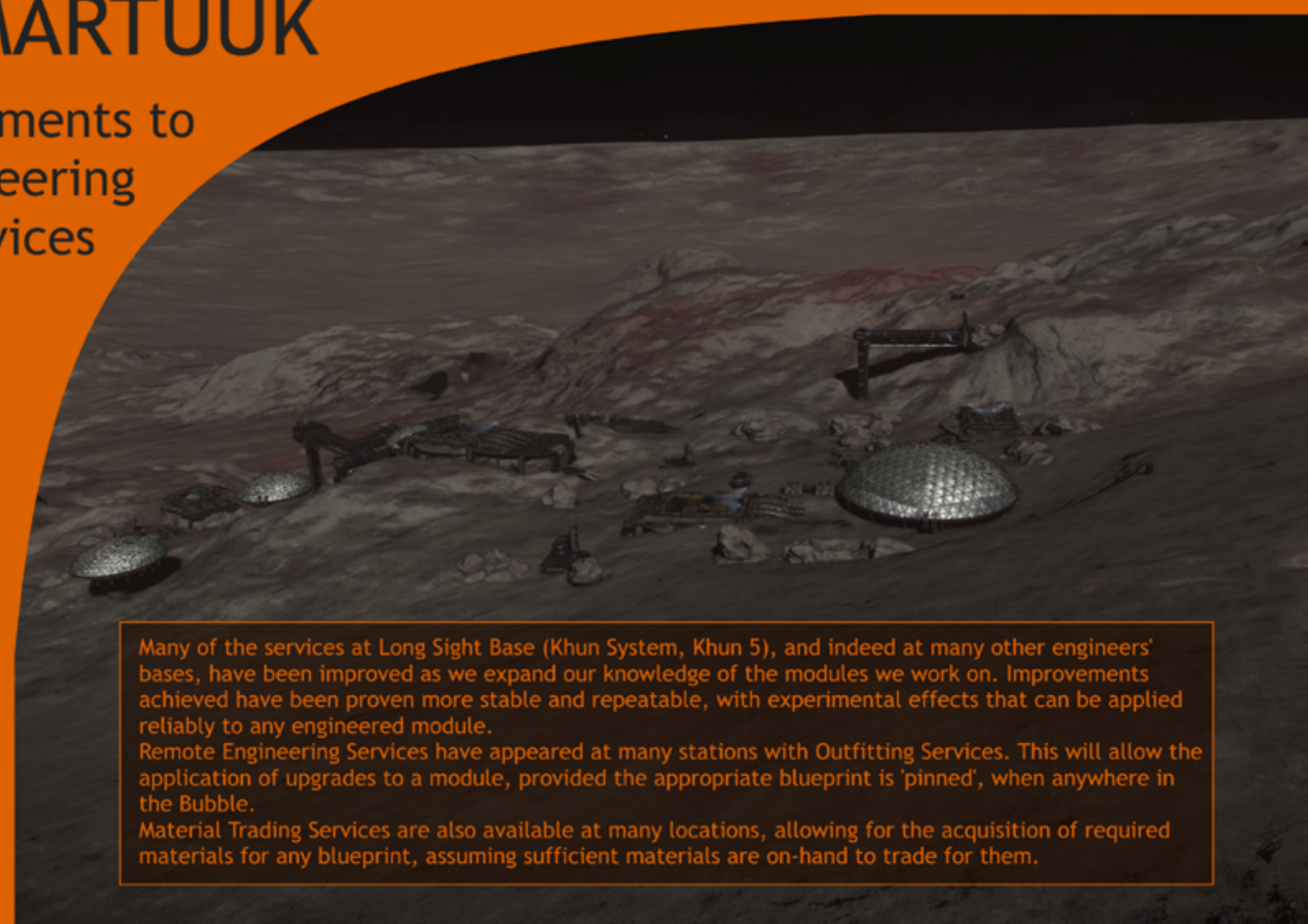
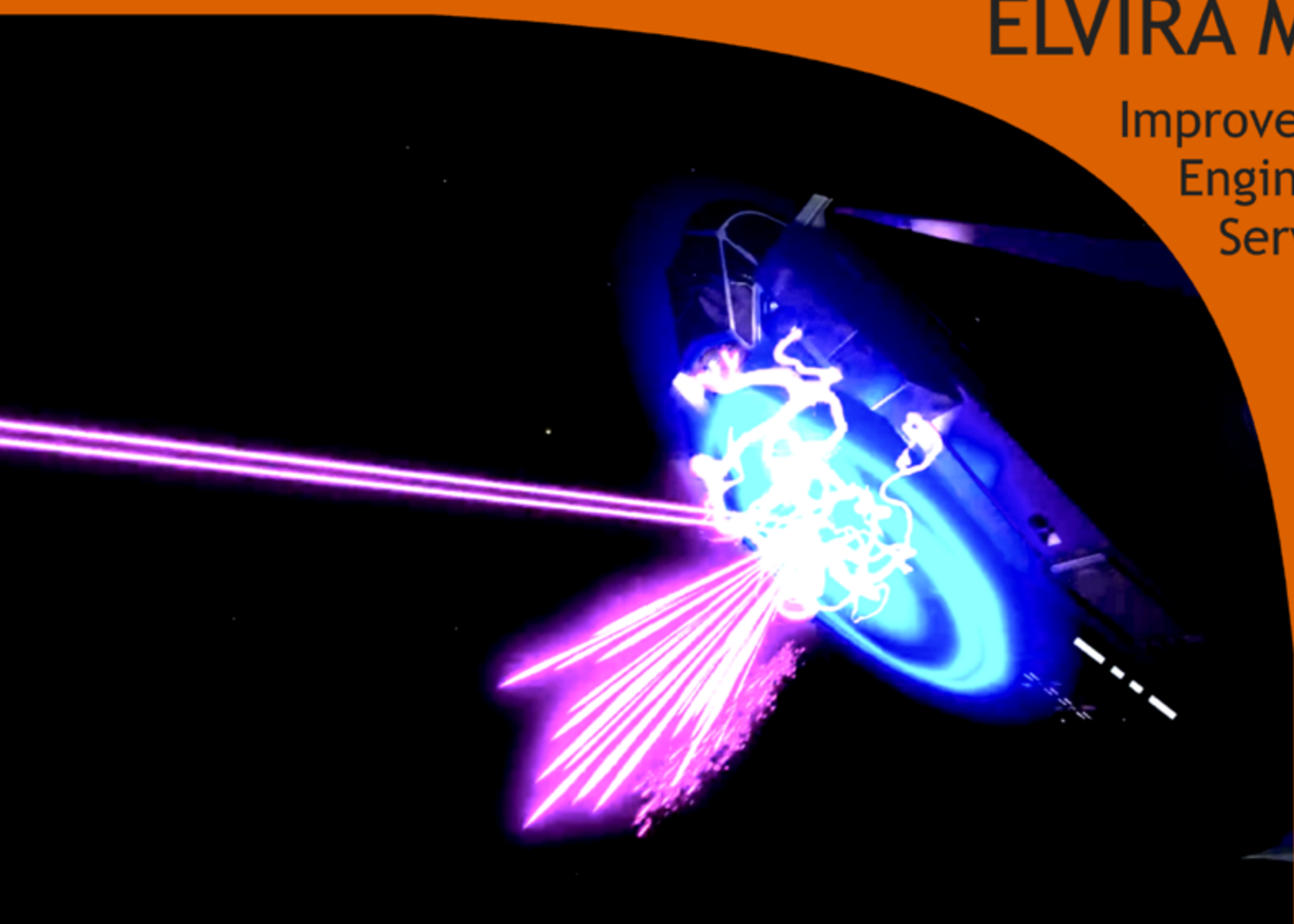
■ Data beacons are scattered around the crash site





# ELVIRA MARTUUK

Improvements to  
Engineering  
Services



Many of the services at Long Sight Base (Khun System, Khun 5), and indeed at many other engineers' bases, have been improved as we expand our knowledge of the modules we work on. Improvements achieved have been proven more stable and repeatable, with experimental effects that can be applied reliably to any engineered module.

Remote Engineering Services have appeared at many stations with Outfitting Services. This will allow the application of upgrades to a module, provided the appropriate blueprint is 'pinned', when anywhere in the Bubble.

Material Trading Services are also available at many locations, allowing for the acquisition of required materials for any blueprint, assuming sufficient materials are on-hand to trade for them.



■ As the very first Coriolis station ever built, Lave Station is more rudimentary in design than more modern examples



# Pivotal System of the Old Worlds

TEXT: Souvarine PHOTOGRAPHY: Edelgard von Rhein

*I could nearly taste the stench.*

*All around me, assorted bric-a-brac from countless worlds gently gathered dust. I tried not to think about what I was inhaling, and concentrated on the wizened man gazing steadily at me.*

I stood in Briney Sam's Bazaar, on 34th Plaza in the downtown district of the space city they call Lave Station. It was far from the surface, with its natural light and reassuring centrifugal force. Down here there were only the sickly halolamps, and magboots were essential. This wan individual must have been here for years.

In his translucent hand was a glass vial containing malevolent-looking liquid, in which something bobbed.

"You sure that's a genuine example?" I asked, suspiciously.

"Jen-yoo-eyn Lavian Tree Grub, that is," he whispered conspiratorially. "Or, at least, part of one."

"Which part?"

He screwed up his eyes. "Hmmm. Tough to say. Pretty sure that's a mandible."

I took the vial from him and held it up to the light, feeling faintly ridiculous, and wondered if this was really a good use of the *Sagittarius Eye* expenses budget. I had come to Lave Station in order to find out more about

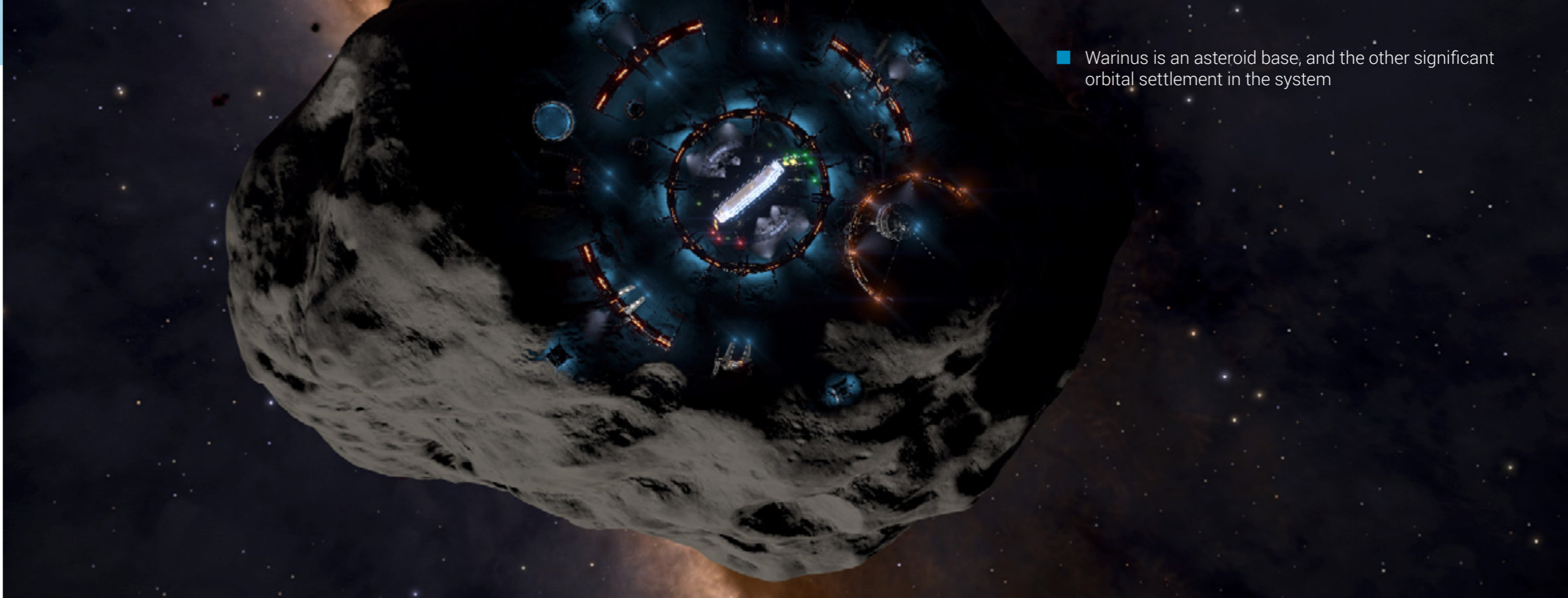
this famous station and, by extension, its once-famous export. The Lavian Tree Grub had once been a delicacy famed throughout the Old Worlds for its savoury, mealy taste (your correspondent suspects that any foodstuff labelled 'local delicacy' is actually a practical joke played on naive tourists). Now, though, it is all but extinct.

What is Lave?

Though today it is a bit-player on the galactic stage, any debut traveller will quickly hear the name. It reeks of history, heritage and faded glory. Most people will seek it out on their star maps at least once. Those travellers who make a stop might be surprised at how modest the system is; an unremarkable K-class star, a creaking Coriolis and a fast-depleting Earth-like world are the only bodies bearing its name. That the station exports a local brandy of some renown might seem to be its only distinguishing feature.

Lave is a star system in the 'Old Worlds' part of the Bubble, in what is now the Alliance of Independent Systems. 'Lave' refers to the system, the nine million year-old star itself, the planet as well as the station. ►

“ So Lave Station was the first Coriolis, and in that era, as important as Sol or Achenar are today.



■ Warinus is an asteroid base, and the other significant orbital settlement in the system

In the twenty-seventh century the Galactic Cooperative of Worlds (GalCop) was one of the largest single political entities the galaxy had ever seen after its secession from the Galactic Federation. In 2752 the very first Coriolis station was built to complete the headquarters of this superpower - in none other than Lave. So Lave Station was the first Coriolis, and in that era, as important as Sol or Achenar are today.

Whereas once GalCop was the mighty entity that elevated its humble home system to fame, now Lave is home to the ghost of its former master. The second GalCop has completed the eclipse of its namesake, and many people know nothing about this once-great power.

Yet it's not only political historians to whom Lave is a significant name. It was the site of GalCop's first pilot training facility, run by what was to become the Pilots Federation. This meant that several generations of star pilots literally launched off into space for the first time from its gleaming flanks.

The planet itself has been the subject of interstellar scrutiny long since the name of GalCop faded into history and the Pilot's Academy shut down, however. As is common to seats of government, the planet's ecology has suffered under the weight of its human importance. Its interlinked continents were once heavily forested and home to a rich assortment of insect megafauna. Since the twenty-eighth century much of this has been cut down to make way for plantations—economically, Lave is principally an agricultural system. This destruction of habitat is the culprit behind the scarcity of the Lavian Tree Grub. Interstellar concern at the environmental damage on Lave over the thirty-second century drove hundreds of thousands to visit the system in protest—to the extent that its head of government at the time even once joked that they couldn't afford to stop cutting down the forests, for fear that the environmentalists' credits would cease flowing into the system!

It's perhaps because of this historical baggage and somewhat decrepit reputation that a small group chose Lave as the location for their pirate radio broadcasts. Transmitting from a cheap, gaudily painted Sidewinder, *Lave Radio* is now famous in the Old Worlds, filling a blank space in the radio bands with chatter and music to entertain traders and pirates alike.

Between the fall of GalCop and today, much of Lave's political history has been as a dictatorship. Reports of the quality of life of the denizens are difficult to corroborate (as Lave Station itself is the tightly-controlled gateway down to the planet) but it seems plausible that outside the main civic centres, with their museums of relics of past glories, much of the population lives as an essentially agrarian society. Lave is now governed by the Workers of Lave Liberals, who are a democratic outfit with a tenuous

hold on power at the time of writing. The portly shadow of Edmund Mahon hangs over all factional squabbles, however— as with all the Old Worlds, the Alliance Prime Minister holds enormous influence here.

Today, Lave is more a memento of a history many have forgotten than a place of vital current importance. Not even the seat of government of the Alliance (Alioth claims that title), this fading backwater nevertheless can claim to be the cradle of many things space travellers today take for granted. Every time you gain a rank with the Pilot's Federation, or swing into a Coriolis, or settle into the flight seat of your Cobra (perhaps sipping a little Lavian Brandy while you're at it)... know that Lave is where it all began.

■ The famous Cowell & McGrath Shipyards, builders of the original Cobra line of starships, were based on Lave Station



## PH Souvarine

...is an experienced field reporter. He writes about current affairs, galactic politics and discovery. His Sidewinder-class press ship, the *Salty Weasel*, can often be spotted in the heat of the action, ferreting out the story.



# SUPERNOVAE

HOW DANGEROUS WOULD AN EXPLODING STAR BE TO OUR CIVILISATION, AND HOW MUCH DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE MOST POWERFUL EXPLOSIONS IN OUR UNIVERSE?

TEXT: Mini\_Watto PHOTOGRAPHY: Sagittarius Eye

Supernovae are some of the most powerful and spectacular cosmic events in the Universe. Even in Earth's ancient history supernovae were a well documented and closely studied phenomena, and were often viewed as mystical events in pre-industrial societies. As technology advanced, astronomers realised that these 'temporary stars' that they saw in the night sky were actually some of the largest explosions in the Universe: the deaths of stars.

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**All you would notice is the lack of a single star—it would be replaced by a black hole, neutron star or simply a cloud of gas.**

---

Supernovae are not the most common events. They occur approximately once every fifty years in the Milky Way, and once every second in the Universe as a whole. With faster-than-light travel discovering these events might seem easier; however, it turns out that things are not quite so simple. While we are no longer limited by the speed of light, the *images* of supernovae are. Were one to occur in the Milky Way, we would not know until we were in range to observe it.

Before the development of modern frame shift drives interstellar travel was slow and dangerous; and, as such, few ventured out far into the Galaxy's greatest depths. Of those that did, many vanished—presumed dead for one reason or another. It is only very recently that we have been able to cross the Galaxy in a matter of days, and in that time, we are yet to find a recent supernova.

Even if there had been one, detection of it would not be easy. Most ships are not outfitted with appropriate equipment to detect supernovae older than several decades. In the case of a recent supernova however, they wouldn't need any special equipment—it would be quite obvious when they ran into one. *But would it be dangerous?*



■ The Crab Nebula was created by a Type Ib\_c supernova observed on Earth in the year 1054

■ Charick Drift's white dwarf is close to the Chandrasekhar limit. Fortunately, it is distant from its companion (circled)

## The Science of Supernovae

To understand the risks, we must look into a little bit of astrophysics. We need to understand the timescales of supernovae.

When a star explodes, the result isn't as straightforward as one might think. Since stars are such massive objects, once you first detect a supernova it might be up to three weeks before it appeared at its peak. This means that fleeing a supernova is not easy. There is a very short 'safe distance', in which you can be absolutely certain that you will not be entering a supernova's influence. To put this in perspective, three light weeks is equivalent to 0.06 light years. This is a thousand times shorter than the furthest that engineered frame shift drives can allow us to jump today.

Not all is lost, however. Most supernovae cease to output energy after ten to twenty weeks. This results in an ever-growing shell, ten to twenty light weeks in thickness, progressing through space at the speed of light. If your jump destination were within the inner boundary of this shell, you would be unscathed, as you would cross over the shell in witch-space. All you would notice is the lack of a single star - it would be replaced by a black hole, neutron star or simply a cloud of gas. If, however, your jump ended inside the shell itself, then your ship could potentially be subject to the full blast of an exploding star. Depending on the distance from the origin, this would deliver varying amounts of energy to your ship. To find out just how much energy we need to do some mathematics.

Supernovae vary wildly in power. The most powerful observed events approach a trillion times the power output of Sol (Earth's G-Type star). Sol has a power output of approximately  $4 \times 10^{26}$  W. For those of you not familiar with this notation, that's 4 with 26 zeros after it. For comparison, the largest power plant currently available for purchase, class 8A, outputs  $3.6 \times 10^7$  W. A mere 36,000,000 W. That's over a hundred billion billion times less powerful than Sol.

**Famine and war would spread quickly, with no area of human space being spared.**

Multiplying the power output of a G-type star like Sol by a trillion is a lot of energy. Most of this energy is in the form of neutrino radiation. This is fortunate, as neutrinos are highly non-interactive particles, so unless you're fuel scooping when this supernova goes off, they will pose no threat to you. Even if this were the case, the material from the exploding star would kill you before the horrible radiation sickness from the neutrinos could. However, we still have a lot of power left as regular photons.

We can do some surface area calculations to figure out how much energy that would deliver at a distance of 1 light year. In the worst case scenario, this turns out to be

a power delivery of about  $3,000 \text{ Wm}^{-2}$ . All of a sudden our number seems to have become rather small, but this is still potentially dangerous. If we consider a ship's shield, it will take 3 kW of thermal damage every second for every square metre of the shield that is exposed. If we consider an Anaconda, a plan view of its shield will have an area of about  $10,000 \text{ m}^2$ . Taking our power per unit area over our shield's surface area, this comes out at about 30 MW of damage per second. This is equivalent to 6 large beam lasers.

Okay well, so what, right? A few large beam lasers isn't that much of a big deal. Well yes, you are correct. Ships aren't going to be exploding unless they get extremely close to a recent supernova. This is due to the drop-off; if we double our distance, we quarter our incoming energy. The big dangers come when we consider the planets we inhabit.

## The Danger to Planets

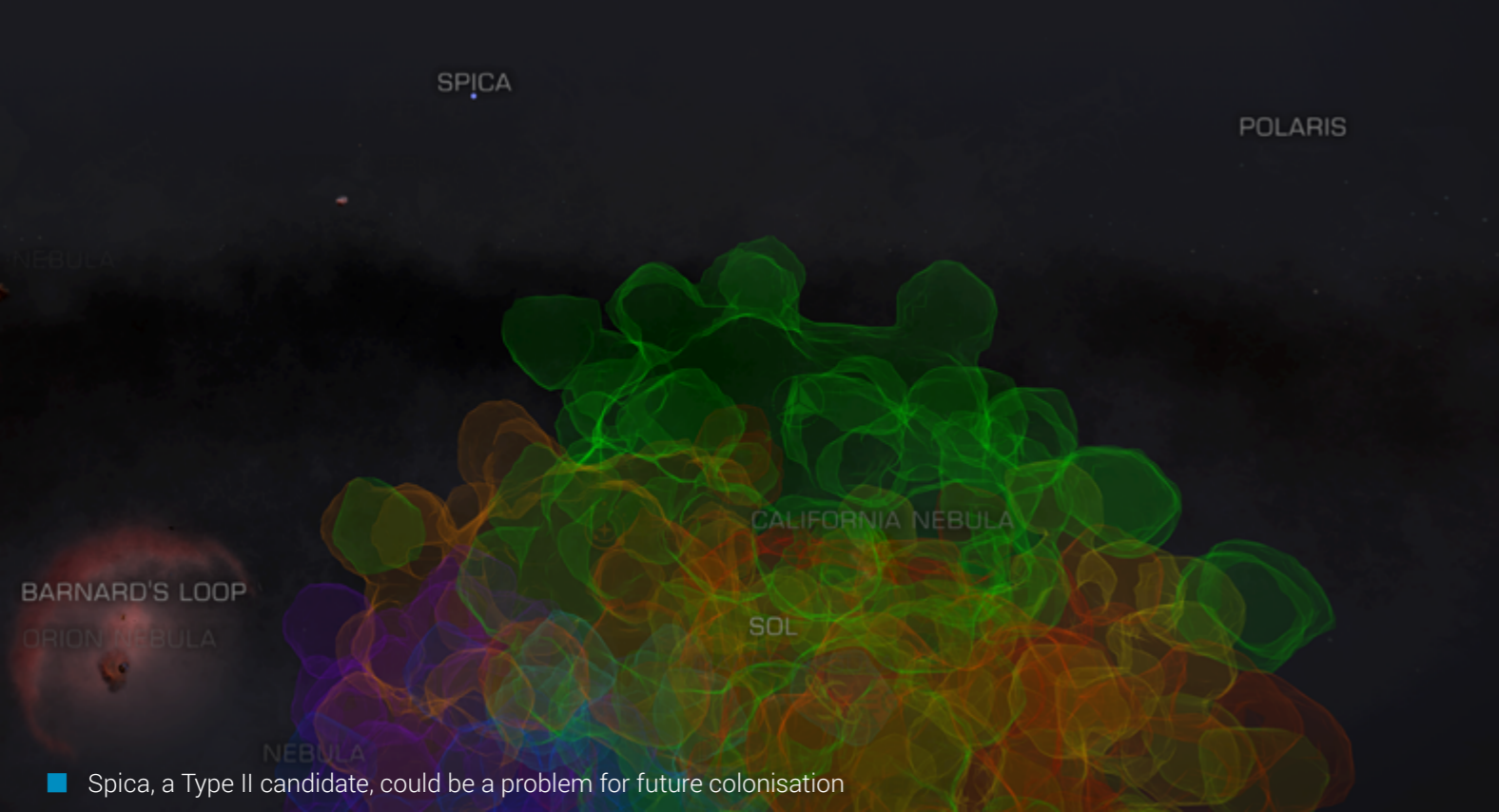
We have learnt over the years that planets are delicate objects. We have gained the power to terraform planets to our own needs, but this is a process that takes decades. The average earthlike world receives about  $1350 \text{ Wm}^{-2}$  from its host star. It would only take a couple of hundred extra  $\text{Wm}^{-2}$  to severely heat the planet, and due to the high proportion of cosmic rays within the incoming energy, the protective layers of ozone ( $\text{O}_3$ ) would be blown off of the atmosphere.

Any planets within a light year of our hypothetical supernova would be subject to extreme heating, with life on the planet's surface standing no chance. Lifeforms not killed directly by the burning explosion would become vulnerable to harmful radiation from their own star due to the loss of ozone. Moving out to ten light years, the supernova would be about half as bright as the planet's host star, with loss of ozone once again causing fast loss of life.

At greater distances it becomes hard to estimate the effects. However, detailed studies have put the lethal range of a supernova at about fifty light-years. Within this range, all life-bearing planets would experience mass extinction events of varying levels. Beyond this range, terraforming technology might just about be capable of counteracting the effects of a supernova in real time, though this would be an expensive prospect. Even then, the climate of such a planet would probably still experience temporary changes up to about one hundred light years.

This means we have a destructive radius of up to fifty light years, or a sphere one hundred light years across. A destructive wave like this would encompass most of the Bubble if a star in the Core were to go supernova. The

**Ships aren't going to be exploding unless they get extremely close to a recent supernova.**



■ Spica, a Type II candidate, could be a problem for future colonisation

maximum warning time would be fifty years for those on the edge of the danger zone, but some worlds would potentially only have a couple of years to evacuate. We're talking about potentially billions of people per planet, with the total population requiring evacuation being well into the trillions.

Such an operation would likely be completely impossible. Even if the population could be moved from the planets' surfaces in time, there certainly is not enough space or resources on other worlds to accommodate such a large number of refugees. Famine and war would spread quickly, with no area of human space being spared. The death toll would likely be beyond tens of trillions. The most viable solution would be the rapid colonisation of nearby, as-yet uninhabited Earth-like worlds.

### Prediction

Before you lose hope, dear reader, let us assure you. Supernovae are very rare, but it is almost impossible to predict when certain types will occur. Luckily, over the centuries, our best astrophysicists have managed to pinpoint the progenitors of all types of supernovae. As it turns out, we are in luck - the closest supernova candidate is a star known as Spica, which is out of lethal range of the nearest inhabited system. However, it isn't all that far—sitting about two hundred and fifty light years from Sol—and it's not impossible that the bubble will spread to contain it in the next few decades or centuries.

There are several factors that can identify a supernova candidate. Supernovae are classified as either Type I or Type II, with several sub-classifications. Type Ia supernovae, for example, occur when a white dwarf

absorbs material from another star, and increases its mass above 1.44 M (solar masses), which is known as the Chandrasekhar limit. This causes a runaway nuclear fusion reaction, detonating the star into a supernova. Type Ib/c events are caused by the core-collapse deaths of Wolf-Rayet stars, which are rare, highly evolved OB type stars. Lastly, Type II supernovae are caused by the collapse of massive stars; Spica is a case of a potential Type II event. These Type II explosions pose the most difficulty when it comes to prediction. Probing the interior of stars remains a task beyond our current technological capabilities, and even with such tools, the processes by which supernovae begin occur very rapidly. We are a long way off being able to reliably predict these. Given the rarity of events, we would also have very little chance to test such methods.



### Mini\_Watto

A qualified astrophysicist, experienced combat pilot and member of Paradigm, Mini\_Watto can usually be found in San Tu duelling with Commanders from all walks of life. Constantly tinkering with the pride of his fleet, the Fer-de-Lance *Ichor*, he aims to pass on some of his knowledge to readers and increase the popularity of modern combat sport.



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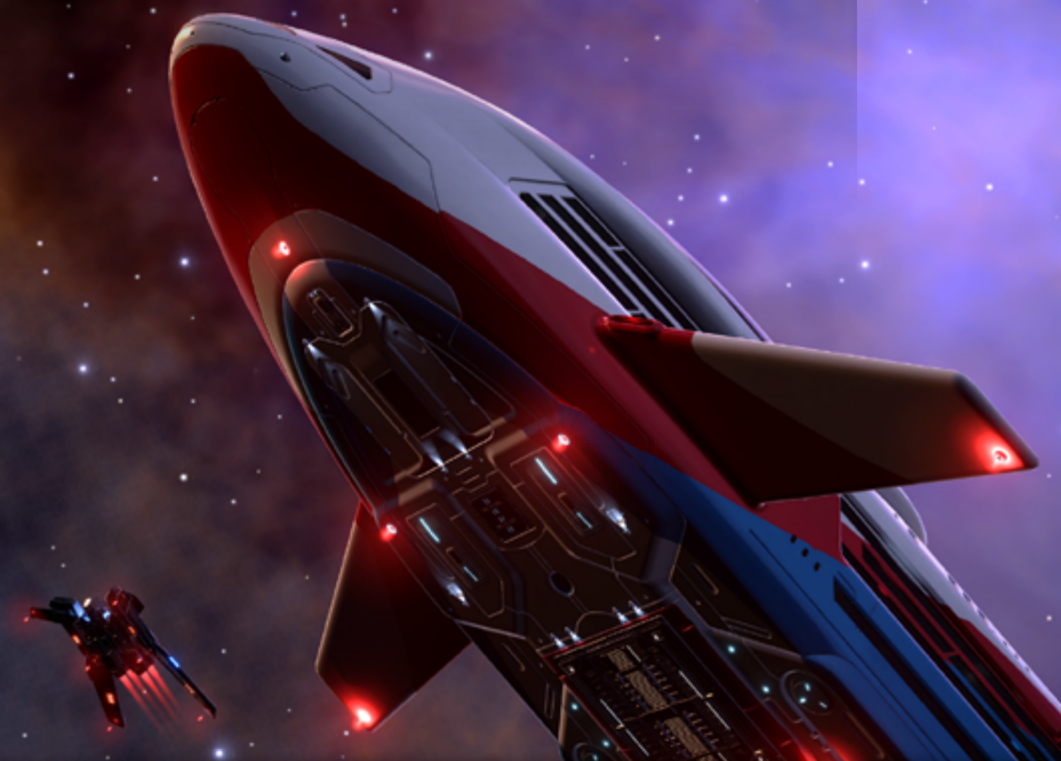
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# The Alliance CHIEFTAIN

*Can Lakon's new entry to the heavy fighter scene compete with the likes of the Fer-de-Lance and Federal Assault Ship?*

TEXT: Mini\_Watto PHOTOGRAPHY: Sagittarius Eye

The Alliance Chieftain is a most unexpected ship. Lakon is a company famous for its trading and exploration vessels; indeed, the widely popular Type-9 has been confirmed to be receiving a hefty upgrade with a new Class 8 compartment. With the still new Type-10 fresh in our memories, the Chieftain represents a different direction and Lakon's second entry to the dedicated combat market. It strays into the territory of the Federal Assault Ship (FAS) and the widely

feared Fer-de-Lance (FDL).

We were lucky enough to have the kind folk at Lakon loan us a pre-production model to review. We were told that some performance may be tweaked prior to public release, so final production models may not match what we had exactly. With that out of the way, let's dig in to one of the most anticipated ships of 3304: the Alliance Chieftain.



■ The thrusters cannot keep up with the likes of the FDL

## On Paper

The Chieftain is sold on the premise that it is “designed not only to dish out punishment, but to avoid it.” The first of these points is addressed by the impressive hardpoint loadout it boasts. With two large and three small hardpoints on top, with a medium hardpoint slung on the belly, the firepower is comparable to that of a FDL but allows significant versatility in weapon loadout. As for avoiding punishment, the Chieftain’s nacelles allow such thruster placement that it can roll, pitch, and yaw faster than any other ship of the medium class. Such rotational control also allows those hardpoints to stay on target; given their size, that is a terrifying prospect for anything in their sights.

The weakness to the Chieftain’s kinematics is found in its speed. Whilst no slouch pushing over 540m/s boost when engineered, it still can’t keep up with the likes of the FDL. However, a recent patch to fix a bug in the ship’s flight computer has unlocked its impressive translational abilities. Whilst still not quite on the level of a FDL, it certainly beats the FAS on this front.

If we turn our gaze to the ship’s guts an impressive sight awaits. A Class 6 power distributor means the ship competes with other heavy fighters. In addition, a Class 5 frame shift drive immediately offers better jump range than either a FDL or a FAS, so one needn’t rely on ship transfers so heavily.

Moving on to the optional internals, we find that once again it’s the top of the class. Available are two Class 5 compartments, four Class 4 compartments (three of which are designated military), and two Class 2 compartments. Overall, this is an upgrade from the already excellent FAS, replacing a Class 3 with a military Class 4. Coupling these available slots with the relatively low base shield strength, the ship clearly lends itself to a hybrid build; a thin regenerating shield with extremely strong bulkheads underneath.

We were contacted by a Lakon representative several days after our field test who told us that they are planning, if possible, to upgrade one of the Class 5 optional internals to a class 6. If this is done, the use of a Class 6 shield

## cockpit

The cockpit is placed far forward on the hull which permits a very wide field of view.

## speed

Weakness is found in its speed. 540m/s boost (engineered), it can’t keep up with the likes of the FDL.

## hardpoints

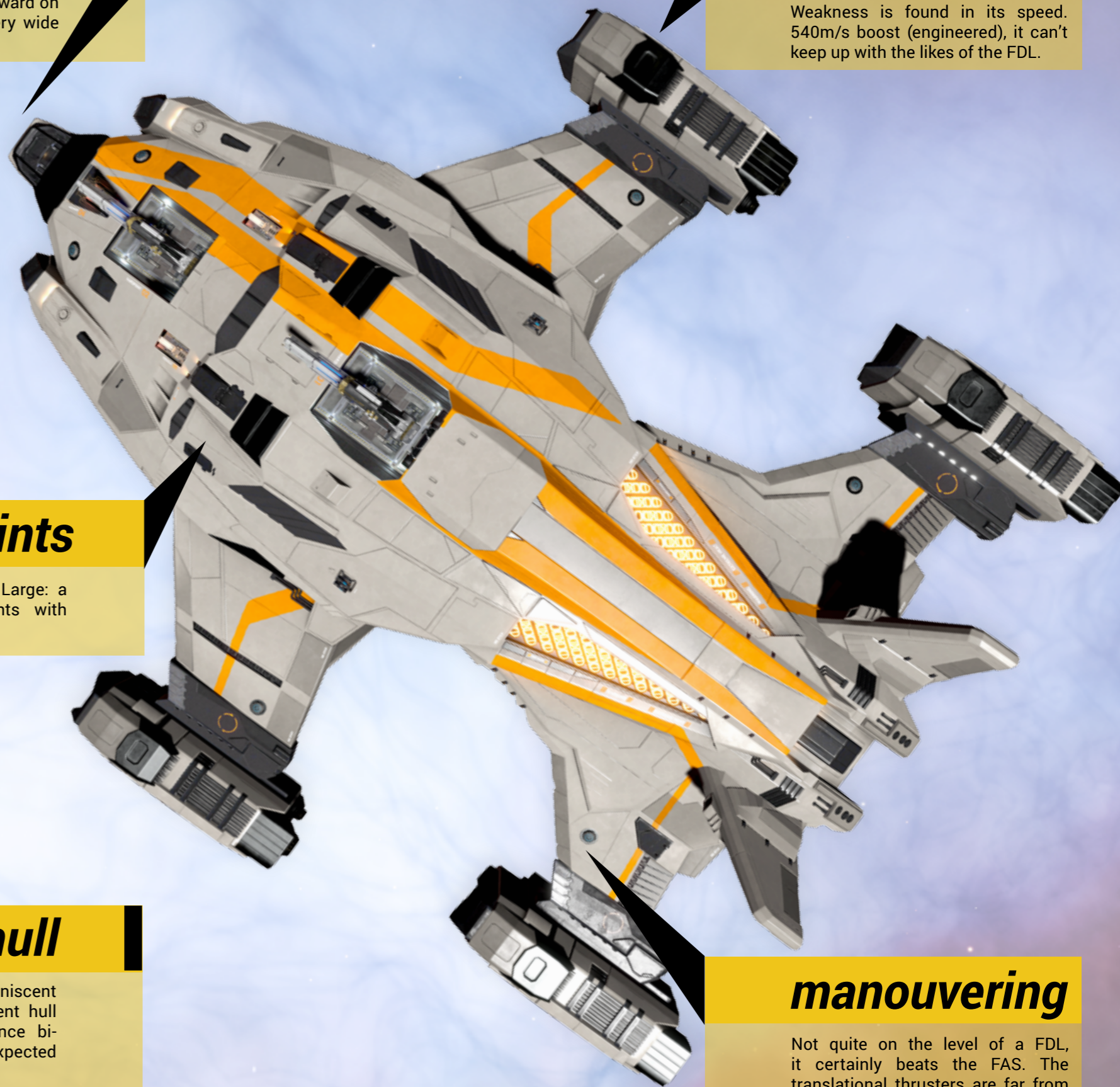
3x Small, 1x Medium, 2x Large: a versatile set of hardpoints with excellent convergence

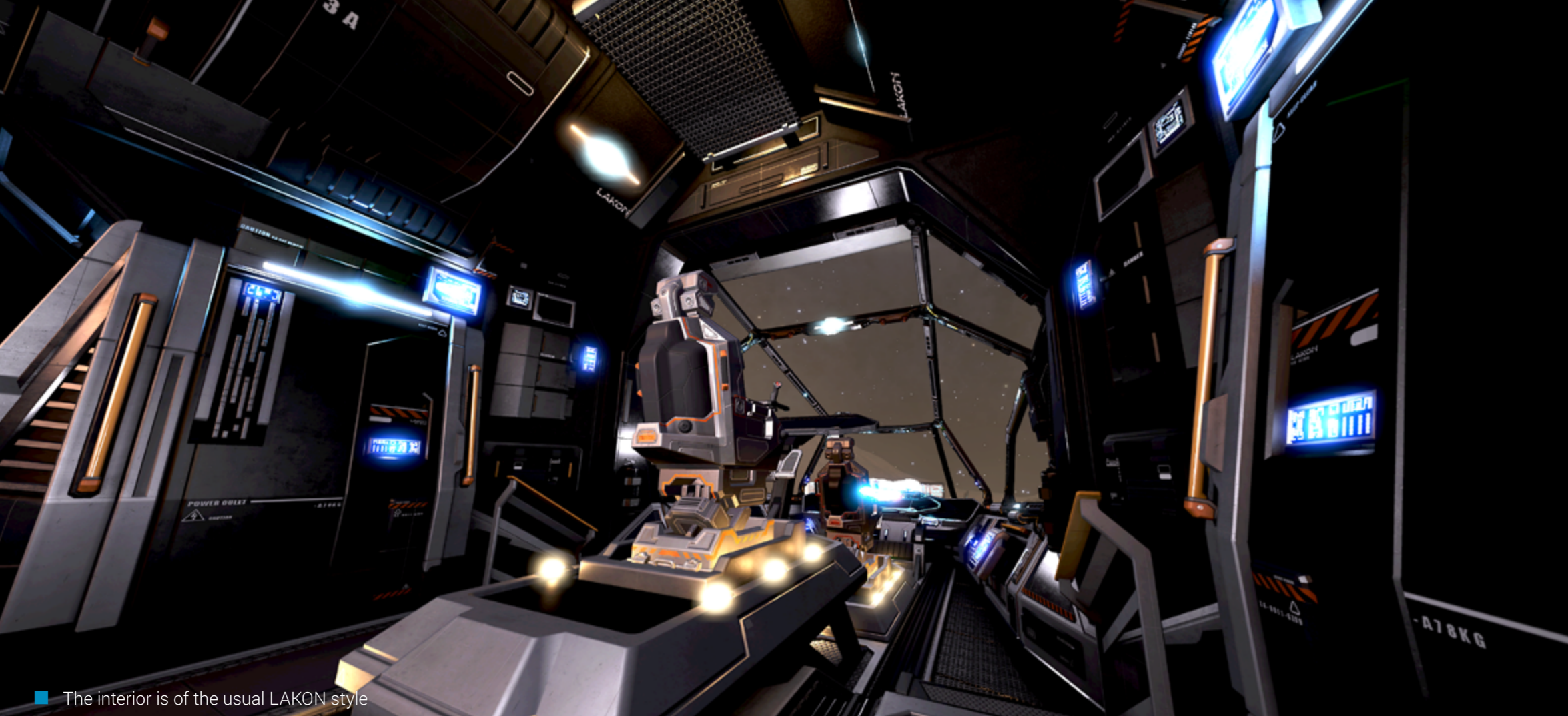
## shield/hull

Shield dynamics are reminiscent of a FAS. A similarly resilient hull underneath a high resistance bi-weave shield provide the expected protection of a hybrid build.

## manouvering

Not quite on the level of a FDL, it certainly beats the FAS. The translational thrusters are far from weak, but performance is notably better when using rotational evasion.





■ The interior is of the usual LAKON style

would certainly bolster the ship's abilities even further.

The ship is unfortunately not well suited to a career in trade. While boasting a large number of internal compartments, the designation of three of them as military slots reduces the ship's unshielded cargo capacity to a mere eighty eight tonnes. This certainly reduces its capability as a general purpose mission runner as well, though it can take an SRV without too much compromise. Given the size of the ship, traders would be much better off going with something along the lines of the Asp Explorer, or Python if money allows. Both are able to carry far more cargo while shielded, with a better jump range to boot.

As for exploration, the story is similar. It certainly boasts a higher jump range than its peers (a benefit shared by most Lakon-manufactured ships), but even engineered it isn't going to be breaking forty light years jump range. Once again an equivalently outfitted Asp Explorer would be a better choice, surpassing fifty light-years for a much lower price.

So, a thoroughbred heavy fighter, and a strong competitor in theory. However, to find out how it actually performs, a field test was in order. We're told the ship is planned to retail for a little shy of 19 million credits. Fortunately, we were allowed to rough the ship up as long as it wasn't completely destroyed.

### Interior

After getting a hold of the ship, your correspondent decided to take a good look around inside before taking off. Lakon's trading heritage has clearly found its way into the Chieftain's blood. The build quality is impressive; a solid construction from a company that clearly know what they are doing, and a masterclass in brutish utility. Also, like its competitors, the Chieftain's cockpit has the luxury of a co-pilot's seat.

The cockpit is placed far forward on the hull which permits a very wide field of view. This provides an advantage in combat situations, though the exposure of the cockpit to enemy fire can be cause for concern.

### First Impressions

As usual with any new ship, it was important to throw it around a little before getting into any combat situations.

The consensus among those who have obtained earlier models is that the ship's lateral and vertical thrusters are relatively weak. Lakon had, however, assured me that the issue had been addressed. The earliest pre-production models had a fault with their flight computers causing their thrusters to perform poorly when used in translational mode; a correction to this has allowed the ship to boost these parameters significantly, comfortably exceeding the capabilities of a FAS.

**This ship is potentially deadly in the right hands.**

■ Closely clustered hardpoints boast excellent convergence



The ship is already famed for its turn rates. Naively, your correspondent thought the best manner to test these was to turn off Flight Assist, hit a 4-pip boost and pull hard on the flight stick. The resulting hairpin nearly brought up his lunch, and the blood flowed out of his head so quickly that he nearly blacked out. It is common to describe a manoeuvrable vessel as 'turning like an Eagle', in reference to the legendary fighter's capabilities, but this is one of the few cases where it is quite literally true. This is not a ship for those without prior high g-force experience, and certainly needs a warm up each flight.

After regaining proper blood flow to his brain, this reporter decided to hit the frame shift drive and head to a nearby asteroid ring. When judging a ship's kinematic capabilities, asteroids are an excellent venue. The asteroids give a point of reference to judge the craft's movement and also provide a nice set of obstacles to slalom through.

As expected, the performance in both flight assist on and off was good. The ship's ability to redirect its velocity vector so easily by moving the nose allowed for some very close passes, ideal for combat in asteroid fields. Disabling flight assist unshackles the monstrous turning rate and gives full control to the pilot. Caution is advised before deciding to buy a Chieftain, as it's quite an advanced ship to fly compared to something like a FDL, which is much simpler to fly with its very strong translation. Having said that, experienced FAS pilots will certainly feel at home here. The extra translational abilities over the Federation's heavy fighter-class ship allow for more extreme manoeuvres, but one must be careful not to end up with an upside down stomach.



## Combat

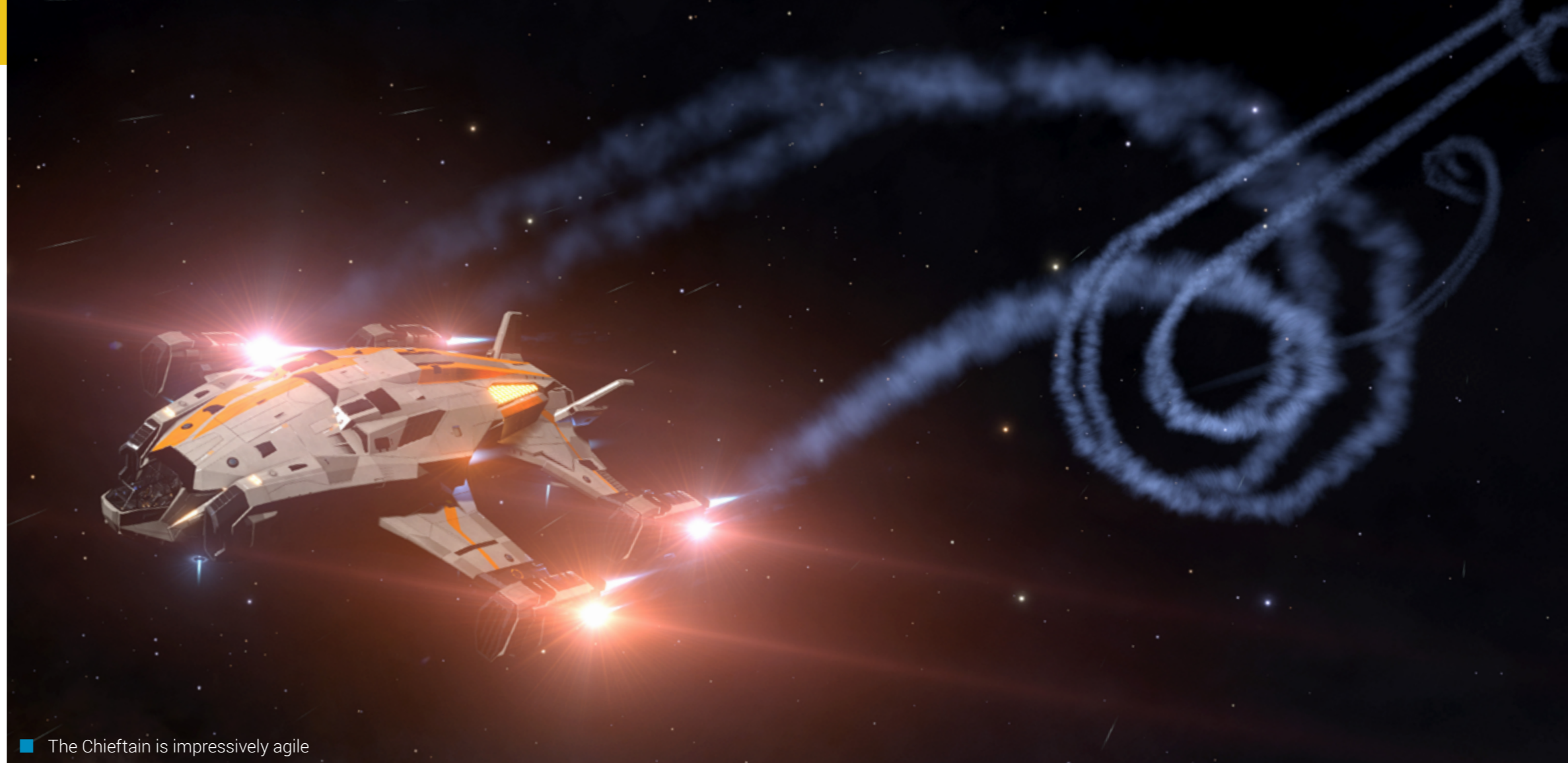
To ensure that we didn't end up destroying the ship in a combat test, a duel was organised with an FDL owner with whom we are acquainted. We had opted for a dual plasma accelerator setup on the large hardpoints with three small railguns and a medium seeker rack. To level the playing field with the opponent, we arranged for several of the modules to be engineered (notably the bi-weave shields, shield boosters, and weaponry) and had the hull strengthened. Our opponent's FDL had standard post-sale tweaks, boasting three plasma accelerators and two railguns.

The FDL's ability to dominate the speed of the fight gave it a distinct edge, despite the Chieftain's ability to keep up with the reticule quite easily. Without a boost available, dodging a plasma volley was quite difficult, and in some cases broke the Chieftain's shields just after they had reformed. Adding the fact that the ship has quite a large profile, evasion is not the easiest task. Clever manipulation of the velocity vector using a combination of the ship's formidable rotational capabilities and its forward thrusters can prove confusing for the enemy. The translational thrusters are far from weak, but performance is notably better when using rotational evasion instead.

## Disabling flight assist unshackles the monstrous turning rate and gives full control to the pilot.

One notable issue we encountered was the cockpit. The exposed location caused the glass to crack very quickly, forcing more defensive tactics early into the fight. Use of an auto field maintenance unit to repair the canopy during a fight would be an option. This forced reduction of aggression certainly cost your correspondent during the engagement; being up close and personal would allow the Chieftain to punish any poor pip management after a joust. However, this simply wasn't possible when the shields were low or offline, which was a significant portion of the fight.

That being said, the shield dynamics are reminiscent of a FAS. A similarly resilient hull underneath a couple of hundred megajoules of high resistance purple shield provide the expected protection of a hybrid build. The disadvantage of using a high resistance shield against plasma accelerators was apparent; each volley that connected removed large swathes of shield, so proper pip management is vital. After the fight, we experimented with the ship a little to explore the other possibilities offered by its versatile set of hardpoints. A particularly potent choice was the use of three small beam lasers, engineered for long range use and heat dumping. With the ship's extreme agility and excellent hardpoint



■ The Chieftain is impressively agile

convergence, it was quite easy to dump almost all of the ship's heat and drop off the enemy radar at a distance of up to six kilometres. Coupling this with a pair of overcharged plasma accelerators, which produce a lot of heat, and the Chieftain is able to lay down damage at a terrifying rate. Certainly a consideration for any theory-crafters out there who are looking into buying one of these.

## Anti-Thargoid Capabilities

The ship's anti-Thargoid performance will be an important consideration for prospective buyers, and clearly the market Lakon have in their sights with this release. Unfortunately, due to the distances to the nearest Thargoid sightings and the limited time given to us for our test, we weren't able to corroborate Lakon's claims on the matter. However, looking at the ship's stats, speculation is easy.


It is well known that combat with the strange Thargoid spaceships is very different to combat with another human ship. They are unusually agile, and have an array of powerful weaponry that renders our best shield technology redundant. Coupling this with the Thargon swarms they deploy, it seems the best way to fight them is to use a ship that has thick armour and high agility - something Lakon have clearly recognised, as these are two parameters in which the Chieftain abounds.

The downside in this area comes with the Chieftain's hardpoints. Of the six available weapon mounts, three of them are Class 1. As no anti-xeno (AX) weapons are available in Class 1, this renders them much less useful in alien engagements (though they could perhaps be utilised to take care of the Thargoids' shields before unleashing AX weapons against the hull).

With the rather small amount of AX weaponry it can mount, the Chieftain perhaps lends itself to being part of an anti-Thargoid wing rather than by itself. In combination with more heavily armed vessels, such as Federal Gunships, overwhelming an alien ship shouldn't be too large a challenge.

## Verdict

All in all, the Chieftain impresses in combat. This ship is potentially deadly in the right hands. If you're an experienced FAS pilot, this is a ship that you'll feel very comfortable in. While not suited for much else, it fulfills the role of heavy fighter extremely well. This reporter was a little sad to part with it!

Lakon's collaboration with the Alliance has certainly caught the attention of the Galaxy's combat pilots, and augurs well for further ventures into this market. 

## Mini\_Watto

A qualified astrophysicist, experienced combat pilot and member of Paradigm, Mini\_Watto can usually be found in San Tu duelling with Commanders from all walks of life. Constantly tinkering with the pride of his fleet, the Fer-de-Lance *Ichor*, he aims to pass on some of his knowledge to readers and increase the popularity of modern combat sport.



# For the Love of Earth-likes

*Handy tools for the hard-up, or pure cheatsheets?*

We live in interesting times. Our major political powers are joining forces to study and combat the alien threat. These same seemingly-malevolent alien flowers are steadily advancing towards humanity's heartland. And, perhaps the strangest thing of all, exploration has now become a viable way to make reasonable money. *Sagittarius Eye* caught up with three pilots with a special interest in exploration, and specifically the study and cataloguing of planets very much like the cradle of our own civilisation.

TEXT: Whitmann PHOTOGRAPHY: Sagittarius Eye

**“** I considered doing the Mini tour, but I'm very easily distracted. It's all a little too close to civilization for me, too. I prefer to be further out in the Black.

In that nerve-jangling first period of exploration—when FrameShift was a new technology and our navigational computers still didn't have the ability of plotting more than one jump at a time—commanders were not greatly recompensed, by the mega-corporation Universal Cartographics, for delivering data on Earth-like worlds. "Well of course we had it tough," they'll tell you, "but we were happy."

The sheer scarcity of Earth-likes, however, coupled with their obvious beauty and charm, made them much-prized in the community of explorers—to the extent that one Cmdr Marx compiled his own database of these worlds. Marx's database accepted entries from anywhere in the galaxy, whether an explorer had been seeking these planets on the fringes of the Bubble, or stumbled happily upon one while prospecting the hinterlands of the Galactic Aphelion.

In January 3303, Commander MattG used this data to create the 'Earth-like Worlds Grand and Mini Tours' routes that explorers could follow between systems containing Earth-likes. Given that Universal Cartographics only upscaled payments for Earth-like scans three months after this in April 3303, MattG's routes seem an extraordinarily prescient method of making quick credits without much searching. But it appears that this was not at all what he intended...

**How did the idea for the Earth-like Worlds tour initially come about?**

*For the longest time I have been enamoured with Earth-like worlds (ELWs). I'm not alone in this, and a number of commanders set about recording our discoveries in the list maintained by Commander Marx. This was before we had access to some of today's larger databanks and we had to manually record the information. At some point I started wondering how long it would take to visit every Earth-like in the list, and quickly realised that there would be a certain order you'd need to follow to minimize the number of jumps. Turns out this is what's called a 'Traveling Salesman Problem', and so I set about trying to solve it by finding the shortest path to visit all those ELWs. It took some time and thought, but I eventually did it. At this point it was still just an academic exercise, as no pilot in their right mind would want to follow the path; it took you all over the galaxy and it would have taken years. So I started wondering how it might be refined to stay relatively close to Sol, and that's how it ended up as it is today.*

**Was it the first of its type, and how on earth did you go about compiling it?**

*I'm unaware of anything similar, so it could well be! Most of the data came from the database maintained by Marx. The*

*Travelling Salesman problem is actually extremely complex, so I used a few other tools also.*

**How would you respond to those pilots who regard your tours as a rather cheap method of making money and rank, if not outright cheating the system?**

*It makes me laugh. When I originally put the tours together, Universal Cartographics were paying an abysmal amount for ELW data. If you did the whole tour back then in a reasonable ship but without having ever explored before, you'd only reach three-quarters of the way to Elite unless you did extra surveying. At best, you might make 120 million credits for your trouble. And even if you did it quickly, it would take over 180 hours. No-one back then explored for money. Even now—with our increased pay-outs—I don't understand how others can complain about it. After all, we live in a Galaxy where there are billionaires who only transport toxic waste, or where passengers will pay millions for a pilot to take them on a tiny sightseeing tour. As for rank, it means nothing. You aren't defined by your rank, you're defined by your actions.*

*If you take one of the tours, make some money, get your rank, great. You're not an explorer, but I don't begrudge you the rank; almost every trader uses tools to help them find the most profitable routes. It takes no skill, but don't let anyone say you're doing it wrong or cheating the system. However, if you start on one of the tours and find yourself going out of your way to other interesting things, or finish a tour and decide to head straight back out into the black? Then you're an explorer.*

**Finally, have you done either the Grand or the Mini tour yourself?**

*I have not. I considered doing the Mini tour, but I'm very easily distracted. It's all a little too close to civilization for me, too. I prefer to be further out in the Black.*

Commander Marx, curator of the Earth-like worlds database, echoed MattG's sentiment that explorers aren't in it for the money.

Curiously, despite Universal Cartographics dramatically increasing payments for Earth-likes, I didn't see a significant increase in submissions to the list. Just a little further proof that nobody goes exploring for credits.

He went on to address exploration rewards in general:

*I've long held the opinion that Universal Cartographics' payments on the whole need to be rebalanced. The recent increases, though welcome, seem inconsistent. For instance, water worlds are four to five times more common than Earth-likes or ammonia worlds, yet pay the same or even better. There are also rare stars that pay peanuts.*

Commander VicTic has written a sub-routine for a ship's navigational computer that allows pilots to plot their own Earth-like tours within a thousand light years of the Bubble. The fact he named this program Road to Riches indicates he believes exploration is a swift way to amass a fortune. Nevertheless, he maintains he only ever intended his tool as a method for making easy money for quickly for those pilots who needed credits in a hurry, not as a way to achieve high exploration rank within hours of a pilot purchasing their first ship.

One thing you have to know about the Road to Riches is that it's incredibly boring when done in long stretches. This creates a kind of negative feedback; the more you do it, the less you want to do it. As for tools like this being used to rank up quickly, I believe in information being unrestricted. It is up to individual pilots to do with this as they see fit. As for pilots using my application as a way to easily gain rank, it's important to recognise that it takes 300 million credits in exploration data sold to Universal Cartographics for the Pilots Federation to award you an Elite rank. That means visiting three hundred systems. Those who have the fortitude to withstand that amount of tedium deserve both the tedium and the rank.

There will still be those grizzled wanderers from back-in-the-day—with hints of space madness in their eyes and Lavian Brandy in their beards—who insist exploration should be done slowly and for little gain, and the pilots of 3304 are not so much explorers as mere followers of itineraries. But it seems clear that this logic, extended, would have ships restricted to at most forty light year jumps, plotted one at a time. Following this argument to its (il)logical conclusion, perhaps humanity should simply have stayed on the Earth-like world on which it was born?

## Whitmann

Whitmann is uncomfortable in the third person.



WHEN YOU REALLY NEED TO UNPLUG.





with

## Captain Skoomer

We're very lucky to have managed a comms link-up with the popular explorer duo Commanders Skoomer and Zech Straizo on their [Strange Worlds](#) expedition. Their planned route takes them past Colonia, Sagittarius A, then to Beagle point before embarking a long tour around the rim of the Galaxy. What makes Strange Worlds particularly special is that Skoomer and Zech have been producing compelling video journals of their adventure so that everyone, everywhere in the Galaxy can accompany them on their voyage. The stunning camera-drone work, accompanied by the engaging, amusing and at times deeply thought-provoking chatter between these two friends has made these broadcasts much more than just a sightseeing trip across the stars.

Commanders, thank-you for taking the time for this interview. I know interstellar comms traffic bandwidth is limited, so it's very much appreciated.

The first thing I want to ask, and this is something of a personal query really—Does Zech suffer from space madness? There was the time he drove his SRV onto a geyser, the spoiler on his bright orange Asp, the sometimes eccentric piloting technique...

*Zech: I'd like to think that I surf the wave of space madness, never drowning, but enjoying the ride. Sometimes I can't get out of my ship or SRV, so out of boredom I end up asking myself: what's the craziest thing I can do without dying?*

One of the most exciting things to have come from the recent innovation of fast, reliable and cheap hyperdrives is the widespread exploration of our Galaxy by intrepid pilots with a head for travel and a heart for discovery.

TEXT: Louis Calvert PHOTOGRAPHY: Skoomer

Thanks, we hope you continue to excel at the 'not dying' part. Commander Skoomer: how did you and Zech come to travel together? Was it something you both really wanted to do, or did you have to persuade him to come along?

*Skoomer: Zech and I have known each other for a long time now. We met in high school and did a lot of stuff together. Zech always had the craziest ideas and dragged me on some adventures of his.*

*Funnily enough, this trip was my idea and Zech was surprised when I proposed it. We always dreamed about going on a real journey but when adulthood arrived we never had the guts to do it.*

■ Cmdrs Skoomer and Zech visit the 'Bowtie' Neutron Star

*I know that Zech wants to settle down with his wife eventually. So we decided to go on one last big adventure before life gets too serious and family becomes a priority.*

Speaking of adventure, Strange Worlds will take you close to a year to complete. What drove you to embark on such a monumental expedition in the first place?

*Skoomer: Space always fascinated me. So naturally I want to explore it. I think the most intriguing thing for me about space is that humanity will probably never get to know it all. So seeing those unknown places and being aware that I might be the only person in the history of mankind to see it—that is just amazing to me.*

As well as visiting plenty of uncharted systems you're exploring some of the fantastic points of interests flagged by other commanders via the Galactic Mapping Project. There are over sixty of them on your planned route. How did you decide what to visit?

*Skoomer: Our initial plan was to travel to Colonia and back to see the most beautiful places in between. But it bugged me that the way back would be pretty uneventful. So we decided to take a long route and travel back at the edge of the Galaxy. This increased our journey dramatically but I'm sure it will be worth it. There are amazing places to come even after Colonia or Sagittarius A\*!*



■ Cmdr Skoomer's Anaconda  
*The Wanderlust II*

You were already well on your journey when the Thargoid conflict started, and you've often commented on the growing impact Thargoids are having on human space. How hard has it been not to turn back, especially with your parents and Zech's wife still in the Bubble?

*Skoomer: We actually had a few discussions about that. Especially Zech was—and still is—pretty worried about his wife. But we can keep it together knowing that the actual Thargoid war is still only fought in the Pleiades and not in the Bubble—that gives us at least a little security.*

The Thargoids represent—to date—the only live sentient life we've found so far. On your expedition, have you seen anything... unexplainable?

**Space always fascinated me.  
So naturally I want to explore it.**

*Skoomer: Don't call me crazy. But I swear to god—sometimes I'm seeing things in Witch-Space. I don't know if it's real or if it comes from all the whispering and shadows that you see in this place.*

*Maybe it's my exhausted psyche when traveling long distances... But I've seen jaws forming out of shadowy clouds, hands reaching out to my ship... I'm fairly certain I heard someone whisper my name a couple of times in there, as well.*

*Doesn't help that I read stories as a kid about Star Travelers getting stranded in Hyperspace because of a frame shift drive (FSD) malfunction.*

*Anyway, witch-space is probably my biggest anxiety but I can't prove anything "unexplainable". I checked my camera-footage a lot of times but never did I actually see something on it. But I swear! ... My eyes did.*

I think that would be enough to make many people wonder if they should turn back towards known space. As the months have stretched on your broadcasts back to the Bubble have seemed to become more melancholy, and you've often commented on the loneliness. We're sure that having a friend out there has helped, but has there been any point where you've seriously considered turning back?

---

## **I don't want to become an old man that regrets not doing something with his life when he had the chance.**

---

*Skoomer: When we first heard about Thargoids attacks in the Pleiades, we nearly turned back. Also after the Wanderlust had its first 'free-fall'. Those were both moments after which we had to sit back, talk and think for a moment.*

*We decided to go onto this adventure to experience something extraordinary. I for one wanted to have something to look back to. Memories, stories that I can tell my children and grandchildren someday. I don't want to become an old man that regrets not doing something with his life when he had the chance.*

On that note, we're sure we're not alone when we say that watching your broadcast from the Pulsar Planet was extremely emotional, and we really thought you'd had it there. You seemed quite relaxed at first—did you go into that knowing the risks, or did it take you totally by surprise?

*Skoomer: I was pretty naive that day. This system actually took us on a detour. It wasn't originally planned but I saw a Galnet video on our way to Colonia about it and noticed that this system is fairly close so it would make a great last stop before Colonia.*

*I got so hyped up, because the video I saw was just amazing. Some guy standing with his SRV on the planet's surface and this massive pulsar just shooting over the horizon, covering a third of the sky while creating an amazing lense warp. I wanted to capture footage that was at least that good. When we actually arrived, the moon had a good position to land on it because it wasn't in the cone of the pulsar. So without thinking I just went ahead and... yeah.*

■ Cmdr Zech's hot-rod Asp Explorer after refit at Colonia



The long moments when the Wanderlust was failing, warning messages were flashing up everywhere, and you were pretty much helplessly watching your ship fall apart - can you talk a little about that? What was going through your mind?

*Skoomer: It's weird. It didn't actually feel like 'this is it'. Unimaginable forces worked against me at that moment but I knew I wouldn't die. I don't know if it was Zech who just kept motivating me or if it was just my general naive attitude of 'it's going to work out anyway in the end'.*

*But the moment my canopy broke, everything went so peaceful. I realised I wasn't able to do anything anymore. I felt relieved because everything that might happen from there on was just beyond my control and I felt like I was ready to accept it.*

I doubt many people can say they've come out the other side of a situation like that! Zech was a true hero there, diving into the plume of a Pulsar to rescue you might well have been the end of both your journeys. How does that make you feel?

*Skoomer: On the outside, Zech can look like some naive guy whose first priority it is to have fun—no matter the cost. But I think everyone who follows our journey closely knows that Zech actually cares much more than he might be willing to admit.*

*I will go so far and say that he might actually be more reasonable than I am most of the times. He saved my life and I'll be forever grateful for that.*

Zech more reasonable than you? I think that's a scoop right there. It seems that as much as Strange Worlds is about exploring the Galaxy, it's about exploring your own limits too. Would you say you've become more cautious or more adventurous as a result of your travels so far?

*Skoomer: We've experienced a lot of dangerous situations and we definitely got more cautious out of those. But on the other side those things made us more confident in what we're doing. We don't fear high gravity as much as we used to back when we started. We don't fear neutron star cones anymore. Because we've experienced those dangers and we now know how to control those situations.*

*So I think it's safe to say that we actually became more cautious and adventurous.*

Speaking of learning from experience, how is the Wanderlust II holding up? We know it's mostly based on the same design as the original Wanderlust - did you ever consider something different for your exploration ship or was the Anaconda always the main choice for you?

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## Unimaginable forces worked against me at that moment but I knew I wouldn't die.

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*Skoomer: 'The Wanderlust II' is great, even a little superior to the Wanderlust I. But I would still prefer the first Wanderlust over every newer version because it was the original.*

*When planning this journey it didn't even come to my mind taking any other ship than my father's Python—the Old Man's Harbor.*

*Not even the original Wanderlust comes close to the bond I have with this ship. But the deeper we went into planning the more I realised that I need an actual expedition ship for this journey. The Python lacks of jump range—easy as that. I wouldn't be doing anyone a favour traveling over 100,000 light years in that ship so I had to leave it at home.*

*Now that I look back I'm happy I made this decision. Imagine I lost the her instead of the Wanderlust... Brrr.*

Wow, indeed. Compared to that, losing the first Wanderlust doesn't seem quite so bad. While you were waiting for the Wanderlust II to be prepared at Jaques station—we won't mention the possibly illegal 'recovery' operation you took part in—you used a red Eagle, the Crimson Disappointment, and chose to say goodbye to it in a rather... memorable way. There was a moment there in which we thought you were going to change your mind and put it in storage...



■ Second star to the right and straight on 'till morning

*Skoomer: It was not easy to say goodbye to her. But it was not hard either. I knew from the beginning that this vehicle would serve me temporarily and that I'd have to leave her eventually.*

*And after seeing what Jaques Station would charge for keeping her in storage, the idea of just blowing her up got more and more realistic. I'd have sold her but... insurances are amazing in Colonia. But I should speak no further about that topic without a lawyer.*

Okay, moving swiftly along then. Colonia marked something of an end to the first leg of your journey, and coming around the turn of the year too, how are you

feeling about the rest of your trip with something like two thirds of your journey left ahead of you?

*Skoomer: I try not to look at the rest of our journey as a whole because that would just overwhelm me. So I started to think just about major points of interests. The next one is Sagittarius A, followed by Beagle Point. Far less overwhelming if you think in weeks/months rather than months/years.*

Did you ever get to meet Jaques?

*Skoomer: Long story short: We went into his bar and Zech asked me: "Oh, is this robot here, Jaques?" and we got kicked out.*

He obviously didn't realise how much you'd been craving that beer. I'm getting word that a neutron star transit will be limiting the bandwidth to emergency-transmissions-only soon; can you give us any exclusives about your future destinations?

*Skoomer: Our next major destination will be Beagle Point. But not even Zech knows where we will stop by in between and after that. So unfortunately, no.*

Ah, worth a try! You can be sure everyone here at the SAGi offices will be tuning in to watch the rest of your journey. It's not a stretch to say that you and Zech have helped inspire others to embark on their own adventures. What advice would you have for anyone thinking about following in your footsteps and embarking on an epic exploration journey like Strange Worlds?

*Skoomer: Be ready to feel lonely. Be ready to feel fear. Be ready to feel like the last human being around. Be ready of being unprepared and not being ready for something. Because it will happen.*

Is there anything you'd like to say to the people back in the Bubble reading this?

*Skoomer: Stay strong down there. I know most of you must be scared about the current Thargoid situation. Stay close to your family, let your loved ones know that you care, and always be prepared for the worst. I hope things will clear up in the future. All the best.*

We said goodbye to Commander Skoomer and heard a blast of classical rock music from Zech's commlink before the connection was cut. At the time of this interview they


■ Cmdrs Skoomer and Zech on an SRV excursion



are in the dense region of stars surrounding the Galactic Core and the massive black hole Sagittarius A\*, after which this magazine is named. If you've not yet caught up with Strange Worlds, search for the [video journals](#) on any Galnet interface.

Despite the risks of long-range exploration there's something in the human spirit that often yearns for blazing a trail into the unknown. It's the same pioneering spirit that saw our ancient ancestors migrate across Old Earth, and then into space aboard generation ships. It's the same spirit that pushed innovations allowing us to reach faster and further into the unknown.

Humanity is not a species that rests for long in the comfortable and safe confines of well trodden territory, and some have argued that our current issues with the Thargoids might have been caused by our inability to keep to our little part of space. While that's certainly a possibility, it seems in-built to the very nature of humanity to ask "what's over that hill? What's past that star cluster?". Commanders like Skoomer and Zech are prominent representatives of the thousands of pilots that year after year push the boundaries of knowledge, showing us that there's much more to be experienced out there.

Only five years ago the idea of standing on a planet on the other side of the Galaxy—as far away from our species origin as it's possible to get—was just a dream. Now, Beagle Point is a popular tourist spot. What might be possible in another five years? Might we be standing on a planet in another Galaxy entirely? Andromeda is only 2.5million light years away after all... 

## Louis Calvert

Louis Calvert enjoys nothing more than exploring the facts behind a mystery and getting to the 'truth' of the matter. Not disciplined enough for a career in the Sciences and not dedicated enough for a career in Law Enforcement, his only recourse was to become a journalist. He can be found chasing a story in his battered Cobra, the *Hot Needle of Inquiry*.







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Opportuniety for riches - guaranteed! For details, bring 10t of Low Temperature Diamonds in an unarmed ship to Varthema Survey, Theotokos, and ask for Santino of Eurybia Blue Mafia.

**OPERATION IDA**  
 Repairing our foundation



Humanitarian relief operations to repair starports attacked by Thargoids in the Pleiades

Join us:  
<https://discord.gg/wYjFrDM>

THANK YOU, FELLOW OPERA-LOVERS. It's been ten years since I elected myself president of dis organization... an' if I say so myself, you made duh right choice. Let's look at duh record: In duh lass fissel year we made a hundred an' twelve million credits before taxes... only we didn't pay no taxes!

MISSING ROCKS - A very large, very rare gemstone has turned up lost. I have ten grand and a caravan, I'm hoping you have a dog with a squeak and my gemstone? Meet me at Turkish Boxing, Crook Hub, Toofaby the 25th.

**SAGITTARIUS EYE**  
 BREAKING GALACTIC NEWS

We're looking for enthusiastic people to join our team! Please contact [editor@sagittarius-eye.com](mailto:editor@sagittarius-eye.com) or join us at <https://discord.gg/h6KvDeF>.

[www.sagittarius-eye.com](http://www.sagittarius-eye.com)


Towel Missing. Have you seen my towel? I can't travel without it, it's blue with wavy lines.

NOW, HOLD ON, Mr. Potter. You're right when you say my father was no businessman. I know that. Why he ever started this cheap, penny-ante Building and Loan, I'll never know. But neither you nor anyone else can say anything against his character, because his whole life was... why, in the 25 years since he and his brother, Uncle Billy, started this thing, he never once thought of himself.

DC: I need a man who has powerful friends. I need a million dollars in cash. I need all of those politicians that you carry around in your pocket, like so many nickels and dimes. Get me on Relay 5844.

Stand-up comic available for parties, christenings, etc. I'll have them rolling in the Black with my hilarious one-liners. Zarek Null, Cleve Hub, Eravate. (Everyone mocked me, saying I'd never make an comedian - but they're not laughing now.)

**'A Fallen Commander' Expedition in memory of Cmdr Brutal Deluxe**



Commander Brutal Deluxe is sadly no longer with us after losing his battle against Acute Lymphoblastic Leukaemia, which he fought for the last couple of years with great dignity.

**'A Fallen Commander' Expedition**  
**14- 16 March 3304**

**MEMORIAL EXPEDITION DETAILS:**  
<https://goo.gl/DUUhZjy>

**JOIN THE PUBLIC COMMS:**  
<https://discord.gg/tZ3xdxk>

ANGEL SECOND CLASS looking to earn wings. If you can help please contact Clarence at Hewish Outpost, Bedimo.

Does anyone know where I can get a venti, sugar-free, non-fat, vanilla soy, double shot, decaf, no foam, extra hot, peppermint white chocolate mocha with light whip and extra syrup around here?

STRANGE ISN'T IT? Each man's life touches so many other lives. When he isn't around he leaves an awful hole, doesn't he?

Anaconda found in Starport, it keeps hissing at me, please come get it.



DELACY

Taking you over the horizon